

Betsy Johnson
up to wonders

stranger daisies these must be
for I have never met them
and the moon I likely will
not see tonight. a pity. I'm
told it's up to wonders.
it's bees who gather with
their hairy legs gold to lay
before their lady's throne
perched at the close of day
above an open river.

Betsy Johnson's work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Boulevard*, *Alaska Quarterly Review*, *Prairie Schooner*, and *Columbia Poetry Review*, among others.