

AMELIA

THE ANT

PART 2

BY

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Little light footed ants, marching day and night , collecting things for family,going place to place without a break.Nothing for self, always free from giant egos, as ants throw them off and live within tiny bodies,The machine keeps moving,fixing flaws while proceeding. Only duty is known,No reason why or goal is shown.Just one duty,just marching on to serve their queen,thats survival to serve the queen,their is life to serve the queen,Serve their queen,The only thing ants live for.There is so much to be admired in the beautiful busy working ant.

As ants keep gravitating in a love towards each other, work within an almost sacrificial love for one

another This love so strong that permeates their bodies it willingly carries many times its weight freely. As ants find a freedom in a devotion as it builds a great life together, ants live with perfect honor with each other as build their city under stone which will never crumble.

Many show disregard as they think nothing when stamping on ants . But being humble beings ants simply slip between the many cracks of this world and remain completely unharmed.

If humans let go of understanding the world and humbly live close to nature , feel the boundless earth, they will realize with a beautiful simplicity that much of the world .So as ants fumble and tumble around within their daily routine choosing not to be tall but to be born small.Within a endless love threaded through million of busy connecting little legs work closely together.And in a deep cooperation ants feel a fusion as together ants feel complete in one giant heartbeat.

The ants so versatile,co-operative and creative Do ants possess minds, ability to think,organize, put decisions in to actions?Or do they just have an instinct,prompted by nature, how do they receive it?these disciplined insects, in spite of their small brains could be a great example, why can't human's be like them, behave more responsibly , take charge

of their own destiny, construct, not destroy. Would humans ever be as organized and industrious like these insects

The day dawned bright and sunny, Amelia the ant Princess was up early preening her wings, ready to take flight for another visit to the colorful world outside the ant city, today she decided to wear her ladybird dress and shoes, Amelia missed her pet ladybird who was enjoying its much awaited freedom somewhere outside.

The Queenmother Ant was annoyed to see Amelia's appearance, it was a bit difficult to decide what kind of insect she looked like. Amelia would easily be mistaken for a honeybee or a distorted ladybird. Queenmother Ant expressed her annoyance but Amelia the spoiled Princess had her own way. Little she knew what was in store for her on this bright sunny day.

She drank the milk from the Aphid cows and ate some blue-green jelly brought by the worker ants. Being a royal ant, she had a transparent abdomen which now appeared green. Amelia looked like a clown.

Amelia flew out of the ant city, the birds were chirping

and crickets were singing
the birds ignored the ant and did not peck at her
because of her ladybird dress.

Amelia followed a handsome male monarch
butterfly to its destination a large rotten apple.
Ugh! What a choice! thought Amelia.
Hello Mr Butterfly Is'nt it a lovely morning", she
said trying to start a conversation.

What are you? asked the surprised Monarch
"I'm Amelia the ant princess" replied She
'Bah! ant princess!
'What's this blue red thing? retorted the
haughty monarch
"Ha Ha Ha", snorted the butterfly.
Before could come up with a fitting reply.
A butterfly net entrapped them. It was an
Amateur who mistook the ant for a spotted
butterfly. They both struggled to get out, the
frightened ant began to cry.

After some time, the monarch butterfly and the
red-blue ant were set free in a butterfly
garden. There were the most sweetsmelling flowers
with a silver pool and even more beautiful butterflies.
The haughty male monarch just took off without a
backward glance at Amelia.

None of the butterflies paid any attention to the red-blue ant, it was beneath their station to talk to the funny ant.

Amelia flew around the garden, there was a transparent dome around the garden, there was no way out.

Amelia alighted near the pool at the centre of garden to drink water, as she bent down, she caught sight of her reflection.

This was the second time, Amelia cried
Oh! what a disobedient little ant She had been!

The last dance of a winged ant as I listen to the people under the stairs

Clockwise against the blue light
Silhouette against a 70 mile speed limit
"I let the music take over my soul, body, and mind."

It looks like an ant with wings

Hitchhiking it's final ride

Counter Clockwise against the blue light

It takes off and lands again

The wheel shakes as my unbalanced tires reach 75

I turn the volume knob two notches up

Clockwise against the blue light

"The stress burns my brain,
like acid raindrops."

There was no way out of the dome and she could not

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