



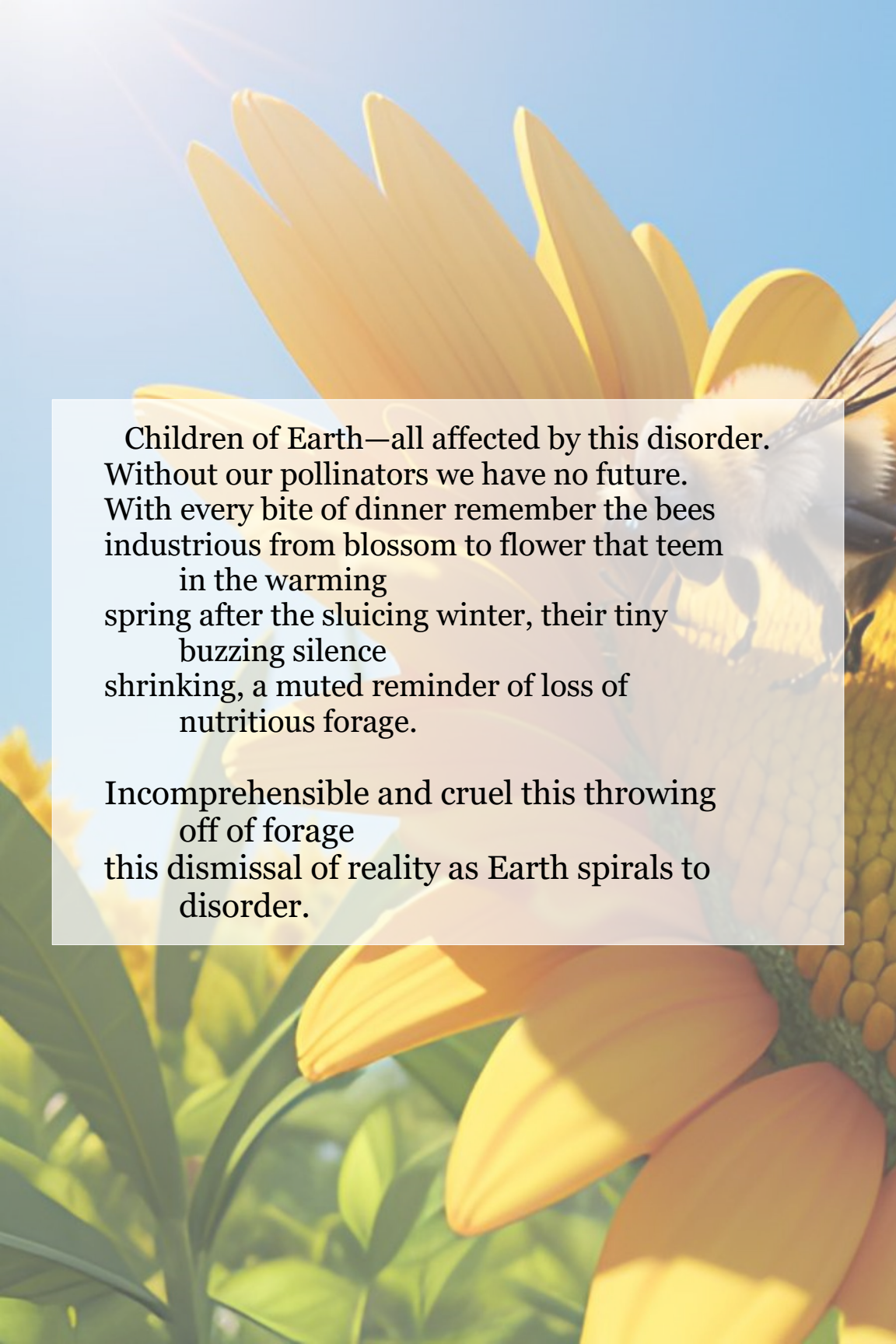
Environmental
Poetry

Ana Manwaring

The Empty Bee Box

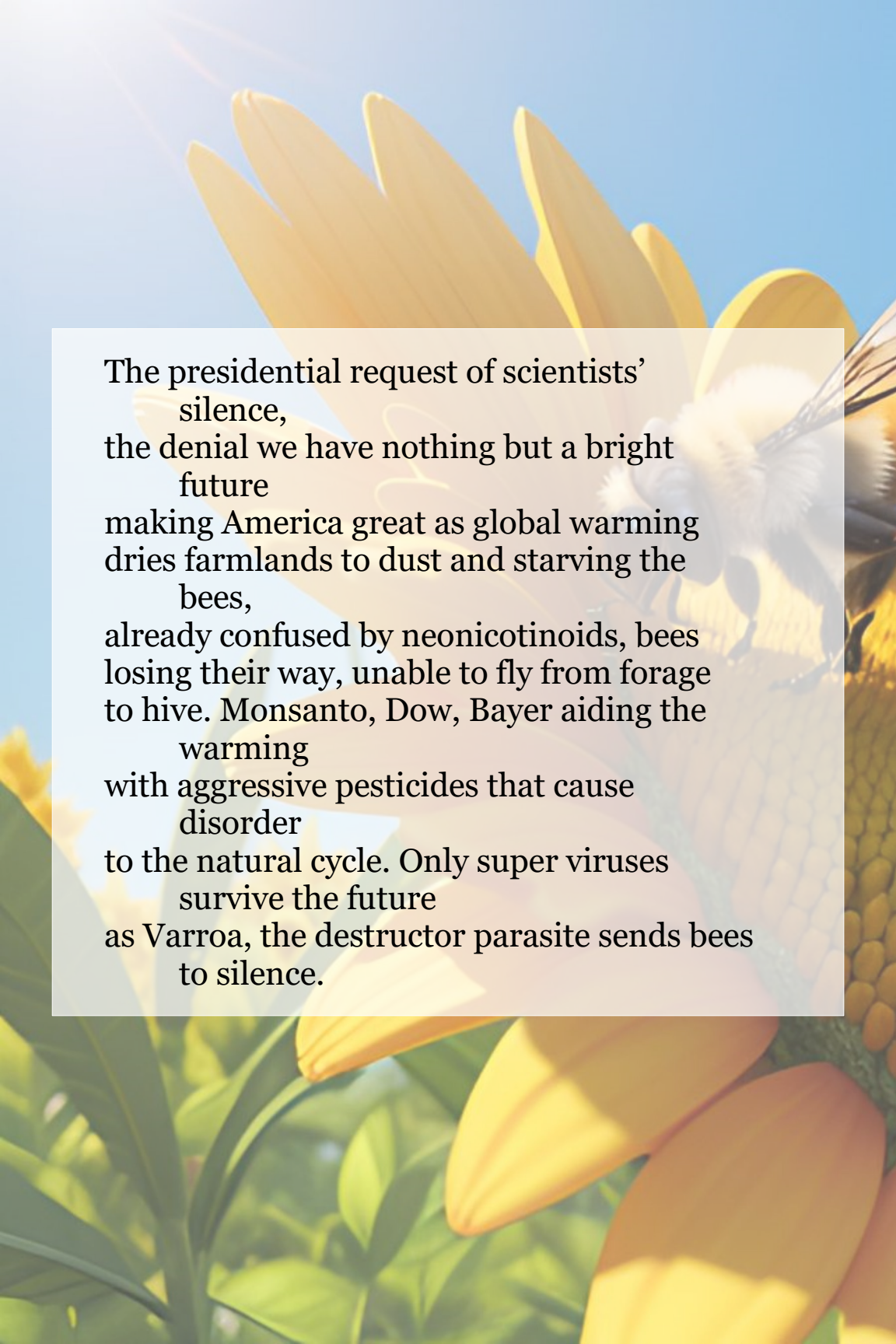
The sun a spotlight on my metal chair
warming
my face tilted up to soak the afternoon's
silence
as sun and land secretly conspire to riotous
disorder
sprouting and blooming and bringing forth
bees
and ants, gopher snakes and the pair of crows
to forage
to mate; my garden their abundant future.

Yet politicians scupper Earth's viable future
the creatures too busy living to anticipate
global warming
as habitats shrink and humans mismanage the
forage
and the crops, poisoning for profit the natural
world to silence,
unconcerned with topics of little interest like
bees
and their Honey Bee Colony Collapse Disorder.

