

Yellowjackets

dispute in a bag they make
of wood & insect spit; humans buzz

inside gossip any two can chew
from a shared brioche with latte

as its suffix. We are so many
that our wings can't beat open

even if the bag is big
as Iraq (Bush, & even Saddam

have tiny wings), the bodycounted
like all the eyes in tapioca laboriously

spooned out for fussy children's appetites.
We chew Koran, Bible, or Torah,

but whatever we pray still comes out buzz.