

Honeysuckle

Not many things broke through
the silence I walked in

honeysuckle vines growing near the front door
that was never used

the smell carried in the air
different at different times in the day

the bees that seemed to live there –
the vines alive with yellow flowers

and furry yellow and black bodies
I knew the name of the vines included the bees

their humming hovering bodies
entering the flowers' sweet smell

the danger of being stung
standing outside the closed door

watching listening
the vines the bees

If there was a curfew
I never knew it

outside of time
safe alone among the bees

Everything sweet
Everything strange