

Coming Back as a Man

by Darnishia Bolden

In my next life, if there should be one, I'm coming back as a man. Eight inches of "lawd have mercy" in between my thighs. Enough girth to be pleased and pleasing. Pleasure or torture, depending on what is deemed pleasurable by the one I'm pleasing.

I will have a Lenny Kravitz - Maxwell styled hairdo - 'cause the *boys* look good wearing unkempt hair and fros. Nobody ever asks the boys "***chile what you gone do with all that hair?***" as if my spirals, my waves, my slippery curling edges, my kinky (can't cha, don't cha hair) naps are an offense to femininity. Women will want to play with the ropes, settle me in-between milk chocolate or 2% milky thighs and scratch out the dandruff even when I ain't ailing (you hear that Ms. Celie?). And other men, boys - well, they will envy and fear me.

In my next life I am coming back as a man. An international lover like Prince, make the young girls scream my name in high orgasmic pitches even when I'm not touching them . . . lost in dreams . . . make those my own age crowd the back stage, waiting in the cold just to please me. If they be older than me, then hell they can ride too.

In my next life I am coming back as a man, so I'll know how to throw a punch and take one too. I might get an ass-whooping but won't be raped - naw, no one will add insult to my injuries. I'll defend myself with an attitude that comes forth before I'm able to speak or perhaps the clothes I throw together. I'll be in style, whatever color I be - will be the color of the century. I'll be the one with the family jewels, packed and looked forward to. No one will call me a tomboy because I climb trees or choose to sit on top of houses to read in the solitary of leaves swinging every now and then over my head. I'll be doing those things men do - minus the coochie plus the eight inches *you decide*.

When I get dirty from playing too rough or too hard, nobody will complain about the overbearing muscles or the sweat and funk I pick up. The girls will still line up backstage, around the corner, or greet me at doorsteps (even against their parent's wishes) for a ride. They won't complain about the smell, when I've just left the court or the field or the stage or the boardroom where men fight with words, ideas and concepts like Ali or Tyson fought with fists. No one will require that I douche - they'll be happy to oblige my funk train, cause I'll be Outkast / Lenny Kravitz / Maxwell / Prince / John Coltrane / Andy Garcia / Al Pacino / Luciano Pavarotti / Walter Mosely / MalcolmX / Miles Davis / Martin Luther King/ Richard Wright / The Ice Cream Man/ Candy Man / Peacher / Deacon / Crossing Guard / School Teacher / Bill Clinton funk'd up in ONE. Women will cook for me, feed me from bosoms, thighs and food from their own plates. Women sing songs about me when they should be praying or will write poetry of how they loved me. How smooth my funk flowed. They will pretty up my funk as though it were a garden for them to pick and play. Will never call me a 'ho, even when I put a tear in their eyes and a scream in their hearts. Oh they'll roll them eyes, especially if it be a sister, but all I have to

do is throw 'em a smile or kiss and those eyes will light up and twinkle like diamonds.

In my next life I am coming back as a man. I'll create the next level of technology because teachers will automatically assume that my being a male means I understand scientific equations, mathematical sequences better than girls. I'll be bold and well equipped for the world, will argue with congressmen who don't surf. They won't call me a bitch for being ambitious, head strong, taking and wanting my way. They may call me nigga, those beneath me, but I'll even re-invent that word (or whatever word will be around during the time). I will recreate its meaning into something strong over and over again and again and again, until it sounds like a song conquering troubles. Have folks singing it in churches, temples, mosques - as a devotional or prayer. I'll be in style. Whatever race is being run, I'll be it. Whatever color should be in style, I'll be wearing it when I return, but black looks good with everything.

Yeah, when I come back. I'm coming back a man. So I can fuck as much as I please without carrying the yoke of an insult like slut or whore around my neck (like a damn scarlet letter) . . . so I can wake up every damn day of the month and not worry about a period, cramps and nausea that sometimes announces the periods arrival or sets in with the stream . . . so that I can express my disappointments and anger without some motha fucka assuming "its that time of the month" . . . NEVER fret about pregnancy (wanted or otherwise) . . . so I can bypass menopause (ooh, man she drying up, leave her alone) . . . so people won't care if I age gracefully or not . . . so all my spirit can be revived by a pill, if it should go down during midlife or after (Viagra) . . . so the world won't stand in my way because I have titties . . . so I'll be paid \$1.00 instead of \$.90 cents . . . I can peruse the porn mags and skin calendars without men thinking I'm a "freak" and little old ladies concluding that I must be a "whore looking at some mess like that, hmph!" . . . I can straddle a chair without someone saying "close your legs, that's not the way a young lady sits" . . . so men will TALK TO ME not my TITTIES . . . I can be a dog today and a man tomorrow - however you slice it, I'll still be man and a dog's best friend. But its better to be a dog than a whore, slut or tramp. Those adjectives follow a female for the rest of her life . . . I can talk about all things and folks will say "he's not gossiping, he's just providing information, telling it like it is" (journalism is a man's excuse to gossip) . . . I can cuss like a sailor and no one will be offended or appalled or shocked that such words exist in the mouth of *something so lovely* . . . I can drink and get drunk and the world will allow me to express myself freely . . . ALL women will trust me, especially those young broads who "hate females" and more than likely those middle aged broads who claim to "hate men" - they will all trust my decision making that's why all the good leadership roles and jobs will be and are set aside for us men (I will be educated, might decide to attend The Citadel . . . make it a private institution so we can put a "**no girls allowed**" clause in the admission's policy . . . so I can decide to settle down and marry at 40, a young lady of 25 (or at least half my age, plus seven - hopefully a virgin, let me be the first to unwrap the package) and the world will show up at the wedding and tell her "how lucky" she is . . . We will live happily ever after, even though I'd know nothing about how the fairytale is supposed to end because Cinderella is never read to the boys. But it won't matter because I will be a man.