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## Bees Are The Smallest Birds And Born From The Bodies Of Oxen

Amy Bracken Sparks

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BEES ARE THE SMALLEST BIRDS AND BORN FROM  
THE BODIES OF OXEN

Amy Bracken Sparks

I say *bestiary* and she says *what?* I say it louder and she laughs, *bestiality?* and all the diners around us stop, mayonnaise on their chins. *Bee is the smallest bird* I say and she pokes at her yellow chicken while the man behind her picks up a perfect scroll of meat and reads its sacred contents. *What you need*, she says, *is a pink cone. A pine cone?* I ask. *No, a vibrating pink cone it costs a hundred bucks and has sixteen settings it'll get you off baby.* The man drops his meat. *Did you know they used to put black cloths over the beehives when someone died to keep them from flying away forever?* I say, and she says *I get it now, you need a caladrius, a bird that can tell if a sick man will die* and I shove the yogurt away and the split lemon spins in the water glass and I say *what I need is a kingfisher, a bird that calms sea storms* as she flicks a pink turnip into her mouth and says *you need to get stung good* as she stirs her fava beans, and I say *I'm done with midnight singing* and she throws up her hands, catches them and yells *we need more*