

Recipe for the Girl Who Never Learned to Cook

Cups and overflowing cups of sugar. Fine-grained, cubed, raw. Something else white. Here, the milk you never drink. Pour and stir. That veil you wore, that dress. And the satin shoes. Throw in the earrings, for luck. Chop spinach and pretend it fixes the whole of your life. More green. Crumpled dollars from your coat pocket. Leaves swept off the porch. White and green will do. They are enough. You don't need any other colors.

This is all too much for one pot. Scatter it across the floor and stomp. Repeat. No one wants to eat with you. Draw shapes in the sugar with your hand. Remember the turkey TV dinners you ate after school while your mother worked two jobs. Those mashed potatoes. Imagine how it feels to be fed.