

GUY R. BEINING

3B. EROSEATER

the long sleeve of leaves
almost reached his wet mouth.
one of his eyes had a hole in it,
& the other peered without certainty
at the beehive above the porch.
its entrance intrigued him,
& looked like a sliced tit
that had been hollowed out by time.
how long ago had a BB pierced his eye,
creating a milkiness at the wall of his life?