

Among Trees

(or)

The Heart is a Bee Hive



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.