

The Vampire's Gift

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I expected bats, fangs,
the usual openmouthed coffin.
Instead he woos me with poetry of a sort:
“Dreams are baggy shadows
bursting their skins each dawn
and colorsplashing the mornings.”

Why I fall for this, I don't know,
but we do things in bed I don't quite remember.
And before he leaves,
he gives me a diamond
with a prominent spot of blood
deep inside.
“We fertilized it,” he explains.

I sleep fitfully,
naturally enough,
and dream that when he caresses my face,
it comes off in his hands.
At dawn, when I awake, the diamond is gone.
But there's a child now
I must feed whatever I can.