

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