

I swear I never wrote about you,
days spent cleaning, always
ironing the sheets and underwear,

hours cooking and baking for
the freezer, *never family*.

Karen, sly bandito, searched
your purse, the cabinets and kitchen
drawers. You kept that freezer

locked daring anyone
to steal your hard work...always,
always for people *outside family*.

Remember the rabbi's wife, glutton
for your butter cookies, her mouth,
an automatic blender. '*Company first,*' you said.

At Sabbath meals, we ate chicken wings,
never breast or drumsticks
reserved for others, *why not family?*

Karen, persistent like the bathroom leaky faucet,
found the key to pans of lasagna, rugelach
and almond cookies.

You, grocery shopping after school,
how could you know? Too late,
yes, too late to stop your daughter's feast.