

K. A. HAYS

And the Lord Hath Taken Away

The bee claws into touch-me-nots,
the mouth a flame against the orange of it.
And the mind stops its minding.
The legs hold up the butt-end
to the flower. *Why not stay?*
the bee asks as the dusk comes.
*Why not stay inside the orange mouth
above the fleabane, balling up
inside a horn of plenty.* Mornings I find
such bees. Half in, half out.
The body in the mouth from which it drank.
Morning night-damp still. I shake the bush
of touch-me-nots, I make a blaze of them
against the cold. The bee holds fast, is drunk.