The Fly, The Dawn and War

(A five minute read)

By Raymond Howell

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By Raymond Howell

Authors Note

Eight hundred words of light and in places rhyming prose as I watched night rob us of day, where already I was yearning to witness the dawn at play and for news of wars to go away.

And I thought it was time that Horace the fly had another outing.

The Fly, The Dawn and War

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The roots of an inky solemn night, broken only by the spotted pulse of faraway light, glimmered faintly grey as it entered the twilight of its day.

Then, as if the rising breeze had scooped up dew to wash the stain away, pale-yellow tints emerged in a tremulous display, before deepening into the golden tips of heaven’s heraldic rays.

While humans prepared for war.

With spirit-stirring clarion calls, joyful fanfares burst in sudden blaze, parting the brightening yellow-pinks, or the newly blushing reds of a fleet of tiny clouds, caught by the peeking dawn as they tip-toed across the evolving sky, though not in shame, but in passage proud.

While humans prepared for war.

Returning to icy homes after a raucous night of thank you and goodbyes, their fluffy petticoats held revealingly high still bore the ugly stains of romps in pre-dawn’s realms of dismal grey.

While humans prepared for war.

But what care those frivolous veils as they scudded merrily away from the emerging day? Not they! No, not they, those curls of flirty wispy hair, that dash in play with frivolous flick and dare, who come and go as they may,
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harbingers sometimes of stormy days, sailor’s worried stares and yearns for quiet lays.

“Come all! Come awake and see the universe at play!”

Which humans ignored as they prepared for war.

Or so dawn’s choir seemed to sing to an ever-chattering stream, emerging from twilight dreams in myriads of yellowy-silvery-whitish gleams, as the dancing light relayed the blessing of life to its skin and all within.

But not to those humans preparing for war.

Onwards, that mesmeric flow skimmed, merrily over beds of multicoloured stones, rocks and clay and on in its merry pass through swathes of sunflowers, with sleep-heavy-faces fringed with spider’s orb-laces, while cheekily whisking the dew-sweetened-scent of a lavender field away.

Unnoticed by those humans preparing for war.

While the last curly clouds reluctantly donned habits of a light-blue day, more blooms shook off their dulling shrouds of grey. The softening hues caught worms in foray while revealing the field’s dawn-hazed lavender sprays. Already up and posing in seductive arrays, they were seemingly the first to greet the day with their queenly, come-and-kneel-by-me beckoning ways. But in this landscape of renewing hopes and shedding cloaks, they were soon to be outplayed.

For humans were preparing for war.

Eager to partake in the warming bake, poppies in a nearby field trembled excitedly awake. While shaking out glossy tissue-paper petals gracefully but spritely, they offered the gift of their yellow hearts up to the sun and all, as

they have learnt to do so politely. In the metronomic sway of the grey's woosh away, rippling rivers of deep-blood-red flowed towards a woodland, where trees with pleasing aches were stretching up while giving thanks.

While humans prepared for war.

With rustling leaves and loam-laden breath, they joined the chorusing birds praising heaven's glorious naiks and how gently their rakes both fanned and beautified the mother and the children of this would-be fairyland, if ever guided by the right hands.

But the humans prepared only for war.

"Strewth! Just look at the splendour of it all. It's so grand! Me darling Nancy," exclaimed Horace, the extraordinarily evolved fly, as he and his fancy in close embrace watched the dawn arise.

As those humans prepared for war.

"It's bleeding brilliant… It's just a shame those blimming humans have to wake and ruin it all with their smoke and pollution. And who knows what else they'll unleash to make all this faint, or quake, or even die, me love."

"It sure is, Horace," Nancy agreed. "It's so horrid what they do to our place. But, if we're to find a good spot for our new young lot, we need to be off to that rubbish tip in haste… like now."

Before those humans start their war.

"Oh…, just a few moments more, me lovely Frau." Horace pleaded from somewhere deep within the spectacular golds, lilacs and reds shimmering so deliciously in his thousands of eyes, that never tired of watching dawn arise.

So unlike those humans preparing for war.

“It’s like a Monet scene painted on a pane of softly backlit glass,” his heart yearned to relay, but instead more practically, he thought to say.

While humans prepared their war.

“And besides, once those humans get working, most like they’ll double the tip’s size. Then there’ll be more than enough for all us flies. Won’t there?” He suggested almost with a sad sigh as he thought of all the bodies that may soon be left to lie.

For humans were preparing for war.

Then after a thoughtful bout of air knitting muse and wing preening peruse, he added sarkily and even a little darkly.

“Anyways, me Nancy, I sees it like this. If we stays here long enough, in our bliss, the brainless humans will bring that blooming tip right up to us! And without any fuss too, won’t they, me love.”

Then true to heart and whim he said with a meaningful little flutter, that was far from a casual mutter.

While humans prepared for war.

“Now then, me fancy, how about one of your delicious kisses then? You know, your special long and slow one before we go. It’ll be like those golden rays sending off the night, won’t it? It’ll set our day off just blooming right.”

But not so those humans marching off to war. No, not so those humans, for they much prefer kissing gore. Unlike silly flies who live only to explore, eat, sleep and soar.