



11-15-2008

## A Nest of Angry Wasps

Lowell Jaeger

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### Recommended Citation

Jaeger, Lowell (2008) "A Nest of Angry Wasps," *Westview*: Vol. 28 : Iss. 2 , Article 18.  
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol28/iss2/18>

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# A Nest of Angry Wasps

by Lowell Jaeger

... in an old garage I don't recognize.  
I suspect it's one of the dark  
backrooms in my weary head. Forgotten  
storage shed for old grievances. Thought  
I'd walked away clean, but I've come  
back. In this dream last night

I'm agape in the midst of dusty  
clutter. High time I deal with this  
overwhelming jumble  
of useless artifacts. Can't puzzle out  
why I've hung on to this stuff so long.  
Can't figure where to begin...when

the electric hum of a hundred wasps  
in the far corner of the back wall calls  
out the first most necessary task:  
rid yourself of these furies. Ah, exactly  
as you told me I must to win the return  
of your affections. You vacuumed, dusted,

mopped floors like a mad-woman  
to shield yourself on weekends I'd brood  
with such intensity I could charge the air  
of every room, buzzing. No wonder you fled.  
Now I've arrived at that irritated hive  
of all my frustrations. I scrape away the nest

with a garden spade, smother it  
in a burlap sack, smuggle it outside.  
Run from a dozen yellow-jacket warriors  
in hot pursuit. I'll get stung, I know.  
I'll pay this price to bring you back

