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.

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