

A Late Wasp

November apples, rosy, plump and ripe,
Snoozed where they had fallen, snuggling deep
Down into the warm softness underfoot.

Coaxed from beneath their flame-hued coverlet
They lie now, waiting to be wiped and stored,
Basking in unaccustomed noonday sun.

Inches above, a solitary wasp,
Latecomer to the feast, last of his tribe,
(His picnic-wrecking kindred long since gone)
Surveys his sumptuous inheritance.
Intoxicated by the juicy scent
He hovers, undecided where to strike.

But Autumn Days are short: light soon will fade.
These apples are reserved for human use.
An hour from now they will be gathered in,
Destined for many cheering winter pies.

They say that he who hesitates is lost.
He must eat now, or seek, as night descends,
Eternal rest in gently folded wings.

Jill Elliott November - December 2020