

Two-Timing the Beekeeper

TIMOTHY MARTIN

Of all the unwise things you have ever done
(and that counts the time you threw the lit dynamite stick
and forgot your setter loping beside you,
or the time you went ice fishing in May
wearing the boots with the heating coils)
this was the most foolish:
to dally with the blue-lipped waitress from *Spud World*
while the other one waited. Nine o'clock, eleven o'clock,
you're not showing. It is this other, recall,
who has your pager number, six pairs of panties
in your dresser, your license plate tattooed
on her forearm, and, most seriously,
a million minions living in her backyard.
She can arrange it so they come down the chimney
buzzing her invective to you, that you lift
a toothbrush full of them in the morning.
That they hide in all your hats, and compliment you
on the painted O'Keefe flowers on the wall.
That, in stations of ardor before the fireplace,
the blue-lipped girl gets one caught in her mouth
just before . . . well, dreadful indeed to relate.

Or alternatively (you choose which is worse), she can see
that you never taste honey again.