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The Birds and the Bees

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THE BIRDS AND THE BEES

Zachary Thomas

Say Honey, can I be—
your busy worker-bee
bein' the only buzz
between me and the Queen?

If I'm bein' honest:
your nectar tastes new 24/7 and fresh 365—
I'm responsible for the best honeycombs in your hive.

Oooh! What's that?
That laugh—
 Belike I stung You.
That smile—
 Be bright swayin' daisies.
That man—
 Beside You, belongs to who?

He ain't worth the allergic reaction—
 but I am.

So who am I?

No one knows my real name,
but they all call me Come—
at least, that's what they wanted me to do.

I'll be whoever you say, but right now—
I'm Your black and yellow winged mighty humble bumble
becomin' your Honey Nut Cheerio.

And—
if I'm bein' true:
I'll leave you like Bobby Brown left Whitney Hou—
itchin' for more pollination until you turn the omitted rhythmic color.

Was that a sneeze? ‘Cause God has already blessed you.

Listen Queen B—
fuck your man, I’m not worried about Jay-Z.

His sticky bear claws caught double-dippin’—
it’s Y—O—U whose vowels complement consonants, yet
don’t equate physical substitutions.

So who am I?

No one knows my real name,
but they all call me Come—
at least, that’s what they wanted me to do.

Because I—
 Couldn’t
 Overcome
 Masculinity’s
 Ego.