

masters of their trade

by strannikov

vampires seem never to be victims of drought,
they never run short of creeks and streams,
no matter how shallow or how weak the pulse.

when coffins are ferried downriver to ports
so that they may take sail on black seas,
the fiends find ferrymen willing to oblige,

for pay much higher than Charon ever earned
on a single trip across the Styx
(though he, too, had to depend on one-way fares).

these seedy Nosferatus and rank Orloks
are never overwhelmed by torrents
in spring or by cemetery-sweeping floods:

such masters at judging fluid dynamics—
trained with the skills of hydraulic engineers!
so respectful of nature, always tidy,
never permitting nasty spills or wild leaks.

next time I need a plumber, I call at night.

