BEE – Nature’s tiny miracle

Dawn is breaking on a brand-new day

And in the meadow, poppies sway

A bee appears, striped black and gold;

A wonder of nature is about to unfold

In the treetops, birds start to sing

The little bee beats her wings.

As she travels here and there,

A gentle thrumming fills the air

Back and forth, to-ing and fro-ing,

The bee knows exactly where she’s going

Visiting flowers of every hue,

She has a special job to do.

Gathering nectar as she goes,

From every foxglove, every rose.

Dusty with pollen, the little bee

Buzzes, buzzes, busily.

Bee travels on from bloom to bloom,

Drawn in by their sweet perfume.

Harvesting flowers one by one;

Her compass is the midday sun.

Among the orchard’s apple trees,

Blossom quivers in the breeze.

Carrying pollen from place to place,

Bee always leaves a tiny trace.

Flowers as far as the eye can see –

Too many flowers for just one bee.

All of a sudden, Bee is gone –

She has a message to pass on.

Back at the hive, Bee spreads the news,

There’s work to be done – no time to lose…

Listen for their gentle humming – the word is out; the bees are coming!

Buzzing over the dense hedgerows,

Past the pond, where wild thyme grows.

Through the orchard’s sweet-smelling scent,

The bees travel on with calm intent.

As lilies glow orange in the sun

The bees must finish what they’ve begun.

Stopping at every flower they find,

Leaving the gift of pollen behind.

The bees pass over a woodland stream,

Droplets sparkle and pebbles gleam.

Water trickles bubbles and weaves

A weeping willow trails its leaves.

As the bees fly on through buds and burrs,

A tiny miracle occurs

For every plant and flower you see was given life by one small bee.