

Sex Therapy & other Poems

By

Valerie Parker

WHY I LIKE IT: Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... *Valerie Parker is so moving, so poignant there is nearly nothing left to say. She reads like one of a higher-being, from aloft, who has descended upon us--you know the type. I'm serious, like when you encounter someone so well-versed at a party, you either hold your tongue or attempt to find fault with them? I cannot. Try as I may. Perhaps I could begin by feigning to be mute to start. It is a feat in itself not to put a foot in my mouth and babble on. Make the climb, take your ascent, she is both sweet in her accords and indecent in dissent, Pay attention, her work demands it. She is a tribute to our tiding, send your tithings. The greatest events attract the elitist, most needful, advertisements. If I was any more of a man, I would insist she is a Super Bowl poet. Here's a word from one of our best sponsors, Valerie Parker, she's a prized contributor... To quote her would be like like rendering Rembrandts in stick-figures. Just wash away and let her art flow over . . . as hearts overflow. Its just silly wasting you time reading my this.(Spacing is poet's own).*

TRIGGER WARNING: SEXUAL CONTENT, SEXUAL VIOLENCE, KINKY SEX, AND RACIAL SLUR all within the context of transforming trauma into empowering experiences.

143 lines

Sex Therapy

I've survived multiple acts of sexual violence
My first 2 occurred at age 6
Another at age 8

I get off on consensual force
Rape fantasies
I like it when you spank me
Bite me, Slap me, choke me

I fought off and escaped multiple attacks during my teens

I've been restrained and hurt by many males and one female

I want you to squeeze my throat
Holding me still under your weight
Under your shove
Elbow pressed into my chest
Pinning me down like your prey

As I bow down at your altar bed to pray
Oh my GAWD
Thanking you for the rapture writhing through my body and yours
Convulsing, hearts pulsing, riding wave after wave

I was slut shamed as a virgin
By my so-called friends
Other girls who were less comfortable with their bodies
Who saw the way men looked at my teenaged frame
Hoochie skirts and midriffs bare
No built-in bra could tame my nipples
that poked out- relentlessly announcing when I felt a chill
My Catholic godmother bought me revealing clothes
"Flaunt it if you've got it, girl"

My language is powerful too
The ending makes all the difference
A lesson I heard in my neighborhood
Like changing the N-word
Not "-GER" but nig-GA
Sex Therapy, page 2, continued stanza
A term chosen
To self-identify
To rebrand
To empower
I tried it too
I take back the teasing that tormented me as a kid
Please call me *your* slut
Your whore
I enjoy witty wisecracks made affectionately about me
I like it when you say mean things to me
Tease me so sweetly
I like the way you're turned on by me
Being what I was shamed for before
Dyke isn't hurled at me like an insult
It's a badge of honor I wear
when I don my strap-on
Wearing the clothes of a she, a he, an it, a they

Dance and playing dress-up are medicine to me
Healing traumas that my body remembers
My ability to be seen
Without hiding
My sexuality
Showing up authentically
And vulnerably
Being seen in my pain
Acknowledging it in sacred ceremony
Amplified by collaboration and collective energy
The 4 of fire
Participation
The sum is greater than its parts

My favorite medication is penetration
Like a dead virus being used to make a vaccine
Or repeated exposure to allergy shots
I'm desensitizing myself to triggers
Reclaiming the things that caused pain

My hippie mommy encouraged me to love and own my body
Mommy told the local girls about masturbation
And I took notes
I believed that I had to figure out how it worked
Had to know what I liked first
before I could teach others how to please me

Sex Therapy, page 3, new stanza
I'm an adult who still feels like a child inside
A little girl abandoned by her daddy
A girl with daddy issues
Always wondered why daddy didn't want me
I met my new daddy 26 years after my biological dad left
He treated me like his little girl
His cute little baby monkey
Bought me gifts and took me places
And he played with me
Paid attention to my hours of needy calls
"Daddy, look"
Held me when I cried
Made me feel wanted
Licked and fucked me every day

I love touch and soothing words of affirmation
It's okay baby now, it's okay

Validation and security
I've got you,
Don't worry, be happy
Like a mother comforting a newborn
Kiss me
Rub my back
And tell me that you love me and will care for me
Let me relax and trust you

Sure, I can cry myself to sleep
I can calm myself down
But my nervous system relaxes faster when you hold me
Decades after surviving
Within the safety of supportive, loving relationships
I began to consciously explore healing
Recreating scenarios
But with CONSENSUAL force

Leave marks on me by sucking, biting, hitting
I like ligature lines
Hickeys and bruises as reminders
Battle wounds to feel like a badass

I am painfully claustrophobic
The survivor of a near drowning and sexual violence
Of being restrained against my will
Unable to breathe
And I love to be tied up
Sex Therapy, page 4, continued stanza
Restrained by harness, ropes, and cuffs
The tightness of the tether
Not the one holding the reins
But the one with the power of the safe word
The one *really* in control

Safe submission is treatment for my control freakism
Boss me around
Domination is sex therapy
As I learn to safely submit

Which hole do you want?
Do you need me to listen?
Wish to feed me? Fuck me?
I like when you make me eat your cock
Tell me what to do or say
Letting go of my need to plan

Getting out of my head

I'm learning to be sexy
To pole dance
To stand up tall no matter who is around
No matter who wants me
It's okay to be desired
I can stand up for myself
I can ask for help if needed
I am sexy and powerful.

