

hornets

humming
the far sides of paper
& plaster – their pent little

generator intensifying towards
noon energy condensed
in a flaw that

cyclic sun &
frost cleaved behind
cement & every dawn more

deranged as from that split
puncture each night
-heavy

bomb
momentarily
dropped before gaining

the heat-seeking line –
all through June
past July

my material
garden press-ganged
minutely to fortify a crew

multiplying towards winter –
one sloppy sailor gluttoned
on liquors asleep

on his rose
another aquiver in
an eye-socket of sparrow

as air's angry spores or obscenely
in view in pears or alone
on pine door or

post with those
tiny callipers curved
for conquest maw upon maw

until these men allotted white
with mortar & spray
seal them

in & leave
the day halved yet
suddenly healed except when

close : a knotted thrum stalling
the very spot I lay a
palm upon &

for a last hour
that might be my own
I see behind the wall that gross

grey cob hotting up unholy
oils – the striped
corn

popping