

Justice for a Bee

Gemma McLarty

Imagine you're a bee.
You've spent your entire life
Working hard to provide.
Finding the beautiful stocks of blooming liveness,
Collecting the sweetness from their juices,
Greeting your family as you buzz into a burrow.

On this day, there are more seagulls out on the beach than
usual.

You are hunting for ripeness.
The buzz of your wings pushes you along,
A zippy rhythm synchronized to your duties,
Hurrying along when there is no such thing as time.

You make your way to the beach.

The misty air
Creates tension.
But you buzz,
You fly.

Other fuzzy bees scurry around you.
The hum is consistent,
You are not alone in the choir.

A small figure in the sand stands.
Pink ruffles of fabric flow from her stomach,
Her blonde hair matches the shells on the beach,
A sand castle stands beside her toes.

A rip of bread,
A crumb escapes her fingers.

The glutenous chunk flies past you.
The birds, flapping with haste
Attempt a nibble.

Rip, toss, chunk, wings, screech, quack, flap, mine!
Rip, toss, chunk, wings, screech, quack, flap, mine!
Rip, toss, chunk, wings, screech, quack, flap, mine!

A crumb of bread flies to your face.

Rip, toss, chunk, CLUNK

Your buzz has stopped,
The rhythm of life is halted,
You see the world spinning away.

Out of line from your flight,
Smacked by a toddler's carelessness.

A rush of power floods
From your head,
To your thorax,
To your abdomen,
To a deadly point at which your body ends.

Courageously, you fly upward
Towards the pink monster,
Hobbling in the sand
With bread in her hands.

Here is where you say
You are hurting me.
Here is where you put an end to her madness.

You land on her hand,
And like that,
With an instant,
Your body pushes itself outward.
And you feel you are melting into sticky goo,
Like the honey you make so well.

And it all goes black.
And the little girl cries.
And no more bread is thrown.