

A Man's State of Mind

Chapter 1

Love is not justified by the amount received, but by the amount you give, not expecting to receive.

Darryl

On several occasions I allowed love to pass me by. Fear of commitment was definitely a part of it, but there is always more involved. There are some things a guy kind of buries deep in his mind. Like the moment when cheating, and all that, becomes okay. All brothers have a turning point, I guess it is hard to remember it though. I know what that moment was for me, but to speak of that would put me way ahead of myself. I don't know if anyone remembers that Pharcyde song, "She keeps passin me by," for me it was the complete opposite, I was good for passing women up. There are those who stick with you though and create your conscience and become the foundation for getting right. For me, obviously, the most relevant and recent women come to mind faster than the others. There was Sherry, the first. There was Michelle, the second. I met her while on a date with Sherry at the movies, a beautiful, beautiful woman. Third was Tasha. I learned a lot from her. I came to realize she truly understood me.

Their importance in my life can not be questioned and won't be. I'll keep this simple for now and state that the thing these three laid on me had nothing to do with looks, but there was a passion in these women, something that tied them to this world and made them important. Then again looks...well. With Sherry, Michelle and Tasha,

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looks did have a little play. However, my preferences were kind of general. I never chose according to color, or hair, that stuff didn't matter. The one thing I did was pride myself on dating women who were physically attractive, but don't we all? I guess I should've allowed myself time to get to know women who weren't as pretty, but may have had great personalities. But as the old saying goes, "Follow ugly children home and you find ugly parents." Which is to say, if I slipped and got someone pregnant, she would've had to be fly.

At times, I felt as if I perpetuated the myth that all men are dogs. But reflection begins the process of understanding how and why relationships turn out the way they do...The good and the bad. I needed Sherry, Michelle and Tasha. They helped me reach the point where I stand today. I regret the way my life has changed, but strong friendships allow me to keep on, keepin on.

Sherry

I don't know what I ever saw in Darryl. He's just a selfish, pretty boy, punk... but damn he's fine and tall. I guess he's about six foot one. He has nice wide shoulders, smooth caramel skin, and a grip of nerve. I met Darryl in such an odd place. It goes without saying that awkward circumstances in meeting someone sets a bad precedence. You gotta walk away from those... you have to. Anyhow, after classes one afternoon, I decided to go to the grocery store to grab a few necessities. While I was picking up some tampons, Darryl backed into me. At first, I thought to myself, "What the hell is this brother doing on this aisle?"

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He must be married.” I now realize that was just one of his pick-up spots. After we said our excuse me’s, I began to walk away. He called after me asking why I was rushing off. His voice carried down the aisle like a Barry White song, “I would appreciate it if you graced me with your presence for dinner,” he said. Now I’m sure if he told you the story it’d be something totally different. That’s his style. He switches it up to make things fit him, Darryl’s way or the highway. Well, I pondered for a second and said no. We did finally hook up, and things worked out for a while.

Isn’t it funny how life builds us up to believe in romance? When romance...is only part of the puzzle.

Michelle

Darryl was, and will probably be the only man I will ever say I think of, without really understanding why. What we shared didn’t last long but it was something there. I read this thing once that talked about *air*. Air was like aura, if you believe in that type of thing. But Darryl walked this walk, like a glide, stride. I should have known something was wrong with him the moment we crossed paths. I was catching a movie by myself as most women do when we’re between men. As I walked out the door of the theater, he was alone, looking devilishly cute as he sat on a bench. He looked at me and asked, “Why would a beautiful sister be at the movies alone?”

Of course I ignored him. He stood up, reached his hand out and said, “Hi my name is Darryl.” At the same time he glanced over his shoulder twice. I responded by

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asking him what, or who, he was looking for. He said he was waiting for his boys to come out of the bathroom. He then gave me his card and asked me to call him. Usually, I throw away phone numbers I received. My schedule was so hectic that I didn't have anytime whatsoever to get caught up with a brother who talked and looked over his shoulder. And it seems that most men are intimidated by independent, professional women nowadays. But, I kept the card. I should've known better than to call him though. I should have known.

Tasha

It has become very apparent to me that all men are puppies, not dogs. A dog is an adult, fully grown. A man is young, dumb and full of cum. Darryl was the perfect example of this. I'm usually pretty good at picking a man. I've only made one mistake during my excursions of seeking fulfillment from the lesser sex, or men if you choose. His name, once again, was Darryl. I guess being so much like the opposite sex makes it hard to see your counterpart, the male puppy. I first came upon Darryl by misdialing my girlfriend's number. I was surprised by his voice on the other end, after expecting to hear a woman's voice. When he said hello, I replied that I had the wrong phone number and hung up. A few seconds later I tried to dial again, but when I picked up the phone it was the voice again saying hi. The bastard had star sixty-nined me. So I commenced to cursing his sorry ass out. While I was yelling, he didn't say a word. When I finished he said, "My name is Darryl. My number is," then he hung up. He

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was confident, too confident, I had to break him, this was my duty as a self-proclaimed lady hound. I could feel the goosebumps rise on my arms as I thought about how I would play him. But sometimes our duties and priorities change. Our desires become part of a special bond we develop with certain people. I'm happy to say Darryl and I bonded, but the way that it occurred was, for lack of a better word, ironic.



