The Hive

Richard Harris

See her walking whitely
As though she really was a virgin
With her tiny feet
Precisely on the line
She thinks her whitely thoughts
About the whitely things she bought
And the alter crouches silently
Waiting for the virgin to arrive
You can almost hear the buzzing of the hiveThey played the whitely music
As though it was really music
In the parking-lot they're lettering a sign
The preacher says the proper things
And then the rusty alto sings
And now they'll all get roaring drunk
Pretending theyre essentially alive
While the proud procession leads her to the hiveGod blessed our happy cubicle
Keep it safe and sanitized
Homogenized and pasteurized
Theres no place like numbBehold a formal female
Disappearing through the doorway
She has dreamed of this since she was only nine
Shes never really fought it
And now by God shes got it
And the alter crouches silently
Waiting for the virgin to arrive
You can almost hear her screaming
In the hive.

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