Sex Talks to Girls
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I’d hooked up with Mars a couple of weeks before my planned move down from Ossining to the Upper West Side, and she offered to help.

We stopped to have a sex break on the stairs to the second floor of my apartment while we were moving me out. It was so inspiring she still talks about it to this day, but my favorite sex story from those early times happened that first night we got together at her place in Harlem.

I’d kept on with the vulnerable theme of our pizza parlor meeting, and she’d countered with her own brand of flirty bullshit until we ended up on her couch, Mars wearing a motorcycle helmet, and me hoping to hide the huge cotton underpants I’d deliberately put on to discourage myself from having sex on the first date. The helmet was supposed to be a symbol of protection for us both. The underpants were a symbol of futility.
She was lying on her back and I was on top, staring down at her through the helmet visor, and I started kissing her neck a little before she did the flip thing you always see in movies, where Tony wraps his arms around Maria and turns her over so she’s on her back and he’s on top, and the real sex can begin. (You may think I’m half-kidding about this, if you like.)

The reason this isn’t Mars’s favorite sex memory may have something to do with my drawers, since she’s the one who had to look at them, but I think she’d say it’s probably still her second favorite sex memory. For me, it exceeded almost a decade’s worth of trips to fantasyland. It may have been the exact moment I began to think of God as Goddess.