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The Ukrainian Postmaster's Spring Flowers

Randall Watson

Pert and filigreed, alert,
exuberant as undergraduates

on a beach in April . . .
that is the blossom's part,

praised and futureless,
a density of light and water.

And then a little shiver racing through
a streak in the body—

the bees, swarm upon swarm,
ransack the brightness.

This is the bitter part.
The diligent thieves.

Economical alchemists.
Their small baskets stuffed

with bank-drafts and silver.