

A fly sits calmly on the wall in the kitchen part of my apartment.

I decide to do some cleaning.

Dusting around 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 off all the lights 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, I realise the MIStake.



Pain begins.

Questioning either.

How could I kill a fly?

How could I kill this fly?

(S)he just sits peacefully on the wall.

I receive no disruption\_no distortion\_no thing.

I need not to defend.

Neither do I need to fight.

I kill a fly.

How come?



Questioning intensifies.

Pain either.

How?

I am fast.

I just do it.

I take Life away.

What right do I claim?

What right do I usurp?

What right do I kill?



(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.

Ever(Y)NOWeAM

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