

## *Chapter 3: I learned how to cry*

Excerpt from my book due to be self published in September of 2009.

**"Men Don't Heal, We Hoe"** - *A Book About the Emotional Instability of Men.*

### **Chapter 3: I learned how to cry**

While my wife and I are separated, I date other people. I advise her to do the same. She had started taking me for granted. I figure that if she would go out with another man, then she would see just how good a man she had at home. I feel that my stuff is that tight, that I have been that good of a husband. I am banking on the next guy not getting that car door or not being as polite or not making her smile and laugh.

After all, I have charisma, and I am a gentleman to the fullest. From day one, my mission was to make sure my wife didn't need or want for anything or anybody but me. No man could be as caring or understanding. Any woman would be lucky to have me. I at least hope that her dating someone else would somehow in a twisted way let her know just how serious I am about moving on.

I date other people because I don't know what else to do! I have screamed, yelled and tried to negotiate. Compromised as much of me as I could. We have gone to counselor after counselor after counselor. I even paid for multiple sexual therapists. I am hurting. I am defeated. So I set me free. I have a good time too! Nice little break. YES! I do it. I have sex with another woman. OK, change that word to the plural form.

I am a man about it, though. I tell my wife before it happens that there is a possibility of me being intimate with someone else. She doesn't like that idea. Actually, she is totally against it, but she isn't there when it happens so she can't stop me. I lie about it afterward.

I lie to my wife, but I don't lie to the other women. I tell them my wife and I are separated. That's all the average woman needs to hear, or at least that has been my experience. The average woman wants a man badly enough as it is, another woman's man is even more enticing. (I don't know if they want me because they think I am already trained or what the major turn-on is.)

I pursue women without concern. Who am I to care? I already have a wife. It would be stupid to care about my mistress's feelings. I think I can go out and get the sex I need and come back home renewed and refreshed like I had a spa treatment but better. I figure I will be more patient and understanding. I would be ready to work things out. I really couldn't compromise with my ##### hard.

But the sex makes things worse. Raw deal, huh? I finally get some and it isn't good. *(Exes reading along, do not be offended. It was not you, it was me.)* I want to have sex with this new honey right up until insertion. Then I want it to be my wife. I would rather be making love to my wife. The more time I spend with other women, the more I think about my wife. I want my wife. I don't know what is happening to me. I have been hoping that it would happen to her. I want her to break first. She was wrong. I was right. I am not calling her. I will wait for her to call. I call her. No answer. Again, no answer. I don't leave a message, damn I hate caller ID. Now she will know I called. ##### Caller ID!

This separation isn't going the way I have planned.

**~ What's going on with me ~**

LL Cool James. These women can not get enough of me. I was aggressive and undeniable. They like my confidence. Women did not care that I was separated. They didn't care! They were too busy trying to make me their man to be concerned about how I was already somebody else's man. "Oooh James you are so funny." "You are so sweet." "I don't know what's wrong with your wife, that heifer is tripping." *Yeah, she tripping.* I got over that whole not having sex with the mistress thingamajig. That was a tough weekend though. I was bull#####ing ya'll! It sounded good for the book though right? Yeah, I know. WORD!

**~ What's going on with her ~**

It's been days and she has not called. I know she saw my number on the caller ID.

**~ What's going on with me ~**

I am taking trips with other women. Having a good time. Almost happy. Can almost see happiness. Can feel it, I think this is what it use to feel like with Denise. Of course I am missing my wife. I love my wife, but ya gotta love the one you with, right? Might as well. This will all be over soon. Gonna get back with my baby. She is going to call me and come home any day now.

**~ What's going on with her ~**

It's been two weeks and she aint call. I know she got my messages.

**~ What's going on with me ~**

*"Look Boo, you know I got this situation with my Wife. You and I need to slow down. I don't think I should jump into another relationship with you while I am still legally married to*

*her. Yes I still love her, but I enjoy spending time with you. Look woman, I done told yo ass from jump what was up, ##### aint changed. I told you that I didn't want no commitment or relationship. What, you thought I was joking? What, you be thinking that I don't be knowing what I want? You know what, I don't have time for this and I don't need this right now. You are giving me a headache."*

I leave my 10<sup>th</sup> message for my wife.

