

Honey Bee

by Niya C. Sisk

I mean really, if I had known!

That being what I am meant living in a 'female only' tribe all my life...

...That my fuzzy, leathered skin; my sensitive antenna and rickety legs would break so fast, so hard, so easily under a strong dusty wind.

Wind, that would also have the power to roll me up and suffocate me in it's treacherous, uncaring weight...

...Never mind the trickery of the chlorine pool!

That I'd be working all my life in so many jobs it would make my 5 eyeballs spin. That every second of every day, every cell in my sexy striped body would be a creature of service not of luxury!

That the singular effort of making a jar of honey would equal my flying around the world 4 times and pollinating 9 million flowers?

Even worse, that the boys would be so beautiful, so yummy and tender to my young naked feelings and thoughts... Only to be killed on the spot after giving only one of us a babies...

.....That I, yes me...Me, in my buzzy feelings would enjoy watching their mutable, dramatic existence used like this— squelched over and over only to suffer the longing of a life I will never live with them ...

... while in the nunnery of honey.

Do you-really-actually-think that I... Me, me, me—a smart, hardworking and quite beautiful creature, (if I do say so myself) would choose a life with millions of other females with the same name?

I think not.

