

In This Moment, Rejoice!

by Jennifer Donnell

Tomorrow is anyone's business and yesterday would give atheists who don't believe in hell a run for their money. But, right now? Oh, this joyous moment of reprieve! Atop my bed I have declared a throne, I wonder... who needed love or sex, let alone forever, let alone with you? *Certainly not me*. All I want is my laptop and internet access, some ice water, and the silence which has already forgotten your insomniac's snore.

For once, I needn't feel the crushing weight of society shining in your fickle green, can't decide if they're hazel, eyes, telling me I ought still be *pretty... no, beautiful... no, flawless...* as my belly grows so big I won't see my toes until after the baby comes.

You didn't say any of this, but I knew whenever you looked at the long lean legs of women a decade younger. You were an expert at making it seem accidental, as if the review of their bodies couldn't be helped. You said Hayden never noticed, back in the day.

You did it, like,

Oh, there's a train wreck... I can't look away from the tall, leggy brunette with salon styled hair.

And we both know it was certainly Armageddon whenever a woman, any woman, with large breasts encountered a low cut top.

Meanwhile, I would wax poetic, silent, except in mind.

What's the big deal about those big breasts anyway?

At least, I thought that at first, but soon became an expert. It was a kind of game. Could I spot the woman you would, before you? Could

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I get there first? Would that make me safe? Could I spot the supple jiggle, wiggle of the parts her shirt almost covered?

And just how short did their shorts have to be for you to look?

Spoiler alert: *Not that short.*

Thus, tonight, I rebel.

Give me tube socks and baggy pants! Give me an oversized baby doll t-shirt!

Give me that old black strapless bra I've owned longer than the last woman you looked at has even been alive. Give me face cream, whatever is greasiest. Give me my children's hands on my navel to feel the baby kick, while you had the hardest time being patient enough to feel him for long.

Give me forgetfulness with a side of forgiveness. Give me anger. Take away trust for awhile and replace it with wisdom. Let me picture my next love having hair, *baldy*, and let him have a ring and pure intentions. Let my heartbroken tears, which aren't as angry upon introspection as they are hurt and deceived, be soft and quiet enough to not wake the neighbors. Give me a big breasted woman to spoon feed you lithium. Give me God, a god who has my back better than a WWE fighter secures the ring.

Let me feel pretty for not feeling the need to be pretty.

Let me be okay, better than okay, even if I fall asleep wondering what kind of pornography you went to first.

How was it? Had it been so long that it gave you an extra 'hit' and took your breath away? Did you go straight to the action scenes? Was it men with women or girl on girl? Was it closeups of body

parts, your favorite? Did you pay for it as a one time viewer or get a subscription like the old days? Did it feel wrong or good, or both, or do you like to feel both?

Was that it, was I too sweet? If you wanted my wild side tamed and loving, how come you left once it was?

The maternity store clerk measured my breast size today, for the nursing bra. She said I was almost a 36D. I didn't check myself out in the mirror. I didn't wonder if you would have. I thought of the nourishment my body will provide the baby with and felt glad.

You know... the baby... that creature you couldn't give a home to, that you pretended was a burden for a forty something man, who you couldn't put food on the table for or even buy a table. That baby with the brain that had to develop even on the nights you vanished and I cried myself to sleep, or couldn't sleep from the hurt. That baby you say you don't want, almost as much as you didn't want to use protection to prevent me from having a baby in the first place.

I knew, without a doubt you'd be there for me unconditionally, to protect and love me, no matter what... as that's what grown men do.

That's also how stupid trust is.

