

GREGORY MULLER

## Stealth Mosquito

I watched her as she approached the  
Long white tarmac of Michael's arm,  
As he dozed in the midday sun.  
She circled two times,  
Once for reconnaissance and once for business;  
Landing was no casual task.

She had precious cargo.

A minefield of hairs covered the landing strip;  
One accidental bump,  
One errant flick of her leg,  
One hint of clumsiness,  
Could mean disaster.

Death was just a hair's breadth away.

But she was a stealth mosquito and  
She knew how to deal  
With hairy jungles.

Everything depended on it.

Instead of plowing through,  
She made a hairpin turn,  
Found a rare clearing,  
And descended vertically.  
An insect helicopter  
Quick and light  
And with no noise.

She turned her head downward  
Toward a pink and tender spot,  
And swivelled her shaft  
Into proper position.

Babies need blood to survive.

She rubbed her tube briskly,  
Twice from habit,  
Three times for smoothness.

A smooth, clean shaft  
Is the essential tool  
For a stealth penetration.

She paused.  
She probed.  
She pushed.  
He never moved.

She was in.

She pushed down and drew back,  
But not out.  
She pumped down,  
And drew back.  
Down and back, down and back

Soon she would lay the eggs.

She worked,  
Sucking and stroking,  
Mixing saliva with blood,  
Making her belly firm  
And red  
And warm.  
When she was sated,  
She withdrew her shaft and stroked it,  
Twice from habit,  
Three times for smoothness  
In an instant, she flew off.

She would die after laying the eggs.

A small red bump  
And an itch  
Would let Michael know  
That she had come  
And gone.