

Lorraine Marwood

HONEY SNUG

They say,
tell the bees your secrets.

He doesn't know this at the time
he becomes a beekeeper.

White space suit, gloves and leggings
we watch the ritual of smoke maker
his figure supernaturally white

in the green stain of clover
the blister-line of horizon.
It is dusk and the bees weary

with pollen-fetching come home
he smokes them out, examines
their industry, selects the frames

studded with honeycomb, inserts
empty frames, receives a sting
or two of beedeath.

He mumbles as he works, the little
knotted conjectures of his life, aims
difficulties, extravagant planning.

He has little conversation for his family
but all the conversation for his bees.
In the melee of retreat

they inhale his words
beat back the smoke wisps

and next time he comes
to rob the hive, the honey
is waxed with the globules

of his words, strained,
re-pulped,

the honey sweetness
of his self-imposed loneliness.

20