

# Honeycomb

*by* Tina Barry

There were trees,  
and beneath them  
an apiarist's bee box,  
ugly in its simplicity,  
with slits for windows.  
An abandoned,  
three-tiered tenement.

I had wondered about bees  
in those boxes, their industry  
so directed: The queen,  
black wings glittering,  
adored and loathed.

My eye to a slit:  
No bustling inside  
No extruded amber  
Wings onyx straight jackets  
A low hum of displeasure.

I once lived in an apartment  
with too many roommates.  
One initialed each egg  
in its carton.  
Another swigged scotch  
till she stung.

I think of us now  
in that warren of rooms,  
our droning lives.  
How small we became

to fit there.

