There’s a fly in my room

Screaming a mans name

Wailing it

Through the muslin its apparitious quality’s become

All the more exaggerated

Its movement’s all the more erotic

It’s wailing all the more ecstatic

Its longing protruding putrid legs all the more phallic

The stench of it creeps

I smell it on the inside of my pillow casing

And it’s phatic to me now

“Hello good mourning”

Iv always seen my anus as other

Some divine producer that controls my function

For that brief moment of discourse between

The night and the solar

The hole and the water

But in this moment of delirium

I seek it out

Is me as god

the producer

At this point the dialectic we formed over these’s years

Comes to its abject end