

OVERTURE IN BEE FLAT

G. R. Holloway

Just like an armored knight I sally out
to brave my gauntlet, gloved and cloaked with care.
I handle my booty with waves of doubt
that I'll escape the field without a pair
or more of pulsing spears injecting me
with fire, leaving each gilded guardian less
her lance, a fierce and willing casualty
of my timorous 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 every risk this adventurer takes
to taste warm gems my other honey makes.