

Night Wings(for Twilight fans)

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By : Mistress of Word Play

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He watched the moon rising in the sky
and felt that primal urge hit him hard.
It was that need he could never deny
a life style given he might never discard.

So swiftly now he became another soul
the one who preyed and fed at night.
Of this nature which he had no control
as was his aversion to warm sunlight.

His stomach churns a memory appears
of his love once had and lost long ago.
A flutter of wings that no one else hears.
He will take his next victim so very slow.

Below him the woman waits for someone.
Oblivious that he watches her as she waits.
She emits radiance as bright as the sun
and a goodness which the vampire hates.

He licks his lips with that devilish delight.
It is so good he thinks smugly to live as I do
Ever so silently he approaches just out of sight.
She would be his before the night was through.

He sees her teardrops as he draws ever near.
He feels the pain that emanates in darkest air
and it rends his wicked spirit with utter fear.
He takes in her image that beauty quite rare.

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His cruel heart melts as he watches her face
there beneath that star filled darkened sky.
A taste of bitter almonds he cannot displace
of love shared with someone, a sad good-bye.

He chides himself and his soul becomes dark
a darkness as the daylight when void of any sun.
Resolutely he pushes himself toward his mark.
Taking her quickly, he feasts, till the deed is done.

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