

## Enough

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So I'm in the shower and I get to thinking if I slipped, if I fell, if I impaired myself in any number of ways, no one would find me for days, weeks even. There would be no drastic measures taken to save my life. No frantic lover to kick in the bathroom door. No loyal dog to bark for help or faithful cat to keep me warm. Pets of any kind are not allowed in the building.

My answering machine would continue to take my calls, none of which would be from James. We were on a break—his word, not mine—and I hadn't seen him in approximately two months and twenty-eight days. Instead, there would be messages like: "Nora, honey, it's your mother. I'm sorry about lunch today. Maybe the doctor is wrong." Or: "Ms. Thompson, we have your test results back from the lab. Please don't delay in calling us to schedule an appointment."

Meanwhile, there I would remain, naked and alone in my bathtub with only half the shampoo rinsed from my hair and a trail of razor burn along the back of my upper left thigh from a dull, pink Bic.

Of course, odds are I would be found eventually, right? My landlord, having come to collect rent, and maybe a few neighbors I said hello to once in the hall would assemble in my filthy bathroom to gawk. A headline, wedged somewhere between the comics and the want ads, would read: Barren Woman Found in Bathtub, No Boyfriend, No Pets, No Hot Water.

I position my body in the tub, flat on my back, arms raised, a toe tangled in the rope of a blue loofa, and my right leg draped over the side wall, exposed. Random thoughts flood my head: When was the last time I cleaned the shower? How much water can the skin absorb before it shrivels away entirely, leaving behind nothing more than bare bones? Will anyone care that I am gone?

I climb from the tub to call James and beg him to take me back. I apologize. I grovel. I make promises I don't intend to keep. I do not, however, tell him that I love him, even though I know he's waiting for me to say the words. "You're good for me," I tell him, and he accepts this. For him, this is enough.