Billy The Tree Bumble Bee

Billy was born in a wall by a rusting fridge,

overlooking the M65, just outside Bamber Bridge.

It was mid-May on World Bee Day.

though Monmouth, and its bee festival, were far away.

Billy was full grown, ready to fly,

his life’s mission was calling so he was bound to try.

Varroa Mite, parasite in his nest, he’d fought to survive,

off now he must go, to find his queen and a chance to thrive.

Nearby Hoghton Tower took his fancy,

so east he headed, looking for his bit of romancy.

On his way predatory Jonny Jackdaw nearly made him pay,

but, quickly he turned north looking for another way.

Later that day, the River Ribble came into view,

and, with it urban pollution and a terrible pong of pooh!

Nowhere, a scent of pollen, nor, the taste of nectar,

Billy turned west, crestfallen by that unpleasant spectre.

Before too long, it just got worse,

brutal Preston Bust station, poor Billy could only let out a silent

curse.