



We Need Bees

John Davis

But for bees there would be
no honey or royal jelly no amber
in plums never mind the sting
that rings when a stinger is stuck
in your skin, pain that rages
like a blunt knife in a belly and you
think your violet years are violence
that you're perishable as flesh.
We need bees. Not animals for sport
or jewels to hoard. Not trophy wives
but hives that thrive. Hairs on hind legs.
Pollen baskets. Hours of collecting
nectar. Compound eyes. Small simple
eyes willing to die defending sisters
from yellow jackets. We need bees.
When a mother phones her mother
she becomes a daughter. When a bee
buzzes her queen, the queen becomes
a mother which is everything.
In beeswax lip gloss we roll on hives
wear the queen's ghost of black
and yellow stripes. Our kissing stings
lip to lip. We become the queen.

