

# 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.

