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Vampires around our Campfires

Hummingbird Unmasked

My beak's a single fang I sink in artery or vein
And none suspect me of this drink but clinically insane
And paranoid-type fantasists whom no one else believes
When they accuse the pretty bird that flits in flowers and leaves.
Though tiny as a bumblebee, I may grow round and bloated;
The nectar of your heart is how I keep my Ruby-Throated
Good looks and family heritage (and, not the least, my name),
My shapely belly and my speed of flying fast as flame.
It's not that I'm nefarious, invidious or rude,
But merely that I have a taste for human blood as food,
And do not fear: I'd never kill you outright when I dine—
Far rather sip and savor you as vintage claret wine.

Real Vampires Never Had It So Good

Dracula had an excellent agent,
Publicist extraordinaire,
Selling the masses on his glamour
And his wicked savoir-faire;
Modern undead rock-star heroes
Fascinate and rake the bucks,
But for ordinary vampires,
Sans PR-men, life still sucks—
We're just rodents to the public,
Flying hair-snags, guano kings,
Rabies-ridden, squeaking, dog-faced,
Lots of other rotten things;
Never mind we were the first,
The inspiration for the rest—
Love to give usurping phonies
Juicy stakes for every pest,
Take back our eternal midnight,
Sip the hemoglobin wine,
Fatten up our hard-earned bloodlines,
Back in place as night's divine.

Bloodsuckers

You cuddly little bug! You lure
Me close and nip my jugular—
Your rival, though, is smarter—he's
Been sampling *all* my arteries.
And if he has so far refrained
From leaving me completely drained,
Methinks you'll need to sup a round
The next time that he goes to ground,
Or soon, forsooth, on some attempt he
Sure will leave me truly empty.
Your advantage (yes, you've one)
Is his aversion to the sun,
So lest you want to starve tonight,
Kiss me, you little parasite!