

On the Anniversary of Your Disappearance

Carina Yun

I dreamt I saw you in a field of ocher
You plucked sunflowers
By their hairy stems and peeled back

The coarse tooth leaves
You were a child, maybe three
You didn't pull back when

The bee huddled by the florets buzzed
You parted your tiny mouth
And stuck out your tongue

And the bee flew right in
It was silent then
You pursed your lips and spat out

A dead bee—it's colorless wing torn
You said it hurt you
You hurt

I was that bee