

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

From the Night Garden

[a vampire tale}

by Steve Brown

I.

Her, framed as a Vermeer, in the amber order  
of the domestic, embraced by holding light  
and reading -what? Your note? Her placid eye,  
the thoughtful angle of that neck, a hand that  
soothes and calmly counts the rosary of hours,  
- such peace is as brightly fragile as cut flowers,  
as silent in its exit as some love-struck bat  
that might haunt her garden; to see it fly  
is to sense the black blood at the heart, this night's  
surrender to those twin whispers – of desire and murder.

II

You, as nosferatu of the outside, attending murder  
among the lower classes: the salted slug, the night's  
dew on the enlaced and draining fly,  
the halt-and-scurry of some sardonic rat  
about his business, all among the small smashed flowers;  
all the bitter herbs that dark and wormwood hours  
have crushed between their fingers make it that  
this rancid midnight air peppers the eye.  
The back door is a bridge you might cross to light,  
And then the phantoms come, carve in their order.