

My Mistake

by Judith Bourque

I made plans.
That was my problem.
I'd grown so used to
your wrath at the world,
I took your quiet for calm
and when my suggestions
met no opposition,
I took it for agreement—
never thinking to expect
joy or enthusiasm.

So I planned
and dreamed my dreams,
thinking them "ours"—
only hearing the "of course"s,
leaning on the "someday"s,
missing the unsaid
"don't count on me"s.
So when you decided to tell me
you hadn't made any plans—
I woke up screaming.



Illustration: Elise Johnson