

*Realizations*

JT Jackson

Split Ends

I still can't believe I did it.

It was the worst thing I'd ever done to another human being in my entire life and yet, I still can't decide if I regret it. But tell me, what was I to do? As I stood there beside Anesia (A-Nee-Sha) looking fly as ever in my black tux with silver vest...fly cufflinks to match, I couldn't help but think about how this would mark the end of those passion filled nights with my "Butta Pecan" Rican Gabby.

Don't get me wrong, Anesia is fine and I'd never seen her as beautiful as I had on this day. Damn. When she walked through those doors in my direction I was in awe. And when she revealed herself to me I could hardly contain my appreciation. She was there before me, her face masterfully crafted, her long sandy brown hair upswept in an intricate swirl with a few strands dangling daintily near her hazel

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eyes. Her brown skin literally glowed. Yea, my baby is beautiful inside and out.

And when that brother asked me if I would be in this through good times and bad times, through sickness and in health, I smiled the broadest smile ever. I would be with my honey through any and everything. But when he asked, "*til death do you part?*"...something changed. Suddenly but definitely, I felt different.

Suddenly my bi-racial baby began to look more and more like her fat, black ass momma! There she was, Ms. Anesia Marie Hawkins, 365 lbs of fried chicken and pork rinds, wearing a muumuu and dead ends with a set of handcuffs locking her left wrist to my right wrist and dropping the key in between her fat jaws!

And as I looked around the church some of my favorite women in the world were there, looking, pointing, and laughing at me. My "French vanilla dip" Teresa, my "Italian stallion" Constance, my "ghetto fabulous" Shaneka. These women could make a man beg for mercy and ask what kind of ring she wanted all in the same breath. They had that sort of loving you wanted to hold tight and never let go, though somehow I'd managed to get by without claims of undying love and devotion.

There were a couple of close calls though. Like Teresa for instance. Dawg. Teresa is the bombest white girl I'd ever met, hell ever seen for that matter. Round booty, titties like two perfect cantaloupes, and lips that could make a brother loose control at the mere thought of what those bad boys

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could do given the slightest of chances and half the opportunity. She wasn't shy about her skills either, anytime and anywhere was her personal motto.

Now me standing in front of that congregation filled with close friends and family members saying the words, "I do" not only meant that *I do* agree to give up those very succulent lips but *I do* agree to give up my sexy big booty freak Shaneka. It meant *I do* agree to part with the very limber Connie, a woman so petite and flexible that the positions were unlimited. *I do* agree to steer clear of my exotic freaky, deaky Gabriella.

*I do* agree to give up all of this for a woman whose breasts I've never fondled, a woman whose ass I've never held for too long and who I've obviously never slid "Big Jim" into. A woman who had a fine ass cousin who I wanted to tap and who was offering the booty on a silver platter while my woman was keeping it put away for a special occasion. Hell, I don't know if it's spoiling with age or getting better with time.

So when that brother with the Bible asked, "Do you James Thomas Jackson take this woman for rich or for poor, through good times and in bad times, in sickness and in health, 'TIL DEATH DO YOU PART?"

I replied, "No. No I don't."

I don't have to tell you, the scene in the church was terrible. No one believed they'd heard what they'd just

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heard. Hell, not even me. Even the Preacher had to ask, "Excuse me son. What did you just say?"

"No. I-I don't. I can't. I'm sorry. I'm...so sorry."

As I turned to walk away, it seemed to be that the further and faster I walked down the aisle the longer it extended. Anesia collapsed. Her fat black momma managed to waddle to her side. She glared at me like I was a piece of food she wanted to eat but couldn't quite catch. Her white ass Daddy tried to lunge for me but my Daddy jumped between in enough time for me not to have to whip his punk behind. My mother, embarrassed and certainly disappointed, went to the aid of Anesia's mom giving me a similar look but with a different, more personal meaning.

