*The Fly*

Little fly,  
Thy summer’s play  
My thoughtless hand  
Has brushed away.

Am not I  
A fly like thee?  
Or art not thou  
A man like me?

For I dance  
And drink and sing,  
Till some blind hand  
Shall brush my wing.

If thought is life  
And strength and breath,  
And the want  
Of thought is death,

Then am I  
A happy fly,  
If I live,  
Or if I die.

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