

House of wax

by [Laurie Klein](#) in the [July 6, 2016](#) issue

Some call us yesterday's bees,  
working old honeycomb. Are we  
only circling, a *phrizz* of amber,  
un-hived?

The call to be golden crescendos  
within, clothed in stone, a kind  
of falling, over and over. "Sink  
deeper," is one whisper,  
all winter, earth like bronze  
and scores of husks—the exiled,  
shattered. Workers know this:  
honey splits the great hum,  
come spring. What is a life  
without lavender, rag-tag  
monarda, or the silky cosmos?—  
myriad shivers of wing,  
months of rehearsing  
hunger, bowing down  
in the warm dark, the pregnant  
dust, with its little sails.