

Country Poetry Corner

MY BEES by Lindsay Waddell

In an endless stream they come and go, busy all the day;
All they do is work and work, no time for any play
They come in packed to the hilt, like fully loaded bombers
Jostling for a position to land, the odd one simply hovers.

How far they've been I do not know, I simply cannot tell
Out beyond that pasture and right on to the fell?
Their precious cargo in their legs is on the landing board
And off inside they scuttle, where it is safely stored.

They seek a multitude of flowers, even the odd pansies
And back to their hive they do come, and weave their little dances
The workers they do watch the dance and now know where they go
'Cos in the dance lies the riddle, the scouts have told them so

To and fro they go all day, as long as it is warm
Their owner watching over them, hopes they do not swarm
For if that old queen leaves the hive, taking all the workers
There'll be no more honey for a while, and it's not that they are shirkers

They feed their young, they feed themselves, and still have some to spare
If a bee ends up with nothing mankind's greed has left them bare
For when we take their surplus we must give something back
A few jars of sugar syrup will take up all that slack

And on a winter's morning, when toast it is a'popping
And honey's scent is in the air, the taste buds are a'throbbing
Melting as it's spread across the golden slice
And all the summer flavours are out there in a trice

Memories of summer flood all throughout the senses
Any thoughts of slimming - down go the defences
And when the snow has melted and leaves are bright and green
The robin's singing once again and the bees are to be seen

For the hive has woken from its winter slumber
And from within can be heard a very gentle murmur,
For contented bees they do make this oh so soothing sound
And beside the hive listening their keeper can be found

