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# American Vampires

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They smelled our foreignness as bears smell fear and while we trembled, half-kneeled expecting for them to growl on hind legs, they sniffed us, turned their noses, and went about their day still keeping an eye out, for hunters bring traps and Americans bring uncertainty.

Mosquitos walk on my skin mirroring my little feet shuffling across the unpaved ground.

**\*\*Prick\*\*** We picked up a piece of fruit, we inhaled information that we had already obtained as thoroughly as we could, then released. Buzz away. Away. Away to the next.

**\*\*Prick\*\*** Burning stares melted my flesh, murmurs filled my ears like cotton, my eyes overflowed with images of poverty and no matter how hard I blinked, they would not stop running.

**\*\*Prick\*\*** We congregated to one side as infrastructure rolled past on four wheels every ten minutes like clockwork.

**\*\*Tick\*Tock\*Tick\*Prick\*\***

We breathed a unanimous sigh of relief as we walked away from the mines, clutching our purses like diamonds. As if diamonds were experiences and we had any right to them.

**\*\*Prick\*\*** We were not hunters, we did not bring traps, or guns, or ill-intent. We were pests with no purpose, swarming in groups, pricking the flesh of the community, sucking at the bits we wanted, and retreating when we were satisfied leaving only an annoying irritation of our presence in their memory, which like all wounds will fade with time.