

## MY MAN

“Name the asshole who first invented mirrors.”—Neil Labute, *Reasons to Be Pretty*

I WAS SO SURE IT WAS HIM. So sure. Everything, right down to the last detail, the way he wore his sideburns (yes, sideburns), the large mole on his cheek that I gave him a gift certificate to the dermatologist to have removed on his 21st birthday, the same strange grin when he was either mad or about to joke (like the way he looked when he opened his gift certificate), the same skinny, skinny build, but with broad shoulders and a way of standing that said: I am a man. Damn, he was good looking, and this guy looked just like him, except he didn't actually have that mole, but a spot that looked as if a mole had been removed, which is actually better if you think about it than having the mole, like maybe he had it removed instead of handing the certificate back and telling me to have my upper lip waxed—which I now have, by the way, though at the time I refused because I was, you know, natural, with hair everywhere, my legs, my underarms, my cunt and, yes, unfortunately, my upper lip. I say unfortunately because I had not learned to totally reject male notions of beauty back then, so though I kept the hair above my lip, I did feel self-conscious about it, which he knew, which made his giving back the dermatology gift certificate all the more mean, when all I was trying to do was help because, you know, those moles can be cancerous and all, plus it was pretty gross. But like I said, now I have that hair gone above my lip and the other places too, because no one is doing the natural thing anymore, and I am thirty- six years old and I can't mess around with attraction issues, if you know what I mean. Certain things sag, I just don't look as good as I did and, to be really honest, I feel I wasted my most attractive years being hairy and deliberately unattractive and I think now, for what? So anyhow, I have the whole body wax now, something I probably won't do again because it hurt like hell, but guys like it I'm

told, and at this minute I am glad I did it because this guy has those sideburns and that look and the place where the mole possibly was and he might be Sam. He really might. Just like I might be the me that was me back then. And anyway, I read that we change all of our skin cells, I mean all of them, every so often, so really anyone could be anyone, if you really think about it, and that's what I tell myself when I think back to that day when I saw this man who could-be-Sam at the coffee shop and then left with him later. That's what I tell myself when I think about how we had sex and he laughed when he saw me nude. He laughed because he said he thought only kids did that waxing shit and I wanted to say: I didn't get to when I was a kid, but instead I laughed too, like it didn't hurt, and gave him the blow job of his life, though he didn't say one way or another, but I think it was good. And I don't go to that coffee shop anymore and I don't get waxed and I don't think that mark on his cheek had ever been a mole, but it might have been, and if Sam had come back from the war, he might have looked at me differently, after all he would have seen and done, and I would have understood and we would have made love and he wouldn't care about hair anymore either way, and I would have sex and sex and sex and say I love you after he said it first.