

POETRY

# **Self-portrait with Countess Elizabeth Báthory de Ecsed**

by Réka Nyitrai



"Hunting Eyes" by Anna Krepel

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.