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Hive

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HIVE

The city denuding.
The bricks leaving by thousands.
Head over foot
through the streets like iron shoes.

They file to a place filled with marsh and sand. No one would live here in his right mind.

Already they form a ring then a second ring. For God's sake they are building a hive and it generates heat like no boiler could: Cerise, then white, then clear.

From miles arrive people who hover around the structure cursing each other for warmth. But it is too late.
The bricks sing in their dark tribal voices
Sing of a wall and the little ones to come.