Bee

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As the bee above the flower hovers,
So I look for faith.
To taste the sweet nectar the flower uncovers
To finally feel safe.
As the salmon upriver stubbornly swims,
So I find my way.
To reach the place where he begins
But never seems to stay.
As the mother bear protects her young,
So I guard my thoughts.
Kept within, ambitions go unsung -
And unspoken, forgot.
As the aged wolf leaves the pack to die,

As the birds above repeatedly fly south,
So I wrestle with inconsequential things.
And in wrestling, not shutting my mouth
When might silence understanding bring.
As the bee above the flower hovers,
So I am doomed to be.
The dive required to discover
Is what is stopping me.

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