

Wasps' Nest

A tiny cluster of cells once abuzz with life lies
weightless in my palm: pale grey
and as perishable as moth wing.

The pale concrete bunkers are empty now, hollow contrast
to the hum and shove, the cram and shift, the huddling close
for human warmth, a shared crust, a whispered joke.

White dust coats our shoes. No trees, no bird song here.
Corridors echo silently, row on row,
bone feet on stone cold floor.

Names that were, list upon list, and here was, and here
and here . . . scoring the days, scratchings on brick,
like growth marks by the nursery door.

What are they now?
Pale whispers, paper crusts,
thin smiles, wings that perished.

If I close my hand just so,
this fragile nest, like reasons why,
will crumble into dust.