

MAI DER VANG

Revolt of Bees

Recently, scientists have exploited the honey bees' exceptional sense of smell . . . [and have] trained bees to detect the scent of various explosive materials. . . . [R]esearchers are exploring genetic and physiological differences between bees. . . . Ideally, a superior bee could be developed through genetic engineering. . . . Plans also include integrating very small fluidic devices to carry chemicals that could be delivered through the cyborgs' sting. Ultimately, DARPA hopes to "hack into the insects' own natural senses, allowing the remote-control operator to look out of the insects own eyes, instead of attaching a video camera for it to carry."

—Research Paper by Lois Delaney, "Military Applications of Apiculture: The (Other) Nature of War," submitted in partial fulfillment of the degree of Master of Military Studies, US Marine Corps, Marine Corps University, March 30, 2011

Mai Der Vang is the author of *Afterland* (Graywolf Press, 2017), winner of the 2016 Walt Whitman Award of the Academy of American Poets. The recipient of a Lannan Literary Fellowship, she served as a Visiting Writer at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. She teaches in the MFA Creative Writing Program at the California State University at Fresno.

Achieve us into your created machine
So that we may shine before you
 As immortal
This is how you love us in your illness
 Of benevolence

Your mind a canister for vanity
By merging our wings with steel

You nourish us with a need to war with you

 We will show you
The plague you've made of us

Butchery of our eyes no longer in our
Belonging

 As you condition us with
 A diet of bombs

No more
To return the bounty of your spring

 But only to murder your harvest
Rupture your remembrance
Of nectar

 Clover
 Goldenrod
 Lantana
 Thyme

Retribution is the devil
Begging to be pardoned

 Is the devil always homesick is the devil

Dangling from a situation
Of blade.

 Clingstone peach almond
plum

 We will raise a scorching
On your tongue so bloomed and medieval

 Your sense of sweetened
 Will cease to begin.

JANE ZICH

Climate Changing, 2019
Acrylic on printed mulberry paper affixed to canvas, 16 x 12 in



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