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Utopia

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Grey, grey, the color of extinction
or winter limbs or mourning doves was in my head.
Hungover, smoked-out, all undeserving
of a minor miracle, a suburban revelation.
Still a pyramid-shaped hive, abuzz with a thousand bees,
rose before me in the field.
The swirling architecture, circled,
curled like ribboned candy,
turned in upon itself—refused linearity.
Honey was the smell.
I crouched two feet away,
listened to the sounds of community,
saw the tiny holes, pale yellow wax—
beebodies crawling in & out,
swarming over one another,
wings beating heat for everyone.
I looked for the queen,
a long train, a diadem, perhaps
she was sealed in the inner sanctum,
Aida entombed with her doomed lover,
or just above me, mating on the wing,
then the drone swooning groundward,
the inevitable gravity. Deathward.
In the center of the field a beekeeper
kept fifty “official” hives, they hummed
in complicity with him—but here
fleshed into a tobacco tree & tumbleweed
renegade bees & a breakaway queen
had built their own golden Gaudí cathedral.
What I need now is earth—or Alice
to offer me a mushroom, a square of windowpane,
a toke from the hookah, to shrink me
the size of a bee—let me be
wild as buckwheat, as clover—
taste, just once, collective,
the orgasm, the honeyflow.