

Bug Collecting

Poems and Illustrations



Illus. by Zoe Kim
Poems by Elias Diakolios

Bug Collecting

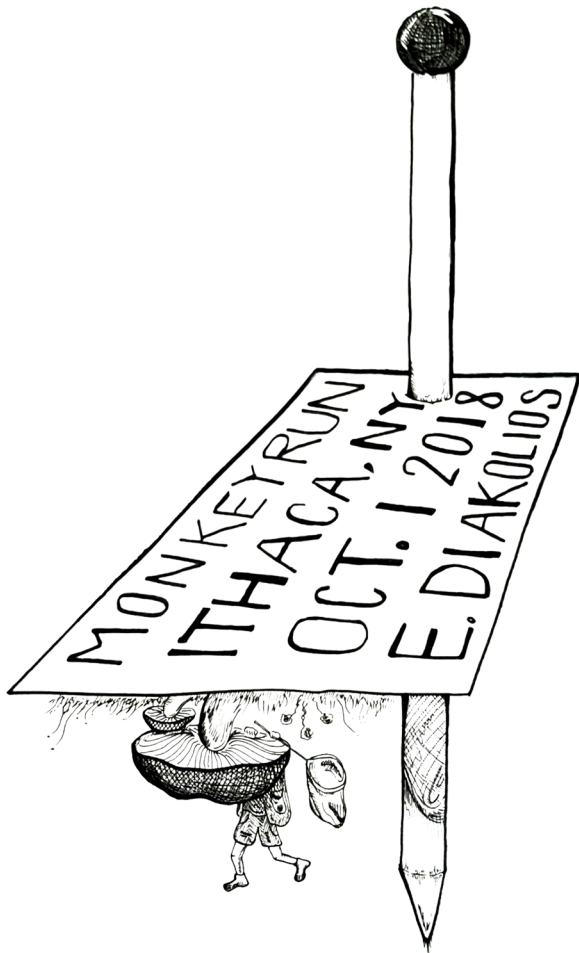
“Bug Collecting”

Cloud Cult Press 2020

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Insect Locality Tags

United States, New Jersey, Somerset,
Basking Ridge, Great Swamp Refuge (fungus)
10 April 2005, J.J. Bett
Camponostus pennsylvanicus

US, NJ, Basking Ridge,
The Great Swamp Park on densely formed *Pleutorus*
2005 April, O. Kitteridge
Camponostus pennsylvanicus

US, New Jersey, Somerset,
Basking Ridge, 217 Tartan
12 May 2009, R. & O. Bett
Crematogaster lineolata

The line of ants followed the bread crumb trail
to a picnic of two. Love on a smaller scale.



Loading the Van

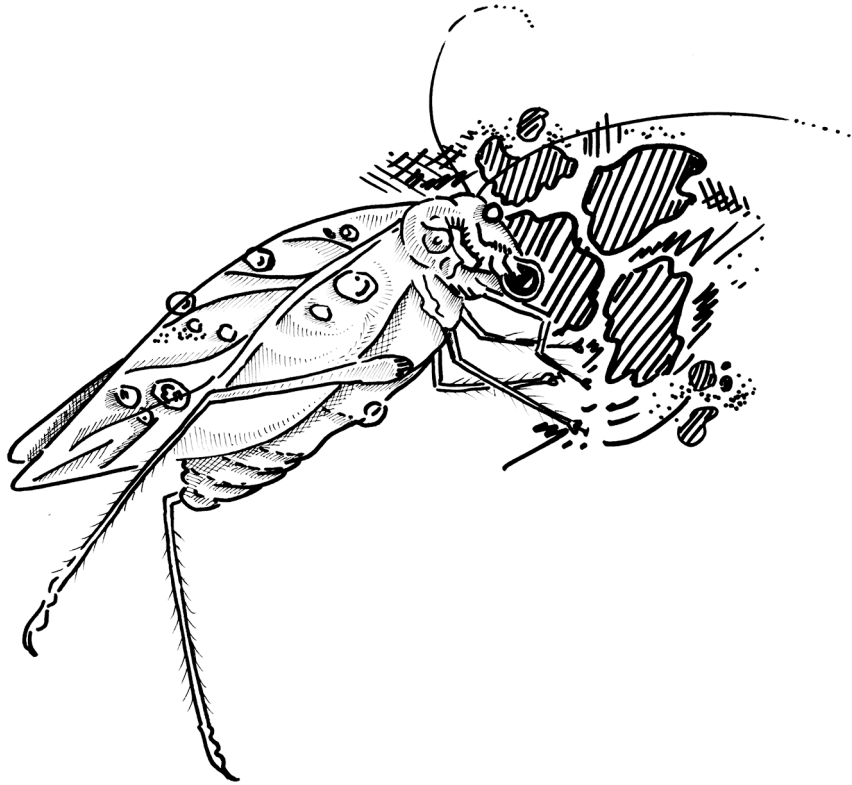
Van trip down stream.
Alcohol for vials,
beer for Dan.
Sixteen nets,
some for ponds,
some for bushes,
some with holes.
Water for later,
coffee now.

Rubber boots
on Brandon,
Steven's aspirator,
Ann brings jars
with lids with holes
for ant lions.

Kris to her petals,
Abby to mushrooms,
Cole to his beetles in dirt.
The radio plays out
the window into the
cattails.
Goldenrod.

Kill Jar

I do not hold my breath. Or fight or flail
against the bell-jar. Or beat my wings until
I dust the ground with opalescent scales.
The lid twists shut – alive at best, ill.



Robber Fly

Dumble-dor is an uncommon synonym for bumble bee,
the robber fly knows this.

She wears their stripes like a mask. Hovers around
blossoms with a sinister

Tilt of her face. She's spying, looking away as if
a particular cloud caught

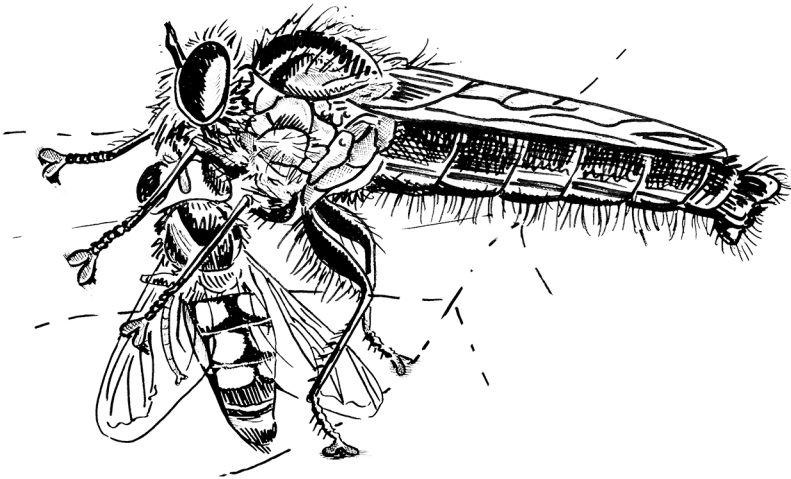
her attention and she had no real inclination of malice.
She's a predator,

A fly in bee's clothing - daggers for tarsals, and she's
quick.

In the same blink of flight:

Rest, to air, to turn, to dash, to prey, to a landing
And birds are none the wiser.

But I know her face,
and that she secretly only has one pair of wings.





Blacklighting

The warmth of the night explains
why the bed-sheets are illuminated.
You are invited to the black-light,
between the woods and parking lot.
Come around midnight.

It's a microscopic gala
of triangle wings, oblong heads,
on spindle legs casting
shadows stilts, dancing in place;
almost feels like there's music.