

# The Arrival of the Bee Box

I ordered this, clean wood box  
Square as a chair and almost too heavy to lift.  
I would say it was the coffin of a midget  
Or a square baby  
Were there not such a din in it.

The box is locked, it is dangerous.  
I have to live with it overnight  
And I can't keep away from it.  
There are no windows, so I can't see what is in there.  
There is only a little grid, no exit.

I put my eye to the grid.  
It is dark, dark,  
With the swarmy feeling of African hands  
Minute and shrunk for export,  
Black on black, angrily clambering.

How can I let them out?  
It is the noise that appals me most of all,  
The unintelligible syllables.  
It is like a Roman mob,  
Small, taken one by one, but my god, together!

I lay my ear to furious Latin.  
I am not a Caesar.  
I have simply ordered a box of maniacs.  
They can be sent back.  
They can die, I need feed them nothing, I am the owner.

I wonder how hungry they are.  
I wonder if they would forget me  
If I just undid the locks and stood back and turned into a tree.  
There is the laburnum, its blond colonnades,  
And the petticoats of the cherry.

They might ignore me immediately  
In my moon suit and funeral veil.  
I am no source of honey  
So why should they turn on me?  
Tomorrow I will be sweet God, I will set them free.

The box is only temporary.