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Marriage

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Marriage

When he came through the door,
she watched him
with those cornflower blue eyes.
And when he asked for his dinner,
she walked out of the kitchen,
figure erect and defiant.

For the first time
she looked at her husband;
Nobel Prize winner,
robotics engineer,
spouse.

He was good at everything. . .
except marriage.

“I’ve realized something, dear.”
His stubby brown finger drummed at the table top.

“You have to see me.”

Rhythmically, he didn’t miss a beat.

“I’m not one of your machines.
You have to stop treating me like one.”

Sobbing, she yelled,

“You’ve hurt me.”

He didn’t blink.

“Answer me!”

He pushed his chair back,
stood up,
walked behind her,
put his hand at her neck,
and turned her off.

--- *Elisabeth Notturmo*