



### **Inside the Garden: Bees**

*Wendy Morton*

Outside the garden, the newspaper lands  
on the driveway each morning , bringing terrible words.  
Inside the garden,  
we speak another language.  
We say esmeralda, brunia, arugula, cylindra;  
we say bordeaux, bolero, fiesta.  
We speak in flowers:  
we say alstromeria;  
we say sweet juliet, wildeve.  
We say tango.  
Bees hear us,  
dance.



