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Maine Climate Action Now  
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## We're Here to Heal Each Other

1

Just when all memories of warm,  
nectar-scented breezes had begun to leave her,  
just when all she could remember was dark and cold,  
she awoke to the sun on her back.

She blinked her eyes,  
shook out her legs and wings,  
and crawled further into the light.

2

A flurry of laughter  
like bubbles  
floats in the humming sunshine of the afternoon.

A little girl sits on the ground in her backyard,  
tiny fingers deliciously intertwined  
with the soft blades of grass.

The world belongs to her,  
and she belongs to the world.

3

When she's warmed herself sufficiently,  
she sets off into the daylight,  
a queen in search of the perfect place

to build a new colony, a fresh new beginning,  
first stopping on a lone dandelion to replenish her energy.

She had almost forgotten  
the sweetness of nectar on her tongue.

She finds an overgrown crevice in the earth,  
perhaps the abandoned home of a squirrel or snake.

Perfect.

The queen works for hours  
crafting a perfect home for her future offspring,  
resting only when it's time to lay her eggs and wait.

4

Tired of sitting, itching to run,  
the little girl pushes herself up from the ground,  
blades of grass sticking to her plump legs,  
and stumbles forward with a burst of joyous laughter.

Tiny toes stomping the earth, gripping the grass,  
hands extended into the sunshine.

She spots a large bumblebee,  
a ball of fluff buzzing near the ground,  
and shrieks with excitement.

She runs after the fuzzy creature, stumbling forward  
until a sharp pain erupts in the sole of her foot  
and she tumbles back to the ground.

5

The queen watches as slowly  
her eggs begin to hatch,  
larvae wriggling and growing  
until they have grown enough  
to leave the nest and seek out  
the sweetness of the Spring and her flowers,  
her beautiful worker bees.  
And then it's time again  
to lay eggs and wait.

6

The little girl's mother hears a cry from outside  
and rushes out to the backyard,  
where she finds her daughter crying in the grass,  
cradling her foot in her hands.  
She wraps her child in her arms hugs her tight,  
wiping her tears and searching for their source.  
"It's okay, sweet girl," she coos,  
spotting the swollen pink sting mark.  
"Let's get you inside."  
Just as she was about to carry her tearful child back into the house,  
her eyes landed on the limp body of a bumblebee,  
resting motionless on the grass.

7

The queen watches again  
as her new batch of eggs hatches and grows,  
this time into males and and future queens.

She's getting tired now.

She can feel her legs beginning to creak,  
her wings beginning to weaken.

She knows her time is running short,  
but just look at this beautiful colony she created.

She would gladly die a thousand times  
for this.

She flies out into the daylight for one last taste of nectar.

8

The mother sets her daughter on the kitchen table,  
holds an ice pack to her small foot.

Next to her on the table sits a paper plate  
holding a lethargic bumblebee and a single drop of honey.

She's alive.

The little girl's eyebrows furrow at the sight,  
a flash of fear in her eyes.

"It's okay," her mother hushes.

"She didn't mean to hurt you.

We're going to fix you both up.

We're here to heal each other.”