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Bumblebee

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Bumblebee

The fattest one I've seen in a month
of Sundays; so close I see it's woolly,
a little head with wings. How it got
here—stuck between the bedroom window
and screen—I can't imagine. No cracks or tears
so far as either one of us can see.
I'd let it out if somehow I could figure
the trick it takes to unattach the screen;
but letting it out means letting it in
an though I spot no stinger, still, I'm, cautious,
no fool for harm. I'm no soldier, no sir,
but know it's tougher living in the gap:
the glass so clear you can't not see what's past it,
the mesh so fine the pollen drives you mad.
If the rabbit dies we won't have the baby.
"Don't want it," she says, like "it" was a name.
My daughter or son, my no-one-to-be,
how I wish we could all bumble free as we came.

Jim Simmerman