Sex Talks to Girls
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I’d rather finesse the story of a life, salivate around the edges, not chew on the subject’s collarbone, break down her front door and run in and out like a looter. *As a kid I was a cross between a hermit and a bird.* I like metaphor, not the weighty thunk of memory, not—*this is how I lost myself, this is how I got myself back*—an old chest falling down the attic stairs.

There I am on the floor of my boyfriend Danny’s apartment circa 1979, Ossining, New York, three years after I quit drinking, a few months after my husband left me for someone more Wall Street, and probably at the spectacular height of a snowstorm. The carpet was scratchy-gray, the stereo a dinosaur overseeing our maneuvers, and my boyfriend’s sepulchral roommate who never went out, ever, was oddly missing for the duration of the blizzard. I was thirty-one, miles past the age of sexual initiation, on my back with Daniel above me, and he was doing a fine job of warming me up.
I don’t remember how long my hair was (shortish) or how much I weighed (thinnish), but I remember the music we kissed to (The Who) and what Danny said (something about our tongues), and what I did (I did), for it was brand new, although I’d been previously married for ten years to a sexual being (ish).

It was like bleeding from a small cut that suddenly opened and I could see my entire potential, juicy and remarkable, and I just let it pour out. I would soon marry this Hudson Valley boy (my second union, his first)—both of us awkward and introverted—for gratitude and for luck. Even after we divorced, quickly, because of his compulsive gaming (Asteroids), I would remember the gifted geek who tried to save my life by fucking.