

Smells&memories

The kitchen table,
today's bread reminds me of..
a nostalgic smell,
smells of mothers
smells of me,
a treacherous smell,

Rita

is

peeling and slicing carrots

it reminds me of a

knife which is sharp, bright & tempting

I forgot and miss
what it feels like
to stand in the
kitchen and
prepare food..

ingratiate myself.

I wish to

But Rita
doesn't like
me..

I just want to
fully please her

Can't she just
leave the
kitchen?

I could do better by
myself..