

## A Problem of Perception

The bees are  
interested in my legs  
and I am interested  
in imagining  
I cannot understand  
abstraction. If  
I could forget  
the idea of bees  
it would be helpful  
though perhaps  
impractical for  
navigating a world  
of hornets and other bee  
impersonators.  
Just now an ant  
appeared on  
the floor carrying  
above its head  
another ant  
for burial  
or consumption,  
it was unclear  
which. What  
comes after  
lunch is satiety,  
then lunacy,  
then death.  
The clock strikes  
one and thus  
time proceeds  
I think is how  
it goes. What if  
I couldn't  
remember  
the name of

anything, what  
then? Each  
morning I take  
a cranberry pill  
that tastes vaguely  
of something but  
certainly not  
cranberry. Tempus  
fugit. The ant  
dropped the other  
ant on my notebook  
right on top of  
the word *helpless*  
and now I  
can't imagine  
my life without it.  
It's like the look  
my reflection  
gives me  
coming out of  
the shower wet-  
haired, completely  
bewildered  
as if to say  
*Have you seen this place?*  
I have, and  
it's hard  
to unsee.