

is not mine. He cannot be who everyone else was to me. Is he willing to share me? Can he? Would he? Does he want to live with the knowledge that every day he is surrounded by my past? He would ask me to let go of it. Of myself. He would make me cut off my finger. He would mutilate my wrists. Burn off my ears. Mar my neck. Could I live without these things? I am making his decisions for him.

What if I am his Adam, and he only loves me because he thinks I love him? Let's say I am his James, and he sees me like his mother, and his sister, and his child, and his girlfriend, and his wife and his lover. Maybe I encapsulate all of these things for him. Suppose I am his Mary, and I am the best lover that HE

has ever had? Perhaps I am his Anas, and I am the one who is showing him a life he never knew existed. Worst of all, what if I am his Steven? Maybe I am the one he runs to for comfort. Maybe I am his best friend. Maybe I am the only one he can trust with every ounce of his being and be able to cling to when his life is falling apart at the seams.

If these instances are true, it may be possible that I need to rethink my relationship with David. What if David could be the glue that holds all of the pieces of me together? David was born on July 29, 1980.

I am here. I am here with David. David is my choice today.



—Sheree Whitlock, "Painted Pony"