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My "Me Too" Coming Out

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My "Me Too" Coming Out

Abstract

The words "Me too" litter my Facebook page,

no trigger warning, no apology.

Mothers, including my own,

friends, neighbors, aunts, teachers.

"Me too." [*excerpt*]

Keywords

Trigger warning, Me Too, Gaslighting, Violence, Voices, Sexual Assault

Disciplines

Civic and Community Engagement

Comments

Surge is a student blog at Gettysburg College where systemic issues of justice matter. Posts are originally published at surgegettysburg.wordpress.com Through stories and reflection, these blog entries relate personal experiences to larger issues of equity, demonstrating that -isms are structural problems, not actions defined by individual prejudice. We intend to popularize justice, helping each other to recognize our biases and unlearn the untruths.

SURGE

[VERB] : to move suddenly or powerfully forward or upward

MY “ME TOO” COMING OUT

April 16, 2019

The words “Me too” litter my Facebook page,
no trigger warning, no apology.

Mothers, including my own,
friends, neighbors, aunts, teachers.

“Me too.”

I type and retype and every time delete the drafts of my own Facebook statuses

Because my “me too” story is not as clearly “me too” as the “me too’s” that ambush my timeline.

Stories of girls in unfamiliar places being stalked by strangers,

Stories of transferring school and pursuing justice.

No, my “me too” is not like theirs,
and so I ask myself, does my “me too” count at all?

My “me too” wasn’t violent, per say.

There wasn’t force, but how can you argue what’s forceful and what isn’t
when you are already fooling around,

Your bare ass pressed against the seat of your Daddy’s car,

With a boy two years older who will make your neighbor jealous.

Consciousness clouded by careless coughs of cannabis,
my naive head resting on the fogging window.
He didn't ask or even warn me when he slammed his manhood in between my legs.
All I could mutter was "please, a condom",
docilely hoping he'd get it over with soon,
my skull banging against leather and metal,
my dry, unwilling vagina searing in pain,
until finally the fighter inside of me climbed out of my throat demanding
"please, stop."
So, "me too," I guess,
despite the fact that I wasn't held down against my will.
No, your honor, I didn't say no,
But where's my consent when there is no proposition?
And I guess me too because of that time freshman year,
In that black dress I loved but I now let gather dust in my closet.
"Me too", I guess, even though we had kissed before,
because I was piss drunk and he was stone sober
And isn't that the first thing they teach you on Haven?
Looking back, me too, and hey buddy, fuck you!
for kicking me out after getting your nut
for saying I'm "too liberal" and telling your friends I'm a slut.
And while I'm at it,
Me too for the boy who smacked me on the ass

in my sixth grade Spanish class

before I even knew an ass

had a context beyond sitting and passing gas.

Me too for the boy I thought was my friend

who in the words of our president grabbed me by my pussy in a frat basement.

Me too because sexual assault is not always being attacked by a stranger,

because too often perpetrators are people we didn't know posed us any danger.

Me too because people with stories like my own deserve to know their trauma is valid.

Me too because stories less foggy than mine don't hold up in the United States justice system.

Me too because we all deserve to be taken at our word.

Me too because no one can gaslight us into believing our voices can be silenced.

Me too, my sisters, me too.

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