

Content note: mentions of sexual violence

Unpleasant Pleasure

You took my idea of pleasure and redefined it. I was with my friends, having fun at the bar the summer I turned nineteen with my friends. You flirted with me all night across the room until you finally came up to me. Tall, brown, curly hair with a bright smile. I got lost in your eyes. I fell weak to the sound of your voice. It was like a movie scene; everything else around us became a blur of drowned-out noise and statues of people. We talked all night, exchanged numbers, and then I went outside to find my friends. I thought I was alone. I thought I was safe. I thought I would go home that night. I thought wrong.

You decided that your personal needs were more important than my consent. You forced me to be defenceless and have no control of my own body. YOU decided. While I lay there, with shame, you feel pleasure. You got to walk away feeling good; I got to spend the following day in the hospital. You controlled me for months; you redefined what pleasure meant to me. I hid in the shadows of self-consciousness, feelings of fault and lack of trust towards any male who approached me. You still had control.

It took time, but I finally gained that control back. You don't get to control me. It wasn't my fault, and you don't have the right to define what pleasure means to ME. Your idea of pleasure is sickening, and I acknowledge that. The way you used my body against my will is disgusting. That is not pleasure. Pleasure is laughing with my friends, spending time with my family and most importantly, loving me. Loving myself is pleasurable. Pleasure does not have one definition but is subject to a personal meaning to all. I can control what I deem pleasurable. There are unpleasantnesses within pleasure; however, these only attribute to the individualism of pleasure. You may have momentarily redefined my idea of pleasure, but ultimately, I have control.