

On 11 June 2021 I kill a fly.

The fly sits calmly on the wall in the kitchen part of my one room apartment. I decide to do some cleaning. Undusting the place I notice her or him. I grab a kitchen cloth and throw it with force onto the fly.

I hate flies flying around at my place. Usually I ask them out. I open the window and invite a fly out. In the evening I turn all the lights off and open the door to the lit corridor. A fly chooses to fly into the light.

Today I kill a fly.

The moment I kill her or him, I realise the MIStake. Pain begins. Questioning begins either. How could I kill this fly? (S)he sits peacefully on the wall. I receive no disruption, no distortion, nothing. I need not to defend. I need not to fight.

I kill this fly.

How come do I decide so? Questioning continues and intensifies. Pain either.

How do I enter the amok of this choice? I am fast. I just do it.

I take her or his Life away. What right do I claim? What right do I usurp? What right do I kill?

I am sorry. I am profoundly sorry. No words express how sorry I am.

S I L E N C E

Forgive me please.

LIFE FORGIVE ME!

(T)here is shame. (T)here is regret. (T)here is hurt. (T)here is disappointment. (T)here is disbelief. (T)here I AM

FORGIVE ME LIFE!

I cannot give You back.

I cannot give back what I take.