

A Lot Like You

~Rudy Francisco

I was told the average girl begins to plan her wedding at the age of seven. I was told she picks the colors and the cake first. By the age of ten, she knows the time and the location. By seventeen, she's already chosen a gown and a maid of honor by twenty three.

She's waiting for a man who doesn't break out in hives when he hears the world commitment. Someone who doesn't smell like a Band-Aid drenched in lonely. Someone who is more than a temporary solution to the empty side of the bed. Someone who will hold her hand like it's the only one he's ever seen.

To be honest, I don't know what tux I'll be wearing. I have no idea what my wedding will look like.

But I imagine..

I imagine the woman who pins my last name to hers will butterfly down the aisle like a five foot promise.

I imagine that her smile will be so big that you will see it on google maps and know exactly where our wedding is being held. The woman that I plan to marry will have champagne in her walk and I will get drunk on her footsteps.

When the pastor asks me if I take this woman to be my wife I will say yes before he even finishes the sentence. I will apologize to him later for being impolite but I will also explain to him that our first kiss happened six years ago and I've been practicing my yes for the past 2,165 days and when people ask me about my wedding I never know what to say but when people ask me about my future wife..

I always tell them that her eyes are the only Christmas lights that deserve to be seen all year long.

I tell them that she thinks too much, she misses her father, she loves to laugh, and she's terrible at lying because her face never figured out how to do it correctly.

I tell them that if my alarm clock sounded like her voice my snooze button would collect dust. I tell them that if she came in a bottle, I would drink her until my vision is blurry and my friends take away my keys.

I tell them that if she was a book, I would memorize her table of contents. I would read her cover to cover hoping to find typos just so we can both have something to work on. Because aren't we all unfinished? Don't we all need editing?

Aren't we all waiting to be read by someone praying that will tell us that we make sense? She don't always make sense. But her imperfections are the things I love about her the most.

To be honest, I don't know when I will be married. I don't know where I will be married. But I do know this.. whenever I'm asked about my future wife, I explain her as the best I can.

She always sounds a lot like you