

Ignorant Bliss

I live alone in a room with about a thousand little roommates. Gnats
Nasty gnats that cling to the screen of my window.

I ask one of the women
who lives in my building about them.

*They come in when the weather gets cold,
Don't worry about it, they'll be dead soon enough.*

I just enjoy them, watch them.
But I know they don't watch me.

They are tight together on my screen, their home is the edge of my home.
I have to look through them to see.

I take out the screen and shake
They don't leave.

I brush them off with the broom.
They won't even fly away, they prefer to die.

They fall on the window sill.
They are dead now.

Marshelle Dawkins