

## WINE LILY

Bees do not care how delicately  
the lily's trance  
is inlaid, overrunning the garden  
easily, like the deepest color  
in a bruise. One looks away, for this  
is utterly private.  
The bees will have their communion.  
They come for miles, their wooden hive  
stacked up in the low field dropping straight  
into woods. Across that road  
the town's violinist  
teaches children to sound  
like crickets. They'll get better  
in a lifetime; bees have  
forty-two days. So sunstruck now, they  
can barely figure  
the scheme of things: how much honey  
by dusk, how much sweet depth  
for beauty this obvious. They love their rage  
and drop it like a dress  
for heaven. This terrible red  
lasts for days, the lily basking in air.  
How the bees release themselves  
and rise across the human surface  
exhausted, as if they were skating,  
pulled by moonlight, home.