

my warnings
became
hum drum
background buzzing

since before the gods tore Kronos limb from gruesome limb

I watched. alert. humming sermons over thrown bones. the peaks and valleys of my body, furred,
undulating, powdered with pollen. and my face of stone. still, you closed your eyes

I sent my ancient queens to sting Apollo's lovely mouth, thinking he could herald with his prophet-
blistered lips. you nodded your blind, dandelion heads with worthless praise. and puffed.

for years you thought me sweetly tamed. glassy-eyed with smoke. yielding. you forgot to fear how sharp
my sting. now your eyes are open and your fear stinks of overripe fruit. you try to slip your slimy hopes
amongst my fur and expect I'll carry your future. no. I swallowed my drones .into my deathlands belly.

my warnings were clear. but I can forgive if you pay your debts. from scattered flesh and sun-bleached
bones, I'll raise my swarms to fill your empty hives. smoke and pride won't save you from me.

listen now. lift your clouded eyes. eat your ash and

kneel before the altar, to the pure

mother

bee

the pure mother bee

by: Tee Linden