



Bees in Late Autumn

Tami Haaland

Nearly November, the sun beats on mums
alive with honey bees, rising and landing
as though no cold mornings can touch them,
as though they will never stiffen into frost
and hang on flower stems like little rock hearts.

A butterfly, too, its end delayed or
maybe a late appearance, the smallest larva
finally hatched and lovely in its brown
mottled coat. The scent rises, lavender
and fall daisies, blooms opened wide
like children come alive in cold weather.

How can I stop staring, sun on my face?
How can I move toward what comes next?
Rather wish for the perpetual—tomatoes still
on the vine, zucchini and eggplant flowering,
bees elated in this momentary dance.



