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Fangs of the Human

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Thiruvananthapuram

I am a witch who glided in, like a dream
The smell blue smoke fills the air
My fangs long for the blood of an innocent flower
The cradles are full of them, pink, black, brown
Boys in blue, girls in pink
Sleeping peacefully unaware of—
The haunted witching hour
Angelic smiles, lovely gestures
Oh! How much I hate to kill them!
As I dig deeper into their necks I see them panting
Panting for whatever is left in them
I close my eyes and beg pardon
For it's my duty to replenish with thy innocent blood
This time I selected one
As usual, closed my eyes, felt their soft petal like feet, in the dark
I can hear them cry as I push my dirty fangs
Into their tender neck
The cry stops, a whimper remains
The recharge is done
My gruesome ordeal over---
Till the next witching hour I caress my remorse
Burdened ,I leave
My fangs red in colour
The red remnants of a sin
My friend who came to quench the thirst like me –
Laughed, laughed and laughed!
You cry, because you don't know the humans
Your need becomes their excuse
They kill their own babies—
In a womb they are scathed away
As a child they are beaten to death
Tortured in the name of trivialities
Of gender, caste and creed
Colour –of course
The aborted bodies are fried
Barbequed, the entrails pulled out in the laboratory
Fed with poison, diluted with video games
Projected into a virtual space

Their nudity—celebrated
Suffocated, right from the time of—
Conception—the fumes hover around them
Stray dogs savour them
Terrorists slash their slender throats
Mothers sell them
Gunshots scare them
The smell of blood paints them
My friend continued to laugh
I walked in before my time ends—
To savour the rest of them
Glee engulfed me as I
Ate them---