

NOTES

Love never has been, nor will ever be, synonymous with perfection; so how is one expected to endure a long-term relationship? In her contemporary, free-verse narrative poem, Bridget Grace Sheaff introduces us to a woman, who, like many single women today, faces too many decisions when it comes to navigating a new relationship. This narrative poem should be performed by a female and be entered in Poetry Interpretation; however, a performer may choose to perform this as a monologue and enter it in Dramatic Interpretation. If this poem were a film, it would be a bittersweet, romantic comedy. While the overall theme of the poem is “the birth and death of a relationship,” there are several lines filled with subtle humor. Don’t be afraid to use a bit of sweetly sarcastic humor, when appropriate. The drama mask icons are simply suggestions for when to turn the pages in the manuscript.

I hate going to weddings. I hate bridesmaids and flowers and toasts.

Oh, dear me, how I hate toasts.

I hate when the bride or groom gets teary-eyed and they say,

“I am so happy for every bad decision I made, because it led me to you.”

Vomit. Please, never say that again.

So, I don’t hate weddings.

I am just tired of hearing the story of how you met,

And how, if you had made a different choice of toothpaste that morning,

Or if you had not looked both ways before crossing the street,

You never would have met her,

And your life would have been worse off for it,

And so you are “happy for every bad decision you ever made.”

Blah, blah, blah...

Do our triumphs automatically trump our regrets?

No. That’s not how life works.

We can still make bad choices, and we can still regret them.

And I don’t want to meet someone who is a result of my bad decisions,

Or who is a happenstance of my *chance* choices.

I want to meet the person that is right for me.

And I decided *that*—after a series of decisions, of course—

Decisions—that mostly had to do with You.



I saw You at a party in a sweatshirt and jeans,
As if dressing casually is something You do without thinking— Which,
it probably is, or rather, *was*.
I decided to walk over and talk to You,
Because You looked
Well, *radiant* is the first word that comes to mind,
And it's probably the most accurate.
You looked *radiant*.
And it's not like I believe in love at first sight or anything,
And I don't think attraction is based solely on the physical,
But there was something intangible—
Inexplicable about the whole experience,
And I felt it was the right thing to do next—that is talk to you.
It was the only piece of the puzzle that made sense.
So I walked over and introduced myself.
I decided that I thought You were funny—
Okay, *more* than funny. You were clever.
I decided that pretty quickly.
You cracked some terrible pun—
The kind of pun that makes everyone groan, but secretly loves.
I knew then, as I know now, regardless of how the rest of the story
goes, That I found You funny.
I decided to ask for Your number.
A bold move, I know.
But I decided I wasn't done with this conversation—
With this *spark*—with the possibility of what this could be.
So I handed You my phone and told You to enter Your number.
You did, along with Your name
(And a custom ringtone that I wouldn't discover for a few weeks).
When You handed it back to me,
I made a secret pledge never to use emoji's when texting You,
So as to not embarrass myself.
(But then You used one first, so I guess it ended up being okay).