

Sometimes the Shadows Bite

By Richard Paul

A lad from the fleet found a week of leave,
So with his friends he hit the bars on Reed,
Till a Saints-flicked bladder meant he had to pee,
Then out he went to foul a fateful alley.

Such a night, my boy. Such a toothsome night.
Walk into the shadows and they might just bite.

With half-decent aim for a gin-addled swain,
He heard to his right sounds of dread and pain,
Off in the shadows there was something profane
And a snapping and snarling, in no way sane.

Such a night, my boy. Such a toothsome night.
Walk into the shadows and they might just bite.

He'd just enough wits to stow and to zip
Aa a hooded snipe fled with a knife in his grip,
And spying a nith, our swain thought to trip
This shiftiest fucker, who fell with a flip.

Such a night, my boy. Such a toothsome night.
Walk into the shadows and they might just bite.

Then walking behind with a moonlight sheen
Stepped the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen,
With crimson red hair and eyes pale green
And a cut in her dress that should have been bloody.

Such a night, my boy. Such a toothsome night.
Walk into the shadows and they might just bite.

She kicked away the villain's knife with ease
And hauled the violent wretch up to his knees
And then there seemed a shifting of her teeth
And a snarl in her throat, downright beastly.

Such a night, my boy. Such a toothsome night.
Walk into the shadows and they might just bite.

She lifted the hood and cast it aside
Then bit the neck and drank before the eyes
Of the swain who longed to flee yet dared not try
Through the minutes it took for her meal to die.

Such a night, my boy. Such a toothsome night.
Walk into the shadows and they might just bite.

Wiping her mouth on the corpse's sleeve,
She took a step, then one more, to leave,
Then turned with a laugh and skipped cheerfully
To the swain who found he still could not flee.

Such a night, my boy. Such a toothsome night.
Walk into the shadows and they might just bite.

On his soldier's shoulders came her hands to rest,
Her breasts she pressed 'gainst his youthful chest,
No call for aid from his throat could he wrest
Ere her fangs drew slowly o'er his neck's soft flesh.

Such a night, my boy. Such a toothsome night.
Walk into the shadows and they might just bite.

Though she did not devour our swain
But with her gaze she delved in his brain
And what she left within never wanes
But all his days, behind his eyes, remains.

Such a night, my boy. Such a toothsome night.
Walk into the shadows and they might just bite.

She left him then and into night she flew,
The shaken swain fell to his knees and threw
From out his guys a mess of gin and stew,
Then stumbled from the alley, his night now through.

Such a night, my boy. Such a toothsome night.
Walk into the shadows and they might just bite.

Three days passed and no bodies were found
And no monstrous beauties were seen 'bout the town,
So our swain half-believed his mind was unsound
When he stalked out the pub and hurled on the ground.

Such a night, my boy. Such a toothsome night.
Walk into the shadows and they might just bite.

But when he fell asleep that night he saw
The red-haired vampire maid once more,
Her eyes still dreadful and her dress still torn
And a score of cadavers strewn 'bout the floor.

Such a night, my boy. Such a toothsome night.
Walk into the shadows and they might just bite.

Now lodged in his brain, she'd a mind for play,
And inside a dream could take what time she may.
Whatever she did none truly can say,

For the bold young swain was not seen again.

Such a night, my boy. Such a toothsome night.
Walk into the shadows and they might just bite.

**Nith – Confederation of Fortune term for criminal*

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