

Schadenfreude

by Jennifer Donnell

My therapist says it's PTSD and I'm glad I finally have an excuse
for when my pulse races. I ask how much you trust me
and you say, one hundred percent. I think, how nice for you.
It must be nice, that I'm nice
and doing something right by not doing anything wrong.

For you? I'd love to times that trust by 2, but can't help but divide it
instead.

*Remember that time you didn't, when you said you would?
What about the time you said you wouldn't and you did?*

It's 50/50 that you'll ever pad your knee enough to ever kneel on it.
Your back hurts, the Orthopedist labels it arthritis.
I think that means we're getting old,
so I crawl up the tower of your body
as I'm a little younger, more sprightly.
You're a gentle giant so I'm sweet when we kiss,
like *mmm* and *hmmm*.
The neighbor who fights with her fiancé everyday gets married.
I rub your tender back and cook you dinner.
They invite us to the wedding and I already hope they get divorced.
It's turning me into a terrible person
this jealousy, this schadenfreude.

You say a ring isn't the only way to show love,
but what does not having a ring show?

Does it make me so special,
irreplaceable,
tell the world,
act as a talisman,

ward off the suitors,
bring me to the same ground,
or just say fuck you.

If I was born 2 year later, I'd be a millennial and, according to
statistics,
not care about this bullshit.

