About Bees Is What I Say Aloud

When You Ask What I’m Thinking

Watching bees plunge into sunlit blossoms

and start stagger back besotted

by the apple nectar on their tongues,

I feel their hunger as mine –

the longing to linger awhile

as the winged,

 looped in these days of pink light, confusing

morning for a flower,

 all my drowsy preparations

of our toast and tea

 a slow, zigzagging industry,

then sharing my stores

of gathered sweetness with you

 in a rapture of emptying,

each turn I make in my dance

 timed for the signal flashes of gold

dust on my feet on my hands on your face.

Kimberly Clourtier Green