

At some point, he must realize that he should ask me, the girl sitting to his right, a question.

“I heard you tell someone else that you were an English major back in college. Do you like poetry?”

“Yes, I do...though I usually write nonfiction...”

“What’s your favorite poem?” He bumps his right knee into my left, which I do not like.

“I guess ‘The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock,’ though maybe that’s a cliché answer.”

The man I am sitting next to smiles, takes a breath, and then:

“Let us go then, you and I...”

*Oh god, I think.*

“When the evening is spread out against the sky...”

*Please don’t.*

“Like a patient etherized upon a table...” He pauses. “I have the whole thing memorized. Maybe it was fate that we sat next to each other. Don’t you agree?”

I think I am supposed to be happy about this. And I mean, really, what are the chances, that this man, who I am sitting next to, at this wedding, has this poem memorized? It feels like the universe is trying to tell me something, but I don’t know what, so instead I look at him, sitting to my left, and mumble, “That is not it at all, that is not what I meant, at all.”