Burning Bees

Turn my insides out
Revealing, and reeling all my insecurities
Don’t say it’s up to me
You’ve taken the bees from the hive
Might as well make some honey
Be Honest
Feed the nectar into my bloodstream
...to calm my fears, you beg
On your knees boy
Then turn away
Turn my insides out
Cause me pain
Burn the panties in my drawer
Dry your lips on my collar And walk away
Run through the rivers
The way the river runs
Oh, my dear Turn away from the rapids
and Shut Up
and row
You turn me
You turn my insides out
You throw me
Shove the toast in my mouth
Cause the teeth to grind
Pass around the tin
He needs to spit me out insides exposed
splattered against the walls
Scribbled upside-down
In Greek, In Latin, In French
the words, the meanings
the bees busy themselves
You eat the toast
You spread the honey
I'm willing and wanting
Craving of foods and fits
No one knows you like I
I have known you Back when
How I turned you
How I blew the wind that eroded the mountains
I allowed you to pick me roses from our garden together
The one we built
With roses and bees

Megan Mills