



Who Sent the Fly in Time?

Papi ~ July 09, 2011

**The soul travels wearily atop a seemingly docile beast
And neither knows - of which is he - and neither knows - of which is me
Of how he got here - he knows of this - the very least
With no idea of where he is - or how it is - he has come to be**

**Will this soul awaken to recall - of what it is - it has forgot
In fatigue of sleep - can this one hear - or see of truth
Of what is - the barren landscape of his mind traverses not
But presumes - it is of what he thinks - but he has no proof**

**In eerie dreamlike vision he is righted from falling farther left
Some subtleness of movement has startled his reluctant ride
For the body beneath this soul fights the annoying burden of death
Though a mere flesh wound to an ear - it has halted the collide**

**For the sake of conscious rebound - the soul focuses slowly the view
And sees the ever positioned traps and tortures and the serpent's waylay
Were it not for the donkey's flicker or from where and when the fly flew
This soul could never change the future by adjusting the present day**