

Fish Mold

*by Janet Klostermann
English senior*

"Unmolding will be simple,"
the salesman had promised.
Now the dining room holds
an impatient jury as
her trial in the kitchen begins.
Wiping her hands on a useless lace apron,
her face is covered with whipped cream
and despair.
Her husband's voice
offers comfort
through the door.
In desperation
she decides to try warm water.
It worked on the ice cube trays.
In the sink,
the green fish comes to life.
Her husband enters the kitchen
just in time to see the unjelled fish
go flopping down the drain.