

Spender

I Used to Hate Bees (Now I Just Don't Throw Rocks)

Once I threw a rock
Into a small beehive
It broke into pieces
And landed on the ground
Without a sound

The stunned bees delayed
But went wasp and swarmed
Stinging

Swinging wild I held my ground
Killed three, five
I shouted: "I'M BIGGER THAN YOU!"
And one flew in
To turn that bitter tongue blue

Surrounded, I turned to run
But still they swarmed
And stinging

Wringing swollen hands
I ran crying into the house
Brushing off extremists
Who clung to my shirt
In suicide effort to propagate hurt

I have since spoken
With several of these bees
I found them rational
Industrious, and conscious

Unlike people who throw rocks.