



...june 08, 2016...

a fruit fly – miniscule wings – a speck of black
catches the edges of my sight as if
it was created just to irritate –

it dodges all my sudden slaps and swats
as if my daydreams drew it into being
to disrupt a picture-perfect room
and exasperate my nonchalance –

scampering between my clenching fists
then disappearing as if never there
it swoops computer screens and darts past pens
to flutter countertops and spiral walls –

i wash the dishes – throw out all the rubbish –
thinking it gone at last – then – in a pause
a speck of flying black darts past my eyes.

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