

February 14, 2005 – 8:05 p.m.

It's Valentine's Day, and I'm left questioning why I have chosen to stay single for almost five years now. It's not from the lack of prospects. God knows I could write an entire book on just the guys I've met and/or "dated" in those five years. I know that my childhood has a big influence on why I am single. The inner conflict I feel as a result of the tension that I sensed between my mom and dad growing up leaves me always feeling dissatisfied in relationships. Their relationship has also made me quite the cynic in regards to relationships, and especially marriage. Even before I admitted to myself that I was gay, I didn't believe that people should get married, and always wished my friends "good luck" instead of congratulations at their weddings.

I have tried to work on a lot of the issues I've carried, and am no doubt much wiser about the choices I make in dating, especially when it comes to trusting my gut instincts; but I have suffered a lot of bumps and bruises along the way learning those lessons, sometimes over and over again.