

Megachile

Justin Evans

stout dowager to this tiny grove inside
her little cell

 morning echoes
the long season brings happiness through
industry balance
each earthly creature
 has its purpose
 its place



there is no need
 to fear a swarm
 there is only this
 singular devotion



<i>heo eac</i>	<i>waet of deaðe</i>
<i>word fare from</i>	<i>mæden to mæden</i>
<i>æfre haebbende þone weoruld</i>	<i>æt feorhðe</i>
<i>to wyrcan</i>	<i>þæt is styððe</i>

<i>she too leads</i>	<i>a solitary life</i>
<i> anchoress</i>	<i>mæden of the terrace</i>
<i>rooms built</i>	<i>from greenery</i>
<i>far away from</i>	<i>the world of men</i>