

Mosquito

This tiny vampire
needs the sun.
A brief surge of warmth
lured him from his crypt.
He thirsted for summer
moist heat
the blood of children.
Now that warmth is gone
and winter is his wooden stake
his garlic
his holy water.

He clings to the window
his last refuge from the cold
sucking in what life he can
from the chilled pane of glass.

He moves so slowly.

My finger finds him easily.
Gently
I crush him
and send him back to Hell.

I had to kill him
while I still could.
Soon his kind will rule the earth
drinking blood
breeding
until frost drives them back to their graves.