

Icry

smtimes when i am alone
I Cry
cause I am on my own.
the tears I cry are bitter and warm.
they flow with life but take no form .
I cry because my heart is torn.
I find it difficukult to carry on.
if I had an ear to confinde in.
i would cry among my treasured friend,
but who do you know that stops that long,
to help another carry on.
the world moves fast and it would rather pass by.
the to stop and see what makes one cry,
so painful and sad.
and sometimes...
I Cry
and no one cares about why.

written by Dainne Yoko

Her

Her eyes I've almost forgotten
Her touch is almost lost
The taste of her kiss laid upon my lips are a memory in it's own.
Her hugs are almost a dream
The wish of us together is failling with a sceam

Written by Dainne Yoko

I cry

Haven't written anything down for a very long time.
but i guess its days like this that makes you run back to old comforts.
I always said that i would die if i ever left her.
that i couldn't live without seeing her to myself,
but i've noticed that i am dead.
i'm not that strong being that i use to be.
yes i'm still very opinionated, but i can't even be scared of what she might say or
think .
she would never hit me,
but words can be a fist heavier than my own.
I guess i'm just tired of crying and feeling like she doesn't know me.
She hasn't even seen me goof off with friends.
I don't even know if she knows what i look like when i make my funny faces.
I know i'm in love with her, i just guess she's going to have to have to here
what i have to say and see me with my faces.
hopefully she won't hate it.

written by Dainne Yoko

I'm Sorry i love you

I'm sorry for saying those things I'm sorry for calling you 'the thing' I'm sorry that you dumped me I'm sorry i wasn't good enough I'm sorry for insulting you I'm sorry for being such a bitch I'm sorry that the reason i do these things Is that i just can't get over you I can't believe you think so low of me that i'd let you come between my friends I'm sorry that i still want you so Maybe I am selfish maybe i am waste like you said I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry

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How long has it been?

"So how long had it been?" I asked him. "You were clearly so touch-starved, it was almost like dripping on a dry sponge, you drank it in so eagerly--desperately, almost."

"Since what? Sex, or just touching?"

"Well, both."

"You're not going to believe this," he insisted.

"I'll believe almost anything about you at this point," I reminded him. After all, we'd been talking about (and acting out) transsexual fantasies, how much stranger could it get? Lots, it turns out...

"You're really not going to believe this--Until last night when you appeared naked in my living room, I was a virgin."

I tried not to laugh; tried not to look incredulous; tried not to intimidate; failed at all three. He was visibly crestfallen. "But-- but you're really an expert lover; your fingers know exactly where and how to touch me, when to push and when to let up, how to make me come in ever new and technicolor ways. I assumed that was lots of experience."

"Well, thank you. It means a lot, coming from you. Renee's been around a long time," he reminded me. "And really most of that is just being considerate instead of being macho and a testosterone-head. I really care about how it's feeling for you, moment to moment."

"And you saved all that for me? Why? It's not like I've been exactly unattached."

"Not you in particular, though you've been the leading candidate for the last couple of years. I was just waiting for someone very special, who would notice that I'm different, and still be attracted. Lusty, in a word, even though I'm not the kind of guy your mother warned you about, and willing to take the bull by the horns and carry through on her lustiness. It takes a lot of staring into each others' eyes across the bus aisle or classroom to create that kind of trust. And it's certainly easy to spend years being absolutely convinced that any woman worth her salt wants either a man or a woman and not some wimpy in-between who can't answer the simplest 'is it a boy or a girl' questions. So, as I said, it's easier to hole up here alone, or with Renee, which amounts to the same thing."

"I'm so sorry--you've missed out on some of the best parts of life." There were tears in my eyes, now; I was almost sorry I'd asked, since it caused him so much pain to talk about this. But no--better to have it out in the open, so we could understand each other. "And whatever you are, you're not wimpy at all. I can't remember another lover who's as strongly self-assured as you are, and as willing to change in my arms."

"Well, celibacy isn't the end of the world, either. What I love about you, more than anything, is, though you see me as I am, when I look into your eyes I see lust and desire there. I don't want pity. I think that, in a town like this one with a reputation for liberalism, it's much easier to be out about being gay, or even transgendered, which after

all have some politically correct chic to them, than about being celibate, or, God forbid, a virgin. It kind of reeks of moral high ground or something. If it also comes out that I'm politically conservative and a Christian, people really think I'm a nun or something. But even for that, one needs a stable gender. Really it's just that I have a very specific sexual preference, which nobody matched until you came along and pounded on my door, naked."

"Really nobody but me? That's kind of intimidating. I mean, being bi and unwilling to pass up either men or women, I've always kind of played the field; I'm not exactly cut out to be monogamous. In fact, it's your gender ambiguity that I find most attractive about you. I have a soft spot for new and more curious kinds of queer people."

"Well, I'm curiouiser than most, right enough. No, there've been a few other women I thought might fit, only it's so hard to be sure, and it's hard 'coming out' when there are no words for me. And maybe a few more who would have been thrilled once the shock was over, but I made their decisions for them by not asking. But is that all I am to you--a new addition to your queer fucker collection?"

"Nonononono," I crooned. "I can't say what will happen tomorrow or next week, but I'd really like this to go on for a long time to come. We have to go to work, of course, and it'll be most interesting looking at each other across the lecture hall and knowing, now, what's going on in each others' pants. And Eric will be back next week. I think he's going to drop out of school and go back to New York, come out, and be queer full time. That'll be sad, because I care about him, but if it makes him happy, I'll let him go." There were more tears in my eyes now.

"I'm sorry--I didn't mean to press." he comforted me, kissing my hair at the part on top of my head.

"It's OK, really; I need to get used to the idea. But that'll leave me with a two-person sized apartment on a one-person sized income (if that). I'll need a roommate, if you're interested." Raised eyebrow giving way to wicked grin on my face.

He turned to look at me. "You're serious. What an offer. I'll have to get used to the idea for a while, I think. I'm thrilled and very touched, and..."

"Scared silly?" I prompted.

"That, and..."

"Incredibly turned on, I see." The wicked grin wasn't fading yet.

"But how about you: what's the longest time in your life (well, since whenever) you've been celibate? What was your first time like?"

"Geez..." My turn to blush and stammer. "I started having sex in high school, with a pair of twin cheerleaders who'd been sleeping together (in all senses) since they were kids. Slumber party and, well, you can guess the rest. Whoosh," I sighed, "it still makes me horny, after all this time, just thinking about how we'd go over to their house after school,

and they'd wear their little cheerleader skirts without the purple panties, and we'd dance and swirl and ogle and touch and taste each other. I'm surprised their mom didn't figure out what was going on, just from the smell of all that womanlust. Anyway, I found out I liked guys too the next year; it's all very confusing for a kid. So to answer your other question, I don't really know; maybe a month now and then at finals or something."

