

The Hive

[Day]

We resided
lounging life away
Commercials flicked across his glasses
And tea suckled my lips through a tired straw

It appeared one humid day
Crusted against the hallowed pine
What occupied near our rusted tools
Above grass over-stepped
Was the Hive

Though I don't recall
It's formation
Its cast of sap and mud was eroded over years

I stared into its entrance in a trance
Slow, my gaze stretched longer in the afternoon shadows
Its caverns palpitating
Across the yard,
Through the soil,
Up to the floorboards
Of this porch
Seizing an artery to feed upon

He stroked his
Rattlesnake belt
And took the burden upon his own
There was his misconnect-
No longer buried beneath the earth-
Assuring his task on the rising sun

[Night]

That night I began to sweat
Lurking in the shadows
A steady drum beat
Dragged along a lake
Following life's metronome
To the bobbled rocks
Where an ox swelled

And my queen in a crown of flames
Thrashing a tired hide
Her hind wings
Blowing dust about the air

[Day]

I awoke at dawn
Finding thick sludge secreted along the windowpanes
Instinctively I traced my finger along the sash
And oil stuck to me as I again,
Was in heat

I hear mutters under the sink,
Searching for strict eradication
Outside it was overexposed
The screen door struck behind him
Springing with ire
Recoiling back the feverish air
And forth, beads of conjecture

He's already pickled
With WD40 in hand

As the hive's cavity grew prominent
The yard faded from vision

Their mingled voices
Bellowed from inside hexagonal cells
Crawling over bristled forelimbs
Summoning her mantis body
To rise

And
A shadow formed
Emulating man
But taller and more efficient

So that he could not kill the hive with outright malice
He resulted to striping the seeds from the land
Zinnias were torn from their stalks
And petals scattered to the dry scrub

Silence

A pot sits on the stove
Boiling meat
The pantry is crowded to crave my sweets

We sit parallel across the table
The oak strains as we push our forks down
Grating against the plate's glaze
Not one word
Just forty-two years
And a lasting blank stare

[Night]

Every orifice
From my body leaked
Leaving the metallic scent
That carried the bees
To pile over one another

From the destitute dark
A drum carries me once more
Beating with rapid greed
I step along the receding shore
Over salt-crusted stones
Towards the ox laying hoven
Growing patina splotches
Across its protruding abdomen

The droning hum came from within
Engorged to accommodate
The increased kneading
Under rot skin
Scratching themselves out from
Intra cavernous pressure

The droning hum came from within
My blood tremors
Stretching under the rot skin
Before the queen's legs tessellating in all directions
Pulling under the rot skin
I gaze against the pair of compound eyes
Breaking under the rot skin
Her amber labium laps
Bursting under the rot skin

As she devours her laurel crown

Silence

The droning hum ceased

The tumescent carcass was now hollow
With no resonant sound
Nor swallowing barbarian

The swarm was free
With my queen at the helm

Accumulating inside my throat
A tingling itch began
Scaling along the passage
Like countless hairs
Unable to clear themselves
I begin to choke
In heavy sway
Sinking
Internal suffocation
Gasping
The continued hum

[Day]

The gold hue stained the morning glass
Leaving a warm halo of light
It was quiet, as I tip toed from the bedroom
Through the hallway,
Out the screen door

Here the remnants
Of a husband in vein
Plumping in the baked sun
And the hive smashed in by
A wooden bat around his swollen wrist
His face still and aghast
Among muddled honey
From his exposed socket
Did the bees already fashion
To construct a nest
Laying larva in the orbital tissue

The combs were modest,
But each cell held
Another worker
Another drone
Another queen
Craddled
Tail to head as an ouroboros

I stood in the yard for a long time
Inhaling the burning smell of sugar beets
As the occasional truck would pass by
Wisping the cotton tails and buffalo grass
Our house had always felt timeless
Even small
Now, the cattle in the fields seemed clearer
And the depth beyond them endless

An American girl

Tucks her parched ends
Underneath her shawl
She is a dream
Endlessly driving
Back and forth
Towards kingdom come
Passing the weathered wanderer
Proclaiming "To the good life"

She pinches a joint
Inhaling the smell of rain
Exhaling perilous fight

Her will and testament
Lipstick written on a dollar bill
Beseeching a sleeping lizard
Thirty miles back
Who's own piss
Lit it on fire
In the ruthless sun

The music was loud
Louder than her functioning neurosis
Baseline abusing mother earth's
Tectonic plates.

She dances for the very first time
Arms un-gripped from the wheel
An effortless, euphoric ragdoll
In this unbound automotive

LOUDER!
To the weaving low fuel dial
And the bombs bursting in air!

Her blood lips devour well-deserved butter
And her platinum ends sprout fresh life
From her newly born and cradled 40oz
She is proclaiming indulgent members
And taking in animal pleasures

She is scared and driving fast
Doomed for reputation
Blue attire always fitting her best for regret.
She's an unknown legend

The tires burn a sulfuric scent
That the crossroad is near
Where linen suits impatiently
Consume a freshly skinned snake.

Her denim skirt dampens
In the spotted rain
Aluminum caresses her nape
Ash gropes at her breasts.
As they both whisper,
"Are we ready to behave?"

Tears trickle down her goosed skin
Her painted toe throttling between
Humility and rapture.

Glancing her wet glance in the mirror.
Screaming one last cry

"I am a lowbred killer existing for nobody and no thing!
Please, please! I beg of you take my eternal ride!"

Self-propelled
She stomps on the pedal
Driving, past empty
Past broken pastures
Past black sheep
Past immortal relevance and inferno

To the edge
Where all has not been said before
Thus she will no longer
Teeter between
Rebirth or glory
Just one last propulsion
Forward

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The Zit Poem

Burst the pimple
That lies slouching on your skin
That clings a yellowed nail
As its wiped on to a reflection
This white head is welcomed
By sovereignty and civil rights
Given communal cotton and sugar
To flourish

But the internal host is tar
By its refusal of rejection
My body is a crypt
My sobriety; my Lucifer
And this soul shivers
Like a foreskin to long.

Yet the white puss sits perched
With many more rejected.
Becoming family as they dry
Displaying a pointillism portrait.
The portrait we don't share
The portrait we defy.

Great ethereal pimple
Transcend our chant
Through the moist tunnel and abused stars
To the exact same pimple in a different bathroom.
All on mirrors
All in homes
All our prosperity

Wiped clean
By Windex.

