

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

