

Winter 2011

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17th July: Killing Drones

Raised tails when the box lid is lifted
 and the footstep of the waggle dance below.

Anger

Our statue shadows: they catch the omen
of us now.

Song careless to our hearts.
Exclaim, 'Three stings at once. Through gloves'
'This race I learn is vicious, and why not?
I am a thief myself.

Inside this house
are rows of brood below the honey stacks: the Super
All work, create, defend.

'Today cut comb with drone cells from the lower frame
'Too many drones, one tenth of all here this month, they eat the stores.
Capped brood in ancient pots.
(Suspect no queen present. She with clipped wings, gone)
Respect the unborn dead. Hatched heads waggle. They
are trapped.
Perhaps a slogan: 'Feed' They understand
the pageant of the mating flight will come. And yet not born yet
these fated.

Two queen cells ripen
fat with burden.

Evolve same plan. Winding
sound increased. Which queen will wake first?
'This game we hold and do not possess
but use.

This farm is cities.
Good health; wing sheen like threshold stones.
Kneel eyes: note no graffiti of foul brood or mould.
Comb dark with capped brood is pixels.
Wings good, not ragged.

The honey clear. Will not take yet.
Took one board of comb with hatching drones
heads chewing out their caps. Threw the buoyant
tarry dark wax into the river. Barge
of ballast, heads a trout may seize. Slow
flows, away it goes.

Twelve-headed river-hearse
of the emergent.
No flame for them. Just jeopardies for sweetness
made from flowers.

20th July

One thought, the queen of the past year
whose wings were clipped; she might have tried to swarm

All this

cessation of eggs, lack of grub, like opals in dark pouches of wax comb

She may have simply failed to take flight

Queen cells are *merely* present

No guarantee they'll work. Percentage of drones is high,
eating the honey. The excising of our short-frame in the brood chamber
beneath which drone cups were built by the workers

was meant to curtail varroa. *Those small mites drink*

our bee blood, hemolymph

One theory like any other, tested here

23rd July: Noise & Waste

Today the hive
is trying out *its* harmonics
A weepy low fugue *I think* to burning sun
The loss of flowers is overwhelming
 dry sheaths and packets
stapled onto brown skulls
The nagging air
 swings gibbets of drought
Some clumps of the world are barred
The dump stinks in flowerbeds, weedbeds
and the river's
 clogged two miles of hemlock rots
Mangled carapaces fall out of air
skinny in their little traps of make-up
A chimera of scrap parts
Grass-blade emerald twisted
Glitter paste of bumps & grazes
The air's ears *are* traumatised
And on the flames
 of the hour
just a whiff of decline
 just a whiff more
The white dry heat jangles
It's like
 a kiln is shaking at the corners
Tomorrow,
 must search the dawn's
damp ash for broken mirrors

29th July

5pm

Bees in other hives out there are dying in droves

Now

but now

Now

the wind drags bleakly and other horizons paw at our
premise, edge, dregs of far points. Anemophilous noise
which shifts and lifts ... a tambourine of black black news

Tree flapping noise guitar-like string-scrape signatures

the wind's bee chanting scores

potential potential collapses

This is an uncertain

very uncertain tragic

time of ours

Look

Rocks sunk in the field

like old stone hives

11.58pm

My bed *here* say four hundred yards southeast of the hive

my bed here

Awake in the zoo-dead-of-night I listen in on the cages of the day's hours

There is that question, trapped and circling a hole in the floor

a slurry of collapsed swarm agitates *in there*

like the very black bowl of a

dead stare into itching solid

And there in that bludgeoned hole is the idea of a calf

not broken but fully bruised and blocked up with clay plugs

Mistaken bees

blackly weep from its ears

The colony has *one* time. It's like a gas

dispersing towards the lowest of pressures

30th July: Bee Landed

The small incandescence of the one on the single stone
where the stream cracks light

My own eye hangs
I go back to its stopped sight

& contain this oracle of its aspect, auspicious all quiet crystal &
of its hair dark and wax and bristle

the universe has shrunk to a stone, holds on its tablet
the image of lagging fire, curing light

Hearth prowled by secretions
of moment at the stopped woods' edge, foxglove
and hover fly

sounds & whines
suspensions pierce the skep of *this* head
and *that*

it's like a foil wrapper crushed into a ball
all still