

William Carlos Williams wasn't married to my wife

by Neil McCarthy

This is just to say, she says, I've eaten the fucking plums.

I also went to town on the cheese: you're welcome.

I finished off the risotto and we're out of milk.

I hope the spring rolls were still good. They were, right?

I also hope you weren't saving the wine for anything.

Next time you go across the street, we need more bread.

Grab some more cereal too, because we're all out.

Did you want the olives? You didn't want the olives.

They were fucking delicious. So salty and so cold.

