

Bees

I

Winging minute and esoteric perturbations
over the wine-dark globes of globes,
they thank him for the berry sweet
in cool caves of leaves concealed.
Their praising his farmer's goodness
hums rills away as a prayer for him
who bearded rests in the slatted barn,
digesting the curious rhythms, the lore
instinctual to packets of sweet songs
as if his age should compel pregnancy
and white hair gender the cavity flowering
of moist fruit, a man only now ripened,
with gnarled fingers greening summer long
in the honeycombed, reeling, cellular eye.

II

those zombie gods are at it again,
stumbling around the attic
knucklebones chattering down walls
they skeleton key, they ricochet
they make an afternoon curious
how metal their legs, how mouse-like
they take mortal form, jittery,
drunk on heat, flightless, chubby
like bees, men, or any animal -
unlike - with no recourse to death
poor immortals! no honorable end
or last disgrace! poor bumbling blinds
forced virtuous or dogged vice
in tedium's perpetuity
against the outer wall feel
their pleasures weakly tapping
they beat their heads against themselves
nothing shatters, nothing goes to seed

III

When the moon is a lamppost overhead
and grasses have rolled into vast snails coarse
and prickly, the weed-clogged field ankle-deep,
with drooling cuts of hay its fecund lace
stumbling to mouldering hibernation

I run like rotting words, this rancid page,
like dying insect buzzing near its name,
the helicoptine salamander crushed

crash-orange against the slick, a carapace

false hollow, you can smell that putrid stench
slipping off peeled skins, like rocks shed water,
by root and stalk it crouches small below

to taste its own decaying, shell to dust,
our constant poverty, a reckless planting.