

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

