

feast for all

My body is a bee's
nest, holes littering
my chest and back,
shoulders splaying
honeycombs for others
to feast upon.

Honey drips down
my ribs, pooling and
crystallizing, settling into
each groove and encasing
my lungs like an amethyst
encrusted fossil. Words
I never say become
immortalized,
and I force myself
to look away

as a spoon slots itself
under my rib,
scooping honey until
I'm empty.