THE BUDDHA IN THE ATTIC

Do not hallucinate.

The Buddha in the attic

Disappeared.

Once and again our husbands did not even notice we'd cooked, cleaned, and chopped. It was somehow cookie-dough," made of our time spent together, the help we provided for them.

"We cooked for them. We cleaned for them. We washed their clothes. Sometimes our husbands bought us flowers and gifts. Sometimes our husbands bought us flowers and gifts. Sometimes our husbands bought us flowers and gifts."