

# 10 Clues That It Is Over, or Should Be Over

Diane Payne

## *Vegetable Oil*

When things aren't quite working out in bed, and you return with vegetable cooking oil, then mutter, "I bet you didn't know I was such a sensitive guy, a true feminist at heart," you shouldn't be surprised when she shoves your dick into the bottle. As you try to free your dick from the bottle, it dawns on you that being a cheap ass bastard is not cool when it comes to sex. The last words you hear are: "Ten bucks for some KY, asshole!"

## *Republicans*

When she tells you that she can see a future with you, even though you are a Republican, you will feel a great sense of optimism, until you notice little things like your toothbrush floating in the toilet bowl with her turds and how she refuses to brush her teeth before bed. Every time you hear her laugh, it's not that endearing laugh that you once enjoyed to hear, now the laugh is more manic, more frightening, and you know she's up to something because you just opened your draw to get a sock and found a turd buried deep inside your sock. You're not even sure if she's a Democrat. You're beginning to think there may be an entire new political party just for her.

## *Democrats*

The first few times he farts, you find it freeing, because now you can fart. Then

the farting gets out of control. He walks by you and farts in your face. You laugh, but not really laugh, not like *his* laugh. After you've had it with him and his farting, you let one rip during oral sex, and he seems genuinely pleased. Weeks ago, you should have realized this was never going to work. It doesn't matter that he's a damn good-looking Democrat; sometimes relationships require more than sharing similar political beliefs.

### *Monologues*

You know it's over when you begin talking to yourself, ranting actually, to your dickhead administrators, in the middle of decent sex. "You're raising our health insurance premiums? You fuckhead." Your lover stops moving, sits up in bed, and the lover just looks at you. You can't stop the tirade. You have so many damn bosses, so many gripes. "Keep doing what you were doing, that was nice," you mumble before the monologue begins again, and oddly enough, your partner tries desperately to arouse you.

### *Names*

If you crawl into bed with someone who has named his dick "Harry," it won't matter how many beers you've had; no matter how great or terrible the sex, you'll be the one who ends up feeling like an ass. And you know that just ain't right.

### *Confusion*

In the middle of sex, if she calls you by a former lover's name, be warned that she'll also call you by that same name when she's pissed at you. You'll drive

yourself crazy if you try to figure out if this is a good or bad sign.

### *Bras and Boxers*

After she *finally* wears a bra, after your endless nagging, because you find bras so sexy and she finds them so cumbersome, you really should dump your skid marked boxers. Once again, you've been warned.

### *Cats*

When she tells you she loves cats, and also admits she's never had a cat, and you insist that four of your eight cats must share the bed with the two of you, you don't even miss her when she slips out of the house during the night. You still don't find this troubling, do you?

### *Memory*

When you need to have a few stiff drinks before getting ready to spend time together, then have five or six more drinks while you're together, and she gets tired of your lame dick and rolls over to jerk off, you will remember none of this; but trust me, she will.

### *Movie Night*

When he claims that he doesn't mind that you're an atheist, then insists on streaming movies like *God's Not Dead* and *Noah* for a fun night together, and

tells you he thinks it'd be fun to spend a weekend together to see *The Great Passion Play*, because you like theater; you really need to decide if the sex is worth all this. You can scream, "Oh God, Oh Jesus, Oh Buddha," all you desire, and you are quite loud with your desires, but seriously, is the sex worth all this?

Diane Payne is the author of *Burning Tulips* (Red Hen Press) and *Freedom's Just Another Word* (Sweatshoppe Publications). She's been published in hundreds of literary magazines and remains clueless about dating.