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Bee: Late Season

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ADAM HOULE

BEE: LATE SEASON

After the first frost I'm an air slug.
Bloated with cold, I ache in my sugar
frock of bones. Too many bristles
stiffen even as I work to bristle,
a beacon for someone to warm me.

A fine but finite design, good to work
or guard the summer's work,
our flitting straight-laced factory,
there is always much to do
with chore-girls left do it.

Caught in the first frost I slug
it out for dawn, drone along,
numb, nearly mindless, and hum
to warm until I feel another hum,
a stuttering day, the watery sun.

Who's not saved far from home
will never know what *lost* means;
a lone finite dance, the one map
I have, is worth less than I had hoped.
Toward a stranger home I home.