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Reading to Relax

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READING TO RELAX

I settle in a nest of shag, 
open Notes to Myself, and read:
"It is beyond my control."
Outside Reina whines, 
pounces in the door, 
letting it slap its metal frame.

On page 10, I skim the first line:
"Let's pretend I'm God."
Her eyes chasing a rabbit through window, 
Reina growls, claws glass.

I glance at "what makes me think," 
and think only of the dog. 
I should feed her. 
Staring at scrambled black print, 
I count and scan pages.

A GIRL

After taking a shower 
I stare in the mirror, 
admiring my flat stomach 
pulled tight at my waist.

Skin lotioned soft, 
I button a silk blouse 
advertised in Vogue and roll 
nylons to muslin skirt 
zipped at the small of my back.

In class I slant 
my mouth closed in a smile 
and open the text, careful 
not to hide my breasts.