

Dark Honey

by Nancy Kerr

One summer's evening and the kids ran free
All the bees were swarming in the cemetery
And they supped that sweetness their nature craves
From the flowers that grew on every grave

*And you tell your children life finds a way
You drink reap dark honey from the dying day
And leave a little sweetness to soothe our stings
And the slightest suffering winter brings*

Some other children some distant home
They fear the humming of a different drone
Some sugar's flowing from every pore
Some honey's growing on the spoils of war

And you tell your children life finds a way...

On the bank of England some city bee
She built a hive of slavery
And her sweet survival in the midst of man
Is to make dark honey from a cola can

But you tell your children life finds a way...

When man has driven the drone of bees
From all the fields and cemeteries
He'll miss that richness this nature craves
For no flowers will grow upon our graves

And you tell your children life finds a way...