## NATALIE RICE PAPER WASP

Restless hoverer, you are a small drawn-out minor chord against the window,

a musician of the hexagon performing weaving songs of bark and twig.

Ancient paper-maker, calligrapher of the colour grey, you send thin sheets from your nest—the unknown folklore of the Apocrita written in fine print.

Sometimes,

I find the sharpness of you in me: open an envelope with a knife, pick nettles without gloves, laugh shrilly.

But more often you are attracted to softness, find the ripest fruit, gather at picnics, perch on the first bite

of a peach—your pointed abdomen, a comma in a Ryōkan haiku.

## **DELIQUESCE**

A turtle overturned—a bowl with a red belly, ants emerge from its holes,

not headless just retreated in death,

moving closer to the earth, closer to the otherworld

of humus, crow instinct, the darkness between this breath and the next; slowly churning

the world over onto its back.

My friend says her first word was *water*, shows me her lumbar lordosis, runs her finger up her spine, almost transparent. The curve

of the creek is what took us to the turtle,

make a rattle she says, fill the body with the sound of water. Carrion beetles are liminal, a foot in each realm;

last winter a shaman in the Sierra de la Laguna

stood in a mountain river, blew on a red stone, and placed it in my palm,

for your sad heart, he said.

Let it go to ruin.

Okanagan Lake floods this spring, docks untether, wash onto shore. I consider the turtle and wonder

how long it takes for the body to let go of itself.