

Couch

Pretty Balanced

pnina wore a blanket reading books on the couch
pnina's legs were folded fingers clasped to her mouth
she thought
she'd go to sleep and dream
in photographs

her brother josh in his pajamas lay on the floor
playing chess he knew what all the pieces were for
he lay there
losing to himself
on purpose

they thought in languages nobody understood
they hadn't eaten they were trying to be good
instead
despite their pains they had become
perfection