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Honey Does Not Rot

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HONEY DOES NOT ROT

SARA BICKLEY

I must still have feet, because I walked here.
I must still have eyes, because I can read this.
I must still have a right hand, because I am writing it.

The hairs must grow in as fast as they fall out,
or else I would be bald.

The warmth of the sun must linger,
or every night the world would freeze.
What is the meaning of “heat death,”
fire or ice?

We could all stand to be a little more humble, I guess. Death,
where did you leave your stinger
and how long ago?