

**Bee Lines**

The golden bees are making sweet honey  
From all my old failures

**Denise Levertov**

In a rough grass patch by a leaning silver birch  
these boxes left as if in mid-move  
two raised on a wooden frame, two down beside  
half-abandoned to the rain, private, unnoticed –  
bees hovering at the lip landing and crawling  
in at each box's tiny post box aperture;  
and all the air between wild hedge, and landing  
trailing with bees constantly arriving...  
each secret hive of honey massed  
each box like dynamite running sweet inside  
as they ferry their pollen; all knowing  
their being and purpose, no doubting  
all in their community, their meaning  
to be the honey they are making...  
as we drift apart in our separate lives  
dreaming, desolate, violent, unsatisfied.

**Jay Ramsay**