

5-1-2010

## Wishful Thinking

Libby Cudmore

Follow this and additional works at: <https://egrove.olemiss.edu/yr>

---

### Recommended Citation

Cudmore, Libby (2010) "Wishful Thinking," *Yalobusha Review*. Vol. 15 , Article 19.  
Available at: <https://egrove.olemiss.edu/yr/vol15/iss1/19>

This Nonfiction is brought to you for free and open access by the English at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Yalobusha Review by an authorized editor of eGrove. For more information, please contact [egrove@olemiss.edu](mailto:egrove@olemiss.edu).

Libby Cudmore

## Wishful Thinking

I wish I were my sister on prom night in 1995 so I could know what it's like to be the most beautiful woman in the universe instead of a four-eyed geek with bad hair and bad clothes. I shouldn't have been so nasty to Nayla—what if she really did kill herself like she always threatened to in order to get our attention? I wish I'd gotten into the Smiths earlier and left the bad poetry to Morrissey. I wish my best friend now were my best friend back then; he aligns our ten-year age difference by saying things like, "I saw *Return of the Jedi* the year you were born." I wish I'd worn a big creamsicle ball gown to prom and left the boyfriend at home, spent the night dancing instead of babysitting a wallflower. I should go back and draw mustaches and eye patches in my yearbooks.

I wish I'd spent more time in the backseats of boys' cars. I should have lost my virginity two years earlier to Martin, two years before he got engaged to a fatty and I got stuck giving it up to Aaron. I wish I'd had sex with Anthony so his then-girlfriend/now-wife could lay awake wondering *Was Libby better than me?* to serve her right for sitting me at the date table, over by the kids' buffet, far away from our friends, the day she married a guy I should have slept with. I should have pawned Aaron's engagement ring and used the money to hop around London for a weekend. I should have bypassed Jason entirely.

I wish I were the water sliding down my best friend's back. I listen to him shower from where I pretend to sleep on the couch when I visit him and his beautiful wife. I wish I were the coffee he drank; I wish I were the food he ate. I want him to consume me, even if it means I'm only part of him for a few short hours before he disposes of me.

I wish I were Geena Davis in 1987 when she was still married to Jeff Goldblum and Jeff Goldblum was still gorgeous. I wish I were Geena Davis on any given day of the week. I wish I were snarky and British and said words like "Wanker" without looking like, well, just that. I wish that smoking wouldn't kill me because, damn, it looks cool. I should drink more black coffee, and I should drink it late at night.

I wish I had a book deal, a pink party dress, and a ferret. I wish I had a pierced nose, purple hair, and a place to go dancing on Saturday nights. And I wish, more than any other wish, that I could be my best friend's wife for one minute, that's all, just one fucking minute, just long enough to look into his wide blue eyes and say