

# Millions Of Flies

## The Deadfly Ensemble

One

They crept on hinged legs and suction cup toe-touch, leaving like dew drops their itch and infection. Even Anopheles hastens for distance, losing an arm outstretched, keeping her burden.

They were a sound that grew quiet and then found looking-glass ladies and children with scabies. We are the monsters who smile after crib-death. We are the grace for the clinically dead.

Chorus

We love the hiding guns, we hate the iron lung. We go fast on black ice, we are a million flies. We love the hiding guns, we hate the iron lung. We go fast on black ice, we are a million flies.

Two

Their eyes were compound, imagine their seething... .. Hands like a scavengers; instantly curious. Even Hippocrates humored finality, he heard the fly-sound and then learned antithesis. Dead in the parlor with dust like a membrane, fly friends are dreaming of wings and antennae. And when the family gathers to stare, lights are turned low for the pink-painted cheekbones...