

A Goodbye to Bees, Light Coming Through Leaves

by Darryl Price

Try to understand. There were and are good
and bad dragons. Some are friendly, but there
were also really big beasts. You didn't
want to end up standing on the wrong side
of a fiery belch. Try to understand.
The barefoot woman standing in the grass
just outside of her garden was made more
lovely by the sun, perfect for any
kinds of wind to come. Her hair was waving
like a patriotic flag, calling you
to enlist your heart into something more
noble than bedtime. Like a grand slam to
the side of your head. Yet the bees barely
noticed. Birds typed any words you felt, high
above your head, in a balloon, going
higher than the clouds, with their sing-song beaks

on full tattletale mode, through throttle and
display. Try to understand. We were a
bunch of very small boys. We had never
thought more deeply about what we were on
about than by skinny invitation
alone. Only the adventure itself
ever took us further away from now.
Down the stairs. Down the road. Suddenly we
were barely holding on to everything
for dear life. Try to understand our mad
frustration. This was something inside us
and brand new. And it hurt in ways no capped

toy pistol could even hope to protect
us from seeing in our wildest dreams. Bees
elbowed their way past our frozen stampede
like we were made of flimsy daisy chains.
So try to understand. We were watching
oil paintings come to life. We were budding
into becoming first time lovers. Our

hands, our faces, we thought were for our eyes
only, for each of us to actually
see and hold to the light through leaves. Bees buzzed
everyone's heads like halos. The barefoot
lady moved into a beautiful old
house, we were told, and stayed there behind its
white windows forever. We were young and
certainly imperfect dreamers breathing
summer's air together. We smelled cookies.
Is this the mysterious place where we
made a childhood secret pact to always
appreciate said bees until the end
of all our times? The heart breaks. It's a lost
crime mostly, sometimes. No one claims to have
seen or heard anything else about her.
The heart always breaks. No one understands
how anything magical has ever
happened before their own today. Or that
no one comes tumbling back into rear view.
Our smooth hands age. Our rough faces soften.
Our special bees disappear. I got on
my paper tiger train and rode him straight
out of town fast as I could. What else was
I going to do? Now he's my only
friend left in a slightly bee-less world. And
mighty good company it is, at that.

