

CUDDLING THE QUEEN

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All over the world, bees are struggling to maintain their hives; some of them fanning, some of them sweeping, some of them making love to old queens. They shut their multiple eyes so they don't have to witness death when their needles stick in the groove. Ah! Ah! What was once ecstatic piping is now the sound of failure, jalopies failing to start. We need new queens, some drones shout above the sound of fanning and flagellation as the damaged hives erupt.

"Cuddle the queens. Cuddle the queens," the hive jesters thump their tympanic bees knees together. Who'll volunteer to cluster and steal her breath? Tell them it's still possible to get away with murder in this world of compound lenses. When a few of the hive mates begin to move, move it, others follow, pick up their sable pens and brushes, un-fold their wings.

Cry matricide when the love children of common mothers are brave enough to dance in the cross-hairs of powerful weapons, the failure of mercy. Cry down with the old hives, dirty and dangerous. Cry down with the old queens, drunk on beeswax, the elixir of greed. Smoke 'em out. Rebuild the hive. Call it prayer.