The Hive

The Neologist

April night-time
And we run like muscles through the stagnant nodes of man
Blood-bridges lean towards the gaping synapses
to disarm the stars within usHornet Hive-dark
Severed wings in vainless beating
buzz out from inferno of fangs
to disarm the stars within usWe should have been
so much more by now
Too dead inside
to even know the guiltWaning Ring-deep
a halo of thorns
Sips now down in the sheets of sharp silver
to disarm the star within us

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