Blessed be
The honey bee:
Miniscule
Cacophony.

Darting ‘bout
Lazily,
Carefully,
The stamen’s jewel.

Blessed be
The winged beast
On tiny joints
And fuzzy breast.

Bathing sweet
In nectar fields,
Happily
In apathy.

Blessed breeze
That disagrees
And blows away
With haste and ease

The sacred thrum,
The holy drum,
Its restlessness
Impetuous.

The pitch and yaw
Of pollen crown:
A pirouette
On blossom’s breast.

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Ethan Kenvarg (http://www.ethankenvarg.com) is a Chicago-based writer, artist, and musician. At Grinnell College, Ethan released the collection, Bruised Light, and twice received the Selden Whitcomb Prize for Poetry. He has also created multimedia work as an artist-in-residence at Grin City Collective (http://www.grincitycollective.org), and produces and plays music with the band Ooraloo. Ethan’s work has appeared in The Grinnell Review (https://issuu.com/grinnellreview), Grinnell Magazine (http://magazine.grinnell.edu), and The Seneca Review (http://www.hws.edu/senecareview).
Blessed be
This honey bee:
The flower’s own
Soliloquy.