

**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*