

# Emphasis

## Biot

Death is promised to the bee  
Who's sting protects the colony.  
Was it's life worth nothing more  
Than honey for the queen? Life is a branch and it is a dove,  
Handcrafted by confusing love.  
Sign language is our reply,  
When church bells make no sound. In hollow towers and empty hives,  
Craved sweetness with a fear of heights.  
Was it all just a grain of sand  
In an hourglass? The smartest thing I've ever learned  
Is that I don't have all the answers,  
Just a little light to call my own. Though it pales in comparison  
To the overarching shadows,  
A speck of light can reignite the sun  
And swallow darkness whole. Death is a cold, blindfolded kiss.  
It is the finger pressed upon our lips.  
It puts an unwanted emphasis  
On how we should have lived. Life is a gorgeous, broken gift.  
Six billion pieces waiting to be fixed.  
Love letters that were never signed,  
Sent to where we live. But the sweetest thing I've ever heard  
Is that I don't have to have the answers,  
Just a little light to call my own. Though it pales in comparison  
To the overarching shadows,  
A speck of light can reignite the sun  
And swallow darkness whole.

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