

MARIANNE BORUCH

The mosquito brings you blood, it

The mosquito brings you blood, it
doesn't bleed you. The voice was sure.
What? he said. Like the bullet's all solace
to the wound? That thing *takes* my blood.

She does, with those eggs inside to consider.
Not true, the voice said. I swear on her
needle of light. Think what she gives you
for nothing, a pinpoint, her single thread

splayed on your arm or aloft at your ear.
Poems, he said, they've whacko-ed you right out!
Knock knock! she siphons my blood to hoard it.
Her dark monotony—*now now now now*—

the whole summer's in it, intrusion and blinding
endlessness, each day without time.
What fun to tell you things, the voice said. As if
I'm wrong—look, how she kneels with it.