

*Ars Poetica*

Someone left the honey here too long,  
Inside the plastic bear, who balances

on his head like a Russian fairytale,  
sweetness has sharpened to dolomite.

To muscle it out would mean the tea  
going cold. Then leave it for the ants,

that honey. If you ever once believed  
a mother's logic that an ant can break

open a peony, chew away what holds  
all color in, bending the bract in half

like a gymnast, then leave it to be  
scavenged. To those who would rather

follow the bug trail like breadcrumbs,  
like a kite string cut from its sail,

it's best to take your tea bitter.

—James Ellenberger

