

Melissa Dias-Mandoly

THE FLY

i.

pinned and classified
in the museum basement

i am seven, sounding out
Mus-ca do-mes-tic-a

stacking blocks of dead fly
on dead fly, each limb labeled

pristine in their embalming
for scientific research

ii.

at eleven i discovered internet pornography and hid the plastic
relic of Mary in the cabinet.

when i am seventy i will still have a clitoris and when i am dead i
will still have a clitoris and when i am dead they will pull out my
organs for the sick but i won't be inside anyone any more than
you are inside me. you/ your cock/ your hand/ my hand:
removable parts, human doll, Frankenstein's nameless monster.

anatomy, from Greek "anatomē": *dissection*,
from "ana": *up* + "temnein": *to cut*.

iii.

Cronenberg's *The Fly*, noted for intensely grotesque imagery. you like to forget that you're an animal. sometimes when i menstruate i picture Seth Brundle dribbling pus, but it's natural to feel sick.

iv.

here: the body

here: the blood

here: the soiled underwear stuffed in the bottom of the trashcan.

v.

bulbed eye—palpi—proboscis—cross sectioned transparent wing—*flies rub their hands together to clean themselves*

hand-mirror educations, there were no diagrams of vaginas in the high school text book. blank white body mapped out and identified, as if i might forget that there's something underneath.

Melissa Dias-Mandoly lives in Pittsburgh. She has degrees in poetry and film studies, and works for the University of Pittsburgh Press. Her work has been featured in *PANK*, *Broad!*, *Collision*, and *Aperçus Quarterly*.