

“Told You So” by Keetje Kuipers

When my daughter spills her orange juice, I wipe it off the linoleum

with the old plaid boxers of the man I thought I’d marry.

Elastic ripped out, seams unraveling—I’ve had lives
already. At night they crawl across

my skin before I can turn on the light.

We spend all these years wanting, and then one day—sudden
as a lamp set to a timer—we have.

There were the nights I drank just so I could feel a little

more of my own unhappiness. Now, with my feet pressed
into this rug, I’ll never be that drunk again.

Before I went to the clinic to get pregnant, I cried onto the shoulder

of an old flame, worried that whoever I loved next would never know
my body when it was beautiful.

How could I have been wrong about so many things?