

quiet--

by tyson horvath

perfection

perfection is like a freshly washed
window
but not the window itself
it is the light falling through
it is a cup of coffee that never
cools
a pen that writes without hesitation
as if it knows exactly what it wants
to say
and always knew it
perfection is not a straight line
it is the bend where the road bends
where the world for a moment feels
unexpectedly soft
perfection is to be there
right there
with everything that cannot be put
into words
perfection is when she ties her
shoes
not to go anywhere in particular
not to show off to the world
the world just happens to be there
ready to be dyed in her beauty

