**Crime Scene Clean Up**

I don’t know how to tell you how angry I am,

So I rage with condiments.

Worcestershire is splattered against the kitchen ceiling

In greasy brown blobs.

There were three babies at the gym today.

Each one a reminder of my failure.

Each one a reminder that my body was only built for death.

As we ran, one of the mothers and I crashed into each other.

I held her shoulders in my hands and looked into her beautiful face,

And hated her.

I wanted to shake her, or slap her, or tear out her soft blonde hair.

Instead, there is mayonnaise strewn across the room.

I am trying to break a window, I think,

As I fling things that say,

‘This isn’t good enough, as it is.’

I am hoping to see a crack,

Or a splinter.

But all I see is mustard splashed across cabinets.

A pristine white kitchen decorated with loss.

I stand on the counter trying desperately to scrub it away.

You say we would be awful crime scene cleaners.

I laugh.