

Wasps of Rain

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This works
This works
This works
Oh so well

Making models
Making molds
I've made a mess
And I can tell

That out of habit
Out of shame
They look to the futures
That I can't face

And I've seen perfect
Wasps of rain
Clean and sting them
Into the dirt again

Now all is quiet
In the quiet yard
Except the angles
Except the yard

Discarded engines
And one dead bee
Are all that want
Anything from me

There's a function
Above the ground
That brings all
The dry things down

And every maker
And every game
Will be measured
By the wasps of rain