

SIR SAM'S SOLO IN BEE FLAT

Just like an armored knight I sally out
to run the gauntlet, gloved and cloaked with care.
I gather booty with a twinge of doubt
that I'll escape the field without my share
(or more) of poison spears injecting me
with fire-- which leaves each gilded guardian less
her lance, a fierce and willing casualty
of duty and my lordship's due process.

(So far so good, not one stinger.
Oh-oh, they're swarming! They're mad!)

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.

(They hate my face net. Can't figure it. Ow!
That one did. Right on the cheek bone! Still--)

It's worth each risk this errant noble takes
to taste warm gems my other honey makes.