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Bees

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MATTHEW SPIRENG

BEES

(for Keith)

You remember at seven visiting the farm, watching the dogs loose in a far field suddenly come running as if being chased.

The old man shouted Bees! and ran for his truck, you and your father yours, and got in just as the dogs, panting and frantic,

jumped in too, fur alive with yellow jackets that took to you, so sixty years later the memory is still as sharp as pain.