

SANDRA BEASLEY

*Fidelity (I)*

She did not mean to keep the whisk  
when she packed the kitchen  
of the apartment they once lived in.

Night after night he'd tried to emulsify  
soy sauce and peanut butter  
with a fork,  
before dumping the tanbrown mess on lettuce  
and chicken breasts boiled to lumps,  
good fat bubbling off  
to pool in the hollow of the burner.

The whisk was an honest gift,  
curlicued in white-ridged ribbon—  
from a woman who trusted  
overpriced solutions,  
to a man who thought  
anything could blend  
if he worked his hand hard enough.