

Little Fly

Esperanza Spalding

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

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

Little fly...

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

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

Little fly...

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