

Frank Mazer

NBA fly

It followed me. It must have. The fly. It lands boldly on my arm. It taunts me. This must be a trash-talking, taunting, NBA fly. I'll need to look more closely to be sure.

Did I see it strutting? I could have sworn I saw a glint of tattoo. If I can identify tattoos on enough fly body limbs there'll be no doubt this fly must be bricking free throws when not annoying me. I begin to wonder, were those baggy fly shorts I saw dangling down below the fly ankle? If my NBA fly friend would land long enough for me to swat it I might be able to take a close look. Oops, it just landed on my knee long enough to get my attention before buzzing off to become intimately acquainted with a window where the sun shines through.

How did it find me here? I have driven 4 miles to this coffee house in order to escape it.

While I sat at home making the effort to write about life I found myself continually becoming a landing pad. In the beginning it seems simple. Wait for another landing in the same place and put an end to this fly existence. Apparently this is one survival course alumni fly. It never lands in the same place. It seems to revel in the game of annoyance.

This soon becomes personal. I decide to stand. I determine the selection of weapon. The useless little magazine of ads about to be trashed. I seize it in hand and wait. I lurk. Being the great hunter I know to watch for the landing on the coffee table or the dinner table or – what the ...?! It has landed on my ear. Before the hand can instinctively swat it away it's gone. I spin to look. I catch the motion against the window where light shines through. I think I see the black fly shape blurred against the whiteness of wall. It must set down soon. Suddenly there it is on the back of my knee. I swing, I miss. It flies. With the

force of the swing and the reach behind the knee I have lost my balance slightly. I wobble forward a step. Bang. My other knee hits the dining room chair. Ouch. I stagger around in a circle. I imagine it circling.

Now I grow determined. Is that it zipping past the picture on the wall. It seems to be growing larger. How to attract this beast? I consider that as a fly it must be attracted to the sunlight. I wait by the window for the fatal landing. It never comes. I hear buzzing. I sense it circling the room. I swat at the air in the best imitation of my tennis forehand. I may as well be swinging at a Federer serve. Now, being of somewhat sound mind, but beginning to question myself, I realize I am wasting precious life energy pursuing a fly. I begin to wonder whether this fly is attempting to communicate? Did I hear that little fly voice shouting “Help me, help me”? Is it the victim of a government experiment gone bad? Or gone good? I determine it may be time to proceed out the door to a location where I can gather my wits and concentrate. I reach over to pick up my shoulder bag. It’s back! Literally, it’s on the back of my neck. I wave at it and head out the door to the car.

Seated here in the coffee house I consider the alternatives as I sense the presence. It occurs to me how to attract this NBA fly. I think I see it over in the corner thumping its chest. I am proceeding to the counter to speak with the cute smiling barista woman. I’ll ask her if she can change the music playing from jazz to hip-hop. I shall be ready for the landing.