

Me And My Liberal Friends

by Jennifer Donnell

This week, it's hip to think Jerry Seinfeld is a racist misogynist, regardless of conclusive proof of either. Last week, one had to believe Woody Allen was a certified pedophile, lest one be labelled as victim shaming. Next week, it will be someone else and the list goes on.

Indeed, there are many toes to step on... with a poorly executed late night tweet or status update.

Two weeks ago, I was afraid to type the word *God*. I was using the word loosely, as in, "Thank God The Yogurt Store Was Open!". I knew this would cause cynics to seethe about me and my #FirstWorldProblems. While those less with the times or from many years of vanilla ancestry, might become racist themselves, indicating that I was suffering from #WhitePeopleProblems.

But let's get back to God: Though I was afraid my few Christian friends would think I'd joined their ministry, moreover I was concerned about the rabid sets of atheists I know. They stay in their corner for the most part and I sympathize with their desire for science first. However, many of them are angry, just as angry as the conservative right wing Christians, just as angry as I sound, just as angry as I'll make everyone when I point this out.

Last night, when the dishes from the night before *still* weren't washed, I wanted to joke that the overabundance of household chores was almost leading me to think I should become polyamorous. Monogamy isn't enough to get the laundry washed, the carpets cleaned, and the beds made. Then I zeroed in on person

X. Sure, I deleted them after they mocked the children in their junior high school, as I was convinced I was bearing witness to one of those teachers who'd end up reported on the news... after losing their job for mocking their students.

Still, they believed they were naturally polyamorous and who knows how many others are out there. If I joke about polyamory, then I might put my staunch support of gay rights into question or get too many likes from the Republican Christians, which would make me feel dirty.

Then, there's my friend Q., who introduced me to my friend Z. Both have years of sobriety in twelve step programs, where they overcame their addictions to sex and love. They originally justified this as being polyamorous, before coming to terms with their compulsion. What would they think?

From there, it might zero back to the suburbanites I associate with day to day, by default. How horrified would they be, that a woman like me- a mom, someone's wife- was making jokes about being polyamorous. Would they chit chat about it at the next play-date we'd no longer be invited to.

I'm glad social media exists, since I'm such a free thinker.

