



ALL PRELUDE

Gail Aronson

Honeybees, gathered, bury themselves
with themselves – on this branch in August –

look like too many bodies
on the train. Their almost stillness, almost

wholeness, works
its way into, is,

now – same as the flat plains
lining Illinois highways, the corn stalks too tall

to stay, those long freights surrendered to the blur
of distance. Today is not unlike yesterday when

someone I almost once knew
sat next to me at the symphony, and this time,

pregnant, but her voice remained
high-pitched as always, the only memory I remembered enough

to recognize, not to mention, I just wanted
I just wanted to go alone. Recently

my cat stopped biting any human limb in her reach, meaning she has grown up again, maybe

for the last time. When I went to the synagogue to pray I did not intend to pray, because I still don't know how.