

## Day 7 in Ghana

Adannaya still had a fever. Oluwaseyi had been treating her with echinacea and other herbs (and rub downs), but she still wasn't getting better because she wasn't getting enough sleep since Chidimma snored.

This was another down day on which we prepared for a four-hour trip to Kumasi on Day 8. Some of us went to hear Ali Mazuri speak, but we did nothing strenuous. Later back at the guest house we turned on music. Thema had brought some wonderful CD's, including Sade's new one. Chidimma wanted to dance with her friend, but she didn't want them to be the only ones dancing, so she asked me to get Oluwaseyi to dance. I tried, instead, to get Thema and Ras to join them. Ras only laughed and Thema wasn't budging. (I think Ras would have danced if Thema had shown some inclination.)

After trying to no avail to get them up, i went into the day room to get Oluwaseyi to dance with me. He would never actually slow dance with me; we did his swing dance. You think i'd finally start to get it that he didn't want be close to me in front of other people. His affection seemed to be reserved for our room.

And true to form, when we all went to our respective rooms, Oluwaseyi was gentle and affectionate as he said, "We need to talk after i get out of the shower."

Of course, my mind said, "It's one of two things: either he's changed his mind about not wanting a relationship, in which case i'll be in a quandary because right now i'm finally clear about where we stand; or he wants to talk about Adannaya." I was leaning toward the Adannaya thing, and started to get nervous, but i told myself, "No! I don't have permission to be nervous. That was the me of yesterday. I've changed and grown. He can't harm me! So, let's go!"

Well, my sister, Adannaya, had told him i told her he and i had been intimate, and it bothered her that he was trying to be intimate with her after he'd been intimate with me. It was such a small group that it seemed like a violation for her to tell him. It had to get back to me.

All i could do was apologize. I told him, "I felt i had reason to tell her at the time." I, still trying to maintain my integrity, even if nobody else seemed to be, didn't tell him she was feeling bad about liking Kwaku and him, and i told her not to feel bad about the two because Oluwaseyi wasn't playing solitaire either.

I felt as if Adannaya had sabotaged me. We had talked in confidence, i thought. I was trying to help her out; i thought this would relieve her of any guilt about wanting to be with Oluwaseyi. But when she told him what i'd said, it seemed as if she were attempting to preempt me and have him all for herself. Was i reading this thing right?

Oluwaseyi said he wanted to get me right then during his and Adannaya's conversation to settle everything, but she didn't want him to because she didn't want a volatile situation to arise. What did she think? I'd beat her up? I wasn't even upset. Perplexed, perhaps, but not upset.

Adannaya had told Oluwaseyi she valued hers and my developing friendship, and that's part of why she was so uncomfortable. I was having trouble believing it. Something didn't fit. I just couldn't put everything all together. But i had managed to piece together that she wanted to force him to choose between the two of us.

While i couldn't make all of it make sense, i was pleased with myself because there was a time when i'd have attempted to give him away. Why? Because i don't like drama in my life...i don't feel like going through the emotional fight...i don't know how to fight for whom i want emotionally...and i don't want to learn. I wanted to have control over how little control i had! I'd be in charge of losing what i didn't really have. I'd feel better pushing him away since he wanted to be somewhere else than to be rejected when he left me to be somewhere else.

For instance, I was tempted to give up my seat on the van so Adannaya could sit with Oluwaseyi. I was tempted to talk up Adannaya to Oluwaseyi so he'd feel more comfortable talking to her in front of me. You don't have to be a psychologist to see the sickness in that.

But i decided to allow the situation to unfold on its own, with no help from me. This time i was standing still. It was up to him and her. Perhaps that's not the right approach either; it seems to give my power away. But i keep telling you, my goal was to stay healthy, and so far, i was. And i was learning not to put myself second because i'm afraid someone else won't put me first.