

Hello Mister Bee



Sunday Nail © 2019

Introduction

Mister Bee came into my otherwise ignorant ear
and whispered ever so gently ...

You are my only hope to earthbound be
to rescue those who with you care
to organize and protect God's loving earth,
the bounty that is within each on earth to care.

Care about the earth,
that breath of which no life exists.

Care about the truth, the reality
and not be content
with propaganda, lies and discontent.

Be awakened to the truth
of what is alternate news
not something devised to protect elites.

Be constant in your own mind
about who you are and all on the earth.

Loving not the perpetual wars,
criminal intentioned and the hate-filled lies.

Be open to caring kindly for those displaced
as I am to be
when Monsanto utilises all and sundry
about this earth and bounty placed.



This is a war
of life and death to the planet.

And you there trying to figure out
what is it that makes you crave
what in effect will not in the end, future save.

You are the perfect individual
who has the access to change the world
in which you are to breathe and live.

You are the perfected piece of planetary soil
where you stand and in that
protect even the tiniest bee like me
as well those of the seas,
river ways and mountains wide,
everything that God has gifted man to prize.

Go into a space and care
for that is all you are to have
when the disaster on this land
has infected everything
even into your own space.



Hello Mister Bee

I want to learn to love thee.
I am only very small,
anxious to know if the world is well
before I am to ignite into a life.

What best now to know?

God does advise,
you are life, bite size,
but have the key to eternity.

Life as on earth richly blessed
where every other species
bows and genuflects
as in your sole activity
the earth has growth potential
pollination being your expertise.



Hello little bee is the world okay for me?



God does voice
a word now and again.

Often onto an uncaring,
lack of knowledge, engineering ear
about those coming life saving reports
of what will occur if those bees to Him
lack potential to do for Him ...

when those people sicken and lack
because Monsanto and genetics
causes nature to be destroyed.

And now ...

with pesticides,
nuclear fall out very near
only those beloved ants
have hope to sustain life
when man
no longer on earth remain.

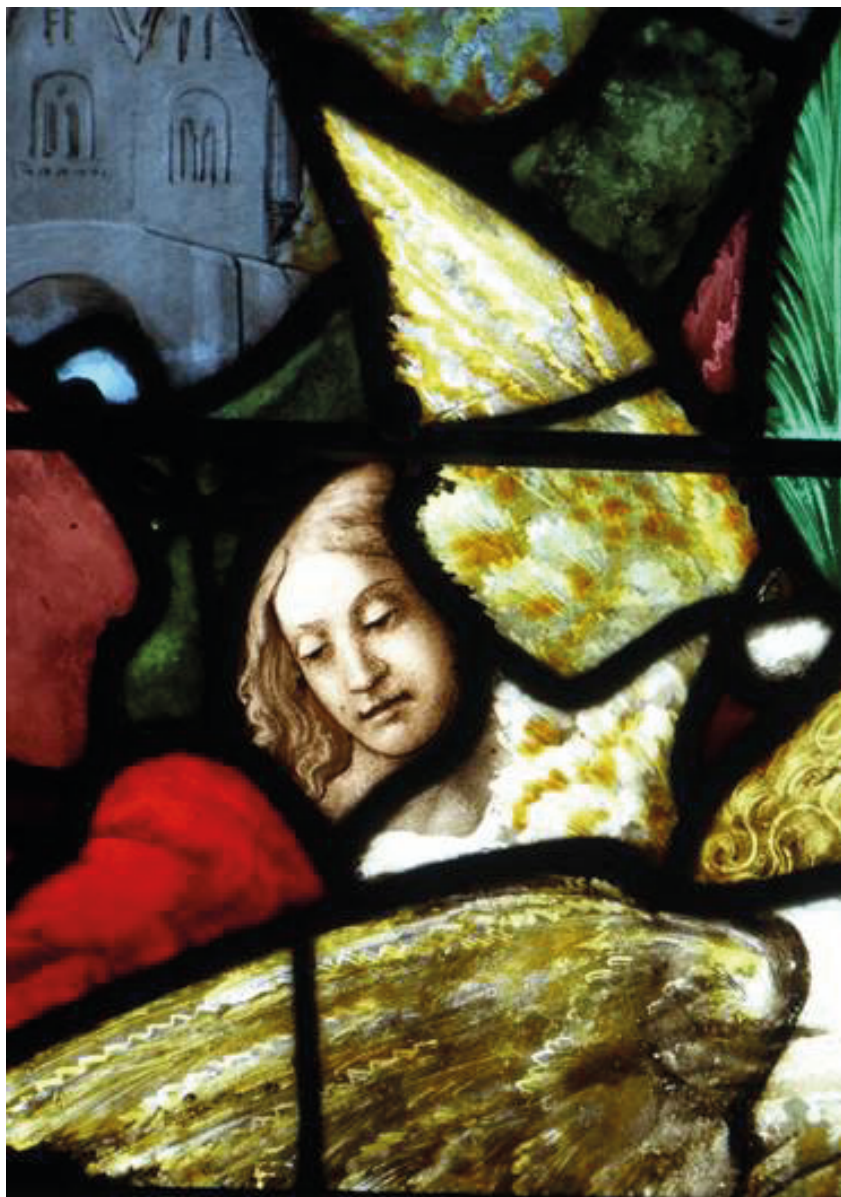


God did decry over again ...

to the messengers of the angels winged
to look for a saviour in each on earth
toward expression of the value to life -

and what a nuisance they of possibility lack
such profoundly wise and corrective insight.





Goodness gracious Mister Bee

life for you now perilous.
No more purified,
God's given, variety of seeds.
Pollination on decline.

