

Two to One

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I have to make the numbers work
I have to make the words tell a story
I can't think after two glasses of rosé
but I have to talk to strangers and
explain why my eyes are blue and
I take a bus downtown to find out
I wanted to go to the beach.
I carried my swimsuit under my arm
and dropped it when I grabbed the
toothpaste on the top shelf,
then decided brushing my teeth at 12:00 noon
before I had eaten breakfast
was a waste of time.
I decided that I laughed too much to be depressed
and wondered where that was today
but quickly found the answer at the bottom
of my cereal bowl spelling out "unless you're pregnant
you shouldn't look like a cantaloupe."
I really can't think too straight or shoot
too straight when I've drunk too much.
That's why when I picked up the gun
after dusting the end table
I didn't put it in the drawer but set it on the clean
table top then picked it up again.
It went off so fast I thought God had planned it.
I hadn't even had dinner yet and my guts were
already emptying on the floor . . . when they found me
it was really red like wine.