And when is a metaphor a metaphor?
and when do we touch the real thing?—
a storm of black bees,
their bodies stirring thicker
than the ink injected
for her MRI, than the blood
that is flowing real good
through my grandmother’s heart
which, she tells me, is undamaged,
just this little darkness
at the bottom of my heart,
a cloudy spot, she says,
don’t worry, honey,
that can’t be understood without
opening her up
to see the hive at work.