

The bee in all her buzzing

The bee in all her buzzing round remains
in happy ignorance of life and death.
Knows only service which is both her life
and love through all the golden summer days

If this afternoon were all –
ice chinks in the glass,
‘The irises have been lovely this year.’

The dog blinks in the mellow sun,
not knowing she is old raises her nose, smells life.
One rose has opened amongst the clematis.

The rain though not unexpected, comes hesitantly,
I am sheltered by the fence,
beneath the ivy’s overhang.

The dog creeps under the bench,
presses damp fur against my legs.
After the shower the bee emerges from an iris.

Rose petals are scattered on the path.

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‘O tell her, brief is life but love is long!’ Tennyson ‘The Princess’