

Wild Bees in Gdansk

After the conference
plenary, cocooned
in my economy

single, CNN piping
English into my throbbing
brain as palliative

for failing all day
to decipher menus, signs
and train schedules—lost

twice without any GPS signal—
I cannot block out
the hum of the hive

floating just outside
my window, loud
enough to fracture safety

glass, constant chanting
from black-striped workers
who care not one bit

about jet lag or the latest
reports from Wall Street.
Could this grist be related

to the drones that defected
from my garden back home
seeking more nectar

than offered by California
sunflowers? The song
here is similar if not

the same as what I remember
from when I felt I was right
where I belonged.