

## Bit By Dead Bee, Pt. I

Foxing

Still soft when speaking from white flag book lungs  
Bees made hives on the back of her tongue  
I took weightless words  
Her clouds move right through me  
A line of best fit  
Landlocked in light

Her teeth marks patched up the lines on my palms  
The edge of her spine braided into mine  
We were mute in the mouth of the moon  
We were mute in the mouth of the currents  
Of blood vessels containing the sea  
That keep you from coming back to me

Bees made hives in the mouth of the lion  
I made my home in the house of a liar