

CutBank

Volume 1
Issue 10 *CutBank 10*

Article 12

Spring 1978

Vampire

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Recommended Citation

Karr, Mary (1978) "Vampire," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 10 , Article 12.

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VAMPIRE

She starts loving herself.
It's a Catholic nightmare.
Hair sprouting on her palms
like clover. Her husband,
embarrassed at the family gatherings,
giggles into his wine, explains

This is *some* curse.

She takes to hats like never before,
red ones with one razor sharp feather
blown back. At dusk as he stirs the cabbage
he hears a hiss escape from her throat.
The cat disappears.
She moves to the basement.
This loving of herself doesn't show up
in mirrors. Everyone calls this dangerous.
But she trusts it, melting locks from doors,
passing unnoticed through crowded supermarkets,
a whiff of jasmine.

Incredulous at the growth of her teeth,
her dentist works overtime, first with
sandpaper, then with a small saw.
All the x-rays come back milky. If her husband
had persisted longer,
she may have come to some Christian sense,
gone to the sea shore in dark glasses,
buttoned her blouse.
He always knew she had it in her.
A man of Slavic origins, he seems to grow
shorter. His pant cuffs drag the ground.
His shoulderblades swell into a hump
that refuses to be hidden in clothing.
He begins bringing her small animals.

As for the vampire, she remembers nothing
of the innocent life. Can evil know itself?

Her eyes open in the smallest of satin rooms.
Who could admit loneliness under these conditions?
She had health, good looks, brains,
and a dense little rock of a man
who dies nightly beneath her lips
like a bad song on the trumpet.
There is one point just in the region
of her heart large enough for a hatpin.
A single place that shudders
(a small bell of a sound)
just before she gives herself over
to her own moon.