

## ANTS

JD Pirtle | 1992

To fornicate,  
like a plethora of blood cells:  
a ruthless army  
with mighty indignation  
seeking a reckoning

The seemingly naïve snail  
banished from her brothers  
exotic in construction,  
simple in operation  
treads the fence  
that separates the absolute dichotomy: life and death

She is attacked  
and secretes a juice  
a voluptuous foam to maintain her ideal  
life on her own, away from the others  
But her shell is breached  
the soldiers pour over her  
they engulf her inside and out  
and tear her apart

Her soft insides are carried away  
into the depths of the ant hill  
consumed by the tiny metropolis,  
her essence will nourish their babies

Above ground  
her shell,  
an empty bedlam wagon  
to be picked up  
by small children