

mostly i want a husband

Maggie Hoppel

so that i can sit like always in the cvs drive thru line
on washington road that takes forty five minutes
and the 2006 camry will still soak up my scream
except he'll be scheming in the shotgun seat with
an extra, ideally work-provided insurance card
and the cd he burned for me in college
and he'll tumble out and bolt inside the store
and shoulder the disapproving glances
of the couple behind us in the (eugh) honda cr-v
and take brushstroke manstrides past the candy
and the lip gloss to the pharmacy counter
and it will be a possibly serious race to my accutane
in-store vs pickup window and camry vs vans
and win or lose he will rustle back into my liar
of a heating system with a box of tampons
and a can of root beer to split the time and the
difference and the triangle into a trapezoid
spinning like wheels mathematically and errand
checked we'll make tracks out of the parking lot
jungle book sashaying into highway smog
with fresh period products and a dumb receipt
and a promise forty-five minutes closer to its breaking