

OVERTURE IN BEE FIAT
(Steve's Song)

Just like an armored knight I sally out
to brave my gauntlet, gloved and cloaked with care.
I handle booty with a twinge of doubt
that I'll escape the field without a pair
or more of pulsing spears injecting me
with fire-- which leaves each gilded guardian less
her lance, a fierce and willing casualty
of duty's role and lordship's due process.
They're programmed perfectly to serve their queen,
they never see their jewels in my jars
serve sweet-toothed waiting ladies in between
fresh buttered rolls or apple-almond bars.
It's worth each risk this errant noble takes
to taste warm gems my other honey makes.

(Apis mellifera)