

Falling for a vampire

I lay down in sewers, poured myself down drains
but was never lost enough to spark your taste.
My wounds never deep enough to bleed me deathly,
and though I daubed my need above the door, you passed me over
for the others: the delectable, the wasted. I was so bloody stupid
I envied their brokenness; hated the angels who held me back
from the brink, wailing at them to let me jump.

Years or centuries later, I meet you at the dreg-end of a party,
grinding out the stub of your latest wreck. Stretched out
and gutter-gorgeous, you were always loveliest when fresh-sated.
You run a fingernail along my forearm, grin through crimson teeth
and murmur, *Old times' sake?* Wanting me now I don't want you.
I smile back. Old times' sake cuts both ways and what
in the name of stakes and holy water makes you think I'll fall?