Today’s favorite poem from past columns was chosen by Jan McCormack of Portland, who writes that Kimberly Green’s “concise evocation uses uncommon words and imagery” to create “a rich link with experiences shared by us lucky humans.”

About Bees is What I Say Aloud When You Ask What I’m Thinking
by Kimberly Cloutier Green

Watching bees plunge into sunlit blossoms
and stagger back besotted
by the apple nectar on their tongues,
I feel their hunger as mine—

the longing to linger a while
as though winged,
looped in this daze of pink light, confusing
morning for a flower,
all my drowsy preparations
of our toast and tea
a slow, zigzagging industry,

then sharing my stores
of gathered sweetness with you
in a rapture of emptying,
each turn I make in my dance
timed for the signal flashes of gold
dust on my feet on my hands on your face.