Balance

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Abstract
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Balance
by Debra Marquart

i.
Too careful, that first day, they sat on the floor palm-to-palm making church steeples. He showed her the trick where two can lean back-to-back in mid-air and rest easy, if one does not press harder than the other.

ii.
Leaving his building that afternoon, she saw a full moon rising in the east, a cool blue wafer, like an offering in the sky, and the sun, an exhausted swimmer, disappearing into the orange pool of the west. She thought, if only she could reach up and cup them in her palms, she would feel certain.

iii.
Today he comes in happy with some things from his apartment, things they can use—a cheese grater, a spatula, a red soup ladle. He pulls the utensils from the box and turns them in the air, one by one like a magician—a potato peeler, a pancake turner-before placing them in the drawer by the stove. She sits on the floor keeping track, she realizes, for the day when she will again have to separate them from her own.

Debra Marquart is the author of four books including The Horizontal World: Growing Up Wild in the Middle of Nowhere. She teaches in the MFA Program in Creative Writing and Environment at Iowa State University and the Stonecoast Low-Residency MFA Program at the University of Southern Maine. (www.debramarquart.com)