

## 2 Flies- Charles Bukowski

The flies are angry bits of life;  
why are they so angry?  
it seems they want more,  
it seems almost as if they  
are angry  
that they are flies;  
it is not my fault;  
I sit in the room  
with them  
and they taunt me  
with their agony;  
it is as if they were  
loose chunks of soul  
left out of somewhere;  
I try to read a paper  
but they will not let me  
be;  
one seems to go in half-circles  
high along the wall,  
throwing a miserable sound  
upon my head;  
the other one, the smaller one  
stays near and teases my hand,  
saying nothing,  
rising, dropping  
crawling near;  
what god puts these  
lost things upon me?  
other men suffer dictates of  
empire, tragic love...  
I suffer  
insects...  
I wave at the little one  
which only seems to revive  
his impulse to challenge:  
he circles swifter,  
nearer, even making  
a fly-sound,  
and one above  
catching a sense of the new  
whirling, he too, in excitement,

speeds his flight,  
drops down suddenly  
in a cuff of noise  
and they join  
in circling my hand,  
strumming the base  
of the lampshade  
until some man-thing  
in me  
will take no more  
unholiness  
and I strike  
with the rolled-up-paper -  
missing! -  
striking,  
striking,  
they break in discord,  
some message lost between them,  
and I get the big one  
first, and he kicks on his back  
flicking his legs  
like an angry whore,  
and I come down again  
with my paper club  
and he is a smear  
of fly-ugliness;  
the little one circles high  
now, quiet and swift,  
almost invisible;  
he does not come near  
my hand again;  
he is tamed and  
inaccessible; I leave  
him be, he leaves me  
be;  
the paper, of course,  
is ruined;  
something has happened,  
something has soiled my  
day,  
sometimes it does not  
take man  
or a woman,

only something alive;  
I sit and watch  
the small one;  
we are woven together  
in the air  
and the living;  
it is late  
for both of us.

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Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night- Dylan Thomas

Do not go gentle into that good night,  
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,  
Because their words had forked no lightning they  
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright  
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,  
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,  
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight  
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on that sad height,  
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.  
Do not go gentle into that good night.  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

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Let Me Die A Youngman's Death- Roger McGough

Let me die a youngman's death  
not a clean and inbetween  
the sheets holywater death  
not a famous-last-words  
peaceful out of breath death

When I'm 73  
and in constant good tumour  
may I be mown down at dawn  
by a bright red sports car  
on my way home  
from an allnight party

Or when I'm 91  
with silver hair  
and sitting in a barber's chair  
may rival gangsters  
with hamfisted tommyguns burst in  
and give me a short back and insides

Or when I'm 104  
and banned from the Cavern  
may my mistress  
catching me in bed with her daughter  
and fearing for her son  
cut me up into little pieces  
and throw away every piece but one

Let me die a youngman's death  
not a free from sin tiptoe in  
candle wax and waning death  
not a curtains drawn by angels borne  
'what a nice way to go' death