My Secret Garden
What would my vagina say? What would it wear? What the hell does this mean?

Who cares? It is just my vagina. It is just a vagina. A mound of hair that contains a slippery mess, a potent musk, and no real character. I mean, don’t get me wrong, I have nothing against my vagina. I have both looked at it and touched it. I have taken out a mirror and have twisted my body into awkward positions to see the intricacies of it. I am aware that I have one, but at the same time I do not treat it as if it is something special. It is just like any other component of my body; my big toe is just as important because without it I could not walk. It is just a vagina. I do not adore it or love it. It is just something that is there. At least that was how I felt before I went to the Vagina Monologues.

The night was cold and the wind was blowing through the trees, sending shivers down my body as I walked to Kendal Hall to see a play that was allegedly going to send me spinning. I knew that the Vagina Monologues was going to be a good time because in all seriousness, the title of the play has the word vagina in it. Being daring enough to put the word vagina in its title meant something to me. It meant that I was going to not only enjoy myself, but that I might be able to relate. As I walked down the sidewalk, I found that I had a mixture of feelings running through me. I was not overly excited, but at the same time possessed this feeling that I could not quite pinpoint. Could I have possibly been nervous? Was I scared? I was going to hear women talk about their vaginas and use words like cunt and pussy and for some reason, this excited me. I cannot really tell you
why, but it did. Here I was, a woman of twenty years who never really thought twice about her vagina, and I was getting excited over the idea that it was going to be talked about so openly and with such fondness. At the same time however, this idea of speaking so freely was not weird to me. I myself could candidly say the word vagina and talk about anything that was “risqué.” As a young girl (at the age of three or four) my mother was very quick to tell me what sex was and how the male and female bodies worked. She never held anything back when speaking to me about sex and pleasure through the years. So this subject matter should have been a walk in the park for me. Yet I was still intrigued by what I thought the premise of the play was. I was expecting to go in, hear women talk about their vaginas, and all that goes on in it and around it, light heartedly and walk out feeling proud to be a woman. Little did I know, that this was not the only thing that I was going to take from the experience.

Kendal Hall was buzzing with excitement and everyone was feverously chatting. There were those who seemed excited and intrigued, there were others who seemed like they just did not want to be there, and there were the wise ones who knew what was to come. I sat in my seat, looked up at the stage and felt like I was about to enter into the huge “V” on the stage. I stared at the chairs, benches, and pillows and wondered why they were there. I was filled with anticipation and was quietly waiting to see what as to come. The lights slowly dimmed and the show began.

“I bet you were worried. I was worried.” As I heard those first lines, I knew that had misinterpreted the play completely. I thought about how true it was that darkness and secrecy did surround vaginas and how I had treated my vagina as if it was something to be kept secret. It was something that was dark and smelly. This led me to think the first
time I had even touched my vagina and let me express this as clearly as possible, I was very worried. Worried that I would break something or maybe even lose my fingers in what I thought at the time was a bottomless cavern. I was listening to Eve Ensler’s introduction and was already completely moved and captivated. Then the stories came. I heard about a woman who wanted her vagina to be natural and untrimmed, and another woman who just had a very angry vagina. I heard story after story and I found myself continuously laughing. Then in the middle of the monologues a surprising moment took place; I began to cry. That moment was the performance of *My Vagina was my Village*. When thinking of words to describe this monologue I find that I am at a loss for words. The first thoughts of this story brings tears to my eyes and I am filled with a deep sense of knowing. It was as if I could feel her emotions and it made me realize how much I love and care for my vagina. Her experience sparked emotions in me that were new and passionate. I listened to how she was raped, how her vagina was mutilated, and I really felt as if knew how deeply she was hurt. I felt this way because I have a vagina and somehow my vagina is my village.

My vagina is my home. My vagina is not just another part of my body. My vagina is my secret garden. Only I and my love have the key to unlock the treasure that is within. It was not until I attended the Vagina Monologues that I was really able to express this latent knowledge. I had always been aware of my vagina, but I had never realized how much I coveted it. I can think back to a time when I was nine and nearly molested by a man on an airplane. I can remember how my first reaction was to cover my vagina. I needed to protect it and I was in turn protecting myself. I was able to get away and was lucky enough to not have my secret garden’s walls shattered. I am strong and because I
am strong, my vagina is strong. It is not a mound of hair that contains a slippery mess and a potent musk, and no real character. It is rather, a doorway into the depths of everything that I am.