

This Is My Blood: A Liturgy for Brother Mosquito

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September 9, 2025

A pest at best, an enemy.
Detest is all I get from thee.
My life for you is no concern.
My death is what you seem to yearn.

“After the Fall they must have come,
for God created no such scum.”
Or so you say to justify
that on this day that I must die.

The blood of you and others be
mingled jointly inside of me.
'Tis true if you like it or not.
Or Donne's “The Flea” hast thou forgot?

“This is my blood,” the Christ did say.
But what I ask was his endplay?
To save our world from its demise—
both them that walks and them that flies?

“I am in you; you are in me,”
so prayed the Lord for unity.
When you receive the wine and crumb
it is like him that you become.

And so, it seems, if this be true:
that you are he and he is you.
Thus, now when I partake of thee,
I become you and he becomes me.

The gifts of God . . . for the creation of God.
Amen.