

An Argument for the Bee

It's true that variety is manifest
in hummingbirds
but who's to tell how flowers
experience the bee?

And who decreed that joy must be
particular?

Besides, that bird steals
design from flowers.

Must a buzz cancel joy?
A galaxy of migrating butterflies
is said to sound like rain,
yet, when a peacock butterfly
flaps its wings,
you could mistake it for a sneeze.

Hummingbirds breathe
two hundred and fifty
times a minute:
their call, a high-pitched staccato:
surely it's too morse for joy?

They say *joy is fleeting*,
and I admit,
bees are stalwart,
they rev in second-gear,
they *make a beeline*,
and who feels sparky
as the crow flies?

Joy *scrimaunders*,
and *finks*: it tumbles butterflies
into contenders.

Yet, consider their biography:
wily as foxes,
they outwitted birds,
reptiles and kittens,
defied the wind and the sun
and the rain.
They climbed mountains,
escaped impalation,
they even spun
their own cocoons.

Yes, joy is floating, buoyant,
but is it self-reliant?

Only the bee
swims inside the flower.