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