

The genius of mosquitos

Oh the beauty

The beauty of that

Always plotting

Flying all around

Seeing everything

In hundreds of directions

Wanting

Craving

Poking

Sucking

Goodbye

That is all they do and want to do

Wings

Legs

Systems

Hunger

Disease

Reproduction

Death

Reminds me of a other animal

That uncaring in them

Spreading disease

Deadly disease

happy as long as they drink their favorite

That mana

That addictive ironed drink

That delicious red substance

It is their deity

They give their lives to it

They risk it all just to taste

That succulent elixir

But once they arrive at it and savor the flavor

They are trapped forever more

All they want is to continue

Oh the beauty

That beauty