

The Fly

Cosmo Sheldrake

Little fly
Thy summer's play
My thoughtless hand
Has brushed away

Am I not
A fly like thee?
Or art thou not
A man like me?

For I dance
And drink, and sing
Till some blind hand
Shall brush my wing

If thought is life
And strength and breath
And the want
Of thought is death

Then I am
A happy fly
If I live
Or if I die