

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/1

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Housewife.

When I realized I was married
to my house

I glued dildos to every seat
wrote love notes to the toaster
took steamy showers with
the shower.

We were newlyweds
batteries fresh
toast hot
the soapscum of infidelities
with the soap
impossible.

The way my hand caressed
the long, thick banister
everyone knew
we were in love.

I read Housemopolitan magazines
for tips
on how to intimately please it.

Bought special brushes
for the toilet.

Coordinated my clothing
with the draperies
so visitors would say how
cute
we were
while they were standing
out on our doorstep
because the dildos made them afraid.

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Or did they?
Which is when I realized
my home
might be a ho-me.
And I was all,
“I made you!”
And it was all,
it just stood there
couldn't muster one excuse.

I sold my minivan
with third row seating and safety locks.
Bought a baby blue Vespa
with Hello Kitty decals on it.
Trashed my sweater set.
Drove around in thigh-high boots
and miniskirt
that totally clashed with our carpet.
People were all,
“You're married to a house?!”
And I was all,
“Yeah, I know
I look way to sex-ay for that.
I totally look you know
like I'm dating
an apartment.”

When I got home
looking all wind-tossed and fetching
things had got wonky.
The front porch light was blinky.
The microwave was on
with the door open.
The lamps were fast-rubbing blisters on the wall.
The refrigerator eased down the hall

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skimming sustenance
through its icemaker
spitting cubes filled with teeth and hair.
The stove beat her chest in frustration.
It was really fucking scary.

Tradition dictated
a fifty-thousand dollar kitchen makeover
and Viagra.
Convention insisted
on any solution
that was expensive
and boring.
The open maw of the basement
was roaring,
"Shove money in me!"

How did it come to this?
I knew sometimes
abodes and women grew apart
but I never thought it would happen
to us.
I thought about the time
I brought home our first Kitchen-Aid blender.
The tender spray
of lemon Pledge on gleaming woodwork.
The first time
we made brownies from scratch
and they came out too gooey
but they were good anyway
and we decided we'd always make them like that.

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Beer bottles were flopping upstairs to die.
It was time to decide.
The walls were oozing
spaghetti sauce and lube.
A diverse flock of dildos
was trembling with rage
from the safety of a bathtub
filled with Perrier
and velvet accent cushions.
"Stop!" I shouted.
"I'm sorry!
You are the kinky mansion
of my dreams and desires!"
All the appliances fell quiet.
I closed my eyes
and when I opened them
all that was left of the residinsanity
was a note scrawled in lipstick
over the bed:
"Don't replace
your sweater set."