

In the Kitchen

I kneaded the dough, which swelled and
rose. Just a few punches,
that's all it took.

I cut the cake, its smoothness
Now rent. Red velvet it was,
so rich in taste.

Where were you while I washed
the pots, destroying all signs
of what happened here,
Of scattered flour and broken
eggs, of melted chocolate and
dirty whisks?

The galaxy painted my knuckles,
red stained my hands.
I scrubbed and washed
and poured
and whipped.
The knives are shining,
the floor is swept.

And here you are now
when everything's clean
and all is hidden but
served as sweet,
Like a book-lined library
All speckled and neat.
Until, I suppose, the next time you ask
"What's been baking in the kitchen, Mum?"