

# 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.

