

There is a dance I do
In the month of June
After a long winter
of snow
falling
falling
falling
After ferns awake
and pussy willows appear
and shades of green unfurl
on trees
After sun warms the ground
and it feels
like peace

Mosquito Dance
by Colleen Love

It begins
when
something lands
on my arm
and on my ankle
at the same time
And there is the lightest tip-toeing
on my neck
Looking for the softest spot
Ouch
Ouch
Ouch
They all plunge
their proboscis
into my flesh
at the same time
drawing out
just enough blood
to form red brush strokes
on the wall
as I smash them there

Forty-four new
landings
on my skin
in my hair
as I disappear behind
long sleeves
and hood
One makes it's way
into my
sock
and I
dance
dance
dance
in the month of June