

Matt Gillick

Fruit fly that saw itself

Out! Free from egg and now to—what these for? W-wings? Wings! Why would I have—keep flapping, keep flapping but no aim I want to—smell food—everything many and everything grey so what color are my—I smell sweet and there it is—bigger than me like all else, must play part in all—more of us eating—keep flapping—made it, now what, eat sweet sweet quick quick quick—flap away—feeling strange see other me—looks at me, follows me are you me from other—females—fly next to them and sing song dance unknown but she comes—ready forelegs mounted top—what is your name did you just get out too—loud air like gusts through cracked window—what—how do I know—finished and she fly away—mist above, white, what was I—some of us gone now—eyes see so much mist touches down and burns—Burns!—keep flapping, leave, leave—others fall around—my wings still, go g—choking—shriveling, getting smaller—hurry!—staring down at me—blind now choking, choking—