The Last Words of the Honey Bees

Honey, our hive is built and ruled by women. Honey, we were once wild. Honey, look at the flowers. We raised them into artichoke, pepper, squash, and apple for you, Honey. You found our hive and renamed it colony—or a factory of Yellow, Black, and Brown honey—we are the silent workers who bring home your dinner, whether or not our Honey comes home. Home was the wild flower you pulled out to plant your White monoculture. Honey, we pollinate thirty acres of White apple trees to bring home one pound of honey, to bring home one pound of bodies. The poison in the pollen is poison in our colony is poison in your children. Honey, tell me: was your breakfast sweet? Honey, when this colony collapses into a pool of Yellow Black and Brown honey, the women are always the first to go. I close my wings and hit the ground. I open my wings and my colony drops dead. I close my wings and every flower at my funeral begins to grieve. Honey? Who will raise the flowers when we are gone? Honey, do you see our queen? She is next. And then the Earth, and you, Honey. Every drop of my Yellow Black & Brown is falling into a field of White.

Honey, I'm home.