

as I realized,
that with the thirty-four-year age difference between us,
the chances of me getting to a spot in my life
where I could get her back here
were slim to none,

and as my heart broke,

I myself cried too.

Wasps

Cassandra Hembree

Red, yellow, and striped.
Buzzing with hatred,
Patiently waiting for a fool to make one wrong move
So they can attack.
A sharp sting makes it hard to breathe.
The swelling only goes down with an antihistamine.
Warm weather brings out these devil bugs.
Coming indoors,
Hiding in drawers,
Leaving no haven from them to be found.
A summer's day can be a war zone.
Constantly checking my surrounding area,
The threat of an aerial attack, always there,
And the bodies of the fallen are just as deadly,
Leaving a minefield in their wake.