

EPITAPH TO A FLY

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Thou did'st not need a grave, who cared
To find a special place
For thy accursed corpse, thou pest
Of all the human race.

A thousand thousand such as thee
Are hatched in one event,
And they, like thee, to deepest hell
Are damned by one consent.

Thou had'st six legs to crawl upon,
Thou had'st two wings to fly,
There was no place upon the earth
That thou could'st not come nigh.

And every place where thou has been
Breathed curses on thy name,
In sleeping, eating, anything,
It ever was the same.

The tent re-echoed with thy buss,
It marred creation's hymn,
Turned peaceful souls to savages,
Who tore thee limb from limb.

No hate was like the hate men felt
When thou did'st come in sight,
Thy death was hailed with joy; thy life
Was one eternal blight.

Thou did'st not choose a place to die,
But there where thou did'st fall
Thy body lay—a loathsome thing,
To foul and poison all.

The poet sings, the artist paints
The earth, the sea, the sky,
But who can paint or sing of thee
Thou misbegotten fly?

From thee there is a pleasure man
Can certainly derive,
'Tis to forget, with all his might,
Thou ever we'rt alive.