

King of Insects

Assemblage 23

Words come easy
Behind a screen
When there's no interface-to-face
To be seen
King of Insects
You eat your own
Atop an anthill
You call your throne
Kingdom of one
So unaware
As one-by-one your subjects
Vanish into air
Chatter to the wind
Make your decree
And save your venom
For the ones who disagree
Your castle walls are falling
Your body's frail
Your window on the world
Is minuscule in scale
Burrow deep now
Escape the light
Heaven forbid you have to face
The ones you slight

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