

## Bee Grief

### Edie Meade

I killed a honeybee today, caught it  
in my sandal where it died  
stinging my foot, as a bee must.  
It was my first honeybee sting  
since I was small, springing  
through clover fields,  
remorseless and valiant,  
and stings ached less.

I flicked it out in a hurry, bee  
guts dragged as embroidery thread  
on the too-small needle of a stinger,  
hardly defense so much  
as a separation,  
and I felt it dying, powdering  
its last pollen in a fuzzy  
panic against my fingertip.

By evening the pain has dulled  
but down in the ridges,  
in the whorl of my fingerprint  
where the bee last nuzzled,  
that soft vibration lingers.