

the same, without wings

by Anthony M. Powers

the sad little fat girl stares as she walks by
following her father and sister
who are just as fat and sad looking
and i've started living at this coffee shop
even though the yuppie pricks
all shoot me daggers for smoking cigarettes
taking away their beautiful days
making them hide indoors
away from a second-handed suicide
or so the experts tell them
because the studies show x causes y
and a tumor up your ass
and that's good enough for them
and these people blow what few tax dollars i pay
giving drugs to hamsters or some shit
i don't know what a pragmatist is
but i think it sounds classy enough
and maybe i could be one some day
and there's this fly
this same little black speck
and it lands on my arm every day i'm here
and i blow cigarette smoke onto him
because no one should die all alone
he sits there until i swat at him
but i always see him the next day
the next next day
and he always comes back
and i don't even have to give the girl at the counter
my order anymore
because the fly and i are kindred spirits
soul mates

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life partners in nuisance
and he'll be dead within a week
but i'll still be ordering a large black coffee
and smoking upwind
and maybe i'll meet his son
and tell him stories about his father
about the good old days
and the fly will be dead
but i'll still be sitting here
buzz buzzing in your ear
and ruining people's days
at least until some fuck decides to swat at me
but even then i'll still be here
and i'll still be there tomorrow
because insects are mindless
i'm trying to decide if i am too
and that's why this fly and i get along so well
and whether or not i'd mind if i was
but then maybe that's my answer.