Anesia's closest cousin Lydia was yelling obscenities across the church. I didn't know you could say half the things she said inside the house of God. Bobbi, my older sister, was much too ashamed to even look at me. I could read her thoughts by her actions, and the way she clutched her husband's hand as I walked by told me everything that I needed to know. My homeboy Jamal tried to talk me out of it but I wasn't trying to hear him, I just needed to get out of there.

Every face held either a look of confusion or contempt as I exited what turned out to be a painful day but what could've very well led to a painful existence – well almost everyone. One beautiful face stood out from the crowd. Eyes dancing, lips curled into a sexy smirk. At least one person was happy that I hadn't gone through with it. That one person was

Anesia's wicked cousin Noreen. The look she gave me let me know that that ass was mine if I wanted it – tonight! But as long as I've wanted to clutch that juicy round booty as she rode me up and down, back and forth, I couldn't go for it. Not tonight. I'd caused enough damage and there would be enough repercussions behind that without me going there.

That was my initial thought at least. But here she is in my crib, dressed in a tight denim mini and tank top. Her silver tongue ring sparkling with every word spoken and her pretty toes painted to match her lipstick. The sister obviously wants me like I want her, shoots probably more. But, she is also the cousin of a woman I almost made my wife.

What's a brother to do?

## Anesia Marie Hawkins

### All Cried Out

What's a sister to do?

This was supposed to be the happiest day of my life and I have been locked away in my old bedroom at my parent's house crying all day wondering what I did wrong, what I did to deserve this. For the past fourteen months of our relationship, I was there for him. And okay, so I refused to have sex with him but I gave him what I thought was much more important. I gave him my undying love and devotion. But what hurts even more...more than anything else is the fact that I still feel the same despite what I've just gone through.

That's going to make getting through this ordeal that much more difficult. I can't help but think that maybe, just maybe if I'd allowed him to be with me intimately and personally I would be Mrs. James Thomas Jackson right now, happy and on my honeymoon giving my man that

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intimacy that I know he's long desired. But no, instead I'm here trying to decide if I should forgive him – or kick his ass!

I know many of you will find this hard to believe but his walking out on me wasn't the worst. His walking out on me in front of all of those people that doubted him from the beginning was the worst. Especially my cousin Lydia – that was the worst. I love her, she's like the sister I never had y'know but girlfriend can get on my nerves. She couldn't wait to tell me, "Girl, I told you so. Told you that nigga wasn't no good. He ain't nothing, never gone be nothing. I don't know what you ever seen in his ass in the first place. Girl, I cannot believe you proposed to that coochie chasing son of a bitch!"

Okay, okay I know what you're thinking and yes, I proposed to him. Go on. Say what you will however despite the outcome, I don't regret my decision. I am a firm believer that if you want something you go for it. You can't sit around with your thumbs up your ass waiting for it to come to you. I wanted that man.

Oh, he was the most romantic man I'd ever known although we came together under rather awkward circumstances. I come from wealth but I've never been interested in living off the fat of the land so to speak (no pun intended, Momma), so I took a job at a local Italian restaurant. It was a beautiful spring evening when Lydia strolled into the place with an even more beautiful gentleman at her side. He was tall, 6' 3" of milk chocolate. His wavy hair was cut low and faded on the sides, his

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sideburns aligned perfectly with the tips of his earlobes. His mustache and beard connected just as perfectly. Oh yes, the brother was fine. But I wasn't even trying to go there. He was there to wine and dine my cousin, my homegirl.

The next day I was greeted at my place of employment by a dozen yellow roses and a well designed business card with his name and number. I was oblivious to the fact that they were from the same gentleman who'd accompanied my cousin the evening prior. Had I known I would have never called the number on the card but had I not, I wouldn't have been blessed to have had him in my life. But one could argue that I wouldn't be sitting here with tearstains on my cheeks and pillows either.

I guess it is what it is and we played phone tag for days before he made the decision to surprise me at work armed with a bottle of sparkling white grape juice and a bouquet of Calla Lily's, my favorites. To this day I don't know how he could have possibly known these things but I suspected then as I do now that my waitress Kelly is the little bird that told.

