

Seconds from pajamas I must
first open all the doors and the windows
and invite the vampire in to be one of us.

Then, in the guise of cool air,
in the softer hours, he's there,
sitting, talking, in the voice of your mother
about leaving one good party for another,
and the night of a thousand missteps
and the loss that made him dogged
or it could have been the doggedness that caused the loss in the first place, I guess.

Crazy daisies and wooden stars,
the threat of oxygen on Mars,
marching armies in the night,
smiling strangers riding by on bikes,
Children smoking, sloganeers on mics,
just a few things most vampires don't like.

Before the dawning's first light I must
first close up all the doors and the windows
and try to trap that cool air in to be one with us.

I'm discovering uses for you I thought I'd never find,
I could've made chancellor without you on my mind.