

*Queer Thoughts*

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*Squinting at the blue vault and calming a reliable sense of being, she focused again on the card game in front of her. She took a few deep breaths, yawned, and again became distracted from the cards. This time it was an itch near her ear. Scratching it, she felt a lump and pulled out a large honeybee from her tangle of hair. She noted its slow movement and quickly began to dig a small grave with her finger. She finished, dropped the tiny carcass in the soil, and sprinkled dirt on top of her momentary friend, after which she looked again at her card game. A few minutes later she felt a drop of rain. She packed up her things and began to make an exit when out of nowhere she felt a piercing sting on her ass. “Fuck!”*











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