

The Last Words of the Honey Bees

Honey, our hive is built and ruled
by women. Honey, we were once *wild*.
Honey, look at the flowers. We raised
them into artichoke, pepper, squash,
and apple for you, Honey. You found
our hive and renamed it *colony*—or
a factory of Yellow, Black, and Brown
honey—we are the silent workers
who bring home your dinner,
whether or not our Honey comes home.
Home was the wild flower you pulled
out to plant your White monoculture.
Honey, we pollinate thirty acres of White
apple trees to bring home one pound
of honey, to bring home one pound
of bodies. The poison in the pollen
is poison in our colony is poison
in your children. Honey, tell me:
was your breakfast sweet? Honey,
when this colony collapses into a pool
of Yellow Black and Brown honey,
the women are always the first to go.
I close my wings and hit the ground.
I open my wings and my colony
drops dead. I close my wings
and every flower at my funeral
begins to grieve. Honey?
Who will raise the flowers
when we are gone? Honey,
do you see our queen?
She is next. And then
the Earth, and you,
Honey. Every drop
of my Yellow
Black & Brown
is falling into
a field of
White.

Honey,
I'm home.