

# Smackdown

*by* Kitty Boots

a tidal wave  
always unexpected  
pulls you under  
suffocating in jade-green water, arms outstretched  
abraded by sand, stinging  
you escape by finding the bubbles and emerge slick and polished

where you head for the city, which seems safer  
vampires are out, even in the daylight, pale, trusting  
they suck out your vanities and collapse your veins

so you break bread with the disenfranchised  
cracking fragile bones to get at the sweet marrow  
you need the nourishment  
but leave hungrier

