The *Virgin*a Monologues

What’s the deal with all the hype? I don't get why it’s so shocking if I haven’t been breached. Aren’t there a lot of people? I mean, I guess when I look around, all I see is sex… but that doesn’t mean it’s THAT common does it?

I remember back in middle school when a girl told me how she had sex with her boyfriend. Back then, it was an age where everyone thought they were as cool and mature as adults only they could actually dance and understand true angst. She had only known her boyfriend for a few weeks, and barely knew anything about him. “But”, she told me, “he brags to all his friends about what I do for him.” I didn’t get it then and somewhat forgot about it until high school when one of my closest friends called me one day asking, “does it count as losing your virginity if he only kind of slips in and out for a second real quick, just to see what it’s like but no actual sex?” I didn’t know what to say. “I…think so?” She decided that her pureness had been untarnished anyway, and only declared herself popped when they had sex for the first time in her boyfriend’s house. “I didn’t get the finish you know, and it took him forever.” I said something about that being interesting, but I really had no bearing to respond with. That conversation was basically my entire high school life.

“You know how they say you’re supposed to bleed the first time? Well I didn’t, does that mean something is wrong?” I don’t know. “I missed my period, but it’s only a day late, should I get a pregnancy test?” I don’t know. “I kind of…slept with his best friend the day after we broke up… should I tell him?” I don’t know. Four years of “I don’t knows” handed out to people who were well aware of my position, people who said made jokes that out of all the base-runners, I still had yet to get up to bat. Why did they ask me?
Still a virgin in a land of falling flies. Some people have asked if I look down on them. “It’s completely your choice.” They ask why I haven’t done it yet. “I want to wait until marriage. It’s worth the wait to sacrifice worry and potential emotional damage for temporarily pleasure.” So you have no desire? “I never said that. You can want an expensive outfit at the store, doesn’t mean that if you’re unwilling to pay for it you’ll automatically steal it.” Oh, I guess so.

Then there’s the best friend, the other virgin. The virgin who knows what it’s like to have no idea what people are talking about, yet know the fear of the “first time”. There’s so many experiences people feel the need to share for some reason, that the virgin mind catalogues them all of for future contemplation. Virgins wonder about the moment the act is over what really happens, how much of themselves has to be prepared nicely in advance like some sort of expensive meal. How much of me will he look at?

What’s funny about being a virgin is people will openly admit the bad parts about sex to you much more easily than to someone else who’s had experience. They’ll tell you how they feel empty that they gave it away so quick. They’ll tell you how sometimes it’s just boring. But mostly with the emptiness, like they were human piñatas that slowly released one piece of candy after another until they realized that passion is not infinite if the refill is cutoff. Every time the relationship ended, something was lost. I figure when the day comes that I can no longer claim ignorance on sex, it’ll be a day I won’t have to worry about all the things people admit to the virgin. I’ll probably also realize that no matter how many articles you read or how many stories you hear, words are nothing.