

# *I am human but my partner is not, . . .*

*Expressed by A.L. (translated)*

He asked me why I love a building. So I began to list all the reasons I find my darling so amazing.

"No," the doctor interrupts. "WHY do you love a building and not a person?" he set his pencil to his notepad.

"I don't know WHY. I only know that I do and I always have." I explain yet again to another psychologist. I shift uncomfortably in my seat as the doctor pokes into my past for answers.

No, I was not abused as a child. Yes, my parents divorced. No, my mother didn't drink while pregnant. Yes, I had some trouble in school. The weekly sessions go on and on until they can find some way of putting me in a neat little box with a label to explain away my love for objects.

That label should simply say that I am an objectum-sexual individual but no. It says some new fangled disorder they came up with followed by some prescription drug with a fat booklet of side-effects.

They tell me I should love a person. They tell me it is wrong to love a building because the pieces don't fit. And what pieces are they referring to? Clearly, not the ones in my heart that feel so right with my object love.

Well, it is not possible to have sex with a building, they demand. OK, that may be the case if you are going off the prolific definition between humans but possible or not, why does sex have to be the defining factor whether love is right or wrong for an individual? There are people incapable of having sex or choose not to for a variety of reasons. Is this to say they can never know love? And there are those like me with a different characterization of sex.

Yet, before I have the opportunity to explain, their inner Freudian makes the claim that I must love a building because it's a large phallus! What? This implies I cannot have physical gratification without the presence of a penis and therefore I cannot have love without human company. Absurd!

First, I am objectum-sexual and I have no physical attraction for the male, nor his bits. Second, my physical attraction for my lover is not defined by human-sexuality and therefore I see zero relevance to an object appearing phallic. I love this building with all my heart first and foremost and there should be no need to justify our love in the confines of humans-sexuality.

The fact is, I am only different from mainstream when it comes to my orientation but I make no waves in society. I go to work during the week and hang with friends on the weekend. I have various hobbies and help my family when they need me. And I have inner strife too and sometimes I struggle to get by. I have had tragedy befall me and I have scars to show for it

Except for the OSI community, close friends and some family, most do not know I am objectum-sexual. And seeing the way British media has abused and twisted the facts about OS love, it is clear that I will never be able to come out until people get a better understanding of objectum-sexuality from our point of view.

**If she isn't broke, don't fix her.**

Maybe there are triggers that cause some people to be OS. Maybe it is simply society's obsession with labeling and we are actually born this way. Regardless, I have been OS as long as I have memories. Telling me to love differently is like telling me to perform open heart surgery on myself. I am not hurting anyone and I am not being hurt minus the intolerance of others who feel:

**Ok, if she isn't broke, fix her until she is.**

This is my life as defined by me, not by society. Really what this boils down to is I refuse to be put into a neat little box with a socially accepted label. I am objectum-sexual.