

OVERTURE IN BEE FLAT

Just like an armored knight I sally out
to brave my gauntlet, gloved and cloaked with care.
I handle booty with a twinge of doubt
that I'll escape the field without a pair
or more of pulsing spears injecting me
with fire-- which leaves each gilded guardian less
her lance, a fierce and willing casualty
of ownership and lordship's due process.
Perfectly programmed for serving their queen,
they never see their jewels in my jars
serve sweet-toothed ladies-in-waiting between
biscuits with butter, and apple-nut bars.
It's worth each risk this adventurer takes
to taste warm gems my other honey makes.

--G. R. Holloway