

Nosferatu

Mario Stone

I lurk in the black
room with one frail light
above me. She hovers

naked like a moon
draped in crimson. Around her
famished men with cadaver grins

and sickle fangs beg at her feet.
She holds out her palms and gasps
as they sink into her wrists.

She bites her lips
as her skin splits—blood drips
into their mouths. Their black veins

glisten and throb, pulsing
through taut skin.
Their eyes blacken

as she lays her head back,
moaning, her hair floating
amber smoke.

I watch her and purse my lips, gently blowing
strands of silver curling in the black
spelling words like “Love” and “Forever”

and “Only You”—her bleeding
stops as my words wrap
tight around her ankles and wrists.

She floats into my arms
and burns to gold. Her sweat
sweet mist as I kiss her. I feel her

pulse throb through her lips
as her eyes glow rose
and mine shine black.