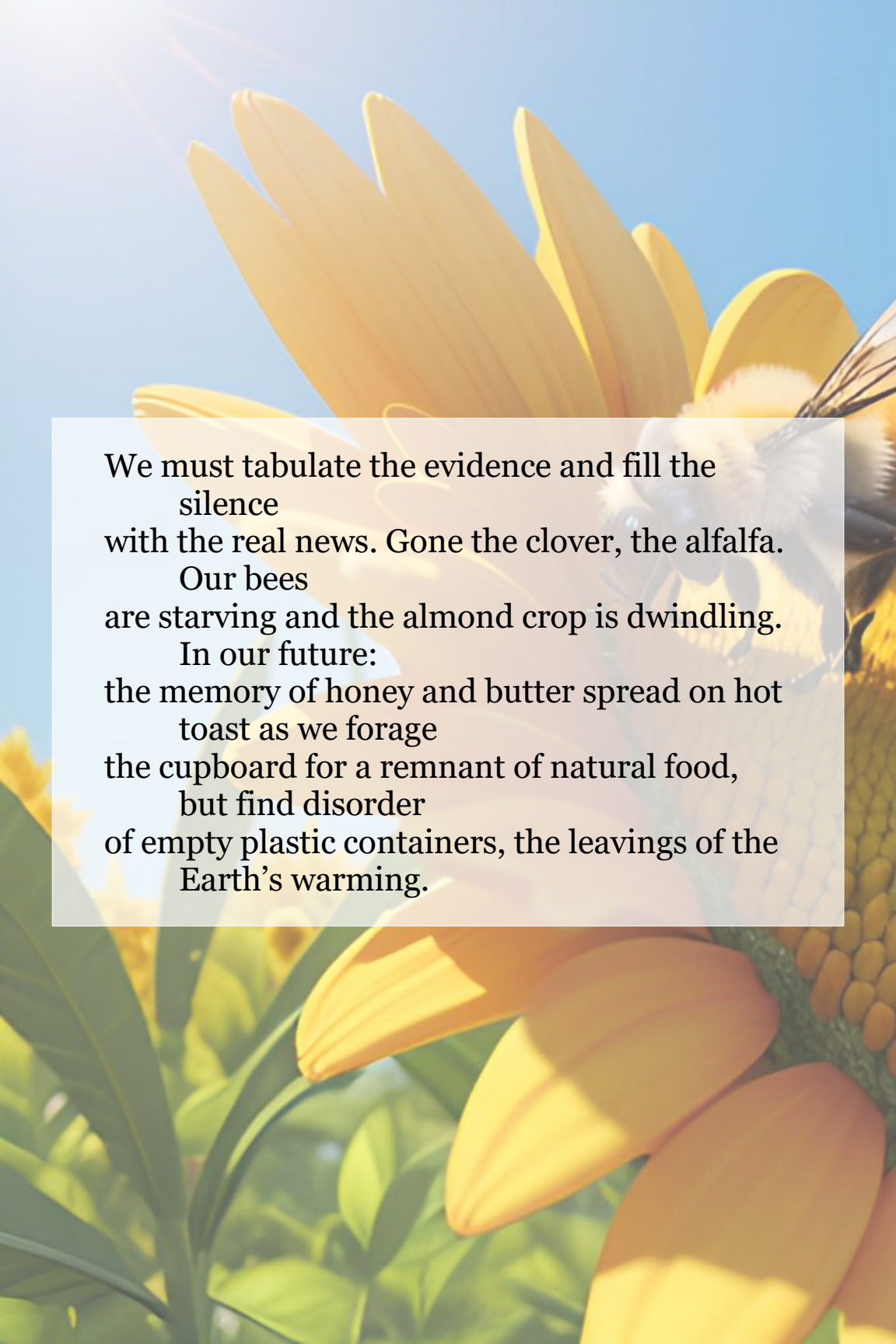


Children of Earth—all affected by this disorder.
Without our pollinators we have no future.
With every bite of dinner remember the bees
industrious from blossom to flower that teem
in the warming
spring after the sluicing winter, their tiny
buzzing silence
shrinking, a muted reminder of loss of
nutritious forage.


Incomprehensible and cruel this throwing
off of forage
this dismissal of reality as Earth spirals to
disorder.

A close-up photograph of a bee on a yellow flower against a bright blue sky. The bee is positioned on the right side of the frame, facing left towards the flower. The flower's petals are large and bright yellow, with some green leaves visible at the bottom. The background is a clear, bright blue sky. The text is overlaid on a semi-transparent white rectangular area in the center of the image.

The presidential request of scientists'
silence,
the denial we have nothing but a bright
future
making America great as global warming
dries farmlands to dust and starving the
bees,
already confused by neonicotinoids, bees
losing their way, unable to fly from forage
to hive. Monsanto, Dow, Bayer aiding the
warming
with aggressive pesticides that cause
disorder
to the natural cycle. Only super viruses
survive the future
as Varroa, the destructor parasite sends bees
to silence.



