

Note: Golden Rhythms in Neon Nights

Cael Collier

In the neon-lit arena,
swords of silver clash,
Golden Knights emerge,
armored in flash.

Dings of the sword dragging,
echoes of might,
chimes of the bells,

a symphony of the night.

Ice cutting beneath
their swift ballet,
Puck's symphony,

a crisp and cold array.

Chance screams in our ears,
a fervent cheer.
In the desert's heart,

dreams draw near.

Beneath the Vegas lights,
they dance on ice,
A warrior's rhythm,

a daring sacrifice.