

Commonwealth of Bees

These days now anyone know where they from

banking up power lines making home
out of outdoor hammocks & boxes of spells
backing up traffic “set off” by lightbulbs & smells
of cologne or any time she fries some eggs
they hurt bad bad ah up on meh neck

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holding her hostage in her own home
whipping barred fur up for “clienteles”
the sight of dead dogs dotting the capital
with their tiny jaws with their tiny legs
like lies like honey for an ex’s hex

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bit by jaw combing a home
greeting meh housebound husband delusional
he don’t know anyone never can tell
where they from as they wave wings & flex
flex him so jumpy he thinks he sex

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maybe “Africanised” the way they home
home in on the head of queeny as coral
coral bleaching & running weal & larval
truck with trading even moons to wax
for the money is all on the honey of facts

These days now anyone know where they from

Alex Houen