

This universe affords, then, no place to say goodbye.  
Only these innumerable places where I say hello.

The preceding poems are reprinted with permission of the publisher:  
Elysian Press, Cold Springs Harbor, New York, 1983.

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### SMALL YELLOW WASPS

When my hoe shifted their nest in the roots  
Of a lilac they became, for a bit,  
Pure will, a shower of perseids.

In another moment they had forgot  
Me: I'd moved six feet away  
To watch how they rose and fell  
Above the nest, as if on poles  
Of light. Then they forgot that, too,  
And went on in their usual way  
To do the things wasps do.

The last wasp is the first. Nothing to him  
Is clear, nothing obscure.  
Everything is ecstasy, everything oblivion  
Non sequitur follows non sequitur.

In the wasp's side  
Sleeps the forgotten bride.