

Tasting Calamine

by Carl Santoro

Damn, I thought it was my IPA pink guava beer.

My bites have been swabbed.

Soaked and heavy wet cottenballs all calamine-pink.

A frenzied air chase ended the career of
a Psorophora mosquito.

It's definitely a biter. It's definitely dead now.

I think.

Scratching must be like what crack is.

Hallucinating every thought.

Bubbling into volcanic terrors.

There's too much scratching.

My nails, now filled with wet calamine lotion
and blood.

Itch-serum speeding under
surface skin. Three new ones in under a minute.

This used to be a war with

poison ivy...

at camp...

every summer.

Calamine's hypnotic scent

too lovely to

be a weapon.

I release the pink lava.

It oozes onto yet another

cotton ball.

Bandit at 3:00!
With bottle in hand
I swing to deflect.

The Guava beverage falls.
The lotion spills.
The bite wins.

I can hear the Psorophora laughing.

