**Totemic Ants**

On the interface between machina and

self, I watch them burrow into me; dig-

ging, scurrying here and there, but always

towards a destination.

They leave trails, tunnels through my

thoughts that sometimes fill in with mem-

ories. I will soon need to be excavated once

more.

The soldiers are especially vigilant against

invasion, corruption. While workers con-

tinue methodically digging and foraging,

the soldiers fight my demons.

They milk the honeydew of my sleep … car

ry morsels of dreams to their queen; offer

bits of me up to her.

Then the nanites return to digging through

me; to maintain this trophobiosis between

digital and mind, they dig and dig and dig.