

Wilderness House Literary Review 13/2

Daisy Bassen

Honey

The pot on the stove is filled with bees and unrooted mint,
The colors on the flag dye all the air, bleach tree trunks,
Blue over blue in the sky, black ants red.
All the rules are broken, I know,
Or they are being followed and I know nothing,
Not even that, my mind making something be
Because it is and cannot abide a contradiction,
Even a polite, no-thank-you. Matter, energy
Doesn't matter, mass, space, my eye is designed
To perceive. There must be a reason the cup
Sits still on the table top and the grain
In the wood is not shouting. I won't accept
Anything less and I cannot fly or sting or be stung.