

A Truck of Bees Overtakes on the Highway

Piers Gelly

We are night we are shaking we are cubes we are a cube of cubes we are sweet applewood shelves and pollen and poison we are shaking we are still we are her tapping our crate with a key she opens us we are an orchard we are day we are grass and trees and dust and almond blossoms we sting her we are less we are almond blossoms and almond blossoms and almond blossoms and the tops of trees the sky we are her alone in an orchard we gather again she nights us we are cubes we are less we are night we are shaking we are still she opens us we are day we are an orchard we are strawberry blossoms we are the space between the road and the ocean we are strawberry blossoms and the space between the strawberry blossoms we are grass and exhaust and salt air we are less we are the vibrations of her voice as she sings a song we are *crossroads seem to come and go* we are *knowing many, loving none, bearing sorrow, having fun* we sting her we are less we are dust we are poison we are strawberry blossoms we are cooling air we are less we are dusk she cubes us we are night

we are shaking we are shaking we are slamming we are falling we are tumbling we are open but not day we are night we are exhaust we are the truck on its side we are cars stopping we are people opening doors we sting we sting we are a young man running between the cars and tearing at his clothes and tearing off his clothes and smacking himself we are cars arriving we are the bright

new days of a police siren are days the color of roses and violets we sting we are less we are cars are people stung are less are everything but our cube we are her climbing from the truck are blood on her face are roses violets cars road firemen in sunflower clothes all around her as she tries to cube us we sting we are less we are her shaking her head we are bright day shining in her eyes we sting we are less we are roses and violets we are people stung we are people screaming we are screams we are *ma'am, we have no choice* we are roses and violets we are *I can fix it* we are less we are *ma'am, we can only give you until dawn* we are her voice stopping as if she cannot speak we are roses and violets we sting we sting we are less we are her cubing us as best she can we are cars lined up far along the road we are rose of dawn we are firemen helping her to cube us we sting we are less we are roses and violets we are her singing we are *crossroads seem to come and go* we are dawn we sting we are less we are the arrival of a rose firetruck we are *it's time* we are *you have got to give me another hour* we are roses and violets and *ma'am, please, it's time* we are sunflower firemen preparing a hose we are *don't do it, don't* we are foam we are white are heavy are less are her pushing the firemen back trying to stop the white we are *please stop* are less are foam are *stop* are white heavy are less are singing are *again the morning's come, again he's on the run* are white heavy are less *Yes white less less she we sing Yes I know that he won't stay without Melissa* we sing