Perspective
Thérèse Ferreria-Douglas

32 degrees

Cold as hell.

Why does that fruit fly continue to live in this bathroom with nothing to eat but a spotted banana dream?

I swing at it from my perch. Maybe I can learn something from this fly, like how fast can I put it out of its misery!

I swing again wanting to make its short life shorter

I tell myself life is more than annoying little flies and bemoaning that the toilet paper always runs out on me...

It lands on the mirror, I stretch and Swack!
The speck becomes
a smear...
I justify this
telling myself
it didn’t suffer the
split-second blow—
Good riddance
to fly heaven!

Is there even a fly heaven?
Is heaven even in the Universe?

I am slapped
by a moment
of clarity
I too
am
a speck
in this Universe
vulnerable
yearning
existing
hurried in this life
by time
by the inevitable

Feeling sorry for flies,
I deprive myself of the
last mushy banana
in the fruit bowl
ruminating
over living things and
living things now dead
and how it all matters
in the scheme
of things

I flap my mental wings
Giddy
because I
am allowed to live.