

Cinderella

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One night as you
were slicing carrots for dinner,
and I was setting the table,
you pondered
what it would be like
to cut flesh.

Taking the knife
firmly in your grip,
your French-manicured
hands brought the metal
down into me,
inches from my spine.
And your eyes grew tomato
red, while
the carpet began to soil
under our feet.

After we sat down to eat
and the children went to bed
you entertained my father
with a fable of how
I'd spilled beets on the floor
as I was cutting them
earlier, which is why there
weren't any for dinner.