

The Suitcase

Two guys meet on the street, and the first guy says,
Haven't seen you in a while, whatcha been up to?
and the second guys says, Actually, I've been

keeping bees. Bees? Really? Nod. So where
do you keep them? Well, I keep them in this suitcase.
In the suitcase? Nod. How many bees you got in there?

I'd say about...1200 bees. 1200? In that suitcase?
Isn't that a little uncomfortable for the bees? asks the first guy,
and the second guy shrugs, Ahh! Fuck 'em. Was my favorite joke

for years, until like the first guy, I began feeling bad
for the bees. They're in trouble all over, follow this
link to save the bees, a lady posts, and it tells you

which wildflowers to plant, though the second guy didn't specify
honey bees, but aren't those the ones usually kept? Follow this link
to learn the difference between bees, and I do, fall down the hole

of bee info on the web, which in the 90s was called the net,
but you don't catch bees in a net or web (you spider),
or at all, except with these wildflowers.

Ooh lavender, ooh bluebell, honey,
c'mere—see this comb? A thousand little hexagons,
a thousand suitcases, full up just like you like.