Normally I'd have been flattered to blushing but under the circumstances I was, well...insulted. What kind of woman did he take me for? He knew that Lydia and I were related because she'd introduced me as her cousin. But according to him there was nothing between my girl and him but friendship, pure and simple. He told me that after their date he took Lydia home, kissed her on the cheek and left.

He said, "Look, there was no chemistry between us. It was an innocent dinner between friends. We found we had nothing in common besides the fact that we both like the same movies. She invited me in for coffee, but there were no sparks. She knew it and I knew it, so I left. Nothing happened. Ask her. Nothing happened."

Hmpf, normally I wouldn't buy a damn thing a brother was selling even if it was on clearance but this brother was different. This brother looked me directly in the eyes and said what he had to say without so much as a flinch. To me that meant that either this was a brother with much character or a damn good liar. Besides, Lydia tells me all the sneaky-freaky details of her encounters, especially the fine ones. I hadn't heard his name since, "Anesia this is James, James this is my cousin Anesia."

So I agreed to join him for dinner and that was the start of a long, happy relationship – until now. Let me tell you, JT (that's what he prefers to be called), JT was perfect. At least as close to perfect as any man could get and more importantly he was perfect for me. Spontaneous, romantic, humorous, thoughtful, considerate, wise, and intelligent. Gorgeous face and body of a black Adonis! He was certainly all of the above. It wasn't easy remaining celibate with a man like that, not easy at all.

However, I'd made a vow that I would not have sex again until I was married and I took that vow quite serious. What I found amazing is that JT respected my choice and never once tried to pressure me into forfeiting that vow. In fact, he

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took a mutual vow of celibacy. So on the date that marked our one-year anniversary together, how could I not propose? I admit it's rather untraditional, maybe even a tad bit risqué however I was raised with the belief that if you want something you have to go after it. "Ain't nothin' in life guaranteed but death" was one of my momma's favorite things to say. Ain't that the truth? Tomorrow isn't promised to any of us, y'know. So like the old saying goes, *why put off tomorrow what you could do today?*

Lydia, on the other hand, thought it was the dumbest thing I'd ever done. She'd say, "Girl please. That brother ain't no good. He wanted to screw me but I wouldn't give him none. I am so glad you ain't gave it up either. Do you really think a man, any man, can be celibate for a whole goddamn year? I just know that pretty so-and-so doin' any and everybody he can slip his trifling ass dick into, I just wish I could prove it."

I try not to let her discourage me but she just gets under my skin at times and this was the last thing that she needed to witness. I'd never live it down. I'd constantly have to be reminded of how she was right and I was wrong. How JT "ain't nothin' but a low grade, trife piece of shit nigga that only agreed to this marriage so he can finally be filled in on Victoria's best kept secret!"

My mother assured me that she was not surprised by his actions. Said you just can't trust "pretty boys". That means

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nothing to me coming from a woman who distrusts all handsome black men hence the reason she married Daddy.

Don't misunderstand, I love my Daddy to pieces but to be perfectly honest there is just nothing fascinating about him. He's average looking, out of shape, and pretty boring all around. The big 'but' is that he's wealthy and Momma grew up believing that any man would treat a black woman better than a black man. Of course that theory is ridiculous but she's a middle aged woman who's set in her ways. Add that to the fact that her black father was a handsome man, terrible husband and even worse parent while her husband treats her like a Queen and me as his little Princess, and as far as she's concerned her point is proven.

My dad was okay with JT for the most part. Daddy has an idiotic theory of his own. He believes that if he can respect the parent's then he can respect the child. Well that's just as silly as Momma's color theory but I didn't mind it in this case because it worked in JT's favor. I bet Daddy's finally rethinking his philosophy right now while Momma's whistling Dixie because now it's proven that she really does know it all.

As for myself, like I said before, I am a fool in love. I just know there has to be a reasonable explanation for what happened today. I just can't think of one right now, not a reasonable one anyway. Maybe he couldn't go through with it because two weeks ago I finally confessed that I can't carry children. Just a little something I took with me from my first and last sexual experience, the reason I remain celibate

today. He said that he was okay with it, we could always adopt. Maybe the reality of it all hit him at a very bad time. He was about to marry a woman who would never carry his baby, never spend months playing the *Name that Baby* game. Never guess whose eyes or nose it was going to inherit. Or maybe the truth of the matter is he's just as no good as the next and the last. Maybe he did have a harem that he just couldn't let go...maybe, just maybe Lydia was right...

