## Annulling the Future

by Bill Yarrow

If you can't consummate tomorrow you may as well just annul the future. That bride is a sticky risk anyway. Look at her—ruffles in all the wrong places. Her perfume stinks of wrinkle cream. She uses bleach to keep her complexion stiff. She's infested with multiple lovers from the past. She's not the future you remember. Her bones are porous from overexertion. Her glands are full of pride. You see that push-up look in her eyes? How beautiful she looks in the indigo shade. She is a maid of weaponized affection.