

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.

