

Bees in the Eaves

by Bill Yarrow

We write in darkness. We love
in alleys. We breathe into beige
paper bags. Anything to mollify
the confusion. Anything to simplify
the math. I am beset, even by rest.
And when I close my eyes, the world
is still macaronic. I feel for the wolf
about to be trapped in the landfill.
I feel for the crab about to scamper
from the net. I feel for humanity when
the brightness of sick knowledge falls
from exorbitant air. But remedies
abound. There's a remedy for everything.
And a remedy for every remedy.

