

BUZZY BEE!

I start my journey after watching a dance,
Then I head hurriedly to the entrance.
Taking off from the hive I start with a dive,
Then up into the air I go feeling so alive.

My wings they flap so very fast,
Taking me up into the sky so vast.
They flap so fast they are a fuzz,
Making the sound of a loud buzz.

Buzzy Bee, Buzzy Bee,
Looking for pollen to make lots of honey.

The bees and I have got our bearing,
Now we have our actual heading.
This is the direction we need to go,
The dance I saw told me so.

So over a wall and past some trees,
I fly along with other bees.
Keeping level over the grass,
We bees will fly together and amass.

Buzzy Bee, Buzzy Bee,
Looking for pollen to make lots of honey.

Following each other into the garden,
Our sensors suddenly sharpen.
Through the gate and round the tree,
Flying around wild and free.

Over the hedge and over the path,
Stopping a moment at the bird bath
A sip of water to hydrate,
My wings do flap and vibrate.



Buzzy Bee, Buzzy Bee,
Looking for pollen to make lots of honey.

I take off again wholly replenished,
Into the air with a sudden flourish.
Across the grass and over the tables,
Around the trellis and through the lattice.

Briefly skimming the magnificent bluebells.
Where apple and pear trees calmly dwells.
Round the roses white and red,
Up and over the garden shed.



Buzzy Bee, Buzzy Bee,
Looking for pollen to make lots of honey.

Skimming the roof and feeling the updraft,



I leave behind the shed to aft,
Over the gazebo full of vine,
Held together with string and twine.

Back down to the ground and over the mound,
Around the children's playground.
Diving here and tucking in there,
Keeping out of the sun's glare.



Buzzy Bee, Buzzy Bee,
Looking for pollen to make lots of honey.

Must be careful as there are birds about,
Don't want to be eaten as I go about.
Looking out for flowers with pollen,
Some to me look totally foreign.

Around the pond and past the Iris,
Buzzing around like it's a crisis.
Along the path and over the fence,
And into the hedge so very dense.

Buzzy Bee, Buzzy Bee,
Looking for pollen to make lots of honey.

Out and up into the sky,
Higher and higher I fly.
I know around here there is something I want,
I'll know it in an instant.



Below I see the flower I want,
Standing proud as if rampant.
A plant of great character,
It's the amazing sight of the lavender.

Buzzy Bee, Buzzy Bee,
Looking for pollen to make lots of honey.

The lavender flower drawing me in,
The pollen I can take to my sovereign.
Its beautiful flowers full of pollen,
When I land on them they feel like soft cotton.

I gather up a bountiful supply,
Then take it back on wing so high.
Speed is essential on my journey,
To bring this pollen home and make honey.

Buzzy Bee, Buzzy Bee,
Looking for pollen to make lots of honey.

So over the garden and around the tree,
Over the tables to the cemetery.

I see the dead hedge with hive within,
And my home contained therein.

My hive I see all gleaming and white,
With other bees taking flight.
I land on the ledge with pollen abounding,
My mission a success and resounding.

My hive is the place to be Bee!

By Martyn

