

HERBERT LOMAS

The Fly's Poem about Emily

Beelzebub sent me.
I ate their meat.
I was the fly on
the dead poet's feet.

I've a good tube
for the scents of food.
I love life
and find death good.

My little head
is as black as my tube,
but when she died
I buzzed and survived.

Later I ate her.
My buzz is no bell,
but I'm remembered on earth
as well as in hell,

and I was eating her sweat
when God received her.