

# West Spotted Lyme Nile Fever Disease

by [Myles Weber](#) (July 2023)



*Figure in the Forest, David Rosen*

**The ticks are** out in force  
this spring. So I endorse  
a policy of sheer  
annihilation. Let's clear  
the woods of brush and trees,  
bring insects to their knees  
by gassing with impunity.  
Folks are lacking unity  
on how to handle pests  
around these parts. The guests

from out of state confer  
and find that they prefer  
accommodation. They  
can't comprehend the way  
bacteria or, worse,  
a virus lays a curse  
on healthy rural men.  
*But what about the children?*  
whine the weak of heart  
only once they start  
a baseless rumor aimed  
at sentimental, maimed,  
or vapid minds. When actual  
threats arise, the factual  
basis for a firm  
response is quashed, the germ  
allowed to spread its blight.  
The neighbor on my right  
once watched his beagle face  
a pack of coyotes, race  
in vain toward home, but lose  
its final brawl. So choose  
your poison: death, or life  
with compromises. Rife  
with moral quandaries, our  
existence (but an hour  
upon the stage) requires  
of us some base desires  
for mere survival. *Well—*  
my neighbor came to tell  
me what his righteous stand  
on nature is—*the land*  
*is theirs. We're trespassing.*  
His dog is dead, but gassing  
lethal pests offends  
his moral sense and sends  
him off. I tried to reason

with the man. This verdant season  
requires that we build  
a case to give these weak-willed  
urban dwellers a sense  
of human worthiness.

*Say a cougar ate your child.  
Would you then feign a mild  
response since God or nature  
placed that cougar here? Sure,  
we humans showed up later.  
You're expecting men to crater  
when confronted with far  
from solid logic. Are  
the apples of God's eye  
now counted on to die  
without a whimper? For  
a bit my neighbor wore  
a mask of contemplation.  
With further calculation  
came his tart reply:  
There is no God. Deny  
yourself that foolish crutch.*

(Non sequitur, that much  
was obvious.) *I see  
responsibility  
as nature's due. The health  
of every land, the wealth  
of species left to greet  
our progeny, must meet  
with nature's strict approval.*

Whenever God's removal  
is proposed, I detect an odd  
desire for non-God God  
to take His place. Simps flail  
about until this tale  
of bugs and predatory  
beasts usurps the story

of the Abrahamic father.  
In the end I don't bother  
to differentiate.  
In both, we age and wait  
for death if death does not  
arrive before. *I've got  
no care for nature's will.  
I've seen the final bill  
for living,* is my petty  
retort. *It's nothing pretty.*

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