

Under This Sting

Maybe we don't have to be a collaboration.

Maybe we can be the slow sip or something  
that's not fireweed.

My lips drip honey  
as if I'm wishing for a hive.

Maybe we don't have to fall apart  
when the weather changes.

Maybe the storybook mushrooms  
are trying to kill us, but tell us  
we're part of the fairytale.

Remember your hand on my hip?  
Remember how I stayed asleep?

Maybe we don't have to be small  
and broken, but handpainted,  
a ceramic bowl that is almost useful.

I built hours around you.  
They tumbled when the moon  
appeared. Reckless life,

watch me surrender to nights  
where the bees are on my tongue.



## ABOUT KELLI RUSSELL AGODON

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Kelli Russell Agodon is the author of *Hourglass Museum* (White Pine Press 2014), *Letters From the Emily Dickinson Room* (White Pine Press 2014), and, with Martha Silano, *The Daily Poet: Day-By-Day Writing Prompts For Your Writing Practice* (Two Sylvias Press 2013). Her poems have appeared in *The Atlantic*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Notre Dame Review*, *North American Review*, and *Meridian*. She received an MFA from Pacific Lutheran University's Rainier Writing Workshop, and she lives in Seattle, Washington. She is a co-founder and editor for Two Sylvias Press, and she also serves as the co-director of Poets on the Coast, a writing retreat for women. Her website is located at [www.agodon.com](http://www.agodon.com).

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