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Poetry: KIMIE

Donald Johnson
Bridgewater State College

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KIMIE

"...and the physician, who wished to remain anonymous, claimed a high degree of success using bee venom to reduce the inflammation of arthritis."

Honolulu Star Bulletin

So she lingers mornings by the white wall, a supplicant to bees where sun doubles the lustre of bougainvillaea.

Arm achingly lifted in leaves, she offers honeyed wrists that thicken with venom when stung, swell with the numb ghost of flesh over spurred hands -- the same illusion gold in her veins gave.

When light gilds sweet dust shaken down by the bees, quickens the dream of those radiant arms her youthful lover would have licked clean for a smile at bon-odori, she sways, bound in the memory of cane fields. Around her the wind lays sweetness down, blue haze sent up in a far field's harvest burning. Sparks tick on her hands, sting her face lifted up to kiss her shimmering young man whose arms tighten around her, hold her so close she knows her bones will ache forever.

(in memoriam, K.T.)

Don Johnson
Department of English