

Exploding Gum

The afternoon
takes a bite
out of an uncertain moon

Bees hide
in honey-scented snowballs

Cream and pale and wedding
dress green

Tony next door
wants to poison the hive

Stop the fuzzed buzz
joy that shimmers
and sidles up to obscene

It is too much
they are too many, in the end

They swarm and leave

Powder flower bombs

lose their fine white hair

Long thin gum leaves

make sense of unaccustomed space

in the most predictable way