

The Kitchen is Not My Kitchen

The kitchen is the workplace,
Our boss: patriarchy.
The kitchen is unpaid labour,
Slavery with a smile,
Asking for “help.”

The kitchen is a broken fan,
The sweltering heat of the stove
Demanding, “Don’t let it burn.”
The kitchen is our worth,
To earn a seat at the dining table
Father at the head,
We pass the dishes.

My kitchen is a matriarchy.
My kitchen is teamwork,
Equal parts for all
My kitchen is not asking for “help.”
My kitchen just knows.

My kitchen is a girl-boss
A choice
It is what I make it.
My kitchen is a home-cooked meal or a smoothie to go
My kitchen is the end of a long day,
Meditation, gratification, reward.

My kitchen is forgiveness.
A day off
The preserving cool of the fridge
Patient for my return.
My kitchen is carried with me,
Nurturing and nourishing,
Hope in a Tupperware.