

One's Household is a battleground
With its occupants in secret battle . . .

Sweet, yet deadly . . .
The guests taking sides.

I admit defeat . . .

There are no weapons I would use against you . . .

There is no wish in my heart but the wish
For your victory.

Yet, were he who wears my colours here,
He would close the door against you.

There is no need to follow here . . .

In my hot curtained bed . . .

He would kill the one mosquito
That keeps buzzing around my head.