

Fran Smith

"Bee-lines"

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Here I am: kicking up the fallen leaves
From every tree the wind disarms
And I am wishing
That it might blow you from your pedestal
And carry you into my arms

And I'm been saving all your letters
Like you, they're beautiful but hard to read
And there are so many words
But you can't tell me
Who you want and what you need

Some lessons go unlearnt:
Why'd ya say sorry if you weren't?

You can't just land on my branch and then suddenly
take flight
No one wants an apple after someone's had a bite
And you insist on making bee-lines for the stickiest of
hives
Then leave for finer weather, soon as the first winter
arrives

Sometimes I dream of you so vividly:
I draw your outlines and the colors that fill your eyes,
Brimming,
And I wish your actions were as beautiful
And you gave my questions some replies

Though I'm a little black and blue
I can live without you

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