

The Murderess

She works.
Day in, day out.
Sometimes in clean water.
Sometimes in the dirty water
from the day before.
It was the shirt she wore
that night.
That fateful night.
The night she killed
her lover

Before then, he was her lover.
Querido. Amante.
Lover.
The fight tore them apart.
They fought in front of the casa.
Screaming.
Emotions affecting the neighbors
watching carefully,
silently,
from their windows.
The fighting ceased.
She left.

It was late when she came back.
Two or three in the morning.
No one heard her come back.
Not the landlady,
who broke them up.
Not the neighbors,
who watched them fight.
Not her lover,
who hurt her more than before.

It was over quickly.
No noise.
He was sleeping on the sofa.
He never saw the knife
that so swiftly cut
through his flesh.
No noise.
She fled as quickly
and as quietly
as she had arrived.

It has been weeks.
Perhaps months.
Each day, she spends crying.
Lamenting his loss,
And each day she spends working.
Washing that shirt.
The stained shirt that defies cleaning.
No fluid,
solvent,
or soap,
can remove the blood of her lover
from that shirt.
But she washes it again. In vain.