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Just Boring Enough to Forget About

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Author Bio

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Just Boring Enough to Forget About

ANNA CINCOTTA

That photograph of the two of you is still tucked away in your nightstand, underneath gum wrappers and movie tickets and that extra pregnancy test.

Sometimes you wonder if he remembers how you used to sleep with your legs tangled together. If he remembers what he'd ordered for breakfast at the diner where his "this isn't working" froze into a bloody, mangled "I don't love you anymore."

He had scrambled eggs and your heart drowned in a cup of black coffee.

There were two sad little urine sticks in the box at first. You got a lucky break the first time around with *The Reason You Don't Eat Breakfast Anymore*.

But today you're swimming in bile and your head is being squeezed through a garlic press and your period is late but it can't be because you're a list keeper. An overthinker with WebMD bookmarked. Someone who breaks down silently on the subway because

the Amazon is burning and
the world is drenched in toxic stardust
and no one (good) ever stays.

Just take the damn pregnancy test.

You slept with him because he bought you that cherry danish from the coffee cart at work two weeks ago and you didn't have the heart to tell him why you don't eat breakfast anymore.

It was an expensive danish. He had nice eyes. A personality just boring enough to let you forget about him after he left the next morning.

You pee on the stick.