

Falling into the Bucket

by Kenita Gibbins

The first time I dreamed of getting married, I vowed to stay with my man. I picked George and didn't have a list of possible grooms. The dream hasn't ended and never will. I believe this happens because we do a lot together, but I've never heard, my dear, you can't just jump on a plane and fly to St. Lucia. The thing that makes me annoyed happens because he always has a smile and never says I will miss you. I think about going back to Poland for a tenth visit. Sometimes I fantasize about where I'd like to go.

I don't make a bucket list. I make goals for myself, like being the best Denver Art Museum docent possible. I find fun in saying I'm a DAM docent.

The only listings I make consist of two grocery checklists — one for my husband and one for me. George faithfully gathers everything on his sheet. The trouble happens when he picks up this and that.

I line up Netflix DVD choices frequently. Plus I go through on Netflix streaming to pick movies. On my bookcase sits a stack of books I plan to read. Yes, the treasures heap in order. Another group of stories rests in my Kindle Fire.

The bucket I fall into must be my list. I don't write it down.