

My wife denies being my older self.

by Christian TeBordo

"I'm not your older self," she says.

Everything was going fine until the vows. Everything always goes fine until the vows. I find someone to love. I find someone I can find no wrong in, another self. And then comes that part in the vows, my other self.

"But we said in the vows my other self," I say.

"It's a metaphor," she says.

"And you're older than me," I say.

She's got six months on me. Six months less four days, leap year notwithstanding. It's one of those April-December things—myself one of them, herself the oldster—if only April and December weren't so far apart.

"You're the one who insisted we write our own vows," she says.

"You wrote my other self," she says.

"If only April and December weren't so far apart," I say.

"What the fuck do April and December have to do with anything?" she says.

"It's a metaphor," I say.

"For what?" she says.

Here comes the explaining. I hate having to explain this, having to explain myself to my older self, the possibility, the inevitability that in six months I could be so dense as to need a statement like if only April and December weren't so far apart explained for me.

"It means you're six months older than me," I say.

"April and December are eight months apart," she says. "Or four months apart," she says.

"I said it's a metaphor," I say. "For how you always get there first and then you ruin things for us," I say.

"Neither of us was born in April or December," she says.

"You don't understand," I say.

Try explaining anything to my older self. Sometimes I think she's willfully misunderstanding, though, to advocate the devil for only a moment, it could be the restricted blood flow.

"Maybe we could work this out if you'd just untie me," she says.

"I've heard that one before," I say.

And I have. There were a couple of times I even fell for it. Don't imagine this one's my only other, older self. Or imagine whatever you want. What are you, my judge? No seriously, are you my judge? Then maybe you can understand why I do what I do?

