

Gnat Like Me

Naseem Rine-Reesha

Every headline reads "You Are a Gnat"
in a foreign language. I no longer trust
the translator app that tells me different.
Even my physical dictionaries

I now suspect of beings plants.
When did my enemy get in my house
and why do my neighbours look at me
with eyes like flyswatters?

"Tell me that this is a dream, teach the proper
nerve to pinch—show a path to lucidity":
I want to say. What I mean: put me
to sleep. I cannot bear this obviousness

of misery and indignity. Something screams
in sorrow and anguish beyond my window.
"It is only a human being," I comfort myself
but know that it is a Gnat like me.