

Mosquitoes
By Morpheus Shield

It's dark.
and you can only hear crickets.

There's a faint shimmer of stagnant water
Waves moving so faintly
Nearly forming a mirror.

Two boys sitting on a porch.
"I keep getting bit"
And the conversation continues.

"I think that's the third one"
Every one stops.
And checks their bodies.
And the conversation continues.

"Ok, I can't stand this anymore"

"Me neither"

It's dark inside.
Yellow brown light drowns everything
In mud.
A boy cleans his bowl.
A boy checks his legs.

One
Two
Three
Four
Five big red ones.
One is massive.

They had never seen anything like it before.
5 swelling eyes staring with hatred.

Irritating and burning the skin.

The cleaning boy checks his leg.

Eyelids were beginning to open, and

It's dark.

And you can only hear crickets.