

What the Bee Sees



A photographer friend does the unusual
He takes photos of flowers from the perspective of a bee
He dives deep inside, beyond the colourful bud
The surrounding leaves, to see the inner heart of a flower
What the bee sees.

I wished for such a camera
I wished for abilities not possessed
I wished for clairvoyance.
I wondered how my grandson saw himself
His inner and outer self, what would I have seen
had my grandson let me inside, beyond his hardening shell
Beyond his lovable, attractive surface
To his inner voice of yearnings, wounds of shattered dreams
His desires about relationships,
Where was his nectar and pollen, what fed his soul, spirit, body?
I'm full of questions, sadness...for my grandson searches no longer
For nectar, pollen or people. I'm stung by his dying
Never seeing what he saw. I want to tell him what I saw
From all my vantage points. I want him to know the beauty
I came upon from his early flowering
Like a bee, I wanted to see inside his flower
Even though I deeply loved the outer layers.

Ted Bowman