You asked me to communicate
how you'd know
that I was enjoying it
And signs that I wasn't okay
We practiced hand signals, voice cues, and the safe word first
What to do if I had a panic attack
Or collapsed into hysterical tears
You checked in throughout
Held me during aftercare
I never felt as free as when I was bound
All 4 limbs tied
Picked up and carried me
Suspended
Conquering my fears with you
I felt turned on, empowered, expansive
Held safe and flying free

TRIGGER WARNING: human anatomy and sexuality

108 lines

Avoidance Isn't the Answer

Standing in a Thai market
I attempt to save the environment from plastic overuse
Mai Sai toong
Giggles and stifled giggles
Mai-- do not
Sai--put in
Toong--a bag
Toong plastic--a plastic bag
Toong tao--a bag for a foot is really a sock
But JUST toong? Just a bag?
What kind of bag might you tell a lover to wear?
Or to NOT wear?
I wasn't in a bedroom, but
"That IS what she said"
Because the clerks were giggling about hearing

a girl say not to put it in a condom
A condom is called a bag in general, a toong,
A euphemism

The most fundamental problem facing the world of humans is our fear of sexuality
It's taboo to talk about
It stems from the need to control populations and resources
If the whole population were fucking like rabbits,
Then they would produce too many babies to feed
The physical act of trying to make a baby is so fun and connective,
Some engage in compulsive sexual activity
Some to use force to get it
Promiscuity and rape threaten the established order
Religions, governments, and culture attempt to control our morality
Hiding, shaming, and controlling sexuality
Giving guidelines for which body parts to cover with dress
"Those are your private parts"
How and when we're allowed to procreate
"No sex before marriage"
How our bodies SHOULD appear
Circumcision, tattoos, plastic surgery, piercings, jewelry,...

Animal statues at temples are anatomically correct enough to have anuses
Even Buddha statues have a single nipple visible
Yet, society in general isn't happy to see my nipples
Nipples aren't allowed on TV
The human body is natural
Sex is natural
Avoidance Isn't the Answer, page 2, continued stanza
It's literally how we ALL got here
Yet, the sex must be hidden
Behind closed doors
Subtly alluded to
We flirt
Play coy
Use euphemisms
For the stuff we can't say directly
We say doing "it" or making love
But what does that actually mean?
Ever try to define it for someone younger?
Where do you start?
What if you suspect something may have happened to a child,
how do you ask them?
Did anyone ever touch your--

What do you call "down there"?

Is it a front butt? A front bum?
A hoo ha? A crotch? Vuh-jay-jay?
Does it change with age or audience?
A fanny is a backside in the US, but
A front side in other parts of the world
What a confusing apparatus a fanny pack must be...
Are you politically and anatomically correct by saying vulva and vagina?
Or abbreviate to vag?
Box? Clam? Fish taco?
Beef curtains? Poontang pie?
Ever notice how many edible things we use to describe the genitals?
I have a volcano or velociraptor
Adults can get obscene with pussy, cunt, or twat
Can be cute and call her a yoni or a kitty cat
Or avoid naming at all
Using the blanket term meant to discourage conversation
By calling them "private parts" or simply "privates"

As an English teacher, I've asked the innocent question
"Where is he?" and gotten giggles
Apparently my "she" is really a "hee"
Not "he" like a boy or man
In Thai, "hee" is what to call female genitalia

What about that opposite type of "down there"?
The kind that pokes out
Is it a pee-pee, pecker, or willy when young?
I prefer to be precise with penis
Avoidance Isn't the Answer, page 3, continued stanza
Though I hear men say dick or cock more often
Occasionally "member" or lingham
Other playful times I've heard: weiner, hot dog, sausage, pickle, popsicle, lollipop, banana
Gluay in Thai
Tourists quickly learn the dangers of asking for a banana
Not only is it the same shape as a penis
but it also rhymes with the word for balls
Gluay kuay

Then I asked for directions to find the bedding section in a store
The mortified clerk looked from me
to the man by my side
and back to me,
asking for directions
I realized my mistake
Non lap means to sleep
Lap non means to go to bed WITH, to sleep WITH

Oops, those weren't the directions I meant to ask for
My eyes widened as I flushed beet red
My partner didn't miss a beat and repeated the only Thai he knew to end a market talk politely,
trying to decline
"Mai sai toong"
Don't put it in a "bag"

Adult Taboo-Tackling Silly Song Series

Content Warning: sexual language and profanity

9 lines

I'm a Little Horny

To the tune of "I'm a Little Tea Pot"

I'm a little horny
Wet no doubt
Here is my vulva
And here is my cl*t
When I get all steamed up
Hear me shout
Bend me over
And eat me out

13 lines

Suckle Suckle

To the tune of "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star"

Suckle Suckle Little Cunt

How I wonder how you taste

Down below the waist and skirt

Fruit so juicy in my mouth

Suckle Suckle Little Cunt

How I wonder how you taste

Suckle Suckle Giant Cock

How I wonder will you fit?

