Bees

MIRABELLA RAIN VELO

LOPEZ MIDDLE SCHOOL | 10TH GRADE

my hive is sturdy, strong, and sticky.
My brothers and sisters all float fluidly around me.
Until... they come, the disguised white giants,
with their impenetrable armor, the shiny
Gray death trap that is sprayed on to me.
It's poison makes me ache.
It intoxicates me with pain.
They make my hive feel weak and powerless.
They make it feel like it could fall apart
in an instant.
My poor siblings all suffering while the white
giants feast.
To sacrifice myself for justice is pointless.
It will only end in anger.
so, I watch quietly as they peel my life
apart.