

ROBIN GURR

JOYCE THE BEE HAS FLOWN

Before this fresh, choice,
and arboured morning, Joyce
has slipped her glossy rings,
flexed gaunt and gauzy wings
and, freeing forage, flown.

The world blooms wild. She's blown
a gale of haze, a galling hole,
into this wood's assuring bole
where bee and brooding pooled
a burning nectar.

Cooled,
the saps and branches rustle.
Morning's choice and chosen hustle
idles drily with its toy,
beeless, chilled, and without Joy.