

Who you are

by Wendy Fontaine

She hoped it made him happy.

The Chinese tattoo.

The used BMW.

The menthol cigarettes, Abercrombie jeans.

The new girlfriend, with her dark roots and party-girl pictures on Facebook.

Because you look stupid, she thought. Like you forgot who you are

or what you were doing

and where you were going,

in the first place.

