

Sunk Costs

By Sara Valentiuk

I lied in my mind when I claimed
the couch would not claim me,
because here I sit, sunken like a ship
in the wake of two typhoons whose
unbridled gales left trails of paint
across the kitchen tiles. Their swells
deposited toys, sharp shells on the
carpeted beach at my feet and
even though the storms now sleep,
my mind is a whirl as I gape at the mess
wondering what to tackle next.