Each hive, given an offering of quartz and gold returns love by expanding their mysterious metropolis with propolis. Harbingers of manna to come we sip our drinks and dine the hives so near they perfume every meal with a heady fragrance sweet enough to lure the sleeping bears of Europa.

Nearby Fallen Apples Coaxed by sun to rise and rise tumble unseen onto the grass hard curves turn spotted and brown melt into topsoil return to earth’s unspoken promise – to compose again in concert with the laboratory of bees.