

**W**hen we get to the end of this I'm taking a dancing class. I'm learning French. I'm going to play Crosby, Stills, and Nash on the guitar. I'm going to join a book club. I'm going to date ten different women at the same time. I'm going to travel to Canada. I'm going to reach out to my old poetry professor. I'm going to start a theatre for wounded warriors of the heat cries. I'm going to. I'm going to. I'm going to is such a splendid ride. After rest, I feel ready for anything. I make a list knowing it'll be tucked away somewhere. Rediscovered when I'm in my thirties. When I'm a mother of three. And my children seem uncooked. And my husband an imposter. When I feel as though I've finally forgotten what it's like to love on this river. When I've finally placed dams precise. I'll come across a list and I'll remember and the axes will come down and the floods will melt the sugar I almost tasted. Suddenly, I look ahead to see a disgusting looking stream staring back at me. It gapes in veins. Throbbing. Red as blood. It rushes without stop. Smells horrible. Tastes worse. We sew it back up. We rewind the tape. In dual worlds. Our wants never reflect our realities. And so it never happened. That's what I'll say yes. What you want yes. Then fine. Then of course. Then. Don't worry, it never happened. Not a single drop was left. Don't worry. It just bubbles within.