



THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS MEDICAL BRANCH

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Rolling a Pie Crust

How I Failed At Women's Work
and Lived to Tell of It.

A month after we had sifted our dreams
and spooned our vows
into an overflowing cup
I was in the kitchen
mixing my first pie crust.

It was a sticky business,
too much water remedied
by too much flour.

Tactfully, with a bit of pressure
in the right places
I managed to roll things,
if not smooth,
at least thin.

It was the consummation
that did me in; the dough,
stretching comfortably out on the counter,
balked at being laid
in a pie pan.

It shredded in my hands
like wet kleenex.
I stomped out of the room
out the front door
slamming myself
into the black-bodied night.

You watched, perplexed,
from the window.

I sat crosslegged on the damp, prickly grass
in the company of soft-footed fieldmice
owls
Orion with his sword forever sheathed.

When I came to
I was in the kitchen again
thumbing the pieces together on the pie plate.

'It's very good,' you said, later,
watching me cut myself
a modest second piece.
'I think so too,' I said,
spooning extra blueberries over the crust.

David Waltner-Toews