

Michael McGuire

"Ordinary Vampires"

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ORDINARY VAMPIRES

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I can't understand what the mirror is trying to tell me,
am I trying to
learn how to be seen or how to see, I contain my rage
until the steam
seeps into my intake valve, then I use this engine
grease like it was
some kind of salve, infinite new blood; slow killers
parade of transposed
guilt, star teller; false embryo of castles unbuilt.
Not a smile nor a kiss or a bite is what it seems, in this
city of more
dreamers than dreams, surviving on the confidence
that you're an
exception to the rule, but that just makes you a
somewhat wiser fool,
river wise bridges carry sperm bank donors
hypothetical money,
prostrate ecstasy; nazi night desire; vampire sucking
honey.
So you try to screw yourself out of the grip of paradise
fist, end up on
the true players broken hearts black list, and the moral
of the story is
this story never had any morals, if you can wear the
teeth marks you
can wear the laurels, scripted blindness beautiful of
the colorless unreal,
hands of savage medicine touching how to feel.
In the cold galactic distance of a whisper, the acid
taste of hot breath
and need, I lift the veil and I turn her, somehow the
doer gets trapped
inside the deed.
Cracked mirror voodoo, wounded by the view, but like
a vampire at
dawn, I know I must be moving on.

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