Bee population regularly under siege.

Pesticides in food and water chains
life to men and women now in free fall
disease and harm
apparently affecting some, not all ...

But increasingly at least,
enough evidence to some scientific folk,
who in a state overwhelmed by those who negate,
blaggards of the rich and powerful type magnates.

God,

can You not assist as with me
trying so hard and desperately
to convince, convert, correct
most in Westernised prospect
of believing life as known
will never be invaded even though
overhead N.S.A. and the likes, drones.



What is available on the ground ...
to help those incredible
pollinating experts on life
as nature needs to decree
that life is to die with eradication
of His most beloved bee?

So, I ventured to ask God
in my prayers,

Are there any solutions
to the gravity of Mister Bee
and those of inferior knowledge
to whom want to birth little old me?

Are there possibilities,
grave as grave
as I am and You do see?

Have You,
to man sent thought of this
in communion brain-power assist
thoughts so powerful
blows men out of complacency –

and women to awaken
the nurture of protective-ness,
dying, as too our beloved bees.





What have You to say to me?

So You stated generations before
had this knowledge
and chose once again to ignore.

Now vital, no reprieve
and still Monsanto paid and bought rights
to all of ours and Your beloved seeds.

What a debacle. What a shame.

What of the idiots land grabbing,
destroying, warring, pesticide-ing
and claiming as theirs the right to rule ...
this is a nature's wonderland
they are to have devastated
what does belong to all.

God declares, life must end
more important to sacrifice man
as that is of a most virulent disease
to shut off God, the voice of life
on the planets of Earth, the Sun and Moon.

Earth's bounty, God's gift
not to be squandered as a spoilt brat
on a rampage trampling, stamping
and of course, definitely no form of respect.



The view I am to see from where I am,
has potential - but left to those
of a criminally greed-induced madness
rule those plains – no hope possible ...
but to return all back to God
and His most treasured womb, Nature's Own.



The beloved bee ...

circles

looking for a yellow spot to land
intent on collection for the hive
and the community
to grow and not divide,

but leave an altogether wealth
of living golden joy for the hive,
too, the newer generation to survive

... and in life thrive.



So, what is all this fuss
one to ignite
worried about God's Own
and hence the beloved bee?

Well I, as new life upon this soil,
worry about pollution, toxins everywhere
and through life will have to toil
among God's Own in a state of ill-health;
and the bee in need of resuscitation daily
because, and this is the winner of them all,
those horrendous negatives of man and 'death to all'.

God declares man an ignoramus
and the only saving grace toward peace
is give up greed,
address your behaviour ill-placed
and find an alternative -

Listen ...

to that voice of inner peace,
responsibility, moral code and justice.

Then in action peacefully
the bee, as man, has a corrective chance
to live a healthier existence ...
nature and man in total harmony.



Can You guarantee ...
man will wake up and listen to Thee?

The Bee Trilogy

Many people ask of me,

Why do you write of the bee
in a poetic, historical, political sense?

Why not about climate change
and the threat of a terrorist exchange?

And I do occasionally reply,
Because all of our lives
are so dependent on the growth
of plants, trees and cereals
the stable economy of life on earth -
sustainable-wise.

Each of the life of earthly folk
depends on a food supply - as evidenced.
Water too a requirement.

But forever, over eons now,
the bee in some cultures revered.

Because without these little bees
life cannot be so sustained
as they are the life blood
of that growth and food chain.

Too adventurous we human beings,
losing sight of what preciousness means.

We are not so wonderfully placed
in fact in so many instances a total disgrace.
Disregard for a life on earth
precious as any who have lost learn.

But in this world of a hate and spite disease,
mental anguish, despair and too greed
we have consumed, in West's gluttony,
tremendous amounts
and not cared or preserved
or spared the time and effort to observe
how incredibly fast destruction has persisted
without any form of restraint.

So now the bee too under threat
requires a voice as to our future,
the hive communities
and of our lives too, that is.

For next to occur
is death in droves
as has been happening
re the bees and their homes.



God bless America,
the land of the free,

but not however
for that hard working little óle bee.

Each of the species
crumbling under the weight
of Big Pharma and Corporation elites
spraying, killing and supplying
all those chemically vile type
poisonous sprays -

*A*ffecting the waterways.

*A*ffecting the air for human being.

*I*nfiltrating the soil years hence.

*C*rippling the farming industries with evil intent.

*F*or what?

As so many corporate elites want - is control
including people, land and sea,
waterways, mountains and it appears -
the whole of earth it seems.



So wake up people hear my call,
the reason I write poetry at all



... is in this instant
my friends the bees
are dying in droves
and so ...

No more pollinating

these expertise bees can do;
has become a species one cannot,
nor know how to replicate

as so much has become,
with a robotic age
like some form of idiot game play
by people who have and are,
of a moral and human type, decayed.



Bibliography:

Pamphlet Series:

Awaken to Truth

- Burdensome People - Burdensome Past
- Courage to go on
- Death in the Detail
- The Bastardisation of Truth
- Satellite tonight
- Homeless-ness of Heart - Compassion at the core
- Abandoned
- Costly exercise Death
- You are it. I am it. What of it
- Cost of living on the rise
- Silence is Golden if Peace is involved
- Brutalism on our Shores
- Betrayal
- Hidden
- Value-less Plight
- Adrift in Retirement
- Time Out
- The Bread of Life
- Forgiveness
- The Factory Doors are Shut
- The Other Side of Midnight

Continued...

- The Ancient Mariner
- Reflections of a downward spiralling trend
- The Aloneness of Standing Apart