

## Richard Harris

### "The Hive"

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See her walking quietly  
As though she really was a virgin  
With her tiny feet  
Precisely on the line  
She thinks her whitely thoughts  
About the whitely things she bought  
And the alto crouches silently  
Waiting for the virgin to arrive  
You can almost hear the buzzing of the hive

They played the whitely music  
As though it was really music  
In the parking-lot theyâ€™re lettering a sign  
The preacher says the proper things  
And then the rusty alto sings  
And now theyâ€™re all get roaring drunk  
Pretending theyâ€™re essentially alive  
While the proud procession leads her to the hive

God bless thou happy cubicle  
Keep it safe and sanitized  
Homogenized and pasteurized  
Thereâ€™s no place like numb

Behold a form of female  
Disappearing through the doorway  
She has dreamed of this since she was only nine  
Sheâ€™s never really [?]  
And now by god sheâ€™s got it  
And the alto crouches silently  
Waiting for the virgin to arrive  
You can almost hear her screaming  
In the hive.

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