

After Issa

—
JAMES JAY



The bees are lost
in the orange layered crown
of the poppy
sprung wildly
in my front lawn—

Bees, fly fully in your frantic
curves of joy,
for I have no design
for firing up
the rusting lawn mower.

Like a breeze falling
down the slopes
of Mount Humphreys,
may the gods of our
universes tend

to their jobs
gently, if they must at all—