



I don't know
what to say
besides the bees
sure love echinacea—

The word *arguably*
has been stuck in
my head. Last year,
it was *ignominious*.

I aim to be a rule
without exception
but few pronounce

This confession forgot
to mention all my joy
collected like rainwater

but what is a poem
if not a postscript
of solitude—

humming through
its lavender canopy,
pollen suitcases
dangling.

How letters fit together
makes more sense to me
than people.

me. Sometimes,

I water the weeds just
to let them know
they are seen.

Sometimes the heat
is a chisel tapping
the lid of my sadness.

the last
pebble

tossed

into a well?

Beside(s) the Bees

by: Matt Pasca

