

It builds a mound above its  
underground nest  
where hungry larvae wait  
in small apartments  
each with a bedroom and a  
pantry/parlor.

On fine days, the female  
backfills as she digs out  
and for camouflage  
rakes sand across her exit.

She takes off, circling  
checks for landmarks: rocks  
sticks, pinecones  
flies toward the nearest  
heather where she hunts the  
bees. She carries back

each one she stings to stock  
the larvae larders  
but licks the nectar from the  
punctured prey herself.

Her life lasts  
only one July and August.  
At the end, she digs her grave  
under her own nest.

## Divorce / Ann Kelleher

Your hands tear at the spinach.  
They are red from weeping.

I remember them last winter

driving, drumming on the dash.  
Now that he's gone  
they deal decisively with vegetables.

My pockets clink  
with jeweler's tools, obscene  
secrets I use on my own marriage.

I wish  
you would go home  
where you can't hear them.  
I wish you would go away  
from the very fact of my happiness.

He left you because your teeth are even.  
He left you because a high wind hit Sumatra.  
He left you because your eyes are green.

## Vivaldi in Early Fall / John Engels

O this is what it is to be  
Vivaldi in September, in my  
forty-sixth year, the pines  
just beginning to sing  
on the hillsides, the rivers  
coloring with the first rains  
(which are, as usual, precisely  
on time). And there is also

this young girl, who, each year,  
I bring into my mind,  
making it to be that if she knew  
by what measure I considered her,  
she would turn and look at me and smile,  
thinking, "It is the priest again,  
the one with red hair, who is said  
to make music, and who—as every year—