

Houseflies

Like a pair
trapped indoors
by the summer screens on the windows,
we flit about in zigzag flight:

in a corner of the ceiling's
inverted floor,
from where the giant room
seems to loom upside down above us,

we nuzzle up to each other,
twelve hairy legs
intertwined at once,
giddy with the vertigo

of watching our mirror selves
multiplied a thousand times,
as we mate in every facet
of our big domed eyes.

VINAY DHARWADKER