

The End.

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The Anatomy of The Honey Bee

The Honey Bee (*Apis mellifera*) is a eusocial.

Her womb runs the hive.

It is her eggs that will spawn the hive's next generation of bees.

The honey bee can only sting once.

When she stings you,

her lancets become embedded in your skin.

Remember,

This Bee does not sting for fun.

They do so only when they feel threatened

or

in defense of their *nests*.

**It is scientifically proven that the Honey Bee will protect her home
at the risk of her own life.**

To Evelyn,

I will protect you at the risk of every life that I ever live.

And to everyone else who forgot how to use their wings:

The sky

still

tastes like honey.

Fly.

Introduction

In May 2018, I accomplished one of my biggest dreams: I graduated from Harvard Law School at twenty-four. We crossed the stage to accept our Juris Doctor with tears of relief (and disbelief) streaming down my face. I did not achieve it alone; therefore, I refused to walk unless Harvard allowed me to carry my other, even bigger dream with me: Evelyn Willow. We did it.

“Single Mother Graduates Harvard Law School at 24” circulated the web for months afterwards. Interview requests from multiple large media platforms and frequent questions from my newly-gained social media following flooded my inboxes. Searching for inspiration in my triumphs, the world was a stampede that came knocking at the door of my celebration to demand I share with them a formula that I didn't even know the ingredients to. Everyone needed to know one thing: *how?*

How did I do it? My 150-odd, glamour-filled Instagram posts were enough of a distraction for people to praise my “effortless journey.” Overnight, I'd branded myself as a life-coach. I became an expert in law, finances, and motherhood amongst other things. Using my platform to motivate others is how I stayed relevant. I struggle(d) to offer non-cliche insight into thousands of strangers' daily problems.

Telling people how to overcome battles that I, myself, still struggle with quickly became tiring. I found myself caught at the crossroads of flattery and guilt. I questioned my identity and compared her to who I am in your eyes.

You'd be surprised at how much pain we harbor in secret. We can fool one another. We can dress ourselves in success and happiness, so much that people envy everything we have. And beneath the validation of all of those “likes” and “comments,” our injustices, abuse, and pain remain unfronted, slowly unraveling.

With this in mind, I've decided to give you the most reliable formula that I can: truth. I hope you didn't come here looking for my assurance of your happy-ending. I will not give that to you, because I do not have yours. This is not your hiding place.

You are holding my diary in your hands. These are my entries throughout law school, during my pregnancy, my first love, and my heartbreak. These pages hold my deepest secrets. They recount some of my darkest hours, happening during the best times of my life. They were not written with you in mind, and they will not fake the parts of my success story that may make you uncomfortable. I hope by now you've realized that there is no formula except for the one that you already have. I hope you also realize that you are not alone.

If you will take anything at all from me, let it be this:

Life can only give to you what you take from it.

With each sting, I always decide to take the Honey.

Now I'm the Honey-maker (Mellifera).

Part I- Broken Hive

Beloved, have we stung one another beyond the depths of reconciliation?

Oct. 17, 2018: The Honey Bee (The End)

I had to let Evelyn's dad go if I wanted to survive. We were war-zone lovers. We introduced one another to the worst sides of ourselves, and those demons consummated as such so that pain tasted like ecstasy. Two decaying bodies who thought we were happy. Our only true commitment was the interchangeable union of love and hate that we'd wed ourselves to. I could not tell you the difference between passion and possession, but what I could tell you was that I was not going to let that man go. I wanted total control. I needed him at my mercy. He ignited a passion in me that I never knew could exist; therefore, I wanted to own his soul like he owned my sanity.

In the end, we stood across from one another barricaded in the damage that we'd created. Shattered egos, broken promises, severed family ties: a future of ruins. We held guns to each other's head. Love was written on the barrels, but it no longer felt good. Neither of us would have even noticed if Evelyn was part of our war.

I pressed the trigger first.

I had to protect my home. I had to protect Evelyn.

His final breath hummed like rustic saxophone notes. I bawled uncontrollably, all the way to his lion-like carcass.

Instead of resuscitating him, I reached deep into his rib cage. I knew that's where he'd been hiding my wings.

I walked away accepting that my home had been destroyed.

But at least I have the potential to fly again.

Teach Them How You Treat You

Why do you expect

the games to end

when you're still playing your part?

April 2, 2016- Positive (2)

Cinco de Mayo 2016

Planned Parenthood

9 weeks, 0 days

0 days

When I got tired of dressing in lust

for ghoulish lovers

and friends with flesh like idolatry,

I found your father.

I made the decision to be Naked for him.

He devised a trail of petals whose scent would lead me astray.

I thought we were going to pray together,

in his garden.

It left my skin raw, the way I scavenger hunted for him to find a way
to love me.

I searched every moon.

And like the sweetest nectar and pollen,

you were my reward.

You were a divine find,

my holy souvenir.

I miss you cannot describe the way that

“You are missing from me.”

I pray to you for forgiveness more than I’ve asked God.

I spend weeks inside of my head creating worlds where you still exist.

In our world, we have erased the sound of that suction—the hum of a thousand bees that came with the sting of a thousand more.

I pick every sunflower on earth and offer you them for your hair.

For each of your baths, I drain every ocean in the solar system.

You wear the sun as a brooch.

I sketch your smile, and it replaces the entire New Testament.

I leave notes in your palm:

“There is an

Infinite bed of lilacs

Waiting for you,

inside of me.

Please come back.”