

Voices from My Window Frame's Graveyard

I kept the carcasses.
Every time I pluck

open the window,
I see them,

dry shells
dismembered,

resting amidst
this graying pollen.

I must clean today.
So, you get a eulogy.

Their are principles
we all abide by.

The Beetle

I used to open up the black
sheen of my back
and beat my wide wings
faster than an eye's flutter.

I would flit between
the summits of grass blades
and flower mouths.

Once, I even sat upon
the dipped arm of an oak,
and peered off its edge for hours,
all below me so miniature.

Then I flew into that big, boxy
prison and got stuck staring
through a window to my past life.

The window was so above it all
that the grass blades and flower mouths
were nothing but color smudges.

The Wasp

Bhramari gave my body a weapon
and my brain a superiority complex.
I wasn't some cloying honeybee
who died if they stung.
I envenomed fingers, toes,
frogs, and toads. I even stung
a caterpillar ten times before injecting
my larvae deep into its mushy guts.
I relished the fact that my babies'
debut would be tearing
through that thing's wasted victuals.
Then one day I'm crawling around,
poking at hollow bugs,
and some other god smites me.
My stinger was squashed,
and the rest of me was oozing out,
but I didn't beg for forgiveness;
I thought about that bee hive,
how I gorged on their honey,
how my stinger bore into their thoraxes,
how I lived the life I was meant to.
I reminisced and wriggled and waited
for the leaking to be done.
And I knew those bees and that caterpillar
would've loved to watch me squirm.

The Ladybugs

“Ladybug, ladybug, fly away home.”
That’s what we prayed
when we lost where to go,
then would the wind sway
our wings like the trees,
and guide us to safety
deep in the leaves.

But last time the breeze
only smacked against glass,
so our prayers paved no way,
no path to get back:
together we laid,
hoping wind would come soon,
but no gales ever came,
so we stayed in our tomb.

The Stink Bug

I always thought I was a scuttle bug.
All the scuttlers did back in the blackberry bushes.

Then I went wandering off the dirt
and found myself lost in the carpet.

And the Gods living on the carpet
called me stink bug.

I always thought I smelled
like cut grass and rosemary.

Until what was up came crashing down.
Then I smelled like panicked cilantro.