

## me as bee

sunday morning suicide's  
inside my compound eyes  
from sleepless night cravings  
of thoraxed caressings  
and all in alacrity  
untucking proboscised fervor  
I taste first nectar  
commencing gentle mandible bites

but those sunday sun's rays startled me to my work  
and  
I again resolved:

This the extinction of me  
I'll die with my honey stomach  
Full of love for you, you  
never  
knew

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