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.