

Apis Mellifera

Consciously unaware of last names we assume ourselves to be family.

The dust pillows up into the pale desert sky as we drive the dually towards
a stranger's house. Each section looks like a beehive, the building

suckling with mud; yet there were no flowers
in sight. The old desert rat and the city slicker

admired the architecture of the beehive house
while exploring its unfinished insides that wait

for furnishings. No shade in sight, the sun melted
into my thirsty skin, but not the desert rat's.

His aged face told stories in leathery, scarred lines. More stories
even than his missing fingers. There is also an absent
toe not many people know about inside his ostrich boots.

Did you know that younger bees are taught to
make honey by those more experienced?