

The Big Game

destruction
on a small scale
is tolerated
and sublimated
into something
of normalcy

when a beehive
falls from a tree branch
it must be for the bees
what the September 11th attacks
were for us

but no one seems
to notice the beehive
or care

because there
was no fire
and no smoke,
no leaping from tall buildings
or hours of news coverage

a fallen beehive
can not strike fear
into anyone
therefore
nobody as any use
for it-

I sit on my back porch
and watch the
honey bees swarm
their nest

the queen
fat as hell
somewhere within it
controlling all
the worker bees

using her cunt
to motivate them

and I realize
that I am not
much different
from the worker
bee

for I allow
a woman to
motivate me

and it's all a big game
but the more I play
the more I come
to understand
that perhaps
there never was
any winners or losers,
no heroes or villains
of any kind

they did not exist

the game
just keeps
going on
perpetually

and it's a game
of endurance

how long you
can stick it out

especially
when your woman's heart
is being grappled at
my five or six
hungry hands
all trying to get a nail in

it makes you feel less special
and although my jealousy
weakens me
I also understand
that my queen bee
has a great power

and if I was able to fall in love with her
so would other men

and that truly
is a gift,
the gift to
inspire love

perhaps
it's the best gift
there is

and despite my childish jealousy
I would never ask her
to abandon that gift
in fact I would die
trying to preserve it

in a world
where most people
are unable
to find one person
to love them

she has found many

five out of six
of them are
dying flower peddles

but once they're
all gone

I will fly down
from my hive
and pollinate

her

and our little
act of love
will give life
to the
world.