

Time

Busy Bees

THE mesmerising drone of bees
Which buzz about their sweet designs,
Gives pause to those who doze at ease
By flower beds or under trees,
To wonder at these busy signs.

Eyes closed, hearing through a haze
Of other sounds, awareness goes,
But come again as one bee strays,
To visit — and deserves your gaze
By zooming in upon your nose.

The bumble bee's a friend whose cause
Relies on busy, droning hours,
Imposed by Nature's awesome laws,
To load those oozing honeyed stores
With treasures prised from boughs and bowers.

Its sound subsides as it explores
A crimson rose whose presence shows
Unmeasured pleasures that are yours —
But otherwise, bees' only pause
From buzzing comes with well-earned doze.
