

HAIKU POEM

DRACULA KILLED HIM
HE SUCKED OUT ALL HIS LIFE-FORCE
IT WAS IN COLD BLOOD

Dracula

LYRICAL POEM

THERE ONCE WAS A VAMPIRE CALLED
DRACULA
WHO USED A LOT OF VERNACULAR
HE BIT A HOLE IN MY THROAT
AS BIG AS A GOAT
AND TRIED TO COVER IT ALL
SPECTACULAR

HE SNEAKS THROUGH THE NIGHT
STALKING HIS PREY
THE ONE HE SEEKS LAY CLOSE AT BAY
A CLOVE OF GARLIC
WRAPPED AROUND HER NECK
THE WINDOWS ALL SHUT
THE DOORS WERE ALL LOCKED
YET HE STILL GETS IN
TO SUCK HER BLOOD
SHE MUMBLES AND GROANS
PULLING OFF THE CLOVES
HER NECK LAY THERE
NOW FULLY EXPOSED
HE GOES IN FOR A TASTE
THE SWEAT LIQUID SCARLET
THE STRENGTH IT GIVES HIM
HE RIPS OFF HIS SHIRT
HIS CHEST NOW EXPOSED
HE GETS HIS NAILS
AND SLICES DOWN
HIS BLOOD OF THAT COLOUR
HAS NEVER BEEN FOUND
HE GRABS HER HEAD
TO HIS CHEST
THEY ARE NOW BOTH CONNECTED
SHE HAS NOW TASTED BLOOD
THEY ARE NOW BOTH VAMPIRES
AND HE IS THE MASTER
SHE FOLLOWS WHEREVER
HE MOST DESIRES