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La reine est morte, vive la reine
The Queen is Dead, Long Life The Queen

by James Funaro

(Excerpt from *The School of Animals*)

(Hail Holy Queen, Mother of Mercy,
Our Life, our sweetness and our hope...)

I am the great Queen Bee, mother of mercy,
Mistress of honey, the bloodless sacrifice.
I am the waxing moon with court of stars.
My virgin daughters are my ranging thoughts
That flit among the minds of men and swarm
Over the grains tending unborn cells;
We teach the highest wisdom in the world:

Here, the womb's regina to the realm,
Not head or heart; for egomaniac man,
Tangent to our circle, must create
The therapy of art and state and war
To compensate for marginality.
I've outlived a thousand quickleg kings
And am driven by no inner droning needs;
What I am is my reason to be.
We here are organs in a single body
And each becomes an integer of One,
Hence greater, as the chord exceeds its notes.
Systems at one level coalesce
To form a higher being at the next.
Such is the universal principle.
Be ruled! I am the transcendental way.

Stand before me, Man, and learn the secret.
I am forever my own genetrix,
Mediating passage in and out
Of the sacred path of life and love,
And in my lap you die and are reborn.
I am at once your mother, wife and child.
My gentle humming soothes your anxious glands;
My prism eyes clothe you in shining aura
And turn your every gesture to rippling light.
Come to me, my Son, I will remake you:
Female, loving, immortal.