

A Hopeless Sapphic

All women are flowers, and I am a bee.
Overflowing with pollen, my fragile wings
carry me into the beautifully sacred
Garden of Eden.

As I float from flower to flower, leaving
my kisses behind, I rest on their soft flesh
and revel in their sweet smell as their petals
caress my body.

Every flower in the garden blooms once I visit:
roses, orchids, daisies, tulips, peonies,
lilies, carnations, poppies, magnolias—
all of you, I'm yours.

As evening falls over the garden, I fly
home to my hive, laden with sweet gold nectar
and I store it inside, a symbol of love
from my adventures.

I sleep in my hive, dreaming of the flowers
dancing in the breeze in paradise on Earth.
I wish to immerse myself in their beauty
until my own death.