

**My mind creates
like a bee in search
of the sweetest pollen.**

**It lands
gently on the open,
awaiting
petals of the flower.**

**The bee dives
deeply immersing itself
in the fragrant powder.**

**Without warning
it darts to another flower,
With a sense of urgency,
as if the essence might
disappear.**

**As it moves, fertile pollen
falls from its wings,
planting seeds for new growth.**

The result is

eclectic

diverse

total

... the making of honey.