

The fly

Annoying!
The buzz of the fly.
Distracting!
It passes me by.
Six-legged biplane, looping past my light.
Small size. Big noise.
I cut short its flight.

Pschhhhhkkkkkk!
Spray can clouds released.
Bzzzzzzzzzz...
Fly soon to be deceased.
Sputtering and swooping, growing ever weaker.
Reprising my role as fly death seeker.

Resistance is futile. Fly hits the floor.
Mesmeric buzzing will haunt me no more.
One more hapless victim of the can's cruel glare,
Padding across the carpet. Gasping for air.

The final throes. Still going berserk.
Not long now 'til I can go back to work.
Man versus fly, the final decider.
Spent, still, silent. Fresh lunch for a spider.