

**Reaction paper of Benjamin Hawley's *Mayflies***

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When I first read Benjamin Hawley's *Mayflies*, I felt indifferent to face the limited time and circle of nature, but the more I read, the more courage I felt.

In the last two stanzas, my favorite part of the poem says,

They swoop and dive,  
Loop and twist,  
Playfully fighting  
Into winding wistful trysts  
To end the day,  
And start a life. (Hawley, 69)

This sounds normal and important, but it is just driving for a new life. I felt encouraged even though mayflies kept trying, and I could do the same, too.

I argue that the poem constantly tells us that mayflies are no different from human beings. They are born to die, and so are humans. They follow their instincts, and so do humans. They fly around the ignorant world and unfathomable seasons, and so do humans. The world is confused sometimes, but we should all try to enjoy the moments in this limited time.

The way they fly seems like a little machine, as do humans. Nothing in this world is big enough or unlimited, so we all should cherish living.

At this point, I am thinking about how we should perceive these facts. How we interpret the short lives of mayflies is up to us, but as we are basically the same as them, who can dare to judge? There is no wrong or right but nature. In this world, death is part of nature, and humans also have to fly hard like mayflies, even though they may seem like small machines and limited.

I am in awe of the poem, which captures a small part of nature and then links to the massive nature of where we live. Thanks to this poem, I am encouraged to cherish the world and time I have.

## **Citation**

Hawley, B. (2023). *Mayflies*. In S. Alpert (Ed.), *Stories That Need To Be Told* (p. 68). Sweetycat Press.