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