

Honeycombs

By Benny Manibog

After Amache National Historic Site

Tears between the foundations and
Ursine odor on the trade winds
Or does it percolate skyward
The land turning over in its bed
Ridding itself from the depravity
They tore down the site when it suited them
Hollow abandoned honeycombs
Muffin bottoms stuck to the pan
Trailers just across the fence
Daily life feet from ignored disaster
Though the land will remember
Plaques like drive-thru windows
With a menu of salty water and stolen hunger
There's no other restaurant for miles