

# **Eight Ways of Looking at a Lake Fly**

-By Slinger Authors' Club Members

I

When the lake fly  
splashes into the deep water,  
the lake,  
already fuzzy with bugs,  
ripples into many rings  
of see-through creatures.

II

Ode to a lake fly:  
Oh, my dear Lakefly,  
No matter how hard times get,  
I will stay true to you and your 13 millimeter body.  
Life is short, I mean your life, and I want to spend it all with you.  
I wouldn't dare to let annoyance get the best of me, although many do.  
For the next two weeks, I promise to love and cherish you 110%.

III

Looking out at the lake,  
admiring the view,  
What do I see?  
A fuzzy cloud of lake flies.

IV

An irritating sensation  
the urge to sneeze.  
In through the mouth,  
but the exhale fails to come.  
It all happens so fast,  
for a split second,  
the heart stops.  
Achoo!  
Out pops a lake fly.

V

Apology to a smooshed lake fly:  
“I’m sorry, I’m sorry for the violence.  
I’m sorry for the attacks and swatting.  
I don’t know you,  
but you’re built like evil,  
darkening the skies,  
so maybe my violence is justified.

VI

hail from the murk  
and take to the sky  
worsen the swarm  
into the murk to die

VIII

she lands on spindly stilts  
and twin ferns unfurl from her head  
crowning her unsettling countenance

VII

The flying menace  
The soon-to be dead  
Drones over the lake  
But when it fails to fly a moment more  
A Door County ferry picks it up  
All the dead lake fly bodies  
Crusting and lining every surface  
Freak out a poor little girl...  
Who may or may not have been me

\*\*\*Inspired by the poem “Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird”  
by Wallace Stevens

Demetrius (Lake Fly) Demarcus Bartholomew James DXCVIII Jr. died on the 18th of August, 2023. His parents both died 3 days before he was born. His 8,974 siblings helped him cause anarchy around Lake Winnebago. One of his closest friends said he was a great man who liked to fly into people's nostrils. He had 3,293 children, all of whom said they would never miss their father. His wife, Margot, said that he wasn't a very nice person and that she was glad he was dead. She died 14 seconds after making this statement. His funeral will be a catered event, where his friends and family will celebrate, sorry, mourn his death.



**-Lake Winnebago Obituary**



The hysterical drone reaches her ears. Donning her cloak of wings and legs, she grins, and they drink her smile. She sings to them in response, an aimless harmony leaving her lips. Her cloak writhes, and her hood is pulled over her gleaming eyes. She sways to the sickening ballad.

May 12, 20XX

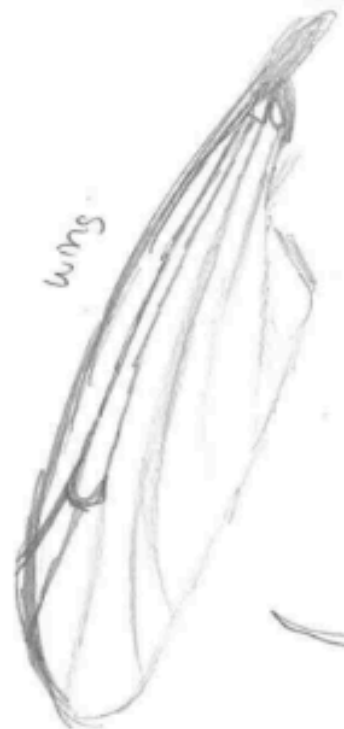
Dear Diary,

I've been alive for, what, 7 days now? I probably don't have much time left, but in more important news, Steven Coleoptera asked me out today. I could tell he was going to eventually, but why wait until now? He's frankly annoying- he hums at the most annoying frequencies and always bumps into whoever has the misfortune of being near him in the swarm, so I told him exactly what I thought.

"Steven, I have like 3 days left, and you think I'm gonna waste one on a date with you? Come back 3 days in the past and then you *might* have a chance."

Then he said something like, "Whatever, I was just taking pity on you; you should be grateful I even talked to you." Sure, just like you said to Jessica Mesothorax, the most attractive girl in the mega-swarm.

Until next time, if there is one,  
Caragh Striated  
(pronounced Sarah)



~~Wings~~  
Ground  
the labia?  
Raf?  
Sugar candy?  
eyes?



