

MIKE WHITE

The Artist of Bees

Kind of you to put it
that way. Truer to say
I own an acre of clover
and the bees come and go
much as they please. Still
once I was bearded
with bees and someone
took a picture. My art
is now the spummy cloud
you can see there in the trees.
There is no talking down bees.
Let us sit and wait,
you and I, here
in the buzzing shade.