

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/4

JP Reese

2008, What I Wanted

I wanted it to be 2007, before my husband lost his white collar and our nest egg broke its shell against the blind windows of Wall Street. I wanted not to feel the clench in my guts every time the bills came due. I wanted to believe my son, almost grown, would head to college and enjoy the life my parents provided me. It is 2011. My son works overnights. Mornings at seven, I hear him climb the stairs toward his day's rest. If I am quick, I may catch a trace of his boy's smile, testing itself against an older, stranger's face.