

MEREDITH COLE

The Fly

Cherry blossoms loom large
on a dark tree. Girls are largely
made of cherry blossoms,
each of their dark eyes
is a weird, fully-formed cherry.
Dark fly, you are part vegetable,
part mineral, part animal.
Sift vaguely in your invisible pot,
swirling atoms with your front limbs.
Your eye is like a million eyes
seeing every girl and every angle,
your eye which could be the eye of God,
your strange little eye is the eye of this poem.
Please don't fly away, don't flee,
leaving us stranded with one girl,
one angle, and no cherry tree!