Lady: Bug

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Abstract
Tired of buzzing humdrum, she gaped.

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Lady: Bug

—after folk song, “I Knew an Old Lady”

by James E. Fowler

Tired of buzzing
humdrum,
she gaped.

The day grew
notable.

But not complete.

As a chaser,
she yawned up
a rappeling spider.

The plot thickened,
grew knotty.

Feathered feeling
seemed desirable.

All a-flutter,
her heart pled
its age.

And living alone,
she feared the cat’s
outlasting her.
Hours afterward, she kept to her vanity, grooming placidly.

A social impulse turned her mind to dog.

Friendship is imperative, she decided.

Love came wagging.

If only it (mere, per se) had not seemed fatuous.

She needed that slit of ornery in a goat’s eye.

Butting cleared the head but clabbered the milk.

Sweet milk, sweet teats.
Plenty for baby and the famished.

Bessie shambled. She burped. Indigestion.

Mother mammal glow followed.

She felt . . . penultimate.

Nothing for it but manly neigh. Jaw unhinged,

she hung an apple from her uvula. Nice horsey.

Altogether, in the hole she cut a capacious figure.