

the **Mosquito** buzz buzz buzz

By Lara Dolphin

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... What's the point in being elated if it's not exhausting and when has being exhausted not been elating? You people are astounding. Look what I get to do in my spare time? This stuff comes to me without begging, beckoning, proposition nor solicitation. Lara Dolphin is as precious as she is priceless. One poem no waiting...she is delightfully spiteful. Besides, how could we Fleas deny such backhanded praise for the maringouin? "The Mosquito (updated, revised)" is oddly erotic, to me, not unlike Donne's 'The Flea' and as amusing as Burns' 'To a Louse.' "How can you send so much baseness / Through that tiny proboscis" "Stealth, and the uncanny ability / To sneak up on me at a picnic." "It's your vile little move / You swamp angel," "Supping on blood / ...Such insolence, such sorcery, / Such she-devilry," It is beautifully written but, then again, what isn't here at the intrepid, unflinching FOTD? Lara is our very own Dolphin Oracle where entomology and etymology collide...(Spacing is poet's own. Please scroll down.)*

The Mosquito

When did you start your tricks

Mademoiselle?

What do you walk upon the water for,

In the name of the femur, the tibia, the taurus,

You divine?

Is it so that you shall overcome the force of your weight

And land and bite and leave

Before I know you are there?

I heard a man call you Maringouin

In muggy New Orleans.

You throw me a trinket, and smile.

How can you send so much baseness

Through that tiny proboscis

Injecting saliva into my skin?

Queer, weighing one twenty-five thousandth of an ounce,

How you measure about the size of a paper clip

A zero.

Yet what disease surrounds you

You infectious agent, smuggling a parasite, casting death.

That is your nature, your filthy inheritance:

Stealth, and the uncanny ability

To sneak up on me at a picnic.

But the gig is up now, you beast of prey

Queer, how you stalked the supreme poet

in Ravenna, ensnaring him,

Quartan Queen

Winged Vector.

Settle, on the author of The Ravenna Journal

That hero of Greek freedom, alight

Leaving relapsing fever in your wake

I hate the way you target my ankles

Having been lured by overripe feet

Come then, let us play in Orlando

And see who wins this contest,

hungry chickens or mosquito.

You don't know what comes next, and I don't know what comes next.

Pay attention!

It's your move

It's your vile little move

You swamp angel,

Which stirs my blood flushing full of loathing for you:

It is your tiny instrument buzzing about my face.

Why do you exist?

Surely it is bad design.

Nature says it's not your fault.

If that is so, then I believe science saved the Panama Canal

But it is so amazing to think that nets and mesh and sprays

And removing standing water did the trick.

Liquid, living liquid

Super highway

Delivering oxygen.
I witness your crime
For a moment engorged in stupor,
Indecently carnivorous
Supping on blood
My blood.
Such insolence, such sorcery,
Such she-devilry,
Such delicate offense.
You thirst
As well as you may.
Only your accursed tiny guts
And slight build
Stop the six-pronged attack.
Begone with disdain, no cap
You winged fiend.
Can I not outsmart you?
Are you too quick for me,
Wretched pest?
Or does evolution not work the way we think it does?
Queer, what significant splatter my blood produces
Next to the minuscule smirch that was you!
Queer, what a nasty residue you have become!

THE POET SPEAKS... *Specifically, this poem draws inspiration from "The Mosquito" by D. H. Lawrence. The jumping off point for me was when he refers to the mosquito biting him as male. I thought this interesting since only female mosquitoes bite, and thought that I could rework the poem in light of modern science and attitudes. In general, poetry for me is a creative*

outlet to process the world around me and to communicate with others. I admire poets like David Lehman and William Stafford who can write a fresh poem daily though this goal alludes me. I believe that poetry deserves a place in the mainstream conversation and hope that more media outlets will create space for new voices. I am also an advocate for Pennsylvania to restore the position of Poet Laureate, which was abolished in 2003.

AUTHOR BIO: Lara Dolphin is an attorney, nurse, wife and mom of four amazing kids; she is exhausted and elated most of the time. Her work appears in print and online.