

## DE/ROMANTIC REVOLUTIONS

MalintZINE

### I remember

the first time I went to the MEChA meeting  
he was there  
to the side with his Ché mane  
sad eyes  
and I liked him

(no, you don't understand)

he's a beautiful brown man  
he reminds me of my brother  
lost, rocky childhood, angry, charismatic, womanizer  
but wants to be a lawyer or politician  
do right by his people

(his mother)

first time he holds my hand, we're at the movies  
watching motorcycle diaries  
his sweaty palm, let's go  
stares and for a moment I imagine revolutionary love

(wack right?)

that's when he tells me I'm naïve  
I don't know anything about people  
people aren't good.

He reads Langston Hughes,  
I too sing America  
I am the darker brother...  
and then says he's a feminist  
because he believes women should have sex before marriage  
(sex with him to be exact)  
I tell him I'm a virgin, I don't want to have sex any time soon  
he's totally into it  
until we make out and he gives me a guilt trip  
that I'm a tease  
"blue balls" to be exact  
"can't you take care of that?" I ask  
"no, it's not the same" he says.

The first time it happens  
I'm in complete shock  
(he didn't even ask)  
I didn't feel a thing.  
Whenever "it" happened  
I was never there, it was never about me.

I tried saying I love you, once  
searched his eyes for a loving gesture  
but never found one  
I felt my body an object  
a woman archetype  
to get off

when I finally asked how many women he'd been with  
he looked down and said "two"

(seriously?)

"I don't know...14, 15?"

he's 21.

"You're too difficult."

his response when I plead

for him not to enter me from behind, again...

and when he walks out enraged, I know it's over.

Overdue.

About time I realize

romance and revolutions

don't mix.