

RAW FOOD RETREAT

The part-time wanderer had not signed up to be forced
into the centre of a sacred circle—connected—by hands
as we asked the bees for permission to switch on the Wi-Fi.

She only wanted to send an email to Karen at head office,
something to do with her power-suit life and profit margins.
The bees said yes! Bless a forcefield of energy to protect the hive, the leader

in his hemp robes swarms the space with sage. I sit in padmasana,
humming louder than everyone. When I notice the woman
has begun to cry, I close my eyes, grateful I wasn't caught

earlier, sliding a tin of tuna to the resident vegan cat.