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Why You Became Boy-Wolf

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remember how we ran up the hill
to pet the backs of bees
bouncing on faces of flowers

remember how we rubbed our fingers on petals
powdery-yellow and tried to fool bees
into landing on our chubby perches

that is what made the wasps swarm
the scent of bee
the color of flower
rubbing and sticking between our fingers

that is what made the wasps sting
when you fell by accident
and squashed their nest
like a rotten melon

remember the screams, mami picking more
than 30 wasps out of your hair
and shirt and ten out of mine

that is what made papi's belt whiz
and slap our backs bumpy
until we fell like the wasps curled
at mami's bare feet

that is what made you stop
laughing
talking
start to run away