Maggie

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If you had never run away, we would be young women now, going through our young women problems, obsessing over our young women bodies, talking about men, our latest flings, while sipping wine and appearing mature.

On a day like this, we'd fantasize at our favorite café over fattening salads, coffee, and gourmet crepes about our own concert... me on the drums and you wailing into a mic.

You would be engaged by now, and we'd be picking out the flavor of cake icing, the color of my matron of honor gown, the elegant style of your hair, and the band to play at the reception.

I'd promise to take pictures at your baby shower(s) and you'd swear to sing at my wedding.

You'd laugh at tales of my most current romantic tryst and once we cleared my tears, I'd tease you about the beads of sweat that appear on your nose whenever you get excited or serious.

I hear you're back home, staying with your last boyfriend. My Filipino-sister-partner-in-crime, you have five years to make it to my wedding, starting now.