

BLAZEVOX 2KX

Spring 2010

**B.C. Havens**

**Thirsty Bees**

Deep chant of thirsty bees  
led you to this bouquet of severed words.  
I confess: if some are out of place,  
then it was murder plain and simple.  
Mercifully, grant me a life sentence  
for the lesser crime of attempted beauty.

## Unstuck

Once I unstuck myself from the flypaper strip we struggle along,  
losing bits and pieces of ourselves as we go.

Launched above,  
joy and sorrow blended beneath  
the impartial gaze of your drunken pilot.  
But I missed the fiery aura of our togetherness,  
cozy as a motel vacancy sign.

So alighting on toe-tips I awaited our return  
from happy hour at Anthony's Dock.  
(How the ripening sun ignited the bay!)  
When we arrived, bickering as we often did  
about something we actually agreed upon  
in separate languages,

unstuck I, seeing how blind we were  
to the explosion of color that is all around us  
unraveling everything so slowly  
that we can't even see it happening,  
sobbed quietly so that only the dog could hear.