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Originally published online by the *Pi Review*, September 2020

B E E S

bugs that buzz; tiny,
busy nuns that hide
that Lady deep amid
some waxy maze; that

wing over your park,
your farm, your plot,
your lawn; that call
upon each iris, lily,

posy, vine, plum tree,
palm tree, pear tree,
lime; that draw from
each that rosy wine;

that come home, legs
dyed with pale gold
dust, then buzz, dozy,
into some cozy room