

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