

the rhino's ass | a rock and a hard place



March 1, 2011

My mangina is leaking, and other observations

I've never been a man's man. At 5'11", 150 lbs. I have no plans to single-handedly carry a horse across a canyon while smoking a pack of Marlboros. I'm also not inclined to discuss the drawbacks of dropping a 12-cylinder with a blower into a Smart car, nor do I Hi5 upon request. Joe, my second-favourite 7-foot male nurse, tries to give me some clenched straight fist compromise but I just can't bring myself to do it, much like when I hang back as the football team I play for, huddles and rah rahs their latest battle cry with hands outstretched to the huddle's epicentre, fingertips lightly brushing fingertips, that only three minutes earlier were holding each player's manhood as he took a quick and chilly piddle behind the only shrub bordering the field.

Despite the team's reservations about myself, I've been secure in my straying from the penis waving trail in favour of a more androgynous MO. But I do have to wonder at times if I really am a lesbian trapped in a man's body. At times, I'm way too bloody sensitive to go out in public and the only person who really knows how much I should be under house arrest, is my wife, who just the other evening, at the family dinner table, spotted my mangina. "Is there something I should know?" she said, as, for the third time since we sat down to eat, I spontaneously burst into tears. Laura could be forgiven for thinking I was crying over the shockingly tasteless pork she broiled, or the rice that was seasoned with things that drop from an Arab's armpit. Chef Ramsey would have had a heart attack but that wasn't the reason for my exposed mangina.

Across the table sat our little girl. She's almost three. She's absolutely beautiful, and sadly, when she's ill, as she was this day, she's possibly even more adorable. Her eyes

were oh so heavy, her posture was that of exhaustion, and her voice was a whisper as she looked toward her mother, exclaiming, “I want to come up”. But it was dinner time, we were attempting to dissolve pork, and this was no time to pick her up. Yet she was sick, and sad, she needed some lovin’ and repeatedly, she was asking for a warm embrace. Repeatedly she was left wanting, and it was in that moment, looking into her hopeful, desperate eyes, that she took me back a year, to a day of hard landscaping in our new back yard.

I’d been slogging for months actually, by that point, and on occasion, my little girl would join me. It was hard for her though because between pick axes, shovels and wheelbarrows of dirt and rock, there wasn’t a lot of safe room to maneuver a two-year-old with a bright red plastic toy shovel and a blue sand bucket. She had her fun days but for the most part, she probably just wanted to be with her daddy rather than the mounds of garden debris. And on this day, she had followed me forlorn, around the yard for 30 minutes saying, “I want to come up. Put the gloves down Daddy”. I’d turned her down a dozen times and then something snapped as behind me, I heard again, amidst the heaviest of sighs, “Put the gloves down”. My little girl was desperate, her voice echoed such and only the most heartless bastard in the world could have ignored the absolute sadness in her eyes and words. I dropped the gloves of course, I left my work behind me, and I held her tight in my arms for as long as she wanted to be there.

Her tiny, fragile little world was back in order, and she was happy, and I can’t help but consider now and again that in the yard that day, lived one of those moments that literally shapes lives. At two years of age, Cadence was too young to remember specifics beyond a few days, but I’m absolutely convinced that the gamut of emotions she felt survive in some way to help forge her character, her spirit and her optimism. I was just as convinced at the dinner table that another life-changing moment was upon us. Her sadness was overwhelming and though I tried hard to contain myself, the parallels were too sharp and my mangina simply burst wide open. Laura picked up our sad, sick little girl and held her tight, for as long as she wanted to be there.

I don’t know where that stuff lives in me. It’s quite a contrast to my usual caustic existence and again, although I am no ‘man’s man’, I’m no flaming pansy either. And hey, once a week I listen to Bob Seiger’s ‘Like A Rock’ while firmly grasping my scrotum. Unfortunately, Paul of the Jay Dynasty, reminds me that real men don’t actually listen to Bob Seiger... their girlfriends do! Where that leaves me I do not know. Does my mangina render me less of a man, or more than the average dude could ever dream of being. Should I stock up on tissues or drink more beer. Should I check myself in, or should men everywhere be checking me out, chanting, “Mangina dude, you go girl”. Will I grow breasts if my mangina continues to leak. Maybe. I hope so.

Chris J. Vaughan Griffiths

COMMENTS | *[click here to tell me my head's up my ass... again](#)*

Paul Jay: March 2, 2011

Man, can I relate to that today. I spent 12 hours at the hospital. After many hours of waiting they finally decided to operate and remove Megan's appendix. She was getting morphine every hour for the pain. Seeing the expressions on her face as she winced in pain and not being able to do anything about it!