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Sonnet version - Petrarchan Style

Wasp's Nest 2

The nest of the wasp is merely a paper moon
and built by Her Royal Highness the Queen.
After starting the work it's finished pretty soon,
the most convenient construction you've ever seen.

When complete it's stuffed with greyish paper cells,
where the queen is to lay her many promising eggs.
The real amount of them no one can really tell.
The reigning regina doesn't have any equal rex.

Her endless workers fly out in the hot summer sun.
They're all predators looking for suitable food.
And when every job of the day at last is done
they'll chase both sugar and sweets in their candy mood.

When autumn comes her ambitious workers will all die.
At last just the lonely pregnant queen will survive.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Algotezza med Poeter.se id #2040 innehar upphovsrätten