

Wanted Insecticides

Jule Hölzel



The war of the black and white ants ended over a decade ago. I had always thought the whites would win, because when playing chess, white usually has an advantage from the get-go. But the decision was made for them by a wasp nest swiping the board right off the table, going from corner to corner, eating them all up. I remember my cat trying to paw at it, following the perfectly rounded bouncy ball with her pupils dilating, but never being able to claw and catch it. I never saw the explosion when it happened.

The wasps were a cementing stinger operation into the foundations of the ordinary people's homes. The bombs contents had an astoundingly short half-life period. Unfortunately, they also mated like ticks, each new generation seemingly having skipped numerous steps in evolution. But, as I said, that was over a decade ago. The radiation must have worn off a little, and they do not change as freakishly fast now, neither are they as loud as they used to be. It has become hard to find ways to deal with all the carcasses that lie around. Unfortunately, these insects show no interest in consuming their dead or living kindred, such as the praying mantis or the jumping spider does. But, thanks to ingenuous engineering, they are testing alterations of some species' DNA to take care of that.



There is great debate whether to classify these species as parasites or parasitoids. I personally think they are capricious and do however they please. I am very partial to the bees sitting in your ears wherever you go, drowning out the cacophony of all the beetles and centipedes and dragonflies swarming about, blinding you with their reflecting exoskeletons in the sun. Their tiny droplets of shit are absolutely everywhere. I can taste it and see it, on the ground, in the air. God's plagues pale in comparison. But today, I have grown used to it all. Once I accepted that humankind is not the species that runs the world, things have become easier.

But I pride myself on not having formed a symbiosis with them yet. It's just that when you are surrounded by swarms and swathes of them all the time anyways you might as well enjoy their positive sides – they have replaced pigeon carriers for their efficiency and speed, for example. No no, those that fully succumbed to their bustle and buzz, their appearance reflects that, you see. There are these balloon lips, as though waspstung; long lashes to keep the flies out of their eyes; tiny nostrils so the beetles won't crawl in. I used to wonder if, in their beady eyes reflecting one perfectly round circle of light each, I look as distorted to them as they do to me.