

ALEC FINLAY

Global Oracle: a Work of Prophetic Science

WINGED
ATOM

bee

Book (I)

Bees arise in stellar
solar & lunar myths

the Hindu moon *Madhukara*

the honey-giver

the Kalahari bushmen
whose honey is

*moon-
water*

moon-Artemis
with her retinue
of bee-eunuch drones
& bee-nymphs

*Melissa
Essenes
& Melissai*

Z
e s s E n o s
U
S

the great bee-king
on Mount Olympus
fed as a child
by cave-dwelling bees

Superstitions & observations
form our store
of founding facts

Homer's bees
were swarms of soldiers
mustering from ships & huts
to the calls of returning scouts
delivering the buzz of rumour
to the throng on
the sand

The temple at Delphi
was bird & bee-built
of wax & feathers
near the gold-roofed cave
of the bee-nymphs the *Thriae*
who tutored Apollo
in knucklebones & the pebble-
tossing arts

Bee behaviour & physiology
were studied by
Columella, Palladius, Pliny,
Aristotle, Cato, Varro, Phyliscus,
Virgil, Aristomachus & Theophrastus

*bees are born of flowers
honey comes from reeds*

*flowers & the liquid air
where it falls upon plants*

*the bee gathers honey
where it settles along branches*

*& over the earth especially
around the ash*

Bees are messengers

Bees are oracular
foretelling the weather

Bees are atoms of delight
analogue to the stars

Bees discourse the language
of immensities

*bees will wing us
guided by the daughters
of the sun*

*along trajectories
only open
to the thinking man*

To the Greeks honey was *astron*
To the Romans *Saliva siderum star-fallen*

*aethereal fare
engendered
in the air*

*at star rise
especially when
Sirius shines*

*the honey falls
from the skies
as star-spittle*

*& dews
the leaves
of dawn*

The bee is veil-winged

The bee is a soul made visible
a chthonian envoy
to-ing and fro-ing
from the chambers
of the lower earth

A man may follow
their flight
through clefts, boles, burrows
& dark hollows

or he may be wrenched in
after them
into the mantic chasm
of the underworld

*our own spiral of light
no less than the bees
has been kindled*

*for no other purpose
save that of amusing
the darkness*

Book (IV)

We wonder at the bees'
ability to communicate

We observe the hive –
which seems in turn
to survey us
 from another world

as if the inhabitants of Venus
gazed down upon us –

so many scurrying specks

*as if we were
to be read
as bees*

But what if some stupendous incident
should suddenly surge
from another star
carrying a strange message
or prophetic revelation
from an ancient
& more luminous planet?

Nowadays we accept
bees do not move
in the same world
as us

Contemporary science
itemizes the algorithms
of bee colonies

& translates
the spirit of the hive
into instinct

reasoned analysis
predicts the collapse
of their co-operative societies
is imminent

We share the bees'
disastrous forecast

Space preserves
the indelible trace
of the bee's graven print
as a capsule of light

But what of prophecy now
& the madness of honey?

When and how do we go
beyond what we know?

Who is the seer?
Who is the stranger
adrift in the house?

Whose head beat-
beat- beats against
the windowpane?

Whose wordless hum
sets up a reverberation
through the cave of
the infinite cosmos?

Ours is the oracle
that sets off a buzz
in our pocket

Ours the speaker who prophesizes –
instructing our movements
in a monotonous voice
from the dashboard

Ours the antenna
that dips in the data stream
for reassurance