

Domesticity

by Marit Meredith

The Marigolds gloves are yellow (figures!) and medium, the apron ironed with a touch of starch added; the bow neatly tied at the back.

The house is immaculate, windows gleam, mirrors shine and the bed-linen is clean, crisp, white and edged with crochet lace — and a homemade meal is ready, the table laid — just so (tablecloth freshly ironed, of course) — when the breadwinner returns. And wait for it: the ironing's done! Domestic bliss? Is it hell! Give me chaotic, artistic mess and book-covered shelves (even if a tad dusty), any day. My house is not my castle; it's my home.

Darren can take his Marigolds when he leaves. I won't need them.

