Fly Bye
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FLY BYE

Once upon a meatball
The two fly school sweethearts parted wings.
Gone were the days of buzzing through the kitchen
landing on various food groups
together.
Often they would sit atop the old oven vent
and watch water boil.
They would make love on the ceiling
then land in a pop can to drink and cool off.

Yes, those kosher days have since passed.

All the late nights spent
talking of eloping.
Vegas was much too far,
for they were only a month old.
Instead of eloping
they often returned to the fly school
where they met. (located behind the hot water heater)
She was a wing leader.
He was a boxing champion in the fly weight division.
They dreamed of marriage while regurgitating on the flyball field.

Yes, those disgusting love days have since passed.

Screwing another fly he was
when she walked under the floor crease.
She regurgitated all over the fly slut
then darted out of the crease.
He chased after her,
apologizing as they flew through the living room.
The chase finally ended on a meatball.

Which brings us to the beginning.

Aaron Strebs