

Lies of the Vampire (poem)



Laura Ann Tull

Apr 24, 2018



Photo of Laura Ann Tull by Laura Ann Tull Halloween circa 2009

I want to say I am a vampire.

Even though they don't exist.

Even though the idea of it terrifies me.

Yet it is a seductive thing to say.

Strangely erotic and eternal.

There is a nobility in the undead.

Yet I know the tragedy and evil living in the red.
I have read Rice and Stoker,
seen every “Vampire Slayer” and “Angel,”
watched the Mikaelsons and Salvatores.
I have skimmed the myths and legends.
Today I ponder what it would be like to live forever.
Yet it is monstrous, violent and evil.
I who cringe at the sight of blood.
I walk out of Slasher movies.
Yet I’ve watched every “Underworld.”
I long to see the last episode of “The Originals.”
I just want to pretend.
The ultimate quest of the Vampire is love.
I long to have an eternity to find
that perfect soul to match mine.
It is not death or blood I crave.
But more time to get it right.
And there is beauty in the monster that longs for life.

