In Defense of Being the Other Woman

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Abstract
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Cover Page Footnote
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by Sarah Dalton

There are only a few things I’m not proud of: knuckle tattoos and the nights you smelled like matrimony. In my bed, you slept in sweat, and I paced in the kitchen, practicing long division. If you weren’t the spit in my shower drain or the crack in stucco that once fit my finger, I could have loved you until you were anxious. But you’re still a Sagittarius, and I’m still in Michigan mourning over dead skin, falling in love with the sound of my own voice making excuses.