Maybe this separation thing was a bad idea. It's been over a month and no word from her. I just couldn't take it though. I was so unhappy. I thought we could split ways, get some fresh air, reunite and maybe we can still salvage this marriage. All we were doing was getting on each other's nerves. She didn't want to hear me talk, I didn't want to see her mouth move. We were stuck at a point where communication was bad. There was no talking. Just screaming and yelling.

Neither one of us were trying to work out the problem. Each of us was trying to make our own point. She didn't have any point to me. I guess she thought I didn't have a point either. I don't know. She got to write her own book though. You won't get her side from me. As far as you know, (*Talking to the reader here*) she was wrong, I am right. That's all you need to know. Trust.

Six weeks have passed and Denise has not returned any of my calls. I have to get a marriage counselor to call her and ask her to come to counseling. Something tells me I made a mistake with the whole. "I am dating other people and might partake of some other woman's fruit" language. Somewhere in there something didn't come out right or wasn't well received. The first sign of Denise still being alive is when the counselor calls and tells me she has talked to her. Now being the stubborn, stupid man that I am, instead of humbling myself and preparing to

fight for my marriage I am upset that she called the counselor back but wouldn't call me back. She don't even know her!

The counseling session is drawing near. It has been two months since I have seen my wife, and I know I have to look better than she has ever seen me over the past five years. I can't go to the session with the same gear on that she bought me. I have to look so good that when I walk in, one glimpse will make her finally realize she has been wrong the whole time, wrong about everything. So wrong that she will ask the counselor right then and there if we can borrow the office for 30 minutes, just us two. I will call in sick to work and take the whole day to prepare – getting new clothes, new shoes, new hair cut, even a manicure for the first time.

I drive around the parking lot five times, but don't see her car. I go inside and duck into the restroom to double-check how I look. Yeah, I look good. When I step out, she is there.

Head nod.

“Sup?” I ask in a casual tone.

She looks better than I do, even in her old clothes. She is wearing red. What mean? Is she fired up? Is she mad? Is red for love? She must have came here directly from the hair dresser.

She nods back at me.

“Sup?”

She seems to be at peace. A calm is over her. She looks happy. I look good, but I don't look like that. I'm about to get broke up wit.

The counselor calls us in and asks who wants to start. Neither of us says anything. All of a sudden I am overcome with emotion. I am hot. I can't maintain my composure. I can't calm down. For the first time in my life as a grown man I am going to cry. I feel I am on the verge of Crydom. That's right Crydom, because I have a feeling that if I start crying, it is going to get good to me and I am not going to be able to stop. If I say anything, I am going to cry. If she says anything, I am going to cry. If the counselor keeps talking, I am going to cry. I don't know how to cry. I tried to cry two months ago, but couldn't squeeze a tear out. Nothing! I couldn't cry.

I am too manly, too masculine to cry. I remember sitting down one day and feeling so bad that I thought crying was the only way I could feel better. Women cry all the time; it must be good to them. It must work, there has got to be some benefit to crying. Crying would be the only way to get it out. I needed the release. Women keep doing it, it's got to work for men too, right? I sat there that day at home and thought about our problems and how I didn't have any solutions, and nothing. I couldn't cry.

I thought about how much I love her, and nothing. I couldn't cry. I thought about how much I missed the woman I married, and nothing. I couldn't cry. I thought about the love I thought we shared, and nothing. I couldn't cry. Gave it seven minutes. How long does it take to cry? But on this day, at the counseling session, I don't think I'll have that problem.

The counselor says, "We are going to sit here until one of you two starts talking." What kind of tactic is this? Is the first hour free? Are you going by the book or off the cuff? Is your gut telling you that stupid #####? "We are going to sit here until some one talks?" Is that all you got?

I could not cry one single drop that day at home when I tried to cry, but here in front of the counselor and my wife, I can feel emotion welling up deep inside me. Bubbling. Either I am going to cry or I am pregnant. I can't control it. I'm shaking. Sweating. The room is spinning. They are looking at me. Asking me about me.

Bathroom! I am out of here I'm a solidier bout mine. Ain't nobody bout to catch me caught up crying and whatnot. Shiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiit! Not the kid. Got me #####ed up. Crying right now would mess up my whole outfit. I ain't doing all that, I ain't going out like that. I am a grown ass man. I ran out of there but it wasn't fast. I think I asked to be excused for a minute. This is the hottest building in the world. I am so hot. Sweaty. Splashing water on my face. Not cooling off. Knock at the door.

"James, are you OK?"

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**Needless to say, I was not ok.**