

Marriage
For Gregory Corso

Should I get married? Should I be good? I don't want to be an Old Maid,
Go Fish, Crazy 8's, but no Old Maid.
But I don't want chocolates, gilded roses, ring in the dessert, guitar serenade, sunset,
picnic, couples' massage in Sandals, Jamaica.
And being confined to a lifetime of these moments.

Meeting his parents, have to talk, don't want to be that quiet girl,
Tell a story, any story
But it has to be funny in a light, appropriate way, don't talk too much though,
Must suppress personality—sit up straight, pretty smile, bat the eyelashes—fill the
silences, minimal PDA but enough to let them know I'm committed
What do you want to do? What will you do after you start a family? Have a CAREER
and leave the babies? No way!

But what if I found the right man—I wouldn't care about seeing his armpits every
morning—with *the* man marriage wouldn't be unbearable
We could go to (insert low budget resort here) and make fun of the fat tourists with white
ankle socks and fanny packs
If I get married do I have to wear a fanny pack?

I want to get married though, is it too much to ask for a man I don't get sick of? Can he
be funny? Tell a good story? Can he be able to dance unawkwardly?
If only it could just be that without the confetti and matching turtlenecks in professional
photographs and teddy bears and jewelry boxes from Jared
Gasp! Smile and shake my head, oh honey you shouldn't have
But he really shouldn't have, who wants a journey diamond necklace?

If I find this mythical man that I never get sick of then no money, cheap apartment,
groceries, bills, who cares?
I found someone whose company I enjoy all the time. I'll take it.
His and her towels, his and her mugs, why not? I'd look over at him and sigh.
Not that cheesy romantic sigh, but a sigh of relief--Thank god I found someone that
doesn't bother me.
Meatloaf, poop diapers, utilities, clogged sink, microwave pizza.
I'm in as long as we can sit on the same side of the dinner table when were 80,
People watching in silence because we don't need to talk anymore.

UGH but one man for the rest of my life! Hairy back, towels on the floor, matches in the
bathroom, snoring, never having my own covers, body odor, and
Endless dry-cleaned button downs.
And I don't want to cook, I can't cook, he can wear the apron while I have my cocktail
And he thinks about how lucky he is to have found me.

But the wedding, that's another thing! If I have to do this, I don't want to be hauled off to my honeymoon so that my grandmother knows exactly what I'm doing.
I don't want to miss my family clamoring for the drinks, eating none of the food.
No way I'm being whisked away to strawberries and champagne.
I don't even like champagne. Or strawberries.
Who made that the honeymoon snack?

Some requirements:
No cake in my face,
No up-do,
No pulling the garter off of my leg thing. No one even wears those anymore.
No electric slide, conga line, or Thriller. You know what? No group dances of any kind.
His family will definitely be more well-behaved. They'll eat the food.
Oh, and I will be having more than one drink if I have to make meaningless chatter all night long.

So the wedding's over but I won't be that mother.
My worst nightmare: minivan, no aspirations, no career goals, cut my hair short because I'm TOO BUSY, taking pills, Capri pants, did you do your homework? No make up, in line at Ben and Jerry's, reading glasses on croakies, nerdy sneakers for errand running.
No I will not do yoga on Wednesday afternoons.
No I will not wear cartoon characters on my denim jacket.
But I want to, I should, my parents want me to have kids! I can have kids without being *that* mother right?

But pregnancy!
Sure guys, I'll get fat, ruin several body parts forever, take on a lifetime of responsibility/worry/anxiety.
Not drink for 9 months while everyone decides its ok to touch my stomach—
It wasn't okay before why now? That baby in there doesn't like it either.
Both of us agree that that is not okay.

Will I wonder boy or girl? Will they be smart or dumb, confident or timid, gay or straight, opinionated or indifferent, will they be good people? Will they want to get married after they see the way the mythical man and I behave?

Or maybe I should just wear long scarves in my hair and go find a sexy, incredibly famous movie star with a goatee and a fedora to adopt international babies with.
And name them after fruits and vegetables.
“Thank you, it truly is an honor just to be nominated.”
I can keep that option on the table. It could happen, I mean, he doesn't have to wear a fedora.

Yeah, I'll get married.
Or, I could sit in the lounge of the Four Seasons, Dirty Shirley in my manicured hand wearing all of my jewelry and brooches staring at the door...

Or, pull a Miss Havisham and sit in a wedding dress covered in spider webs waiting for something that will never happen—but it has to!

I want someone to play Bingo with when I can't go to the bathroom by myself anymore, side by side in our wheelchairs, you just won 5 dollars! B29! I would still like to laugh so hard that I pee my Depends. BINGO!