Poison Arrows

by rade *Friday, Mar 21 2014, 12:37pm*
international / poetry / post

i must be related to a minor Deity
or alien as i am impervious
to poison
and the venomous bites of serpents

tho this oddity comes with
disadvantages,
on each occasion Cupid
draws his bow with a new arrow
hoping
that it will strike to the heart
i feel a dull sting but nothing
penetrates past my epidermis
and i am no Rhino

sleek slippery red-bellied blacks
and king browns do their worst
making me dizzy for a spell
but only momentarily

scorpions that love to sting
and inflict agonising pain
turn their tails on themselves
suiciding in frustration
over their failures
to raise a sweat

then u came along
like a garden
of rare flowers,
with a smile
i was smitten and died
in ur arms and thighs

it is wonderful
to learn i am human
after all