

Nectar

Flying through the dark smoke of war
I let my steely wings glide through the reek of blood
Explosion shook my body
Electrified my senses
So that I might feel the necessity
For that human nectar
That was collected on bulbous saps
On blossoming flowers of Death

Like a honeybee
I buzzed my ways through heaps of human remains
Those were roasted by the inferno of atomic bombs
I knew the sky would darken in no time
Thus I shall get my nectar soon
Like a butterfly, I flipped my colourful wings
Multi hued with colours of men
I celebrated them
Though all of them were dead

A machine gun rattled at my side
I heard a man falling
As his flesh shattered by the speeding bullets
He whined softly and slumped
A heap of warm soulless carcass
My instinctive nature was hungry
All I needed was nectar for tomorrow
When the dust darkened the sky
Nectar was the only food, food for thought
Thought of survival, of today
I shall waste no time

Speeding like just another bullet
But made of steely flesh and scale
I raced to where the man lay
I shall fight with other creatures
I shall not lose
I shall prevail
In this struggle for survival
I will bite and cut
I would slam my fang into the bulbous
Saps of nectar
Where the vital fluid was
I shall waste none
For nectar was survival
Human's it was once...

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