



*... a season with the Bees (late March - early May 2011)*

The hive is where one starts from. As we grow older  
the world outside beckons again, the pattern  
of dead drones and living bees revealed anew.

Sunlight before and after,  
Between a lifetime in the dark, laying eggs.  
And now the lifetime not of one queen only  
But of the swarm that cannot be deciphered  
is brimming over in the evening before starlight,  
setting forth, making courage their own lamplight  
(The night passed hugging each other in the cold).

A swarm of bees is most nearly itself  
When there and where from have ceased to matter.

Old queens ought to be explorers  
Here or there does not matter.

The bees lay still and, being still, keep moving  
Into another era, a new beginning,  
until after the dark cold and the empty desolation  
the hive will be rebuilt. Contented, humming, purring  
with voice of honey, then the bees will sleep.

In my end is my beginning.

(adapted from T.S. Eliot, *Four Quartets*, 2, *East Coker*, V)