

## Final Solution

"I heard a Fly buzz . . ."

I search for the final solution.

The environmentalists say: No chemicals  
 Just what the flies ordered as they cluster  
   orgiastically high up, on windows  
 between the light and me. I've bombed,  
   swatted, interrupted breakdance death-  
 throes with an unnecessary foot;  
   sprayed them with stuff worse  
 than agent-orange so they fall as black rain  
   on soup and sinner alike. And still they come.  
 The locals say: Just sweep 'em up.

So I sweep 'em up again and again,  
 each time startled by sharp resurrection  
   from the dustpan, straight up.

In spring I find their silos  
   already abandoned, cowpats riddled  
 and honeycombed. I think, maybe this year  
   they'll go somewhere else. But come fall  
 the flies seep in again through solid walls  
   like an ancient idea. They're everywhere,  
 crawling up glass — "The sun! The sun!" —  
   each of their hundred eyes filled with everything.  
 And then they fall, singing their high-pitched  
   death-song, dog-soldiers staked to the spot,  
 spinning upside-down on the floor  
   legs of black thread, flaking mica wings,  
 till they seem like nothing. So I scoop them up,  
   toss them out into the growing cold,  
 where they will sleep their sleep, dream  
   the same dream over and over  
 till it comes true.