

3. Stings (2)

The sweat of his efforts a rain
Tugging the world to fruit.
Now he peers through a warped silver raindrop,
Seven lumps on his head
And a big boss on his forehead,

Black as the devil, and vengeful.
The bees found him out,
Molding onto his lips like lies,
Complicating his features.
They thought death was worth it, but I

Have a self to recover, a queen.
Is she dead, is she sleeping?
Where has she been,
With her lion-red body, her wings of glass?
Now she is flying

~~More terrible than she ever was,
A red scar in the sky, a comet
Over the engine that killed her,
The white stiff wax,
The deserted nurseries, the stingless dead men.~~

More terrible than she ever was,
A red scar, ~~in the sky, a comet~~ ^{shimmering}
Over the engine that killed her,
The ~~white, stiff wax,~~ ^{mausoleum}
~~deserted nurseries, and stingless dead men.~~ ^{rejected}

More terrible than she ever was, a red
~~Scar~~ ^{Scar} in the sky, a comet
Over the engine that killed her,
The ~~mausoleum of wax,~~
~~deserted nurseries and rejected dead men.~~ ^{of the desert}

More terrible than she ever was, red
Scar in the sky, red comet
Over the engine that killed her,
The wax mausoleum,
~~deserted nurseries and rejected dead men.~~ ^{The desertion of}

In re

From _____ To _____

MEMORANDUM

Date _____ SMITH COLLEGE