



# Top Gun

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<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/poetry/top-gun.aspx>

I'm a six-banger

Hammer-fanner

Rapid fire lover.

I'm fully loaded

On the prowl

Looking for action under covers.

Target defined

Weapon drawn

Gunsmoke and powder.

Bullseyes amassed

Handle is notched

Cries getting louder and louder.

As chambers turn

And shells ejected

My prey has been fully shot

What's that you say?

Oh, boy I say

“Kind sir, is that all you got?”

I look around

No ammunition to be found

I smile a silly grin

What can I say

Admit defeat

“It seems my lady... you win.”

A smiling face

Welcome arms

“It was really lots of fun.”

I roll my eyes

Fall face down

We really know who's top gun.