

## Up on an Extension Ladder Today . . .

. . . I entombed  
a bee in its home  
in a wooden window sill  
twenty-five feet or so  
above the ground.

Perhaps there was no need.

Though the creature looked ferocious,  
it probably hadn't any sting at all,  
was clearly solitary, with no  
hive or nest mates on whom to call.

Still I have previous experience  
up on an extension ladder,  
being stung and it is not  
one I care to repeat.  
So just to be safe,  
when the insect ceased  
hovering, crawled into its hole,  
I stuffed wood putty  
into the opening—with  
every expectation of its smothering.

I tell myself not to be upset.  
Nature doesn't care one whit  
about what I have done  
any more than it weeps  
for the fly trapped in tree sap  
that turns to amber so  
some paleontologist may study it  
after tens of millions of years; or  
for the caterpillar, when  
the mother wasp transforms it first  
into a paralyzed eggsac, then

a living feast for her babies  
as they chew their way out;  
or when a forest fire, (lightning-  
sparked) burns so many small  
and helpless beasts alive.

Nevertheless

I do feel remorse, realize,  
of course, that it is not nature,  
merely my human nature  
speaking to me;

I realize:

it is merely

my human nature

speaking to me!

and conclude that what they say  
is probably true: We cannot change  
this human nature, but then

I wonder:

why in the world

would anybody

want to?

Steve Bloom  
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