

The Limited Visibility of Bees

Hafiz was right.

There are those of us who want too much.
Our hearts bruising the small ribs given.
We look into the eyes of someone on the street
and want to break their mouths with our breath.

I sit on my porch and wish for you, a man I barely know.

I want to be ashamed of these thoughts,
but I just pulse with the bees
that have invaded the roof
of my neighbor's house.

They dance ecstatically in the morning light,
their persuasive song straining their undersized container.

The queen has set them on fire.

How I long to be her, deep inside an eave, my message
so clear it tinders the cool air to flame:

*take me
take me
come
take me
on*