

Fuck Men!

by Jennifer Donnell

Goose plans on forgiving me when I'm one hundred years old,
plus ten years past that.

He calculates that he'll only be one hundred and fourteen
or twenty five in dog years
and he's sharp like a prick,
like a knife through my heart.

Sharp enough that he'll still be in demand
for chess and sex at the old folk's home.

He'll get some next generation
Viagra
and the younger seniors won't care
if he just lies there,
as he's got a lot to offer a gal
or, by then, an old lady.

Mandy thinks that's why I forgive him so easily.

I talk wands and magic and how women aren't supposed to care,
but I do, and she talks length and girth.

Her fiancé has neither,
she makes an illustration with her pinky
and says that if they don't marry within the year,
she's dumping his ass
and we'll get babysitters for the kids
and live it up in Cabo,
in bikinis on boats
and shout to the ocean, "fuck men!"

She says Goose won't forgive me by then,
so I might as well stop trying
and she closes one eye and sticks out her tongue.

I ask if she meant that about him or me,
and she says both. Adds that she'd quote
a line about insanity being doing
the same thing, ad nauseam,
but she already did the last time
he broke my heart and if she quotes it again,
she'll be crazy too.

I look sad
and she changes her tune,
says maybe he'll surprise me
and forgive me in time for summer,
then he can come to Cabo with us
and drive the boat or jet-ski, while we sunbathe.

I tell her she better only book two tickets
as there's no way he's forgiving me before then.

He's no quitter.

