

Today: Journal, July 21, 2007

by Ann Bogle

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“Today” is supposed to be the best day there is; today is the day that matters, the one that counts, the one to concern ourselves with, to live. Today has been a day of non-stop turmoil and panic and yesterday (who is my friend) brought awakening, knowledge, interest, intrigue, and some fear. I woke in the middle of the night. This has been happening, due to the telephone ringing, and I am good enough to answer, then plagued by the decision, and faulted for it if I lose sleep. We are not to answer the telephone in the middle of the night. Who calls besides drunks? No one. I used to call my manfriend crying in the middle of the night. I cried that I would not have sexuality after all—that was a big sob when I was thirty; I wasn't drunk. I can see crying about that. I would comfort someone crying about that. I understand that—it's natural to believe that sex is essential, but in reality, in practice, romance and sex fail to work out much of the time. People use each other to stave off loneliness and to get past despair and they create new boxes. Sex is a sad reason to be alone with someone. Yesterday I learned so much in one quick hour that I would have hired me on the spot—anyone who can learn as much as readily deserves glad recognition and constructive work. The decisions I am facing lately relate to smoking, coffee, stress, and men. I want women friends very earnestly and might do many new things to meet new ones. I do not want sex. This is just true and no longer a sad subject. I believe writing will result from my new direction.

Today (continued), July 21, 2007

Because what is sex, afterall, besides conformity? Sex is produced by television. Sex is a bag of potato chips with a fat man. Why isn't he fat at the time? Why doesn't he stop whining and

wincing and rejecting everyone foolish enough to get to know him? What is sex, really, except a false arrangement? A bypass to a trip to the gym? Why doesn't the fat whiner go to the gym and try his whining on someone there? It sounds like I've met a fat man; I haven't, but I've met them before, and it's always the same—that I take a dim view of them later—fat men are all alike. Why, if that is so, do I not like thin men, then? I have taken a stand against thin and short men—not in themselves—but for me. This has resulted in a mistaken willingness to meet fat men who joined the military or who snarl at their loved ones or who are too mean. Why are fat men mean? Does it make sense that they would be mean, when someone has been willing to know them? They ought to hide in shame if so, but they are fat, so they take up spaces. Not so with fat women. Fat women come in two sizes. Why do fat men and women not enjoy each other? Why don't the good fat women take up with the good fat men? Let the snarling and whining fat ones enjoy it. At least I am not too thin to be restive. I look like a doe in the mirror. I look like a doormat, someone said, a two-cent; but to my eye, I look like a doe.

