

Kimchi Hatchet

by Bill Yarrow

She shouldn't have trusted her townhome
to the apple-shaped developer because now look:

she's got ants with white wings in her cabinets.
“Oh, my God!” she shrieks from her apron.

You need a hug, he tells her and opens
his arms. She declines the embrace.

“You're not Jesus, you know, no matter
how much you think you want to be.”

