



## Vespa

I have a house wasp. An unwanted roomie that slid in last Tuesday;  
skitting and scudding, always out of range.

One short buzz and all is quiet.

I think: this is strange.

Then - with lissom thorax distended -

it launches tangy secretions,

doubtless as nature intended.

BUT I want rid! I shout.

Your Queen may be dead. Summer's labour done.

But that's no excuse to act the hooligan.

Not an act of vandalism, the wasp cries, but a product of metabolism. I'm not getting out.

This late-summer solitary raver; personal space invader; yellow-jacketed looter; pheromone-driven destroyer, raider and freeloader buzzes around like a Vespa scooter.

Next phase of occupation  
is noisy overfly and mapping survey.  
Loitering, persistently reconnoitring.  
Causing me massive aggravation.

This morning - airborne assaults without warning.  
Like a Doodlebug looming; monotonous drone.  
Four wings beating an ominous tone.  
Death-defying sorties. Onto whatever it can eat.

Wasps might be farmer's saviour But I can't stand its manic behaviour.

Vespine biped or flying moped?  
Who cares. Veespa smears my pictures, eats my snacks.  
So I resolve on counter-attack, opening the window, to no avail.  
Whacking with slipper; swatting with newspaper; flicking with finger.  
Each time I fail.

I threaten its life and yes, harsher measures: insect killing spray and suchlike.  
All without success.

Given its apparent intransigency, I finally offer hospitality – a jar of honey, locally sourced of course.  
Something to get stuck into.  
In a quite literal sense.

Vespa lingers on window sill  
and smirks: we need to talk about this, old chap.  
That's not much of a trap.  
But - if you want me to leave, I will.

Please! But that was a lie. Just pathetic.  
A totally annoying paraphyletic.