

## Beestung

Kristin Hersh

Start with your fingers they finger the change  
That carries you home in our evening  
You're bee stung there.  
Press your palm to your snow-coated thought cage  
Carries me over your thinking  
You're bee stung there.

Between the tall buildings are snow-coated alleys  
Between us is nothing but grace  
Snow rides the wind down and drives past the window  
Falling over your face I fly out the window  
And then ride the wind down  
You fit me into my place  
You're bee stung here.

Start with your eyes when they eye me in twilight  
Picking up pieces of mine  
Tie me up with twine in your eye light  
String me from heaven to time you bee stung.

Between the tall buildings are snow-coated alleys  
Between us is nothing but grace  
Help me up when you hear me behind you falling  
All over the place it's not too late.