

Rushing Hive

I

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Wow, what a violence!

Do the bees really die?

Diffuse verb, green grass and vibrant colors, pollinated forest: the bee is flying.

(Wow!) Is she fleeing?

(Wow!) Is she on the run? (Wow!) still on it... Is she leaving the hive?

Words invade sentences. (They swarm the sentences.) But still. Winter stillness. What a

tragedy! An overwhelming one.

A truly catastrophic disappearance on the run again... Is it already winter?

Oh oh, oh oh oh oh; Oh oh. Oh oh, oh oh oh oh!

The fame is widespread, the grass is still green and the colors are vivid,

but the bees fly. (They fly...)

Is she fleeing? (Wow!) Is she on the run? (Wow!) Still on it... Is she leaving the hive?

(Are the bees really dying?)

In an ant colony, the colors are always vibrant.

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Rumor has it that no more green is the grass. The sun is covered in dust. (It's not pollen

on its paw.) A small basket: Today's errands.

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Bees die!

Thus the forest is no longer pollinated.

What a tragedy! Are the bees really dying?

Aren't they still flying? Alas! Volens nolens, bees die!

Bees die!

Thus the forest is no longer pollinated.

What a tragedy! Are the bees really dying? Aren't

they still flying? Alas! *volens nolens*, bees die!

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Wow! The violence, are they really dying? (Who?) Clouds are crying. Life is craving

for them. But there is no more sun. *No more bees*.

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Emotions, premonition. Diffuse verb, green grass and vibrant colors, pollinated forest:

the bees are flying.

Beehive in motion. (In motion.)

Though, dissemination through abbreviations of color adjectives and names: sentences

abound. Who said that? (Where, when? How?)

No bee nor sun.

Oh-oh, oh oh oh, oh...

Emotions.

Oh-oh, oh oh oh...

Bees are flying.

Oh-oh, oh oh oh, oh...

Emotions.

Oh-oh, oh.

Bees are flying!

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II

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Word spread *Our world spread...*, green grass. *...to green grass.*

Phrases that abound; What a scenery! *What... a scenery!* Expressions abound; *They abound.*

sentences abound. *Sentences abound.* But bees die.

They die!

Teeming words, but bees die! Words that swarm, Though still they die. *They die.*

(They.)

The bees...

*Today!*

Wow!

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What a shame! *A shame.*

Are the bees *really dying?*

Words invade sentences. *They swarm the sentences.*

But still.

Winter stillness.

*Winter stillness.*

What a tragedy!

*What a tragedy!*

An overwhelming one.

A truly cata

strophic disap

pear

ance.

So what?

*What are we talking about?*

What are we doing about it?

*Swarm the trials, testing the beehive?*

Words abound.

*They're down.*

But. But what!

*But! \* But what!*

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*But what!*

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Small basket *for picnic.*

The sun is covered in dust.

*In dust!*

It's not pollen on its paw.

*Today's wanderers.*

Are we subjecting legal proceedings to a

phenomenon of swarming?

*Yes.* Yes, indeed,

*we are...*

Running away

from

the beehive.

*Away from it*

dissemination

*through abbreviations*

of adjectives and

color names:

*The sentences abound.*

Yes. It abound.

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But the last one fled

*from the beehive,*

she flees

*the beehive!*

Emotions,

*premonition.*

Row! ...how! oh oh

oh oh oh on!

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*Diffuse verb,*

green grass

*and vibrant colors,*

pollinated forest:

the bees are flying.

*Beehive in motion.*

In motion.

*In motion.*

Volens nolens, *bees die.*

Wow the violence,

are they really dying?

*Who said that? (When? How, where?)*

Is it fleeing?

Are they on the run?

*still on it... Sun is in the shade!*

Isn't it leaving the hive, *is it? (Is it?)*

Drying verb,

white sheet of paper and black inkjet,

pollinated printer: *world is dying.*

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*Wow !*

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AH! AH!

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