

Worker Bees

The ignominious high-rises:
slave-ashram hives of we loyal worker bees
stabbing at the sky
rising up
from pits of tar
where pitted calcite bones of sabre-toothed cats
and giant sloths sleep
go unnoticed
somnolent
and
silent.

2 protect and serve
our George Walker Queen-man
behind the certain
busy, busy, busy
buzz, buzz, buzz
business
as usual
zzzzzzzzzzzz.

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