

Parmesan & Honeydew

Parmesan and Honeydew
It's dawn, though the mist settles just right
Too early for any bee to be up at work
But Grover is King.

He flew from flower to comb, thrice over
Pollen coating his hind like Parmesan
I don't blame him,
My field of flowers needs him
Always lookin' pretty in this Southern dawn.
Not a single bumble moves like him
But—
Those honeybees got him beat.

That ain't his job though...
He prefers the dew with his Parmesan
Those others can keep the honey, it doesn't bother him none
Because Grover is King.

Magnolias and black belt soil, indigo-hued
Gold flecks reflect, but only the blue is gilded to him.
The weight is heavy, but oh—
My, My, a Creole child, awaiting for Grover.
She dances in slow motion, like a picture aiming to be complete
Smile rivaling the sun, kissing the sea.
His hind is heavy with parmesan, her honey eyes trained.
Dewy— the French ironwork sings.

He had to go because Kings never stay away long
No. He needed a refreshment, the one
He counted on her having. Sweet honeydew, in this southern mist.
That Creole child loves her Parmesan and Honeydew, but

So does the King.

— & Rihya

Fin on February 17th, 2026 @ 3 p.m.