

William Blake (1757-1827)

## THE FLY.

LITTLE Fly,  
Thy summer's play  
My thoughtless hand  
Has brush'd away.

5 Am not I  
A fly like thee?  
Or art not thou  
A man like me?  
  
For I dance,  
10 And drink, and sing,  
Till some blind hand  
Shall brush my wing.  
  
If thought is life  
And strength and breath,  
15 And the want  
Of thought is death;  
  
Then am I  
A happy fly,  
If I live,  
20 Or if I die.  
(69 words)

Quelle: <http://archive.org/stream/poemswilliambla01blakgoog#page/n135/mode/2up>