

Formiculture

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Four ants, twenty-four legs, tug on a worm from its ventral side. (In death, the worm turned.)

Four black ants, twenty-four legs, flatten from raindrops and bounce back like baked cake.

Four carpenter ants, twenty-four legs, wrench too hard on the gastric tube. (The worm doesn't have the stomach for it.)

Four carpenter ants, twenty-four jointed legs, pause to consider the vermijuce offering and think, *Fuck their oath to the queen.*

Four bilious ants, twenty-four legs, resume their portage of a now-eviscerated worm.

Four carpenter ants, twenty-four jointed legs, haul the worm over a coastal range of razorback pebbles.

Four ants, twenty-three legs, confer on the wind about a change of direction: *Recalculating route.*

Four carpenter ants, twenty-three legs, 920,000 neurons maneuver the worm like Rockettes in a pinwheel.

And still, it rains.