

Be'lakor, Roots to Sever

Though wounds were great, and respite scant,
Life clung to that wretched plant
Its skin was scarred, its leaves were ripped,
Damned to wait, as roots were fixed

For every hour, in hopeless fear,
It felt them leave then draw back near
The insects drudged without a sound,
And tore the plant down to the ground

Among them, one drone like any other,
Stole away to meet another
Far from the swarm, the two had hidden
Their unborn child, which was forbidden

Spiteful mind and eyes unseen,
Betrayed unto to a ruthless Queen
Condemned - the two would die alone,
Their egg was cast on to the stones

An offering to slake the earth,
Despite its lot, the child emerged
From hatching breath, its life was dire,
In every dawn, the sky brought fire

It sought its kind, and as it roamed,
Out of sight and far from home,
A pack could see that, left alive,
The child would lead them to the hive

Behind the hatchling, like a storm,
The giants fell upon the swarm,
With hungry teeth and gleeful hearts,
Those hunters pulled the Queen apart