

THE CRANE FLY

ROBIN ATNIP

The Crane fly splayed upon the shower wall
Doth wait to move until I close my eyes
To dip my head beneath the waterfall
He chooses then to gather up, and flies!
Into the steam he blunders toward the sky
Lest to the wall he's wafted back again
Imprisonment does not befit a fly
Nor plastering onto a giant's skin.
Now inches from my unsuspecting face,
I notice then, the fly's haphazard flight
Retreating, but with very little space
I wonder which of us is worse a sight.
Revolted by each other's gangly limbs,
Me, suddenly against the wall, or him.