I am an INTJ
Kevin Garrison

Myers-Briggs says that I’m a rationalist, that I take pleasure in placing the F on the essay that the ESFP delayed writing until 3:29 AM, my keyboard clacking out twenty-three MS Word comments to tell the student how to become more like me.

Wikipedia says that INTJs hate social rituals, that I am baffled by the Sunday morning service crowd exit as I’m forced to shake the hand of the twenty-fourth person who introduces himself as the third John of the morning, with me hoping only that I don’t catch the bug off the elderly woman three aisles behind me who filled a purse full of Kleenex and phlegm.

Keirsey says that I love pragmatic theories, forever frustrating my friend as I explain in a voice ten decibels too loud the anomaly in her view of dating: that her image of guy number fourteen has been watercolor smudged and pencil-mark erased, marginalizing her voice with the critical reasoning that received an A in Intro to Philosophy.

A self-help site says that INTJs aren’t in touch with their emotions, that I will blunder through relationships, the phone cord stretched from the hall to the bed as I wait for the ring at 12:53 AM after having asked “what is love?” to her crying eyes, knowing that my only hope is for an EFSJ who always sees me half-full.

But, last night, I traced the dips around my wife’s eyes and caressed the wonder of her eyelashes drawing nothing in silence.