



The Second Time Around

How do you know when to reconnect or disconnect with an old love? **By Chandra R. Thomas**

Every time our social circles intertwine, like a bloodhound on the hunt, Myles finds me amid the horde of hotties and wannabe players packed inside the party. It never fails.

As he approaches, the intoxicating mix of his signature cologne, that sexy, piercing gaze and, of course, the dazzling smile literally evokes heart palpitations. I put on my best poker face and appear composed, although deep down my body is screaming that poetic India.Arie lyric, “Skin so brown, lips so round, baby, how can I be down?”

Lured by the offer of a cocktail and the pretense of “catching up,” I retreat to a quiet corner with Myles and tune out the rest of the room (and the world, for that matter) as we launch into our usual

round of small talk, which only reignites the fiery attraction smoldering within us. Before long, nostalgia overwhelms and amnesia invades and the question running over and over in my head is, “how did I ever let this go?”

Although you can get sucked into sentimentality, the bottom line is that there’s always a reason why your ex is your ex.

If you don’t remember, just dial up that close friend who took those tearful 3 a.m. calls during the nasty break up. Or consult your journal for a refresher on those telltale signs that you two were totally incompatible.

After the initial reality check, you should take an honest assessment of the situation. Sure he’s fine, but has he really

changed? Could you be the rebound chick or worse, just something to tide him over until his next victim gives in?

Any failure to honestly answer these questions puts you at a high risk of getting hurt yet again. If you’re not sure, proceed with caution and take it slow, keeping your eyes wide open all the way.

As for me and Myles, we’ve flirted with reconnecting countless times and always end up going nowhere fast. Sure there’s the undeniable attraction—and maybe even some lingering emotion between us—but the reality is that he’s still a commitment-phobe who gets ADD at the mere mention of monogamy. And I’m still a one-man gal who wants a guy who spends more time thinking about matrimony than mackin’ honeys.

I will admit that I do still get a bit teary-eyed when “I Will Always Love You” blares through the radio speakers, but deep down I know that just like that old Whitney jam, he will always be just that—another greatest hit!



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