

Bee Hives at Night

On blocks in the clearing that we'd somehow missed
all those nights before, when evening called for a bushwalk
along the track we thought we knew so well—there!

A camp of short-stack towers billeted in the sticks, derelict
boards glowing somehow as if the hillside turned out its pockets
and said: *Here full moon shine your light on these.*

Boxes topped with tight, tin lids, secret batteries
of the day to come, laboratories of light and heat.

And it's true we felt lucky, surprised by guests

that might quickly disappear, so we stopped
for a while in their company though there was nothing to do
or hear, like tourists who visit ancient sites

stirred by what remains, the heft of the present—
perhaps that was it. Moonlight hit their backs in a way
we'd never catch again, never time just right

so we bid them solitude and left them to the forecast
heatwave that we imagined them rattling through.

Now we imagine the hives gone, stacked

on a flatbed truck, paused beside a highway
en route to the next surprise spot, wishing them back
to the clearing, shrine-less beneath the moon, on a walk

evening calls for, though there is always work to do.