

Poems of Vampirism

by Justin Bienvenue

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“Very few beings really seek knowledge in this world. Mortal or immortal, few really ask. On the contrary, they try to wring from the unknown the answers they have already shaped in their own minds..”

-Anne Rice, The Vampire Lestat

Dracul

He is the vapor, the air, the monster, the essence
He does not have to be close for you to feel his presence
The blood that runs through him is not his own
He takes any form in which he wants to be known
His story has been told throughout the ages
Changed over time and appears on many pages
He does not lust like the rest he loves what he's lost
Who he is now is due to being double crossed
He hides away and at times walks around like normal
He is the one, the definition of immortal
The Leader, the count, the general, the creator
Prince of Darkness, Dracula, Vlad the Impaler

Vampires

They lurk and feast in the night
In a view that's out of site
Creeping, watching as you walk
All they do is prey and stalk
As piercing as a ravens peck
As their fangs dig into your neck
Drinking your blood so they can be stronger
For another 1000 years they can live longer
One way to kill them is to stab them with a stake
Or push them in the sunlight and watch them bake
A holy cross burns them with fear
Yelling and giving a horrifying sneer
You try and try to put up a fight
For they are the creatures of the night

Vampires pt.2

Back again to tell the tale
About the dark and the pale
Still bringing the fright and the terror
Since the days of the Victorian era
They who live without consequence
Their lives for years full of suspense
Their complexion so gaunt yet so pure
Such strong attraction of loom and allure
Captivating is their radiant physique
So soft and charming when they speak
They don't always try to cause a fray
At some point they look for a protege
One who will continue on the great legacy
To give one a feeling of truly feeling free
They can go into seclusion, perish but never retire
One you become one your forever a vampire

Vampires pt.3

The nights are endless but for them time stands still
As it always has been along with the lust to kill
One must wonder how living so long can be
There's certainly more to it than just feeling free
Through the years it must take its toll
To contain control without a reflection or soul
Perhaps for some the days grow longer
Wondering if the thought of death does ponder
To just step into that light and throw it all away
But then restless they roam the spirit must stay
So ironically in death still not completely at peace
A legend with unfinished business wishing to be deceased
On the earth for centuries walking around undead
Now finally getting rest only to walk around again

Vampires pt.4

Still roaming the earth after all this time
But then again immortality is not a crime
The search for another these days isn't as easy
And when one is found they get and feel queasy
For them the past has never been erasable
Their lust for blood still and forever insatiable
By now those still living are elders and walking myths
Still giving mortals their unbelievable gifts
Some so strong now it takes longer to be harmed by fire
Always with that essence and spark of desire
Another century in which they patiently embark
But always confined and hidden in the dark
If they were to die now it would be by their own hand
No one hunts anymore and it's life they can't stand
But then again these are just words so who am I to say?
The creatures of the night in which Vlad has paved the way..

Vampires pt.5

The endless tale continues just like their lives
The creatures of the night whose lust always thrives
Whether it be for blood or companionship of another
The taste that flows through the flesh upon the feeling of a lover
Good or evil some are romantics regardless
This doesn't mean however that they're completely harmless
It's like their intentions have been forgotten, no one remembers
Their instinct still burns in them like smoldering embers
They'll make you remember so you'll never again forget
Vampires have always been and will continue to be a threat
A perfect time to rise once more against society unprepared
Leaving some victims helpless others running scared
Century after century they will never be gone
For as long as blood flows their legend shall carry on...

Vampires pt.6

You still all don't seem to get it
And none of you give us credit
You should fear us, we are death
We are an epidemic worse then meth
Your all beyond pitiful, blind as bats
We're not all dear Louis who feeds on rats
We desire to kill, destroy and devour
Your tainted blood is our sweet and sour
You've created this image of us we are not
So instead of being one of us you shall rot
We are the definition of blood seeking anguish
You're the ones who shall perish and vanquish
All because you forgot our true rapture
We are the creatures of the night
and its your essence we wish to capture..

Drops of Life

You associate it with your anatomy
But to us it's so much more
Our very being thrives off it's existence
It's what makes us whole

We crave the sweet nectar you hold within
Our hunger at times is unbearable
We starve without a simple taste
Our lives depend on yours

The blood that no longer flows through us
We feel and will get from you
From a bite, a suck or by devouring
However we can, by any means necessary

We can hear your heart beat
We can feel your fear
It's our primitive instinct
To sense your wasting life

There is only one choice
Which is to accept what you are
A flesh capsule holding our food
Your death is our drops of life

Sanctuary: Dark Principles

The sweet smell of surrender and sweat
Affects itself automatically like an affliction
Sounds after the somber silence of a serenade
Are around the area eclipsing the air

Death knows of nothing and never feels knots
It's characterizes carefully by creatures of change
A Vampires natural knack like a knife against the neck
Captures the clear definition of it's coy character

Vampire's are timeless and tells their tainted tales
Upon the undead's utopian universe
For their technique goes against the timid
Uprising in the underground as they unveil a union

A Vampire adds to appending Armageddon
For rebirth, reconstruction, revolt and revolution
They do not yield to the young
A dark immortal never goes against their principles

Coffin Hill

They closed the gates
but not the coffins
and as the night falls
you can hear them creak open

Slowly they rise
emerging from slumber,
their fangs seemingly glowing
Their demeanor infused

They've waited all day
Their feet dance on the ground
but soon take lift
when they levitate into the air

Some walk by the gates
And those within can sense
and feel their presence
It's only a matter of time

With no crosses to bear
and no mirrors in sight
they leave the hill they call home
in the search to feed

Plenty of time until
the sun begins to rise
The brood commence
As they stalk into the night

Masquerades of Madness

We know the myths of vampires
With their powers and all they can do
But what of the human beings
Who believe themselves to be vampires too?

The people who take on personas
And believe themselves to be
Actual living immortals
And not like you or me

These people actually drink blood
While part of gothic cults
They stalk and even prey on people
With alarming and successful results

They don't just worship
But live by the vampire code
So in a way they are not of this earth
But violent, dangerous and cold

Sure it's fun to pretend to be them
But some take it way too far
To them it's not just a game
Their minds beyond scarred

Enjoy the tales you write
You can even add your own twist
But please just remember
That vampires aren't suppose to exist..

Bloodsuckers

No good dirty rotten
living forever coffin hoppin'
energy draining, bat flying
instead of onions, garlic crying
have no reflection,
avoiding detection,
always killing,
we find it thrilling,
dark demeaning,
soul stealing,
not really lovers
savage thirsty bloodsuckers

END

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