

## The Honeybee

With the flower season fading  
and little color left to show  
I observed a solitary honeybee  
as it foraged to and fro

I was given the impression  
that its searching was in vain  
With most flowers dried and withered  
or bent down by autumn rain

The goldenrod was still in bloom  
but not much nectar there  
The vines of multiflora rose  
stood blossomless and bare

I guess it doesn't really matter  
since bee's lives are numbered too  
And those busy summer workers  
seldom last the winter through

But lo, an aster lingers  
among the brown and gray  
For one last taste of sweetness  
before things fade away

STC, 2011, revised 2014