

Lentil Soup

by S.H. Gall

The morning's parlance goes as follows, as I approach her behind at the bathroom sink.

"Can you just try to pretend that I'm not an indentured servant, and that you're glad to be with me?"

Cue sputtering. "You're not an indentured servant! Those were your dishes and it's your job to wash them!"

"I know that, but need I remind you I typically wash your dishes *and* my own?"

She passes on the reference to reality. "You are *not* an indentured servant. You're my husband, for chrissake!" All the exclamation points are distracting, but they represent her pointed hysteria.

"And you love me, right?"

"Absolutely."

She does the cooking for us, the meal prep, the ritual. It's a stress relief valve, for her to get hands olive-oiled in the kitchen. Last night, she made the stalwart winter warmer: lentil soup.

This morning I scrubbed the remains of soft lentils from my Melamine bowl. The crisp, shatterproof exterior to an emblematic central warmth. A profound sweetness; a tart, universal acceptance. She may not be the woman for me, but she is all I'll ever have.

Seth Gall has had his work published in China, Canada, and the U.S. His work has appeared in Word Riot, SmokeLong Quarterly, and Nanoism. He is S.H. Gall in Nanoism, issues one and 27 of SmokeLong Quarterly, Five Star Literary Stories, and Fictionaut. His piece "Amputee" is forthcoming in decomP.

