

In the Garden

Getting Wily with a Wasp

IF summer comes, and brings a sun
Which has not thought to hide,
We supplement the season's fun
By having meals outside.

Breakfast, lunch and dinner, too,
And tea-stops in-between,
Restore the tissues, with a view
To taking in the scene.

The garden is our extra room –
But there the idyll ends.
Enter Harbinger of Doom –
A wasp, with all its friends.

Wasps are such persistent pests.
They're quite prepared to stay:
Busy, uninvited guests
Who will not go away.

Panic's an unseemly word,
But that is what sets in.
Flapping hands – it's quite absurd –
The moment meals begin.

Irritation's bad enough,
But then there's real fear:
Stripey's prone to do his stuff
By zooming round my ear.

But now, I've had, unusually,
A sort of inspiration.

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When I eat out, there'll always be
A sweet wasp-invitation.

A plate for jam has proved to be
The source of my protection:
Stripey never fails to see
What waits for his inspection.

Now, since I've hatched my cunning plan,
Which Stripey understands,
He always sticks to eating jam,
And I don't flap my hands.

In the jam, he now finds glee –
Or is it disappointment
For the wasp who's ceased to be
The fly who's in my ointment?
