**The Swarm**

It was spring.  There was competition.

The bees had been busy manufacturing new queens.

They sat in their special cells, waiting to hatch.

The first to hatch was mated and became the chosen one.

Two females cannot live in the same hive.

The old queen flew away, taking half the swarm with her—

Her dedicated followers.

She searched for a hollow tree or a hole in a wall

In which to make a new home.

Success—that old tree across the road—

The perfect place to build.

Her half of the swarm settled down with her—

The rest remained behind.

And so a new life was made—

A new existence forged.

The ousted set up her own hive

And never looked back.