



The Bees at Dusk

They've come in one by one
from the precinct
and now crowd the doorway
of the hive, milling around
as though church is about to begin
or has just broken up
or the board of aldermen
is to meet
and there's important business,
a new school or tax,
on the table.
They're all abuzz,
the bees, with the sweet idea
of honey, a fact
like God or government
of the gathered bodies
and the fertile collected dust
from the papery pumpkin blossoms
closing now
in the darkening field.