

# Kimchi Hatchet

*by* Bill Yarrow

She shouldn't have trusted her townhome  
to the apple-shaped developer because now look:

she's got ants with white wings in her cabinets.  
“Oh, my God!” she shrieks from her apron.

*You need a hug*, he tells her and opens  
his arms. She declines the embrace.

“You're not Jesus, you know, no matter  
how much you think you want to be.”

