My First Time

By J.R. Westfall

MAN: I have a confession: I'm not entirely sure when I lost my virginity. *(beat)* Believe me, I know how that sounds…and it isn't exactly true, either….it's just…I've never really understood the lens through which most people view virginity.

I mean, we're basically told by science that, for girls, the loss of virginity is pretty cut and dry, right? The hymen breaks traumatically – because, thanks to Eve and all of that bullshit in Eden, the female body has been *designed* to be painful – and unless it happens during sex with your husband, any and all hope you had of marrying a decent, respectable man has quite literally been fucked out of you – gone forever. It's scary, too, I've heard, because it can break outside of sex! I knew a girl in middle school, sat down *hard* on a bicycle once. Then poof – doctor tells her dad, and suddenly her bedroom's being blatantly raided for condoms. She was nine.

Whereas with boys…we have the luxury of being told that the first time we penetrate another person – particularly if that person is *female* – we have somehow achieved an honorable rite of passage, forever entering the ranks of manhood…whatever the fuck *that* means.

And from my own personal experience, these perennial standards seem to be pretty consistent; for years, girls and guys alike have told me, time and time again, "If there isn't penetration, it didn't really happen."

And every time, I can't help feeling…just…a *little* disappointed. Is this really what it's come to, America? I just can't fathom that being it. It's too black and white; too limiting; too *heteronormative*…you know?

The very idea that virginity is something to lose, rather than something precious to give, is so completely reductive – not to mention morose. And let's be honest: it has misogyny written *all over it*.

I mean, come on, the notion that someone is "taking" something from you – that you're "losing" something – is about the least empowering thing I've ever heard, no matter how you cut it. It's

depressing, really! And it makes everyone's first time seem like borderline assault…which might be kind of sexy…if it wasn't their *first time.*

I guess you need to understand where I'm coming from – why I bear so much…*resentment*. Obviously, what I consider to be *my* first time wasn't exactly "standard". It was with another guy, for starters…and we didn't have sexual intercourse. Not entirely, I mean. We got naked, made out, traded blowjobs – it was awesome. And I really do believe it was *my first time.*

By morning, I wasn't the same person. I was aware of my own agency…I learned that I could be appreciated, desired, attractive even – and more so, that, if I was brave enough, and trusted someone enough, I could allow myself to become…*one* with them, for just a little while.

And that's what it's about, really. The sensations, the tension, the feelings – sure, they're all vital, luscious parts of the experience, don't get me wrong – but they pale in comparison to what is *actually* going on.

You aren't losing *anything*. You are literally *evolving*; you are giving someone a piece of your soul, your essence; you are *consciously* bestowing them a trust you have not yet been able to give, and the sheer amount of power you possess in that moment is utterly, fucking astounding – like actually incredible. Yet, we as a culture all too often forget this, preferring to dwell on the awkwardness of it all, the *sin*, the rules and standards, cloaking our sexualities in fear, shame and disgust – I mean, grow up, already! Read the *Kama Sutra*, talk to Dr. Ruth – do whatever you have to do – just please don't reduce virginity to "penis first meets vagina", okay? It isn't cute, it's *homophobic* – and quite frankly, you're missing the point.

(beat) Whatever your first time was, don't let anyone tell you differently. I sure as hell don't.

(blackout)