

Death of an Ant

What becomes of ants who lose their queen?

    Their paragon of royalty.

Do they mourn her loss, hearts sad and hollow?

    Or do they find another ant to follow?

When they find her lonely, upturned form,

    Do they gather, read their scripts to mourn?

Do they solemnly weep and lower their heads;

    Speak in hushed tones of the life she has led?

When their population starts to wane,

    Do they recognize their somber fate-

Or continue on with no distinction,

    Denounce their soon-to-be extinction?

Do they wonder what their purpose is-

What use their empty service is?

Once returning to their mindless chore,

Do they question who their work is for?

What becomes of ants who lose their queen,

When there are no longer mouths to feed?

When their young grow old and old grow older?

When they forget the day they could behold her?

Soon there will be one ant left,

A serf who serves an empty nest.

Her work is done; her job complete.

And so she joins the colony

that lies beneath.