

To each her own

by [Emily Rose Proctor](#) in the [January 12, 2017](#) issue

Martha knows the dinner will not cook itself.
Mary feels the moment swiftly passing.

Martha knows each thing has its place.
Mary notices how each thing changes with the light.

Martha knows a word from him would change things.
Mary turns the words like honeyed almonds in her mouth.

Martha knows the kitchen turned temple,
The pot of stew a thurible, filling every empty space.

Mary listens with a thirst that frightens her
For something that makes no sound.