Sex Talks to Girls
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Mars liked her clothes to match when she went out. She would plan her outfits with admirable care, obvious affection. She’d lay everything out the night before, iron the works, creasing and steaming, and then she’d make sure the ensemble matched, hat to socks, right down to the startling underwear.

On Pride Day there were jeans, a royal blue T-shirt with a huge red, blue, and yellow Superman emblem, red socks, red drawers. Beside this finery was my own matching outfit, except for red underwear (femme style), which I did not own and would not concede, causing Mars a small amount of sincere regret. Not only did Mars like to coordinate herself—she took equal pleasure in coordinating me to match her. At first I thought this was a black thing, or maybe a lesbian thing, or a black lesbian thing, but then our white hetero friend Janet stepped off the plane from Disney World with her husband and kids, every one of them in matching sequined Mickey Mouse jackets, holding matching Goofy bags.
It just isn’t me! I said to Mars, who was pushing a pair of her red socks at me. I’m asymmetric. I like minor keys and irrational numbers.
Mars grabbed me and pulled me over to the full-length mirror.
Look! she said. There we were in our identical Superman shirts proudly provided by Mars the day before. The words *E-Gads* and *Holy Shit* flashed through my mind. I tried to buck up.
We look cute, I said. But I’m forty years old! What would my kids say?
They’re not here, she said, logically.
My own mother would die, of course. I took a deep breath and thought: What the hell?
Mars switched on Stevie Wonder, who always accompanied our leaving the apartment, and we danced around for half an hour. Then we headed downtown on the number 3 express out of Harlem, adrenaline pumping hard, two women with Superman emblems and matching red socks, not trying to pass as anything but crazy in love.