

Right Now

by Jennifer L. Lopez

Adele sings to me in her throaty, jazzy way and my foot sways to the beat, my head bobs to the rhythm. I like the way you can hear her accent even when she sings. When I sing along, I imitate the soft r's; and my th's become a cross between f and v; and my o's live in the back of my throat, nestled against my soft palate instead of smashed up against my teeth; and my mouth creates diphthongs I never learned in school.

Maybe it's an obsession. I like to think it's a healthy dose of like, or maybe even love. I want to talk like Rose Tyler, and be whisked away by the strapping Doctor, preferably in David Tennant form. I want to see the London Eye up close, see if people over there really do have bad teeth or if it's just a silly stereotype. A stereotype like fist-pumping jersey boys and their girlfriends with severe overexposure to UV rays. I'm not much of a drinker, but I'd like to go to the pub for a pint and eat chips like the Brits eat chips, not like Americans eat crisps. I'd like for someone to call me love in a completely platonic way without an I before or a you after.

Adele is chasing pavement. Maybe so am I.

