

The Bees of Arabia

A honeyman stands beside the main road
north to the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan.
He waves and smiles, but our lives smooth past
his plywood hives in a rented Landcruiser.

Plastic bags snail across the desert scrub.
Dumped tires beetle through the carbon dunes.
Yet this must mean peace because there are bees
and sometimes that is more than enough.

Even on this man-made moon, the pollen
must come from somewhere - if not the sun
then from the anthers of coke cans withering
in thorn bushes of wire and wild polystyrene.

Maybe a burial site for flowers that perished
in active service on hotel receptions
or a golden orchard in a cave full of thieves.
Because there are bees, this might be enough.

We arrive too late at the motel, eyes and bones
too full of grit and horizon, too beaten to sleep.
Night grinds its gears over us and there is honey
on our tongues like beautiful rubber.