

BUZZ
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193 words

I watched it for a while, it's little twitching body, tiny legs carrying it from one object to another. Crawling, tickling every surface, it looked so out of place yet so... apt; so mundane, yet... so fascinating.

It crawled onto my hand and then my thumb. As it passed the tip, I trapped one of its legs with my forefinger, held it firm, panicking, buzzing. I held it up in front of me and kissed it delicately on its head, feeling its minuscule black hairs brushing against my lips. Then, opening my mouth a fraction, I trapped its skull ever so delicately between my two front teeth. I held it there, just enough so it could move every other part of its body except for its head. It reminded me of a small child with his head trapped in the railings of a fence.

The buzzing intensified; vibrations shuddered through my teeth and head. I clamped my teeth together and severed its head from the body, and spat the corpse of the fly out onto the dead human lying at my feet.

Blood was congealing around my shoes. It was time to go.

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