

Angel 1508

by Jerry Ratch

When bees die they die
with their wings straight out
They die of natural causes
and their tiny bodies are bent
as though landing on
a flower

Their wings seem
too big for them
and they lie scattered
about the floor, tilted
in dead positions

Now you have no
life, are tilted
forward that way
no noise from you
no danger in your stinger
no testimony

the way your body's bent
hunched up
singed with ecstasy

