

No Sign of Activity

Every day, the shoe factory and then,
one day, inevitably, the shotgun.
Blood blooms more robust
than the flowers stenciled
on the yellow, blue, and white
kitchen linoleum.
Blood stains redder
than the Libby's tomato juice
next to the Heinz Home Style soup.
A box of bullets sits on a kitchen shelf.
That morning, the weather was so clear.

She thought she was a good wife,
set the table
for breakfast the night before,

dusted around the easy chair
where he usually reads the newspaper—
this is a gendered household:
blue and pink, blue and pink.
In bed, blood pooled beneath her,
she wears a pink nightgown
under a pink blanket.
On the floor, next to her, is the husband,
face down, in blue pajamas
on a blue comforter.

Where is the baby? Oh God—
where is the baby girl?

The baby's also lifeless.

Spatter trellises the pink-striped wallpaper.
A cartridge casing
and, in this house of three rooms,
so many overturned chairs.