

## Totemic Ants

On the interface between machina and self, I watch them burrow into me; digging, scurrying here and there, but always towards a destination.

They leave trails, tunnels through my thoughts that sometimes fill in with memories. I will soon need to be excavated once more.

The soldiers are especially vigilant against invasion, corruption. While workers continue methodically digging and foraging, the soldiers fight my demons.

They milk the honeydew of my sleep ... carry 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.