POETRY

Self-portrait with Countess Elizabeth Báthory de Ecsed

by Réka Nyitrai



"Hunting Eyes" by Anna Krepel

Tint Journal, no. (), www.tintjournal.com

Copyright © 2026 by Tint - ESL Literary Journal and Association.

I wear my sunglasses
and my feet are dressed in red stiletto heels.

I see myself in the lit windows of the shops.
Without being arrogant,
I can assure you that I look flamboyant.

I am asleep yet vigilant.
I pass the drunkards, the pimps, the whores,
the homeless, and the stray dogs.

It is always like this:
from under my sunglasses, I prey on single, good looking men
the ones who look like Johnny Depp or Luca Argentero.

When I spot one who is young and beautiful,
I grab him by the ear
and shove him in my bag.

When I have three or four of them,
I hail a taxi and go home.

At home, I undress them
and command them to move on all fours.
For three days and three nights,
we enjoy some pony play.

Rumor says that
I drink the men's blood.
But this is not true
as I never drink anything,
except for shipwrecked champagne.

Copyright © 2026 by Tint - ESL Literary Journal and Association.