

# Oops

by kate hill cantrill

Ok so oops. I messed that up. I made it sexual when it was sweet. Oops. I swear it was the beer. Ok I lie. I always lie. I tried to be a different girl for you. So oops. I messed that up. I made it sexual when it was sweet.

I knew a woman who wrote instead ‘oops’ due to learning disabilities, although I thought it fucking brilliant; and when she said: My business plan? Laundromat and Coffee Shop, I nearly fainted with impression. *Opps*. And so so needed. Cleanse and energize. Just think of the aroma. Eye-watering aroma.

So when I oops-ed, when I made it sexual when it was sweet, I meant I want to be a part of you. I want to hold you in my palm. I want to cup you on my tongue. I want to suck in air and in the air—*surprise!*—it’s you and you are wearing flip flops. Oops. I messed that up. I swear it was the beer. Ok I lie. I always lie. I tried.

Ok so you are wearing flip flops. I hold you in my palm I cup you on my tongue I breathe in air and in the air—*surprise!* It’s you.

She didn’t say oops; she only wrote it. And when I pointed this out she said: Learning Disabilities. Differences, I said. No, she said. I see one p when really there are two. And really, she said, I don’t care a whole lot anyway. Oops.

But still she wrote it like that every time. Opps. Then she’d cross it out and try again. Opps. (Cross-out). Opps. (Cross-out). Opps.

I made it sexual when it was sweet. I tried.

It was brilliant. The smell of soap, the sounds of cloth rolling, rolling, and water steaming through the silver tubes, the look of milk in both the rooms: The Laundromat. The Coffee Shop. The chalk board reading: Moka lahtay. Cappah Cheeno. Mufinns. Opps.

I guess I thought that if I was a part of you—you in my palm, you anywhere—I would get there by being a different girl for you. So I made it sexual. Oops. I messed that up. I just wanted. I wanted to breathe in air and in the air surprise it’s you and you are wearing

those fucking goddamn flip flops.

I thought it brilliant.

If you spilled your latte when you folded who would care? Simply throw the pants into the wash. Opps. Into the wash. Into the steaming milky. Have a lahtay while it rolls.

What must you think of me? You know something of me now. Fucking brilliant. And so so needed.

I made it sexual. When it was sweet.

I tried to be a different girl. Opps. I messed that up.

But this of you I know:

I know you'll venture home at night.

At night you'll wash your feet.

And when the water touches soap you'll think: *How perfect this, how very needed at this time.*

