

THE SUICIDE

Karri Harrison

Still, there were the insects. As a cathedral needled
itself through a cloud, and then, rising, dropped
its freight on the landscape's forehead,
one biting midge in the midst
of the throng, unmesmerized by the sun's specks
and unstruck by the cathedral's falling cargo,
set himself to stillness over the lake. It seemed
to the throng that he ejected himself from the world.
The sun resumed its migration. That was its defense.