

## Utopia · Susan Luzzaro

Grey, grey, the color of extinction  
or winter limbs or mourning doves was in my head.  
Hungover, smoked-out, all undeserving  
of a minor miracle, a suburban revelation.  
Still a pyramid-shaped hive, abuzz with a thousand bees,  
rose before me in the field.  
The swirling architecture, circled,  
curled like ribboned candy,  
turned in upon itself—refused linearity.  
Honey was the smell.  
I crouched two feet away,  
listened to the sounds of community,  
saw the tiny holes, pale yellow wax—  
beebodies crawling in & out,  
swarming over one another,  
wings beating heat for everyone.  
I looked for the queen,  
a long train, a diadem, perhaps  
she was sealed in the inner sanctum,  
Aida entombed with her doomed lover,  
or just above me, mating on the wing,  
then the drone swooning groundward,  
the inevitable gravity. Deathward.  
In the center of the field a beekeeper  
kept fifty “official” hives, they hummed  
in complicity with him—but here  
fleshed into a tobacco tree & tumbleweed  
renegade bees & a breakaway queen  
had built their own golden Gaudi cathedral.

What I need now is earth—or Alice  
to offer me a mushroom, a square of windowpane,  
a toke from the hookah, to shrink me  
the size of a bee—let me be  
wild as buckwheat, as clover—  
taste, just once, collective,  
the orgasm, the honeyflow.