

# Alien Exodus

by: Sean Lynch

As a child I'd stand in a field in a yellow uniform  
plucking dandelions from the grass to smush  
petals between my fingers and stain my skin  
to be the same color as the shirt I wore.

I'd even sit down, since left field in tee-ball  
is as abandoned as an asteroid.

Mom said be careful, bees like the hue of your clothes  
and might mistake you for a plant to pollinate.

Sure enough, I picked a flower and an angry little alien  
popped out of the stamen, striking my knuckle with its stinger.

My hand turned red and swelled so I formed a grudge  
against extraterrestrials, swearing to stomp them out from Earth.

Little did I know, bees would become exhausted  
with humans, and decide to flee our planet  
in small spaceships they'd buried underground.

The last bee I saw was years later, the week my mother died.

It drifted along to find the final spacecraft  
somewhere on the cemetery's outskirts

and escape from our endangered world.



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