

# she tames the small things that consume us

what she can do  
    with bees has stumped me  
without smoke or mesh  
she grows true to their temperament

no one has her measurement  
    defenseless and without  
    fear of reprisal  
        she meticulously extracts their winged labor

there must sleep a tiny hippy  
inside the obscured heart  
of a pulsing honey queen

where surrounding workers remain unaware  
of what will be eaten  
from a recipe she will bake for us

we feast like drones at a table  
in the very field from which  
their passion had been looted

**Dan Sicoli**