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Mousetrap
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MOUSETRAP

I do not call him when autumn comes and the mice return. I must begin to do those things. Turn on the pilot light, test the fire alarm, etc. His things. I start with killing mice. I remind myself I used to be an excellent cook. I put on a sheer green nightgown, and set out a great mouse feast. In bed alone, I hear something snap. I go inspect the trap. Dead. I try to think what he would do now. I remember hearing the toilet flush before he'd strut back to bed, where I'd lick his lips in gratitude. I pick up the trap and swivel towards the bathroom but when I feel the body twitch I fling it into the kitchen sink. When it stops kicking up dishwater, I pull the drain with a hanger. Then I spray it with mace to be sure. There is no sound in the house. I stand waiting much longer than necessary.