

### Acquiescence

For six days now I've sat in front of the TV  
a couch--a living and breathing  
piece of furniture.  
I'm beginning to smell.  
Bits of popcorn have  
collected in my creases.  
I stare at the screen--  
it promises that in two weeks  
I can make my cushions turn to  
hard, solid mass.  
But I like being  
fluffy. It's comfortable.

Seven days ago I sat in church,  
the pew firm and  
painful to my rolling  
flesh. The minister spoke of excessive  
sin.  
I asked God  
What's wrong with being a couch?  
A couch is a couch--He said.  
Yes--And I am that I am.

*Christina Smith*