

## Ode to a Bedbug on the Camino de Santiago

(with apologies to Robert Louis Stevenson)

Little bedbug, *chinche* too -  
How I wish that I were you!

You have pilgrim blood for food  
Variety for every mood  
Delivered free to your front door,  
You couldn't really ask for more.

Spanish, German, French and Swiss,  
What a recipe for bliss.  
Irish, Australian and Dutch  
Careful you don't drink too much!  
Belgian, Scandinavian  
They try to hide from you in vain.  
But English blood, you should beware  
There may be have streaks of blue in there .  
American is suspect too  
Their fatty diet's bad for you.

By day you hide in crevice deep,  
A perfect place in which to sleep.  
But when night falls and lights go out,  
Out you come to wave your snout.  
It's time for you to make a start  
*Menú del noche* or *a la carte*.

So choose your dish, no need for haste  
To satisfy your latest taste.  
I'm sure when you begin to suck  
You cannot quite believe your luck.  
And when red juice begins to flow,  
I wonder, do you really know  
What agonies of legs and feet  
Have brought to you this splendid treat?  
Then, if you tire of the *décor*  
Just take a stroll across the floor.  
Many a backpack there will do  
To hitch a ride to pastures new.

Your ancestors were nourished, too  
For centuries they learned to do  
The things you specialize in well  
From Roncesvalles to Compostelle.  
Your place in history's assured  
As you feed on the pilgrim horde.

Little bedbug, *chinche* too,  
How I wish that I were you!

—Anonymous