

## Bee Gone

Augie March

'Be gone', the words that sent me out into the day  
As though I were an actor in a play  
A silent green midsummer of dismay  
Where I did not see a bee, an Apis failed to fly  
Espy did not my eye, no bee  
No anthophile today

I wondered were they on a holiday?  
And where do they all go when they're away?  
But then I thought perhaps the queen was dead  
And all the workers fled  
The royal jelly bled, O dreadful, O!  
No flower would be kissed upon its head  
No strawberry or bean roused from its bed  
And all of destiny is gathered in a garden  
Darkened by the sun who's sulking up behind the shed

Be good, be bad, be here, bee gone...

'Be gone!', is what the Mother's really trying to say

'Get out of me and kindly crawl away...  
You have a very parasitic way  
Of taking everything and rarely paying

The worker bee has only just one sting  
But you are like the wasp you poison everything  
And it's only in defence she has to choose  
To fatally abuse the spider in the tree  
The clumsy lover's knee  
As blissfully she comes in clover'  
When all you want to do is get it over  
And leg it up the dirty money tree  
Well it isn't any great surprise no bee  
Has buzzed before my eyes or that  
I should surmise that we should disappear  
And be gone

Be good, be bad, be here, bee gone...