BEES

The bees grow irritated when I pull weeds. They buzz my head. The birds grow irritated when I bend and dig. Sparrow wings have touched my hair. My hair is browner and I am older. This is not my natural color. This was my color years ago. Our roses are bright red and dark pink and bloom in clusters. I would like to bloom again.

YOLKS

Forsythia's here with its bold assertion, a yellow like the yolks of Americana eggs we had for breakfast delivered from his farm where money's the problem—a wife's sister, horses and chickens to feed, then a rat slipping in at night to eat the eggs. He was careful to place poison deep in the wall. The dead rat was larger and furrier than expected, velvety brown, a rat inviting touch. He seemed to love the rat, giving him credit for uniqueness. He didn't take a photograph.

We can love what we destroy. Or is it the other way around? How the passions collide, although I wouldn't call his impulse hate, more irritation, more needing those eggs, needing to keep the feeding and gathering rituals intact.

Killing has a host of reasons. We even joked about murdering the obese sister who drains the farm's kitty with her hip surgeries, her horses. Never pays, she's had it this way thirty years, a place to pretend she's somebody of the horsey set. Takes what the family has too little of, arms outstretched. Will go on taking like the rat who had to be stopped.
Sunset at Pier 60

Wrapped in fastened belts and padlocked chains
he had to get out. His father held the microphone
blaring out the seconds. Promised
his son would beat Houdini’s record.
We surrounded in a thick circle

our eyes fixed, wanting this son
to break out, but not too easily. We wanted
the struggle, the nearly-not-making it
moments before the final release.

Slender in the extreme, no longer boy, he swung
his enchained upper body furiously, dipped so close
we feared his head would split on packed
earth, swung in a circle, righted himself,
drew a gasping breath, swung again. That sigh

from us when the chains catapulted
like a waterfall over his head. More wriggling
to make his way out of the locked vest, almost
too fast as the whole thing clattered down.
He stepped away from the pile of metal.

Excited, relieved, I wished
the son could leap far away
from this grim narrative that held me fast.

His father passed the hat.
Dali Museum, the morning after

awake hiccough of a motorcycle
bird tweet symphony
    confound my arm’s old injury
    with Dali’s layered visions   Gala and Christian

morphed shapes sliding over benches.
    violins that melt and bend
    search and find
    women whose backs are turned

hope must be there   somewhere
pedestrian my dream starts
    can’t wash the plate clean
    escalates   a house under construction
    two stories up   no stairs

then a tall structure
    skeletal figures stare accusingly
    from transparent floors
    each one leans on a shadowy sill
    cups skull in hands

I don’t want   to see
    but I must
    look into eyes that are gone

Holly Guran