

KERRIN P. SHARPE

The virus never enters heaven

The beekeeper warns his bees
Not to open the hive
To the cloven hoof of the virus

*It will destroy your mother
You will forget honey*

The beekeeper prays with his girls
He fills their combs with raised voices
Their own wax an engine of prayer

The virus and its shadow
Abhor candlelight and even more
The beekeeper's accordion

They leave the bees a stay-at-home status
Years of life here on earth
The true history of the hive