

THE FLY

"What is your aim in philosophy?
— To show the fly the way out of the fly-bottle."
— L.W.

Adhering to the contours,
the curvature of conic space,

blankly buzzing by, wondering
why flying was so constricted,

constrained to a rounded fluttering,
a flapping unexplained,

while a bright world
outside always exceeded grasp.

Sweet skin to suckle appeared,
but flipping and flapping

toward it brought me round again,
as the world echoed my buzzings back—

busily buzzing this repetitiously tinny tune.
But one day, all went bleak

and blessedly black. Stopping—
nothing to buzz upon in this blank

breeze, this darkly clairvoyant sphere—
until, suddenly, a candle flickered

from an obvious yet unnoticed corner,
beyond the ovular cycles of that

assumed and assuming space.
Following it, the world opened up

to a feathered air, a vacant vastness
opening out every which way—

and, hovering over
to that tender succulent,

put down my fangs
to suckle life's fondling fountain.

PHILIP BOLD