

My friend and co-worker, Arwin de Jong, often teased me about the pesky flies that fly around the ears or face. He would joke that it is named the circle fly because its natural habitat is the rear end of a horse. It only seemed appropriate to immortalize his joking with this poem.

THE CIRCLE FLY

It has been said that there is a special fly
knowing it's favorite place will make you cry
it seeks and flies around special places
and just loves to visit certain faces.

The country is its natural home
but oft to the city it will roam
it does not discriminate to rich or poor
politicians cannot keep it out the door.

It flies just where it will
and just never will sit still
it is just a little pest
that flits around but takes no rest.

Cowboys and outfitters are familiar with this fly
they are not the ones bothered by this pest
for the fly waits for just the right face to come by
before they begin to circle and come to rest.

You can spot this fly, whose back is shiny
flying around and around a horses' hinny
wither in the stall or on the trail
this fly is somewhere around the tail.

It is not the face of the horse it bites
it's the other end of the horse it likes.
Front end takes in the hay and grass
while the other end is called a horse's

When you feel the wings brush by your nose
be certain that the fly actually knows
that when he buzzes by your ear
he might think he is circling a horse's rear.