

Vampire

By Maryah-Minamoto

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Poetry

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1. Vampire

Vampire

Nature's darkest nights awaken my senses.

My hearing is pierced by the soft curps of the crickets and the callings of the owls.

My reflexes are challenged by the rabbit running away from my feet as I try to catch it.

A light is caught in my eye as a fox sweeps by, making a soft rushing movement in the leaves.

As bats fly above, I catch the sweet smell of maple and pine trees.

The sweet sounds of the fluttering moths are short lived by the wolf cries its mornful call to the moon.

The smell of freshly spilled blood comes to my knowledge.

As I walk up to the wolf, I see the rabbit's blood on its muzzle.

The rabbit lies not far from me.

Dead.

Cold as winter.

That is what happens in the dark, the night.

Most people fear the dark, not me.

I live for it.

As the warm blood drips from my chin, I realized what I had done.

I killed the wolf.

I sank my teeth in its neck and drank deep.

Feeling the sweet new blood rush throw my veins, I stand up to find more.

Some thing bigger, like an eagle, or a deer, or a human.

That is what happens in the dead of night.

Death, decay.

The thrill of killing.

The rush of new blood in the veins.

That is what we do in the night as you sleep.

Killing, eating, drinking the blood of innocent animals.

That is what a Vampire does.