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Spring

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1.

The sun, in shafts and spades.

Through the pine and birches, little breeze setting off
the leaves—

The leaves.

Their golden green increase.

Pollen to the air, its colonial dream
of a new imperium of trees—

Snap against the wrist-skin.

And then you press down on the tongue with your gloved thumb
to let the honey-bee show you the way.

2.

The dark tunnel paths from light to light.

Flay the face and scoop out the eyes—you'll see.

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3.

Bees in a cloud round your hand.

Egg-herder, your smell
synonymous with treasure—

Shining a light at the back of the throat:
blowflies
in liquid pearls
the bees murder to eat—

And all at the lips and nose a yellow dust, pollen
they have
delivered—

You scrape it into a little sack.

4.

Ripple and snap.

Bend to the O of the rigored mouth—listen.

Plastic bags, like souls, caught in trees.

5.

What to harvest,
from the sloughed-off suits of the dead.

Like sea-shells cupping the ghost-tongue of the sea,
their black mouths speak—

You crouch to the hum with a bag and a blade. You
the god it sways.