Writing a Will

Dust specks on sill distract from all that's happening outside my window [garden wind] What has that dust been? Through my pane a bird repeats monotonous 4-syllable declaration which harmonises with humming, single syllable gas heater. Otherwise sound is me, trying to settle, things. There's my will to be written but dead fly to be removed so I can focus. Corpses distract. What could be said that hasn't been said? Fly was alive, now it's dead. (I doubt rhyme's of any benefit) No need for eulogy but when did that stop anyone? Death is no trippy tragedy even if cause was pointful violence: insect spray, a fly swatter, a clap. (case of aforementioned fly) You won't find pointful in a dictionary so feel free to feel miffed. Miffed is but perhaps should not be in dictionaries. It miffs me to use it; hence I would lose it. Annoyed sounds more apt. Miffed sounds delighted now that I bravely consider. Fly annoyed me so it deserved death by lethal handclap. I was miffed (delighted). Not clapped as in applauded, although flies are exquisite beings in a certain light. Alpha male in 4-wheel drive h o n k e d his horn, annoyed me but escaped death by clapping. Not so shy wee fly and it's obvious why. Unlike me, a lizard would have eaten the fly and thought nothing. People die without wills, leave messes, are still eulogised extravagantly. So this for my fly then into the bin with scraps of other organic muck. One needs an image or two to ground

a eulogy or it becomes mumble muddle. *Mess* doesn't qualify as helpful image. Dead fly was somewhat flattened, broken at point of unceremonious removal. And I too now feel flat, have lost entirely any will to continue.



After a nomadic lifestyle, **Allan Lake** now calls Melbourne home. He also often retreats to Sicily. He has published two collections; Tasmanian Tiger Breaks Silence (1988); Sand in the Sole (2014). He has won the Elwood Poetry Prize 2015 and Lost Tower Publications(UK) Poetry Comp 2017. He is widely published, namely in USA, UK, Italy, India, Canada and New Zealand.

The Pangolin Review; Issue 9, March 8, 2019