**Apiphobia**

Every summer, the trees have thorns.

The grass and flowers and bushes have thorns.

The brick-wall buildings, the warm concrete,

That mud puddle by the construction site—

All these things have thorns.

A bottle of soda left out to bake

May have a thorn or two.

I think I’ve even seen a few

Protruding from a chicken bone

Peeking out of a garbage can.

A thorn here, a thorn there.

Thousands of them float around in the air!

On the window, on the wall—

There’s even thorns inside.

I’ve got nowhere to hide!

Every place is a potential prick;

Even the soft clouds above have thorns.

Even the invisible stars of day!

Everything, everyone, everywhere—

All I see are thorns.