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# Prayer to Wasp on the Occasion of Its Execution

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so much pretty blue smoke and mirrors. . . .  
And let's have no more kneeling  
for good reasons, dropping God's name  
like a cast iron doorstep,

forcing Him into the shape of a tree,  
say, which would much rather go on treeing.  
Let's sit down at the table, and eat.  
Pass the chicken, sauteed with onions,

pass the broccoli, its green aroma  
curling from the plate. Pass the boiled  
red potatoes that slice open  
with warm sighs. Pass the spring

water and the wine, the butter and the pepper.  
Quiet the children according to their  
needs. Quiet the radio and TV, all appliances  
of confusion, of *I will never solve these*

*too painful and unending sorrows.* Quiet  
your opposite, as well as he or she  
may be comforted. Quiet, quiet your own famished  
heart. Let us fill ourselves in silence.

#### PRAYER TO WASP ON THE OCCASION OF ITS EXECUTION

You entered my face  
like a whore's nails,  
blew the skin out  
red and dangerous  
as a balloon  
filled with gas.  
Twelve years old,  
I lurched  
home, new pennies

slid from my jeans  
ticking the side-  
walk. Friends  
dropped their mitts  
and stared.  
Only creature  
I still kill,  
prying your stucco  
nests from rafters,  
hearing the sound  
of your body  
breaking underfoot—  
brittle, crushed  
paper flower—  
forgive this un-  
redeemable  
vengeance. Today  
your descendant  
enters through a hole  
in the screen,  
slow and fumbling,  
falls off  
the sill to my  
desk. I will send  
him back to God  
using the sonnets  
of Frederick  
Tuckerman, an old  
favorite, sad  
lush lines to a dead  
wife. Please convey  
my regrets  
to the Absent One—  
I have not loved  
all, or enough  
without words,  
lies or poisoned  
hesitations.  
Have mercy on me.