

The Homosexual Botanical Tradition

This much is true.
No male bee ever meets a flower
let alone kisses her. That means

these two are wedded.
They see each other through a dark keyhole
across a perfect line of sight.
Nothing else.
There is no other possible direction. Forget
the cartoons. The lore. This is a pair of wives.
The story isn't timeless. But it is
archaic—full of again, and again, and again.

One is circadian in her rhythms.
One has eyes that sleep watching the sun.
One is called the wrong name.
One is interpreted and remade.
Their dynamic is chronicled.
They are resurrected and eulogized and
immortalized in odes under the wrong names.
They recognize each other.
They love so good, the arrangement lives for eons, feeding itself.
They love under the open sun.
They crane their soft necks on the wind.

One cannot see herself.
One sees an ultraviolet lake where the grass should be.
They tell each other how to go.
Some days they're so busy.
Some days they swear to meet in a midnight valley.
Some days they swear to meet in the deep groove of habit.