

26

When I was 25

I went to a psychic

Who told me

Get through 25

As quickly as possible

Because good things

Are coming at 26

When I was 25

I was dumped three times

By men I had met

Over the internet

The first man

Was a worker in the

International Alliance of

Theatrical Stage Employees

And he

Often commented on how

Puny his muscles were

And they were

And his comments

Were annoying

So I didn't

Say anything encouraging

In response

To his body shaming

He called me and said he thought

I was more into him than he was into me

Which aroused a hearty laugh

Within my belly

Because he was so insecure

That

I couldn't believe he had

The balls

To say something like that

Especially because

I was going to dump him

In that same conversation

The second man

Was an emotionally fucked up

PhD in psychology

Who is now

Someone's therapist

He had a closet

Completely full of

Magic card decks

He told me

I had sex like a man

He typed a list

Of things to say to me

To dump me

He brought it to my house

And began reading it to me

I stopped him

And asked to read it myself
So I continued for him
Reading it out loud
That made him cry
And his crying made me smile
And laugh a little
I wish I had kept
That list
The third man
Was a computer programmer
Who lived
In a brand new condo
In Emeryville
In retrospect
I think he is
On the autism spectrum
He was the one who
Didn't come
To Oakland First Friday
When you and Victoria
Were hanging out with me
(Or
If I'm to be
An asshole about it
When Victoria
Was hanging out
With us)

Before he dumped me
He took me to a party
Where I didn't know anyone
And he did not talk to me
At all
When he dumped me he said
I've enjoyed our time together
But I want
A girl who makes the sun shine
Every time I'm with her
That should have made me laugh
But I cried instead
I asked him
How did things end with the last girl
You dated?
And he said
The same way
And I asked him
What did she say?
She said I was breaking her heart, he said
I said
You're not breaking mine
Because mine is already broken
That's a lot about
Men you
Probably don't want to imagine
Having sex with me

And it might make you wonder
How I would describe you
To someone else
If you dump me
But the important part
Of my story
Is that this all led me
To you
Suddenly
Unexpectedly
I wanted my friend
Who had wanted me
For such a long time
And then we started talking again
And I didn't want to tell you
Over the phone
That I had changed my mind about you
Because
I didn't know
Where you were
Going to move
For school
And I didn't know
If you and Victoria
Were going to stay together
But then
To use a cliché

It all fell into place
And it would have been
Very easy
For everything to have turned out
Differently
The psychic told me
Good things were coming at 26
The man who would
Teach me what love is
Would come at 26
But this man
Would also be
The source of my
First true heartbreak
And that I would find my
Soulmate
At 28
Not long ago
You and I
Walked past the storefront
Where the psychic
Used to be
And her business
Was no longer there
And I looked for her
On Yelp
And I couldn't find her

On Yelp

So I wonder

Did she die?

Did she move

To Arizona?

Or is she still here

In Berkeley

In a cubicle

Working as someone's secretary

All day?

Mostly I wonder

If she predicted

Where she is now

Or if she

Didn't

See

It

Coming