

## Andrew Sneddon

### WASP QUEEN

The ash bench I made some years ago,  
Has softened and greyed over the winters  
That passed since it was new.  
I have sat uncomfortably on its unforgiving slats,  
Pondering my broken marriage, time and again.

This spring brought the mystery  
Of angry stripes of colour amidst its drab:  
Like nail marks clawed into a cheating husband's back.

I saw the wasp queen yesterday while I read.  
She moved backwards to go forward,  
Like a typewriter carriage, as her jaws revealed  
The golden lines of some inspired thought in print.  
And she returned, time and again, after zig-zag  
Flights to her growing nest in my neighbour's eaves.

It suddenly made sense to chew over old, dead stuff,  
No matter the taste it leaves in the mouth,  
Providing one can make something new.

RED BLOOD AND MOONLIGHT

That deer we hit,  
Careering drunkenly down country lanes,  
Still haunts me:  
The sickening thud of a wild idea  
Coming second best.

She stood stock still,  
Mocking us on her three unbroken legs,  
As a glowing line by Lawrence dulled in her eyes.  
Then slowly, pulsing from her ruined mouth  
Thick, glistening, darkness sought the ground.

I thought about that game all bullies play:  
The obscene stalactite of saliva  
Dangling down towards a weakling's face  
Just to make them feel small.

We drove around her,  
Then went home,  
and fucked as I recall.