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Small Yellow Wasps

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This universe affords, then, no place to say goodbye.
Only these innumerable places where I say hello.

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Elysian Press, Cold Springs Harbor, New York, 1983.

SMALL YELLOW WASPS

When my hoe shifted their nest in the roots
Of a lilac they became, for a bit,
Pure will, a shower of perseids.

In another moment they had forgot
Me: I'd moved six feet away
To watch how they rose and fell
Above the nest, as if on poles
Of light. Then they forgot that, too,
And went on in their usual way
To do the things wasps do.

The last wasp is the first. Nothing to him
Is clear, nothing obscure.
Everything is ecstasy, everything oblivion
Non sequitur follows non sequitur.

In the wasp's side
Sleeps the forgotten bride.