

## Honeybee

We are humsandbeings  
carrying language's language, long  
hauled from distant blooms  
to the house that name built.  
Round here noone calls it poetry.  
We dance like a numerous god  
like purseloined prefugees  
from a word that has not been thought.  
Our achtongue tralalanguage  
from farfurlineages of humdrome  
dipthrongs a hexagone incomb  
in zoosemiotic mittenish, singlanguage.  
The planes are stacking up as  
we swarmturn and flowerfollow  
the wax-pocket and pollen-basket  
enacting the languagebody's  
sentedance as smallarms and as caralarms  
rotate against us. What bleeds across  
lawn is dark. We are mindful  
of pastendustrial seminature  
as a foresite (sic) of death  
odeing into this hole that  
closes when the lid fists  
the angels ungelling until fungus  
splits substance from the seams

## Caterpillar

I hungermarched the ribbitten leafstems,  
hobnailed from here to timesend, distend,  
rasping text, cutting windows  
so the slow vivid leaves cancel one at a  
time from which the dead  
debodied as the sun ran through ehedges  
and the autumn poured out  
to make the world work.

In my membrainy midgetsuit  
I tongueliked the slowmotioning  
tristrance and I sold leaves with  
insinuous accordiong towards  
the dreambulatory sleepeye.  
Earlear the lacely silkslick  
fullupped as a regenegade iffigy.  
I saw black and smelled drool and  
could not my eyes extend.

Attired with threadblooded lustre  
the multinippled lithurgy shearched  
to wormform a puperfect thinkthing.  
Construct a sentence to hang from,  
secrete sense, talk spin. Scroll  
the proleg in chimeratic leaftime  
to chrysalistize dearthread from  
the cremaster, mistwisting in pupation.  
Coddled in a genizah mortuary  
my streams are seeking a source.  
The eye roots, bones store night.  
Each motherson must squelch the  
chenille of disunction, the leaf.