

The Fly, the Rat, and the Bull

I was the one who arranged the curl
of amber fly paper. I'm the girl,
the one with the amber curls. But see,
it's MY place, no flies allowed! I'mpearled
in compelling honey, from a swirl
of gold a quiet fly sights me –
and only then he struggles, awirl
with frantic cries for help, to his girl,
his hangman and hopeless hope, helpless to help as he.

Black death, they say, was borne by the flea,
plaguing the rat. But take it from me
life with rats would never do,
for all sorts of reasons. SEE
the damage to the cupboards! Debris
all over, I cry war and strew
my poison all over, feeling freed
by demon reason to kill. It's plea
in its eyes and blood on its lips, it falls at my feet – my coup.

The bull in his dark, filthy stall always knew
when anyone passed on the road. He threw
himself at his quaking walls and hurled
his baffled body, roaring, true
to his fearful reputation. BOO!
As children, we flew past the monstrous churl
heart battering ribcage. Did he pursue
us howling for company as he flew –
Or had desperation turned to rage as it unfurled?