

03.09.2013

A LONG DECEMBER

I CAUGHT THIS BEE, A WASP ACTUALLY, OUT ON THE CEMENT. IN OUR LITTLE YARD CAGE REALLY. IT WAS REAL SLOW MOVING. ALMOST FROZEN. I PUT DOWN A STICK AND NUDGED IT A BIT AND IT CLIMBED ON. BROUGHT IT INTO MY CELL AND PUT IT IN AN OLD YOGURT CONTAINER I SAVED.

AFTER A COUPLE HOURS I NOTICED IT MOVING AROUND. DRUNKENLY THOUGH. SO I PUT SOME CRUMBS FROM DINNERS CHICKEN PATTY, BROCCOLI PIECES, A DALLUP OF GRAVY FROM POTATOES AND A DROP OR TWO OF MILK AND A BIT OF PANCAKE SYRUP.

NOTHING. HE (WAS IT A HE?) JUST KEPT TRYING TO CLIMB THE STEEP PLASTIC WALLS. "WHY DOESN'T HE FLY", I THOUGHT. THINKING IT WOULD BE COOL TO HEAR HIM BUZZING AROUND MY CELL.

THEN I NOTICE HIS WINGS ARE UNFORMED AND HIS BODY IS TOO SLEEK AND SHINY.

THEN I THINK: "ITS WINTER. WHAT'S SHE (WAS IT A SHE?) DOING OUT OF ITS NEST?"

I SHOVE HER (ITS GOTTA BE A GIRL. SHE'S SO PRETTY AND SHINY) FACE INTO THE SYRUP. GENTLY. SHE LIFTS HER HEAD. SHAKES HER HEAD AND OPENS AND CLOSES HER MOUTH. THEN JUST STANDS THERE. — I TRY EVERYTHING. FOR HOURS.

PUTTING HER UNDER MY WARM AIDE VENT. TALKING TO HER. CHANGING CONTAINERS, ETC, ETC.

NOTHING WORKS. SHE WON'T EAT. SHE CAN'T FLY BECAUSE HER WINGS ARE UNFORMED. SHE JUST SLOWLY WALKS THE PERIMETER OF HER PLASTIC CAGE. — I'M SAD. WHAT AM I TO DO WITH HER?

I LOOK INTO THE MIRROR. I LOOK AT HER. THERE ISN'T ANYTHING ANYONE CAN DO FOR US. WE BOTH JUST SLOWLY MEASURE OUR CAGES. WAITING.