

JUST FOR ME

by Janice Grimes

It's vacation time in Georgia
with my in-laws to be.
I'm on my best behavior
'Cause I'm a Yankee, you see.

It's night and the A frame stands alone in the dark.
No sounds but, oh, the aromas!
Dried leaves and overripened fruit
Yummy potpourri for my well-being.

My suitor's family in proper manner
Assigned the nights quarters; I got the couch.
Not disappointed as fatigue was in charge,
I dutifully bunked down, without as much as a smooch.

Dark was the air around me, quiet and still
And relegated to the couch against my will.
But I was not alone, oh no, not alone
For in the pitch black was the incessant buzzing of a horse fly.

Now lonely-hearted AND annoyed
My night was certain to be deployed
to the whims and noisy soaring
enjoyed by this very busy fly.

Just when thought I would go mad,
I cannot take one more moment of this NOISE,
I heard the most satisfying sound ever in my young life.
Twas a clear and perfect "PLINK"!!

The fly had flown headlong and full speed
into the glass and knocked himself out!
What a beautiful and perfect sound.
I laughed aloud. And wanted to shout!

Nothing did I hear after that, except the sound of my brain
Shifting down to Neutral and then coasting into slumberland.
I so wanted to share that moment.
But, alas, it was just for me.