

Bee's pricks & kisses

I

I see
the child of glee
 playing effortlessly in the tree
contained in that peep
 there was quite the weep I heard it thus speak
 for some ocean that could not sleep.

It had begged
 but the sea had said
 “Friend, if I rest
 the pests of all ends
 will be dead”

the pupil lamented
“Oh, your stubborn
 you yet young
 green cupboard
 let be
the creatures free
 because if not you won't play with me”

The water
took no longer
 of the wood child's
 bother
and sent out forth goffers
 to seal it's ears by tightening the poffers

II

The pupil grew left with less a screw
 from the incident with the blue
from that it spent time
 learning of the infernal chimes
 hurting the tides
 till finally it mastered them wise
and returned to who
 one clouded in rues
 a who with all clues
 the deep
 named sue

There the tale came to pile
and the child did something true for a while
 it played a tune full of guile
that put to bed at last
 the abyss of impossible mile