

VAMPIRE QUEEN

Michael Fantina

She wore a gown of crimson silk. Her wrist
And hand made pirouettes. Her shoes,
Great platforms, made her proudly tall. Her coos
Were like the Siren's call. I was mere grist
This voluptuous mill could grind. Resist?
I was now lost, for I could not refuse
This sorceress who would her whims amuse.
She held me close. So lovingly we kissed!

Her kiss, rare opiates like honeyed meads!
She loved me long, until her lust was slain.
I felt a husk, and she the one who feeds,
A vampire queen. This was her domain.
Again our lips drank deep a frothy brine,
I may be hers, but certainly she's mine!

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