

Waiting for the Queen Wasp to Return to her Nest During Lockdown

An inventory of family life
announces itself across city gardens.

I'm listening out for the pitch
of a specific buzz

but the air is overloaded with sound;
the choral improvisation
of splash and play, overlaid
by strimmer, mower and a jet cleaner
crescendo.

Her sleek waspish body
flies in obliquely.

Vigorous shaking primes
the spray can for full power;
the mist kills all sound
except for her wings vibrating the air.

My attack is inept
as she darts to and fro.

A dense sweet odour
out-fragrances the cherry blossom
and dissipates harmlessly
into an empty blue sky.

She will persist until
she is back inside her nest.

Repechage; waiting it out,
grounded indefinitely
in an index of home,
examining every point of infiltration
with so much to protect

and nothing at all
to protect from the invisible.

Julia Stothard is a data analyst living in Surrey, UK. She has had poems published in Ink, Sweat & Tears, South Poetry and The Frogmore.

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