THE BEEKEEPER SPEAKS OF LOVE (after Howard Nemerov)

Each year another season's worth of stings makes changes in the blood, and maybe cures arthritis. But the tyranny of spring's resurgent hunger grows. Each year the cores produce new sweetness, fuel for endemic freeze, enough to prime a whisper, an indifferent pulse. Perhaps inside my swarming dark the bees invest me with their will and it compels my life, my declaration: You are mine. The venom humming in my veins— salvation. Your angry barbs' deposits turn benign beneath this worker's stores of resignation. And though my vow incurs a painful price, immunity is nature's own device.

--Glenna Holloway