

Bee Grief
Edie Meade

I killed a honeybee today, caught it
in my sandal where it died
stinging my foot, as a bee must.
It was my first honeybee sting
since I was small, springing
through clover fields,
remorseless and valiant,
and stings ached less.

I flicked it out in a hurry, bee
guts dragged as embroidery thread
on the too-small needle of a stinger,
hardly defense so much
as a separation,
and I felt it dying, powdering
its last pollen in a fuzzy
panic against my fingertip.

By evening the pain has dulled
but down in the ridges,
in the whorl of my fingerprint
where the bee last nuzzled,
that soft vibration lingers.