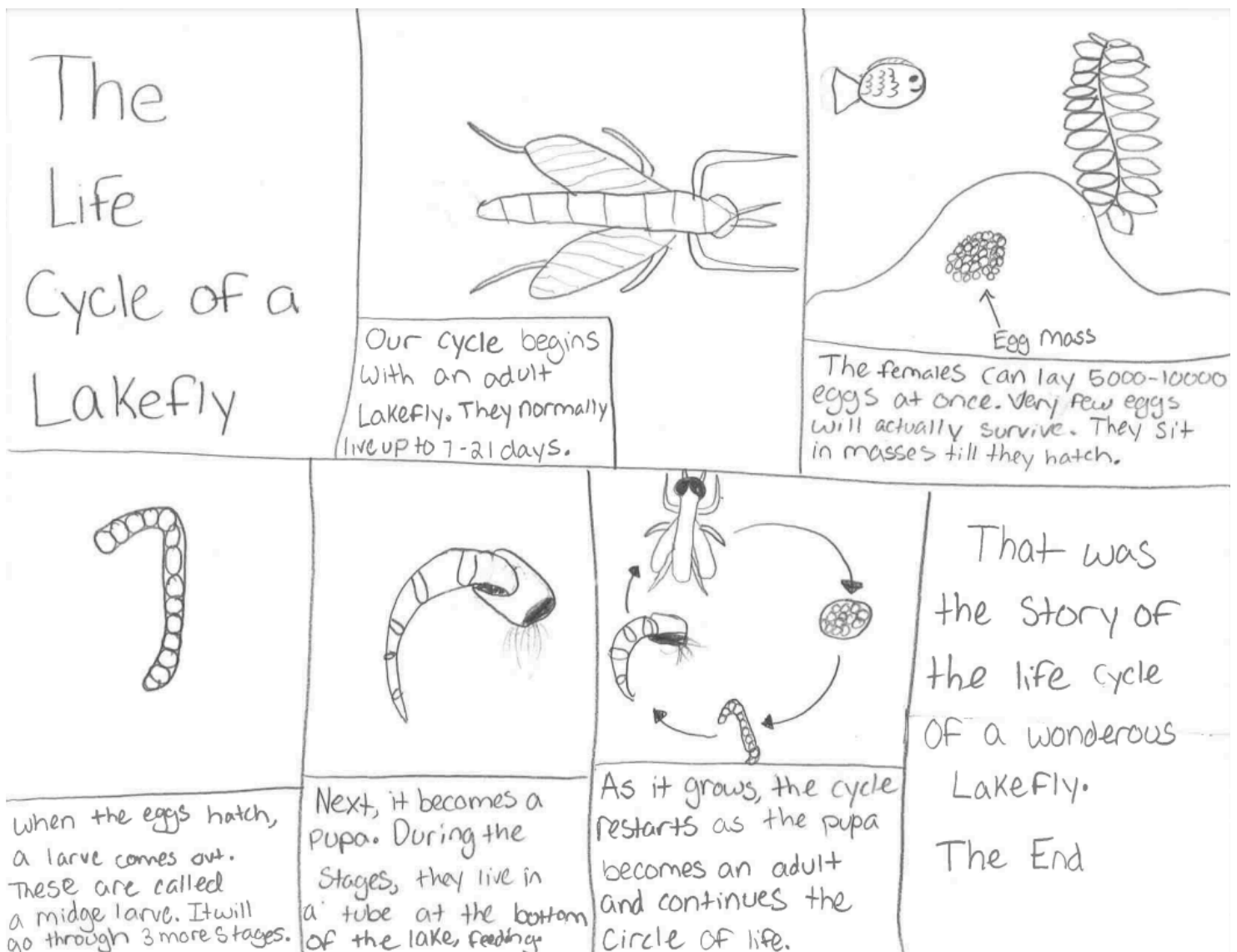
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Early morning, May 8th, 2009

Dear Diary,

Today's visit to the lake was enchanting! I saw this fly species that was about 1/8 inch long! I was so intrigued, and I had to take a closer look! The little guys swarm everything they pass, including me! Not the best experience, considering I had a few in my ears and nose. What a weird feeling! Maybe one that should be checked out by a doctor! I wonder if they found anything interesting up in there! Sorry, going off on a tangent here. I continued to observe, and I saw that the flies would hang out on the top of the water. I will keep on the look out for this species, but for now, I reported it to an entomologist I know. Until next time!





## Peaceful Fly Poem

One day, in the middle of summer  
My mom forced me to go on a walk, oh bummer  
She grabbed her coffee  
I grabbed my water  
As I peered out onto the water, it looked dodgy  
We went outside, but I heard a faint buzzing  
Then all of a sudden, a swarm of flies appeared  
I thought we should go inside but mom said, "No fussing"  
But, then I realized more flies neared  
And they were attacking my mom!  
The flies were going into her brain  
And taking her over  
They only thing to defeat Mom  
Was a bug bomb  
She looked as ugly as my neighbor's dog, Rover  
So I called the U.S Army  
To have a bug-spray air strike  
They said the bug bomb would be as fast as me on a bike  
Suddenly I saw a plane  
It was the U.S Army!  
They lowered the bug bomb  
Which exploded on my mom  
We won!  
No more bugs  
Yipee!



My Darling Lakefly,

It kills my heart that you were taken from our world so soon. The time we had was short: 6 days to be exact. I savored every moment. I remember when I was out fishing, and you floated to the top of the lake. I still wonder why you didn't hatch on time. Maybe you're like me: we sleep in late. When I found you, you were just a nymph. For the 24 hours you were that size, I filled my camera roll with your baby pictures. You were very popular on Facebook! It saddens me that you never got to see them. I'm so sorry that we never shared my favorite food, and that the reconstructive surgeon couldn't give you a mouth. I know my protective rules kept you from completing your life goal, but I wasn't ready for grandchildren. I needed time with my son, for a little while at least. There was no way to fill your microscopic stomach. I guess I couldn't have saved you; it would only have been a matter of time before the hunger set in. I should stop before I get emotional. Have a grand-ol-time in heaven!

-Your Human Mother