The Beginning and the Beginning Again

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Abstract
I stand in the bathroom doorway, gripping my Virginia Is For Lovers mug while the morning sickness rushes through her like consumers through a box store on Black Friday.

Cover Page Footnote
The Beginning and the Beginning Again was originally published at Booth

This article is available in Booth: https://digitalcommons.butler.edu/booth/vol7/iss3/1
I stand in the bathroom doorway, gripping my Virginia Is For Lovers mug while the morning sickness rushes through her like consumers through a box store on Black Friday. I’m doing all the wrong things. I watch as she pukes up a bowling ball. Why the bowling ball? I ask. You’re an asshole! she snaps. How can you forget? Our first date was at Lang’s Bowlarama. I apologize, understanding that her insides are very outside of her these days. She crawls back into bed. I wait until she falls asleep before heading into the bathroom. I grab the bowling ball out of the toilet and think, This is going to be hard to swallow. Tomorrow, she will throw up a bouquet of flowers. That will go down more easily.