

A Bee's Last Journey

Katherine Weber

The day begins ordinarily;
The bumblebee wakes from her hive and
Flies across meadows and hay-fields
To her favorite place,
The Lilacs.

She buzzes softly from
Flower to flower, plant to plant,
Inhaling the sweet scent of Spring.
Nestling into the cone-shaped flowers,
She reaches in and
Pulls out soft yellow pollen.
Contentedly, the bumblebee carries
Her treasure to the next flower, where
She collects more golden dust.

The girl watches the bumblebee.
Crouching by the Lilacs,
Her flowery dress pattern is like the
Petals of the plants she adores .
She stares in delight as the pretty little bee
Moves in a dance, carrying pollen
On her glistening legs while
Inhaling the scent of the purple flowers.
The girl breathes deeply;
The Lilacs sway, the bumblebee buzzes.
The girl longs to run her finger
Down the soft body of the bee.
Tentatively, so as not to scare her,
The girl reaches out her arm and
Gives in to curiosity.

The bumblebee is frightened.
As the hand draws nearer,
She readies herself.
When she feels the first touch,
The bee lowers her last defense
And stings.
It hurts her more than she'd thought.
She feels surprisingly lighter without her stinger,
And knows, instantly, that
She is going to die.
She crawls slowly to another Lilac Flower
That she so dearly loves, smelling it
One last time.
Then she lets the breeze sweep her
Gently down; feeling weak, she
Sighs and exhales the beautiful scents
Of her favorite place.

The girl clutches her finger and
Lets her tears run down her cheek.
She watches the bumblebee
Fall under the Lilac bush.
Through her watery vision, she
Sees the bee lay still, and
Something inside her changes.
She understands the consequences
Of life, realizes that she has
Killed a good thing, has
Lost some innocence.
There is no going back.

And the Lilacs halt their swaying.