

Corner

Here we go again.

I knew I shouldn't have agreed to have dinner with him. But he used to be a good friend and I still like him...

That's right, I like him, but not as he would like.

So once again, we are standing at a street corner, me wanting to get back home, he trying to get in my pants!

All because at one point, he thought he had his chances with me. He might have had, but only at the very beginning. As he didn't make a move in the first months, I lost interest.

And now, he is married, living in another city and trying to convince me that I am losing the night of my life.

« Please, let me come home with you. I know you want to. »

I try being blunt.

« No, I don't. »

« You've got someone? »

We spent the evening chatting and he only asks that now, the conversation was all about his marital bliss. Just for that last remark, he makes me want to hurt him. He just does not understand.

« You think the only reason I would not sleep with you is because I am with someone else? Are you so full of yourself as to never wonder that maybe I am not attracted to you? And that's only one of a thousand reasons; maybe I'd rather be in bed alone with a good book than listening to you. Maybe the lack of interest you showed to me makes me guess that you will be just as selfish in bed. »

He looks at me as if seeing me for the first time.

« But... »

« No, I don't want to listen to your excuses. Don't tell me I'm special. I've heard it all before. »

« You don't need to be so angry. » He replies.

« The thing is I am not even upset. I just know that you will go on trying if I don't hurt you. Guys just don't listen when you say thanks but no thanks. »

He looks hurt.

« I'm sorry, I didn't realise. »

« And I thought you were one of the smart ones. What part of you being married, apparently blissfully but still wanting to have fun with me makes you think I won't feel used? »

« I didn't know you were a feminist. »

« I'm not. Or at least not in your sense, where feminist means you speak up your mind and hate men. I don't hate them, but I don't want to exist only for or by them. I am strong and smart enough to be my own person and I wish our society was not so sure that only males can make it work. »

He is about to excuse himself again, looking more and more pathetic. I decide he has had enough for now.

« Look, let's call it a night. I'll go my way, you'll go yours. We are friends and that's it. If you ever wish for more, remember tonight and know that I don't. I would even stop talking to you if you insist. Are we good? »

« I guess... » He replies.

His good night kiss was more innocent than it had been in years.

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