

# A Mother's Kitchen

*Amelia Rhett*

She is now  
    tethered by kitchen twine  
    to the pot roast in Pyrex  
that brews in the oven.

A trail of purple  
    imprints peek out  
    beneath her velvet sleeve.

She spins along  
    the yellow walls  
    clutching a gin martini

in a fixed frenzy,  
    careful to never  
    set the knife  
too far out of reach.