

## Hive

by [Jean Janzen](#) in the [November 26, 2014](#) issue

Honeybees hum in the chimney  
as they work, nothing deterring  
them from their devotion to our home,  
not smoke, chemicals, or beekeepers.

Forty years of honey stored  
inside the brick flue for generations  
unknown, all of it perfectly  
packed into tiny compartments,

much like our own gathering  
and storing, what we guard like  
worker bees fanning the queen.  
In a dream the chimney overflows

in summer heat, honey streaming  
over the roof. Time to sort, to give  
and throw away, I say, tossing  
books, clothes, even money.

And still I awaken into disbelief—  
my unimaginable abandonment.  
O sweet world, your mornings of lips  
and birdsong. The deep sleep of winter.