

Assemblage 23

"King of insects"

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Words come easy
Behind a screen
When there's no interface-to-face
To be seen

King of Insects
You eat your own
Atop an anthill
You call your throne

Kingdom of one
So unaware
As one-by-one your subjects
Vanish into air

Chatter to the wind
Make your decree
And save your venom
For the ones who disagree

Your castle walls are falling
Your body's frail
Your window on the world
Is minuscule in scale

Burrow deep now
Escape the light
Heaven forbid you have to face
The ones you slight

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