

## Honey

One, two, three, four. The door swings open. Dried blood crusts on scuffed elbows, split skin adorns kneecaps. Courtesy of the pavement in front of grandma's house. The bike, the chain unhinged. Mother's interrogation. Flick of the wrist, dismiss. Blood stains panties. It's time for the talk. The birds and the bees flutter. Wing to wing. A bumblebee hovers, an open door.

One and a two, three and a four. She faces a piano. Dried blood crusts on scuffed elbows, split skin adorns kneecaps. Courtesy of the rocks at the playground. Fingers dance over ivory keys. Her scales, unhinged. Mom makes her wear a floral dress. Flick of the wrist, dismiss. Blood stains panties. Notes pirouette on relevé. Distant worlds flutter from her hands. Wing to wing. A bumblebee enters, an open window.

Pump one, pump two, pump three, pump four. Rocks press against skin. Dried blood crusts on scuffed elbows, split skin adorns kneecaps. Courtesy of the gravel behind grandma's house. Uncle Mark, whiskey, unhinged. Flick of the wrist, dismiss. Blood stains panties. Palms of hands, resistance. Nobody listens. Is this the birds and the bees? Eyelids flutter shut. Wing to wing. A bumblebee lands, stinger penetrates skin.