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Praesepe (The Beehive)

It was a liquid world: viscous, mutable,
at times even joyous, a world of florals,
open/closed. I distilled your every word
to nectar. In repetition of James Gould's
experiment at Princeton: you moved
the sugar and I found it, you moved
the sugar and I found it, you moved
the sugar and I found it, you got out
of the car with the jar, and I was
already there. But now the hive is dead.
Desperately, I beat this union down
like Virgil's bullock, still no bees emerge.
Instead, like truths, they escape my mouth
in wild dreams as I ascend darkening hillsides,
combing open graves for the lost queen.