

Humming pages

You sit in silence,

As the bees' hum.

Collecting golden, fuzz,

The clouds, turn dark,

Your book is in half.

As you waddle home,

Book gripped tightly

In your nimble fingers

breath turned cloudy;

droplets cascade,

Staining your hair, your body.

As the mist turns to downpour;

You rush, to your front door.

The bugs; scatter around,

Beetles, ants, spiders

You embrace home.