

Ask the bees

Even the tablet
(though not made of stone)
lights up
with old news,
an old name
and old history.

Coming back from our holidays
and everything is the same.
The family is busy
spinning circles for the new term.

They all need a healthy hive;
food in the fridge
someone to make the kitchen hum and whir
like the complicated networks of life
in this garden on this misty summer afternoon.

Someone, godlike, has to spin the web
for the light to sparkle in dewy beads
for the bees to hum
and the birds to wheel
and the fish in the pond
to rise and fall

And the washing on the line to drip into the breeze.

All the circles of life
all the webs we fold around us
the girls on the brink of it all
with their long legs and steady gazes.

In the midst of it all, she says.
Just a small smile mum, just a tired smile?

In the midst of it all
there's only me, still sad.

All the circles of life
we have to keep weaving
for the days to hum and buzz
to keep them all secure –

If it's only me,
at the centre, feeling sad

then I can be happy with that.

We have to keep spinning;
ask the spiders.

We have to keep the hum and the buzz of it all.
Ask the bees