

SARAH KENNEDY

The Carpenter Bees

They're drowning me out, even though I keep
my shovel lying here, its hollow broad
enough to slap bodies into the wood
of the porch. I haven't done my duty,

haven't shellacked my siding to that gloss,
that impenetrable American
shine. And here they come, as industrious
as Puritans, drilling perfect noxious

holes into my non-toxic walls. One more
spring of their trembling wings, another mark
against me, one at the left shoulder, one

at the right, my dark angels, both whispering
I'm failing—the whole world loves its poisons—
flailing to nail them dead against the boards.