

Tad Dreis, Bug On The 4th Of July

There's a bat against an indigo sky
Wheeling and darting to catch a fly
There's a light on in the apartment
Across the street

There's no light on, out here on my porch
There's a party next door with a bug torch
Everybody wheeling and darting
To catch an eye

I'd like to laugh like a flystrip

There's a star near a constellation
Above the trees, making conversation
Like all the gnats on the Zachs in their hats
Out back

I smell sweetly burning wax
So I'll stay home and sharpen my ax
Splitting hairs is clever work
And it makes me grin

But I'd like to laugh like a flystrip

There's a light on across the street
Glowing seductively at me
I start to rise, then I'm paralyzed
By the skies

Flowers bloom across the sky
A garden party for the fourth of July
Everyone looks up and raises their cups
And takes a sip

And I'm laughing at the flystrip
And I'm laughing on the flystrip