

The Gatherers

My world is alive with the hum,

the bumbling buzzing scrum

of a million tiny mortals maybe more.

Wings whir a sonicating song, soothing my thoughts.

I feel at one with them.

But I am only their stranger, an alien force

that plants and prunes through mists of gossamer wings

all beating a vibrato round my head and through my hands.

I smile to hear them strum a glorious rift on hellebore guitars

as scores of foxglove trumpets resonate

to feel the thrum of fuzzy bodies

fumbling nectar from inside their core.

‘Rest here a while dear friends with me,’ each flower seems to say

‘for where else should you be?

Together we might save the world,

illustrious, humble bumble bee.’

Hilary Feeney – Tynedale u3a