

Honey

you pollinate my face with viscous kisses:
one on my forehead
one for each cheek
one just above the outer corner of my jaw

you push pieces of royal jelly through my lips
its sweetness melts in my mouth
i am addicted to your nectar flow

when you finish, you whisper,
 “i am a honeybee
 who works hard
 holds on to promises
 i live for only you, my queen”

your spinnerets shoot venom tainted silk
as you entangle me in your lacework
small hairs tear from my arm's pores
the infection swells plum
my face stings mulberry

the bones in you lock me against your chest
the skin on your pedipalps molest
the flesh of my arms
 my stomach
 my thighs

you called me your queen

my darling honeybee,
your nectar has spoiled
your fangs invade my skin
you lied to me
you are a spider