

# Two Poems

by [Lois Marie Harrod](#) (August 2020)



Bees, Graham Sutherland, 1963

## The Latest Buzz

Bumble

bees

do not

have ears

and no one knows

if they hear.

Nor do

the *Bombus*

really dance—

though

after forage

they buzz to nest

and fuzz laps

around their fellows

before

resuming field.

Some think

this drone and prance

be

communication,  
and surmise  
the humming hymn  
gives spin  
to all the noise  
at tracked  
and trackless  
competitions.

### Where the Womb, Now Worry

Oh, my darling, I am emptied  
like an orange peel of its orange,  
like an apple skin swirling air,  
thin or thick, often humid, heavy,  
a potato peel coiling a density  
where its body has been, oh the grit of husk,  
the little eyes warting the wrap,  
nasty and larval, sending up stem.

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Lois Marie Harrod's 17th collection *Woman* was published by Blue Lyra in February 2020. Her *Nightmares of the Minor Poet* appeared in June 2016 from Five Oaks; her chapbook *And She Took the Heart* appeared in January 2016; *Fragments from the Biography of Nemesis* (Cherry Grove Press) and the chapbook *How Marlene Mae Longs for Truth* (Dancing Girl Press) appeared in 2013. A Dodge poet, she is published in literary journals and online ezines from *American Poetry Review* to *Zone 3*. She teaches at the Evergreen Forum in Princeton and at The College of New Jersey. Links to her online work