Wild Honey

When I weed too near the blossoming thyme
the steady hum of bees
rises to protest pitch, yet none
pauses his avid looting.

These are not kept bees, harvesting
for hire. These plunder on their own,
zesting their own hours, lusting
the spicy splinter-drops and homing
bullet-gold to a secret hoard.

Their bodies jostle, fuzzy and intent.
Their isinglass wings, their quick stings
sheathed, they bumble
delirious on the wine of thyme.

Drop by drop, fiercely
exclusive as the bees, I distill my own
pleasures from the scent of bee-stirred bloom,
from their furry, companionable humming.

I hive in secret like the bees
nor do we spy, seeking hidden honey,
which way the other homes his heavy gold.

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