## Lydia Washington

The Truth Is...

I know damn well that I'm right about this one. I've rarely ever been wrong about a man and this ain't one of them rare occasions. Poor naive Anesia thinkin' that son of a bitch spent the past year being mutually celibate wit' her ass. Yea right. I know exactly what type of nigga he is and I'm glad he finally showed his true colors before my cousin made one of the biggest mistakes of her life. I don't know where that punk went wrong. He has lovely parents and his sister Bobbi is the coolest chic I've met in a long time. His genes obviously came from the bottom of the gene pool.

I knew the type of nigga he was from jump. The first time I set eyes on him was at a local video store in Minneapolis. I was lookin' so fly that night. Yea, had on my red Tommy dress, the one that shows off my thighs. Had on the matching sneakers and er'thang. Hair was pulled back so Negroes could see how lovely my face is. Yea, homegirl had her isht tight! I was checkin' out the storyline of that old flick

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*Love Jones* and he was checking me out. Homeboy practically tripped over his feet to get where I was standing. The display itself was laughable.

I thought it was pathetic but the brotha was cute so I let him make his move. He came up with some whack line. What was it he said? Something like, "Baby how'd you guess I had a love jones for you?" or some corny mess like that. Any other time I'da waved the punk off and gone about my business but like I said the brother was cute and he looked like he had MONEY.

So I played the silly trick role so he could spend some of them big bills on me. Dude couldn't even look me in the eyes while he spoke, too busy holding the conversation with my breasts and lickin' his lips. Made a diva wonder how good he really was at lickin'. I decided to be charitable and agreed to have dinner with him.

Now my philosophy on uncommitted sex is that if a brotha want the coochie, he gonna have to pay out his ass for it. So I made him take me to that fancy Italian restaurant that Anesia manages. Why not have a good meal and show off my new plaything? Besides, I was lookin' way too fly, wasn't gonna be no pics and my girl had to check me out, one of nature's finest. I ordered the most expensive food on the menu and ate only half, chased it down with some pretty good Chablis. Made dude dig deep into his pockets just the way a lady should.

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Things would have been okay but during dinner I peeped that he was checking out his next encounter. He couldn't keep his eyes off Anesia's ass! Kept looking in her direction and commenting on how great a waitress she is. Who in the hell notices how great a waitress is? At the end of the day, if she gets the order right and doesn't spill anything on ya, she's a great waitress. Quiet as kept, homegirl runs the joint, she shouldn't have been serving us anyway. She was just being nosey. That's all to it. It was time to go.

Now at this point all I wanted to do was get my freak on and let this slouch ass nigga get the hell on. He played the perfect gentleman role when he took me home, acted like he didn't want to come in for a nightcap. Of course that didn't last long. Before I knew it he was all over me trying to peel my clothes off before I could wiggle my newly freed toes good. So I told him I wasn't that type of woman and he should get the hell out...well, part of me would like to say that's how it happened.

Fine, I'mma tell you somethin' here I haven't told Anesia and you had betta not say nothin'. Okay, the truth is...well I sort of tried to convince him to come in – sort of. When he did he took a seat on my recliner while I changed into something more comfortable which we all know is secret code for something sexier, something more revealing.

I came on to him and he turned me down. There, I said it. That pretty boy bastard was so damned smitten by my Sweet Polly Purebred ass cousin that he didn't even try to get it up...but that ain't why I don't like him. I just don't.

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And after this stunt, my feelings toward him have been reinforced. Part of me feels like Anesia would be willing to forgive James if he called to apologize (yes JAMES. I refuse to call him JT, his momma ain't name him that) but I'm not. It is my duty to hate until she comes to her senses. And if I can have it my way that slimy son a bitch won't get that chance!