

## The Host

Thou

A cloud of spores floating senseless  
Cultural dust drifts along  
Becoming lodged, constructing minds -  
Incidental audition of hosts  
A buzzing brain, hive of notions  
Nature favors, selects, and sifts  
Born again, brought to life  
Ideal parasite  
Lashing out, I'll ruin this for everyone. Harboring resentments  
over injuries  
Sustained. You gave a promise to me-  
and you broke it. And so the sacred oaths  
Are undone  
Draining ventral canals, purging all feeling. Calling out, the  
tears have dried  
Born again, brought to life  
Ideal parasite