

My Future Husband

by Jennifer Donnell

Is wondering why I'm "taking your crap"
when I'm excellent at standing up to his.

He's cooking dinner in the stylish two story home he owns
and wishing he had someone to share it with,
a blue eyed blonde, but only if she's me.
Meanwhile, I wash old dishes in the sink of the hotel
you've been living in since you left me
and ask if you want a back massage
with your side of machismo,
or a blow job
or whatever.

You say not right now.

My future husband is wondering why I worry so much
about you loving me,
when I'm perfectly lovable
just the way I am.
He doesn't want to tell me this,
but he's not sure you really love anyone,
even when I argue that you did.

If I knew him, now, he'd tell me to ditch the extra sit-ups
meant to try and recapture the kind of Barbie doll figure
I've never wanted anyway, that he doesn't care about either,
and he'd put his arms around me
in silent communion for women's equal rights.

Though he jokes that he's more like Ken than you were
anyway and runs his fingers through his wavy brown hair
as our son enters the room, blonde like me.

Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/jennifer-donnell/my-future-husband>»*

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He excitedly calls out to him, "Daddy!"
because you told me to
find someone who might
stick around for the two of us
in the same breath that you
said you'd always love me.

My future husband wants to renew our vows
on our ten year anniversary next month
and I wonder what became of you.

