

a man—once  
looking down  
at me—said I

would catch  
more flies  
with honey

than vinegar.  
and honey I  
ate from the

comb, traced  
over the gully  
of their lips;

reaching  
further and  
further into

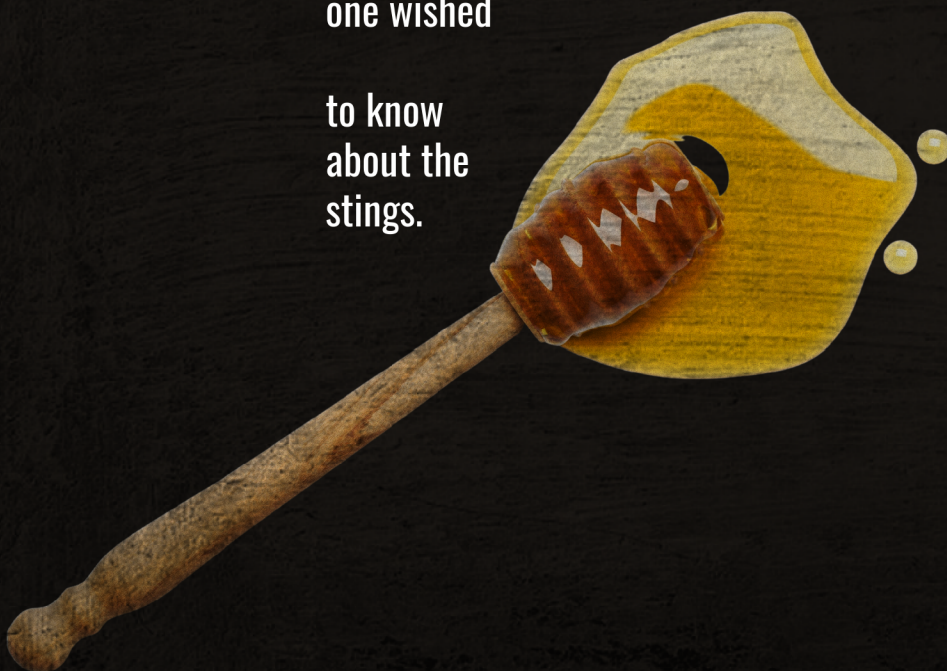
the hive &  
keeping a  
smile level,

practiced:  
hoping no  
one wished

to know  
about the  
stings.

## *Stings*

by: Matt Vekakis



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