

Childhood Stings

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Besieged by restlessness, and dreading
the time consuming, tedious task,
my fingers are endlessly
thrumming on my temple in a tempo.
I'm trying to lose time.
My eyes pierce the window, wishing to break it with my stare.
Sunlight and scenery beckon—

I must be free!
Finally,
i's dotted, t's crossed,
sums summed, and books closed,
I make much noise at yawning and stretching,
but no one notices.
My escape is immediate.
I bound joyously across the room,
through the door,
then fierce sunlight slams my eyelids down.
I attempt to focus through the soul's own shutters.
My child's eyes try to only see beauty,
though it is filtered through cold reality.
My eyelashes cast spider-web shadows
on the grass and trees
until slowly,
painfully,
my eyes are able to open again.
The bright world invades every sense,
every longing,
until I get used to it.
Like so many childhood things,

the pain fades from importance.
Less than a decade on this sphere,
but I know.
I never lose sight of the world's many treasures.
I find many,
but I possess nothing of value to the "big ones."
I know
because they tell me with words that sting.
They are why
I take my horse and try
to hide.
I lead my horse through the weeds and trees.
She stops me suddenly.
She has found clover, another prize.
I let go like so many times before
and walk amongst the tiger lilies and wild strawberries.
I find a fallen tree to rest on.
Primly, I splay out my torn, dirty dress with fancies of royalty.
But before my dream gets too involved,
a humming shadow encompasses me.
Bees descend like a snow flurry around my eyes,
buzz-bombing and screeching.
The angry sun amplifies
the random, stabbing pinpricks.
I am flailing, thrashing with my arms and hands,
crying with my heart and breath,
running,
but with nowhere to go.
A tangled mass of hair and skirts and screams,
my bare feet stamping fear into clouds of dust.
I am pursued without escape.
No one is near to cry for.
There is pain in every direction.
My entire childhood summed by the sting of bees.