

Poetry Porch: Poetry

A Grand Tour

By Sharon Portnoff

I had been writing, finally, of bees
When I went to the beach

Walking the strand, the waves draw back
And fling pebbles at me

And what inspired my essay
Came to me, simply, clearly

Stung awake by the sea
Far from the swarm, but too near

The honey and the ruins
That stop our ears