Chasing flies with a vacuum cleaner

Abstract
Poem

This serial is available in Kunapipi: http://ro.uow.edu.au/kunapipi/vol8/iss1/15
Late fall and they're on the run from winter
sneaking in through cracks under the eaves
then congregating at windows
where they rage and dance
and ricochet around in an elaborate geometry.
They want warmth,
they want safety, they want
a place to get out of the impending doom
like all of us.

I'm the one with the coiled hose
and the long silver sucking tube
who betrays their best instincts,
who has learned the psychology
of winged refugees
about to die.

I can capture hundreds in a minute
and still be greedy
to get the last one
who has held firm against the vacuum
and now goes smashing himself
from pane to pane
until the hollow winds predict his path
and suck him
straight to dust.