

The Voyaging Sugar Ant

That must have been the most transcendent journey,
you intrepid
beady ant.

I can see the trail of your tribe
leading through the foundation.

Cracked house
through fiberglass
webs of splinters
and termite woods.

Wrapping electrical wires,
crumbling like mounds of dirt.

Out cracked caulk,
the linoleum floor.
Ascending, descending dusty cabinets
to the kitchen sink.

All of it
for just a suckle
of sugar.

Again

to the front
yard grass
leading to your city,

magnificent society of drones.
Selfless, bleak, and meaningless—

could you see what you have done.