Deep into my throat so far

Can I swallow and not choke?

Suckle Suckle giant cock

How I wonder will you fit?

19 lines

The Farmer in the Closet

To the tune of "The Farmer in the Dell"

The farmer wears a dress

The wife wears a tie

The farmer wears some heels

The wife wears a cock

Hi ho the derry o

There are clothes for them all

The farmer wears a rope

The wife pulls the leash

The farmer bends on over

Is fucked in the ass

Hi ho the derry o

There is play for them all

The farmer jerks off alone
The wife joins the sex
A third makes a threesome
A fourth makes a chain
Hi ho the derry o
There is sex for them all

Yes, Yes, Kink Sir

9 lines

(To the tune of "Baa Baa Black Sheep")

Excuse me, Kink Sir
Have you any whips?
Yes Sir, yes Sir
2 butts bruised
Both from the master
One for the sub
And one for the little slave
Who lives to be spanked

23 lines

If You're Horny and You Know It

(To the tune of "If You're Happy and you know it")

If you're horny and you know it,

Touch yourself

If you're horny and you know it

Rub your clit

If you're horny and you know it

Wank it off

If you're horny and you know it

Masturbate

If you have a body, get to know it, by yourself

If you have a vulva, get to know it, by yourself

If you have a penis, get to know it, by yourself

Got a body, get to know it, touch yourself

Got a vulva, get to know it, touch yourself

Got a penis, get to know it, touch yourself

If you're horny and you know it

Touch yourself

If you're horny and you know it

Rub your clit

If you're horny and you know it

Wank it out

If you're horny and you know it

Masturbate

55 lines

F* You, Human

F* you, human
You're a coward
Too scared to try

I'm so angry
Go f* yourself
Up the @\$hole
Completely dry
No lube at all
So it hurts you
So you feel too
Feel my pain too
Empathize please
I want you to
Understand me
Or to want to

Willing to try

F* you, human
You're a coward
Too scared to try

F* you, human
You're demanding
Too sensitive
I'm so angry
Violent silent
No more talking
F* your feelings
That's your problem
Don't care about
Safety conflicts
We're too busy
Just let it go
F*ing drop it
I'm leaving now

F* you, human
You're demanding
Too sensitive

All I wanted
Was to feel safe
At my workplace
With my colleagues
Too much to ask

I lost respect
Gave up on you
F* you, human
You're a coward
Too scared to try
Too scared to talk
Unable to
Communicate
You've given up
I'm sad for you
Disappointed
My needs unmet
I am hurting

27 lines

Sex Roles

My gender does not define the way I behave
Nor does it decide what I should crave
I want to be both master and slave

I demand what I cannot own
One who prefers a life alone
Autonomous, NOT a clone

A domesticated dog is no substitute
For the wild wolf I seek
A puppy is too mild and meek

I'm compelled to ride a wild beast
One who can't be tamed in the least
Only lured close enough for a tryst.

If you can play only one role,
I must fit into your pigeonhole,
But there are soooo many sides to my whole.

I require being desired and chased,
Doted upon and adored,
But absolutely never needed

I am the ultimate surrender,
Merging in sacred splendor,
Losing my own will in a blissful blur.

My flesh calls for it all—to take, to give
Accepting and assertive
But never limited and definitive.

Dissatisfied with a predictable role
Routine—what a hellhole
I wear a skirt and a tie—variety is my goal.

17 lines

In-Between People

I like the in-between shades best
purple + pink gets the majestic name Magenta

Yellowish green
Lime green is called chartreuse

No need for dominance order debates
When the blue-green vs green-blue
battle is settled with a teal

I like in-between people too
Multiracial humans
With a fusion of all the finest features
In a beautiful blend
nonbinary, trans, queer, bohemian

people who don't need permission
to be different
to express themselves
authentically
in the full rainbow spectrum of possibilities

THE POET SPEAKS: *I started to learn ukulele because teaching kids often requires music and dance. In my 30s, I finally felt emotionally ready to confront my musical fears based on traumatic teasing by family and friends about my lack of musical talent. I got the tune of "I'm a Little Tea Pot" stuck in my head, recalled a training-wheels approach to poetry writing by rewriting familiar favorites, and it morphed into mixing in sexuality as I started wordplay. As an adult, I felt safe to talk about and explore sex, BDSM, and kinks about trauma-based fantasies. I believe that sex is adult play, and having common language for that play makes it easier to have consent conversations. These works are the result of me playing with my body, my trauma, music, and my words. Conversations with recovery and kinky communities have been empowering on my healing journey, and I hope they inspire you to talk about and engage in sexual play in safe and consensual ways too.*

AUTHOR BIO: Valerie Parker is an American teacher living in Thailand where they spend their days writing a children's book on consent and rape and volunteer-teaching circus skills to local kids. They have a passion for healing conversations @missvalerieparker and www.MissValerieParker.com/ . They have a piece forthcoming in Magic Theater Poetry in ChiangMai.