

tapeworm

SPIRIT OF THE BEEHIVE

Like a beast on the streets and you can't secure it
Like a snake in the grass who defies the laws
You couldn't picture the appetite of tapeworms, eating all

All!

All!

All!

And then register the bereaved who are left with nothing

The seams!

The seams!

The seams!

The seams run

Cracks closed by unremarkable hands