

Bean Counting

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She adds up all the names
people have given her over the years:
"vain, difficult, cold."
Someone once told her that
people are expendable to her.
She recites this phrase for the 100th time.
I wonder if she believes it.

She argues that her list is qualitative
and mine quantitative because
I number the times
she's touched me without provocation
and the times we've taken-out
instead of eaten-in.

I defend my car analogy once again
but she still doesn't like love
as a luggage-burdened Volkswagen
in the slow lane
or lust as a Ferrari speeding
out of control.
One more smart-ass comment
sets her off, but I don't check myself.
I rush through all the reasons why
I'm mad and right.
She requires proof, but I know when I speak,
my evidence breaks apart.

Her list for me;
mine for her.
"I won't be your patriarch,
protector, provider, etc."
This gives us some common ground.
She says she won't be my mother,
my angel, or my baby.
I smile and take into account
the fact that once again
I'm giving in.
From now on,
I'll learn to count in quiet.