The Tarantula Hawk

Ken Brewer

Not a hawk at all,
the blue and orange wasp
hovers above desert milkweed,
dips its legs into the milky hoods
where pollinia weep for love
and latch onto those thin limbs
for a whirling lift away
to be dropped like Ophelia
into another milky stream,
a dream of flight, an explosion
of pollen.

All the spring while,
we drive in our machines,
stop at desert inns to sleep,
sometimes joining, wet and heavy,
on dark beds, our thin skins
glistening, our wings and hoods,
petals, sepals, pistil, stamen.