# “Was you ever bit by a dead bee?”

BY [HAILEY LEITHAUSER](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/hailey-leithauser)

I was, I was—by its posthumous chomp,

by its bad dab of venom, its joy-buzzer buzz.

If you’re ever shanked like the chump

that I was, by the posthumous chomp

of an expired wire, you’ll bellow out prompt

at the pitiless shiv when she does what she does.

Was you? I was. By its posthumous chomp,

by its bad dab of venom, its joy-buzzer buzz.

https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poetrymagazine/poems/52670/was-you-ever-bit-by-a-dead-bee

# Ode to a Drone

BY [AMIT MAJMUDAR](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/amit-majmudar)

Hell-raiser, razor-feathered

risers, windhover over

Peshawar,

power's

joystick-blithe

thousand-mile scythe,

proxy executioner's

proxy ax

pinged by a proxy server,

winged victory,

pilot cipher

unburdened by aught

but fuel and bombs,

fool of God, savage

idiot savant

sucking your benumbed

trigger-finger

gamer's thumb

https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/90113/ode-to-a-drone

O U T I N G , I O WA

by: Oliver Baez Bendorf

If you’ve ever doubted that a body can transform completely, take the highway north from town, past the crowded diner with the neon sign for pork loin sandwiches, and go left at the arrow for the lake. Can I tell you? The land where I was born was born an ocean, and that ocean born of ice. Researchers and floodplains have undressed its chipped-up secret: plates shifted, glaciers melted into river, into rows of corn that flipbook past your car. Park anywhere and follow the trail back in time toward the effigy mounds, the sacred piles of earth we’ve managed to preserve, and all that’s buried underneath. I still bleed, still weep: what we used to be matters. Here’s a brachiopod, here’s me twirling in a gauzy blue dress in the afternoon sun. Trace these fossils with your tongue and place them in my hands, which will never be any larger. Lay your ear against an iceberg while there’s time and sing to me its trickle. Lift a geode from the ground and crack me open. I’ll sparkle so hard you’ll forget you thought this land was flat, as though you’d never find the valley, bedrock, ancient sea.

<https://www.up.edu/garaventa/files/fildg%20files/bendorf-outing-iowa.pdf>

# Prose Poem ("The morning coffee.")

BY [RON PADGETT](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/ron-padgett)

The morning coffee. I'm not sure why I drink it. Maybe it's the ritual  
of the cup, the spoon, the hot water, the milk, and the little heap of  
brown grit, the way they come together to form a nail I can hang the  
day on. It's something to do between being asleep and being awake.  
Surely there's something better to do, though, than to drink a cup of  
instant coffee. Such as meditate? About what? About having a cup of  
coffee. A cup of coffee whose first drink is too hot and whose last drink  
is too cool, but whose many in-between drinks are, like Baby Bear's por-  
ridge, just right. Papa Bear looks disgruntled. He removes his spectacles  
and swivels his eyes onto the cup that sits before Baby Bear, and then,  
after a discrete cough, reaches over and picks it up. Baby Bear doesn't  
understand this disruption of the morning routine. Papa Bear brings  
the cup close to his face and peers at it intently. The cup shatters in his  
paw, explodes actually, sending fragments and brown liquid all over the  
room. In a way it's good that Mama Bear isn't there. Better that she rest  
in her grave beyond the garden, unaware of what has happened to the  
world.

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/57242/prose-poem-the-morning-coffee>