

'Waspish'

-by Rich Butnotfamous

The Feng Shui,
Of eschewing a wasp away,
Tis a creature with which to play,
As gargantuan we are to them.

The small pain supposed,
Fear enormously echoes,
Like the cloud sheds it's load on a tent.

That poison a medicine to some,
In Brazil it turns tumours numb,
Can sir tenderly brush aside his plight,
Confronted with barbs imbued with flight?

Afraid we are of such a pest,
To rest,
In presence of luring scents,
We bestow perfume to them but fairer moans from wasps emerge,
Where food is not, there comes a dirge,
Of buzz in my right ear,
And a hand of meteoric size and lumber bats away six legged winged venom.

Phenomenal,
Nests they build,
Evolved to bees, shrill parasite to some in fields,
Yet whitefly they do,
Subdue,
For tomorrow crops they help us yield,
As pupal irritants on wheat they infect.

Insects,
That let us eat because they kill.

Incept,
Cockroaches, a hardy meal for their young,
And excepting irritance when cider,
They pilfer,
And drown not in sorry weeping states,
But confused as cans they can't escape,
Blind drunk from sips of sugar booze.

The stripy bastard in throats has stung, one point on your person weak to swell,
Suddenly turns picnics to alkaline Hell.

I can't breathe!

Quick!

Vinegar to soothe constricted pipe,
As stuck this creature drains my life,
Confusion is there to this end,
To cough it up makes no amends,
The damage done,
Trachea stung,
Precisely piercing breathing,
Lungs for air are screaming!

This happens it is true.

Yet wasps like us are animals too,
Their place to murder justified,
Surviving death we all feed on life,
And cleaning crops the wasps belie,
A function in the Gaian might.

These systems of our Mother Earth,
Like us surviving in rebirth,
These bits of planet whizzing round,
Iron the blood, lightning the mind,
Pylons the trees of this future behind,
The design,
Of a consciousness subtler than mine.

And given this black, buttercup, aerial sniper,
Can render a man to a boy with a swipe or,
An aerosol assault against airborne assassin.

A reflection is found in our cutting remarks,
When we chide one another and leave mental scars.

We sting and critique, we blame and we reign in pompous self import.

Yet the wasp and all its family,
Work better when in harmony,
A lesson here then maybe,
Is to lessen judgement softly,
And dance with threat and with risk.

Regretfully that comfort zone,
Unless expanded shrinks at home,
Discomfort with wasps can shrivel away,
Just with fingers flamenco flirtation and being willing to say;

'You're okay you know, actually, because I see you in me.
Another figment of this dream I live reflectively,
And if you're in my presence I must've attracted,
Attention to what my word means when attack did,
I.'