

On the One Time I Lost My Virginity and the 3 Times I Gave It Away

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Abstract

In this poem, I examine the concept of virginity as a social construct by referencing situations where I was told it could be lost through simple everyday acts, such as riding a horse or inserting a tampon. Through examining such situations, I equate virginity with the mere act of penetration. In doing this, I establish that penetrative masturbation is a loss of virginity, thereby challenging the idea that virginity is something that can be either lost or given. I take the reader through four separate sexual or pseudo sexual experiences to establish a non-linear journey through navigating virginity. The poem ends with the revelation that through the act of masturbating with a dildo, my virginity became something I gave myself.

Keywords

virginity, masturbation, sexual experience, queer

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Forward:

I was told I could lose my virginity by

Wearing a tampon

Riding a bicycle

Or a horse

Or a man

Or a dildo

Or fingers that wander

Meaning, virginity is less about sex

And more about a foreign object in the body

Less about sex and more about doors yanked open

The story goes,

The difference between sexual acts and sex

Is the penetration by a foreign object

The story goes,

There are graveyards empty of headstones

And full of honorary hymns

They phrased it "losing my virginity"

Because the process is singularly painful,

Always a theft,

Someone does the colonizing,

And I do the mourning

The story goes,

I lost my virginity once

And gave it away 3 times

1. The Boy

He was fuckboy turn feelings boy
I was just curious
When I saw his penis,
My impulse screamed
POKE IT

Maybe that should have been the first sign
Because vagina was love at first-sight
It was ice cream on a hot summer day
It was ...
It was poet turn speechless
Okay okay, getting off track here, the boy

The boy was untrained fingers on guitar strings
I was bruise marks thought love-bites
He was satisfied consumer
I was swallowed dissociation and panic attacks

I mailed him this virginity dressed in unworn Eid clothes,
No tracking number,
Lost

2. The Tampon

Impromptu instructional demonstration
Tampon in tea mug
“Look,” my now lover says,
“it could absorb an ocean”
You haven’t felt softness
until you’ve seen a tampon drenched in purple tea
and no apologies

Finally, bedroom turn bathroom turn wedding
Is it not *wedding* when the white turns red?

I feel the tampon travel,
My vagina a void swallowing it whole
The string an only sign of its once existence

This V-card mailed to them who taught me
All the Tampon tactics

3. (Penetrative) Masturbation

My fingers, in diaspora all this time
Immigrating beyond the art of clitoral cumming
The pitter-patter of fingers
The anxious back-and-forth walk
My fingers, a tampon
A personal penis of sorts
I feel their choreography
A readapted Dabke,
This dance, usually performed in celebrations
Requiring repetitive patterned movement
All the weddings attended taught me its rhythm
My masturbation, a wedding
My fingers a revelation, a prophet's epiphany

This virginity a homecoming party
After years of displacement

4. The Dildo

Purple, glorious, and nothing like a penis
Named her Dickety
Ety- Arabic for possessive
So entirely mine
Dickety, a tip-toe midnight snack
Quiet, patient, and alert
Tip-toe turn to midnight dance party
My vagina making wanted space,
Stretching, building, edging, climaxing

But see,
Dickety cuddled me many times
Before she held me in orgasm
Nothing about her was foreign object
Both of us masturbating the art of patient pleasure

My virginity a thank you card I gave myself
A prayer I did not ask of anyone
A joyous collapse into sleep

Author Biography

Rayan is a self-described mosaic person. Their academic and activist backgrounds blend together to form somebody whose drive is to dig deeper, complicate things, and shy away from a black/white dichotomy. In their MA in Media Production research, they managed to weave their graphic design and creative writing background into their newfound passion for theory. This resulted in the first step towards what became their driving force: a desire to bridge the gap between the academy and the public.