

# FARMER'S BEES

**KARINA  
BOROWICZ**

A loud crack and then there's  
that crack again. No rhythm,  
no predicting the intervals  
as with a machine beat.  
This noise comes from a man's hand.

And as I pick the huge black fruit  
from a row of blueberry bushes  
across from the dairy farm,  
the stunning silence between each loud burst  
fills me with a cold dread  
that spills with each violent start.

I imagine them shooting the cows  
at the same time I tell myself  
that couldn't be. But there's something ugly  
in the air. Shaken, I watch the bees go about  
their business, our business, legs fattened  
and bright with hoards of pollen.