

# The Man Who Says No

a poem by Rose Jermusyk

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## Character

SPEAKER, someone with a clitoris who is readily-perceived as femme

## Scene

SPEAKER: ( *in the voice of a well-meaning friend* )

"What's the worst that can happen, he says no?"

( *indignant* )

Are you fucking kidding me with this?

Uh-uh.

No.

I refuse to believe

a concrete rejection

is the worst that could happen.

Not when there are men that say yes

and then get jealous

of strangers,

of friends,

of family,

of you  
so that there's no one  
left to trust.

Not when there are men that say yes  
and save your first yes  
for later  
when you say  
( *calm and tired* ) "Not tonight."

( *indignant again* )

Not when there are men that say yes  
because they believe  
you will always mean yes.

Sisyphus  
( *with god-like intonation* ) deceiver of the gods  
in ancient days  
( *back to indignant human* ) every day  
tries to push a boulder  
to the top of Purgatory's mount.

Were he among us  
how many would be made  
to carry that burden  
for him  
( *drawing themselves a baby-belly in the air* ) for nigh on to a year  
like some sort of bizarre referral program:

( *in the style of a spammy infomercial* )

"Refer a friend  
get a month free!  
Not limited  
to those who accept

your offer!"

( *back to real, indignant person* )

Oh, no.

No-no-no-no-no.

Give me the man who says no  
and wants to be friends  
and doesn't care  
that I acknowledge my tongue  
for the built-in napkin that it is!

Give me the man who says no  
and sends me home  
to go fuck myself  
( *starting to get a little "worked up"* ) all night long;  
at least I know what needs doing  
down there  
— and how!

( *with orgasmic frenzy* )

Oh!

God!

Give Me

certain rejection!

Oh!

( *coming down from orgasm* ) That is so  
( *perfectly calm* ) not the worst that can happen.