We must tabulate the evidence and fill the
silence
with the real news. Gone the clover, the alfalfa.
Our bees
are starving and the almond crop is dwindling.
In our future:
the memory of honey and butter spread on hot
toast as we forage
the cupboard for a remnant of natural food,
but find disorder
of empty plastic containers, the leavings of the
Earth's warming.



I offer the other beings my acre of forage.
My bees and I are saving seed for the coming
disorder.
To plant a field of wildflowers—my policy of
warming.

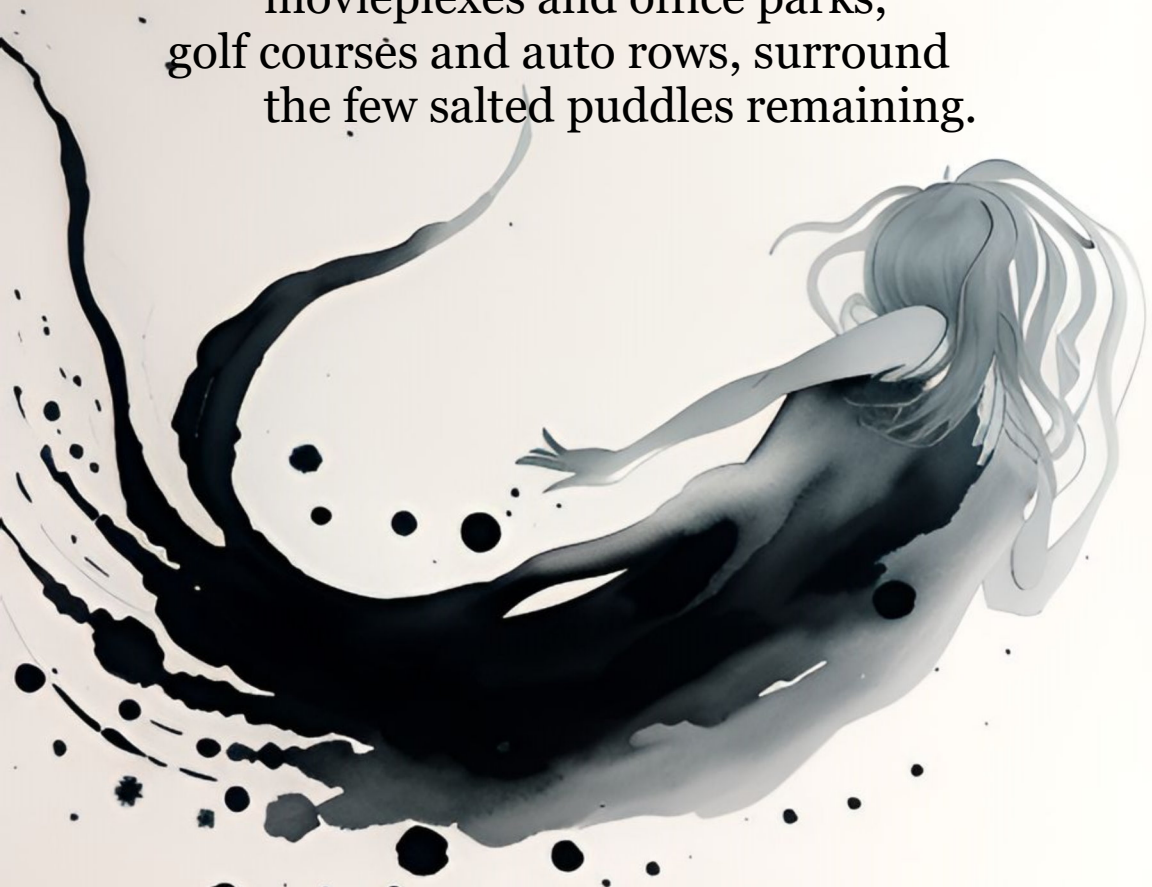
The Last Mermaid

My pond shrinks,
silted, cracked in the warming.
My sea filled-in,
its shores a distant yearning.

I'm Joanna, the last to survive.

I've watched the tumult of humankind
drown out the siren's song
as it shoals the great ocean.

Now tract homes and shopping malls,
movieplexes and office parks,
golf courses and auto rows, surround
the few salted puddles remaining.



Desiccated, my once lithe fin
chipped to webbed nubs
carries me away from my tiny mere.
Through this desert air I limp.

Parched.

Just a drop of clean water to moisten
my tongue,
just a drop to help me remember my
song.

I don't know.

I don't know.

