

That
Plant
Fucker



Ode to Litha

Longest
light loves
lily, lavender, lemon

Bonfires bake
bountiful bae

Sunflowers sing solstice
seduction, stimulation,
satisfaction

INGREDIENTS: Japanese sencha, genmai (roasted rice), Mao Feng green tea from China, red and pink rose petals, natural flavors and bergamot oil.

Bring filtered water to 190 degrees

Deactivate a foam strainer of





confessions of a bee balm (aka Monarda)

I used to be important. I was a symbol of the struggle to free us from monarchy and tyranny.

But now hardly anyone knows me. Everyone's heard of my milksop cousin chamomile. But I make a more enjoyable tea any day.

But the bees still love me. They know what's important. Maybe that's why the humans want to eradicate them?

RANT

Imagine you're a bee. You have purpose and family and your life is short.

You're the queen – screwing and pumping out babies by the thousands. Your ability to reproduce keeps the hive alive.

Or you're a drone. To screw and die. Your ability to screw keeps the hive alive.

Or you're a worker. Raising babies, cleaning the hive, making honey, foraging for food. Your ability to make, raise and forage keeps the hive alive.

But you're dying. Somewhere in this great chain of being, something's gone wrong. A poison.

The Queen's ability to produce is weakened. The worker's honey makes you weak, not strong. Not enough babies survive.

Then, when you are weak, the parasites come. You can't produce enough food. You fight to survive.

Pestilence, Famine, War, Death.

The four horsemen of the bee apocalypse.

Shameless plugs



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