

Kenneth Pobo

FRANK AND TRINA BOWL

Trina says she understands how
a gutter ball feels—sometimes you
can't help but get off course, veering
farther away from the pins. Now
she rolls a strike. In the next frame,
Trina watches her ball nearing
the gutter, knows that she can't do
anything to stop it. The game

ends with Frank barely ahead. He
grins like he's won the Olympics.
They drive home with the moon rolling
down Route Twenty-Three, a bowling
ball. Will it stay on track? She sticks
her head out the window to see.

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