i am a body of buzzing

Rochelle Rosales

McMaster University

Poetry helps Rochelle feel less trapped in her own mind. She likes to use it to transform the rhythm of anxiousness she feels into something that, perhaps, others can understand a little more.

Keywords

anxiety, panic, worry

under my chest thrums the humming hive.
pollen-coated vessels carry winged bodies
to my core
the bugs burrow
hollow through every pore and
construct capillaries into waxed nests

i reach into the honeycomb
pierce through the sticky veins
but bumbles blur my vision,
sip sweet sores from my skin.
i grip my arms to bruise the buzzing off
but frantic flurries numb my fingers
lick sugared sweat from my palms
with each exhale, small stingers
echo in my lungs
i try to speak but they
crawl on my dry tongue
in stumbling syllables,
beat their wings against my ribcage,
greedy for the nectar in my blood.

i want to lock out the bodies,
twist the keys to my skin
to say
 i am not your home
 not your hive, not
 your body of buzzing
let me drown in my own honey,
let me breathe from my own heart—

but bees breed in my brain
laying larvae in my ears
latching onto each thought
until i am buzzing
and buzzing
and buzzing
still