

The Wasp Nest

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Intricate eclipse
of a life-leveling year:

this dry, gray sphere
imitating the texture of bark.

Balmy turns to cool
(gaudy to stark),

between ground and sky,
in the eleventh month

and the early dark.
It's the Headless Horseman's

head snared in branches,
a goblin's wobbly noggin

emptied of its terror.
Always halfway home,

the papier-mâché
ornament, awaits

December's gloss and appliqué.
What else have I missed

in my utter metamorphosis,
besides this vacant

house emptied of contents
and all of its graciousness?

Novembering wasp nest,
hollow, half-obsured, but intact.