

Every Sistah Wants It

by Victor McGlothlin

That whole year was a real trip. Marshall was getting with some rich white girl, Shauni Woodbridge, whom he thought had AIDS. Rorey Garland, the star quarterback, killed himself and all hell broke loose on the campus after that. I was only a sophomore then, nineteen years old and didn't have no business off the Oklahoma reservation nor on a college yard with thirty thousand other students trying to find themselves. Rome was just as lost as any of us until he entered a karaoke contest to impress Heretta and ending up winning the damned thing. Although she turned him down cold, there was nothing stopping him on the music front after that. He dropped out of school, worked three jobs and paid for voice and piano lessons. I was just one of his many friends, as he put it. Sprung too, just like all his other so-called friends who knew about me." "I. Rome had it going on back then too?" Cee-Cee openly agreed with Essence magazine's assessment of the entertainer's style and appeal.

"No doubt, with or without money, Isaiah Rome is simply too much man for one woman and that has always been his down fall."

"Isaiah? That's what I. stands for? I thought it was something cool, more street."

"Sounds kinda corny I know and he was so down to earth in the beginning. He would write music and sing to me while I studied. 'Said I was his muse, his hip and his hop then one day I caught him in my bed with my dorm mate from down the hall. He was busy giving her the hip hop that I supposedly inspired."

“Ohh, that’s so sad. What did you do about it?”

“I cried a river after my dorm mate gathered her clothes and left my room although the damage had already been done. The private pedestal I created for him was too high. Each time he’d fall off it, the harder I’d hit bottom. He didn’t care though. The man just dusted himself off and went on about his business as if nothing ever happened. Make no mistake, the pain was mine and mine alone.”

Like a trained stunt driver, Cee-Cee skillfully maneuvered the car across two busy lanes of freewheeling motorists while listening in. “Hmm, I thought you were seeing him after you finished undergrad and moved to Dallas.”

“Embarrassed as I am to say, I never stopped. I was always there no matter what. He began to do more local singing gigs then traveled from state to state. All the while, I waited. I waited through the drama resulting from several drug allegations, two bad marriages including the one he’s currently in, his baby-mama-drama and too many paternity suits to count. Humph, after the first scandal I felt sorry for him and wondered if I would have been able to stick it out had I been his first wife. After lightning struck again, I was counting my lucky stars that I wasn’t.” Octavia gazed out of the window, reflecting on what she’d spent just as much time worrying about as she had trying to forget. “My mama always told me, if you want to see the end of a relationship with a man just look at the beginning. The future is always there, in plain view.”