

I'd like to have told him what I feel:

Well, no: I can't either.

Actually, I've never been able to.

I've been having sex for fifteen years and I don't know what an orgasm is.

All I can do is infer it.

Imagine it.

I get you 'cause I'm going through the same thing and I really liked that you explained it to me.

You're really brave, 'cause I've never told anyone.

And thanks to you I didn't feel so alone...

I'd like to have told you that I could fall in love with you, that the two of us could probably be really happy together and make a good couple.

But I also know our sex might never satisfy me.

I'll show you my whole armoury at first.

Maybe you might even like it and you'll come before the three hours are up.

But as time passes, I'll end up getting tired of putting in so much effort.

And then I'll give you a thousand and one excuses for not making love.

And I'll tell you maybe I want it to be gentler, more romantic.

But that'll be so it lasts less time.

And I'll tell you I'm tired,

stressed,

ill,

on my period,

or I've got a headache.

And I'll feel ugly,

un-sexy,

un-womanly.

I'll pretend to be asleep when you come in from a night out,

or pretend to be asleep in the morning,

or I'll just leave the house earlier for no reason.

There'll be lots of nights that are just right for being together, but for one reason or another, we won't do it.

And the days will pass and we won't do it.

The weeks will pass and we won't do it.

The months will pass and we won't do it.

And if we do do it, I'll groan like my life depended on it.

Like my whole self were going to a different place.

Like my whole being was a different person.

I'll move around the way I think you're meant to when two people come together.

The way I think what I feel with you should be.

The way I think I should be to be with you.

And I'll do it because I don't want to feel stupid.

Abnormal.

Dysfunctional.

Because I want to feel good and make you feel good too.

So we don't fight.

So I don't have to explain to you what I like because I don't even know.

So I don't have to show you where my clitoris is.
So I don't have to answer stupid questions.
So I'm not ashamed and feel like a normal woman.
Because I want to be my own lie.
Because I want to feel ecstasy.

And I could have said I only feel a bit of pleasure, even if I try with all my strength.
I just feel a little tingle down there,
which seems like it's going to explode but never does.
And I'm always unsure whether I can feel anything or not,
whether what I do feel is what I should feel or if it's not,
or whether I'm just fucking paranoid...
And I've tried doing it on my own, but I can't let myself go...

I never get any further, I never get all the way there.
Even if I take three hours.
Three, or four, or five!
And I focus on your body, just like you've focussed on mine.
And I don't judge you at all.
We could have helped each other.
We could have discovered it together.
With no pressure.
With no history.
With no pretence.
Discover what each of us likes.
But I did the same thing I blame other people for.
Understanding nothing and asking too many questions.

So I look at my eyes in the mirror.

We look at each other, me and me.

There she is...
In the mirror there's the face of a 'frigid' woman.
They're like this...

Weird, right?

They're not weirdos,
or nuns,
or monsters.
They're like this.
I'd never thought they were so similar to me.
Or so young.
So pretty.
So normal.
So me.

Translation: William Gregory