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# Donne's Distraction is Not Mine

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## By Leo Brady

### *Donne's Distraction Is Not Mine*

John Donne complained a fly glanced through his prayers  
Diverting him from God. I envy Donne.  
Donne the divine upon his wooden knees  
Beside the altar on an inert summer day  
Tracing the burr and crone a fly makes  
Like a feather in the ear, while huger hosts  
With wings wait in the dome for messages  
And tap, perhaps, angelic feet.

For Donne, at least,  
There was a spell that could be broken:  
Impertinent and agile fly could interrupt  
Some supplication, never mind how tenuous.  
God was served among the interstices  
Of the web of flight this buzzer drew  
So noisily on sanctuary air. My plight is poorer.  
The contemplation of a fly is nearer than I get  
To a consideration of the heavenly design.

Include me in your orbit, fly predestinate,  
That I may watch God's will unfold  
In your minute transparent wings, and see  
You grease your fragile body nervously  
Exactly in accordance with His plan.  
Groan in the capacious vaults of my pretense  
One small thin sound as here upon my knees  
I contemplate distraction empty.