



### **Hale, Hallowed Honeybees**

O sweet thrumming sisters,  
Dancing, flying, dousing,  
prospecting,  
Cross-pollinating, nectaring and  
housekeeping.  
Such an orderly selfless society.

Pledging allegiance to thy Queen,  
Her regal agile squadrons  
Tending Mother's heavenly Plant  
Kingdom.

And in return, such delectable nutritious bounty!

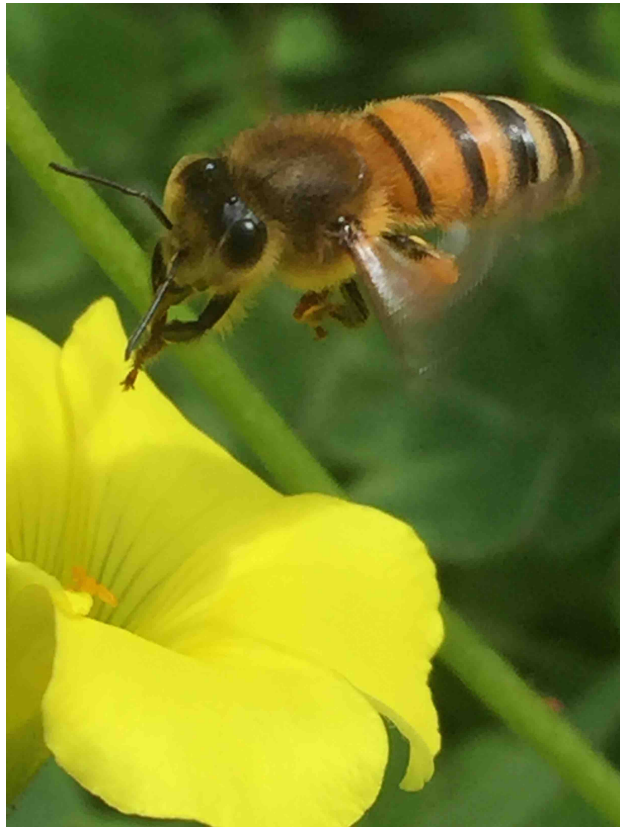
Gold(en) oh honey, pungent, floral,  
perfumed.  
Sanctified shamanic antiseptics:  
Cataracts, conjunctivitis, chills,

fever.  
Vitamins, minerals mimicking human blood serum!  
Elixir and panacea.

Sleep, dream, learn, respond.  
Mathematicians, engineers, makers, defenders,  
Quorum seekers, voters, workers,  
citizens.  
Sensitive, sad, loyalists, accurate frontline  
indicators.

Pernicious manmade nerve poisons  
abound.

Destruction, death, extinction.  
Love thy Queen, Love thy Mother,  
Or, worship thy "golden calf."  
Save our sentient humming sistren,  
now or never!



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