

Title: Sex Don't Mean Sex

Making Out with Josh Fleming is not as great as you would think.

by Corey Taft

So check it,

I always want to have sex with you.

ALWAYS.

Night and day,

Day and night,

24 Motherfuckin hours a day I want to have sex with you.

But don't get it twisted, it's not even like that,

Sex don't mean sex.

Sex means hand-holdin,

Sex means lip-lockin,

Sex means hair-pullin,

Sex means bed-rockin,

Sex means passion,

Sex means comfort-ability,

Sex means compassion,

Sex means vulnerability,

Sex means love.

So there it is,

I always want to make love to you.

But it's not even like that,

Makin love don't mean makin love.

Making love means you're making me love you even more.

Just telling me about your day means we're making love.

Just going to see a movie together means mean's we're making love.

Just looking into your eyes and telling you how pretty I think your eyes are

and I can't/don't know how to express my love for you in like a cool articulate kind of way means we're making love.

And I always want to make love to you.

But I always want to see you naked, too.

But that's only if that's cool with you.

Because sometimes I know you want me to see you naked, too.

I know you do.

I know you do.

YOU told me you do.

So, don't think for a minute,

Don't think for a second,

Don't think for whatever the smallest measurement of time is that I just want sex out of you.

I want whatever you'll give me,  
Because whatever you give me gives me such a head-rush,  
Gives me such a heart-rush,  
Gives me such a soul-rush-  
Does that make sense?  
Cause if that doesn't I'll write a new poem.  
I'll start it off by saying,  
"Girl, I don't always want to have sex with you."

Yeah, I mean, I always want to have sex with you,  
But that's not me,  
That's my hormones,  
I don't control that shit.  
And I know you got them, too.  
I know you do.  
I KNOW you do.  
I've seen them.  
I've felt them.  
I've heard them.

But you tie yours up tighter than me.  
You're stronger than me.  
You're thicker than me.

I can't imagine what it is like to have,  
Tree ring after tree ring,  
Year after year,  
Boy after boy,  
Wrapping their hormones around every compliment they bestow upon you.

I always want to have sex with you.  
So please excuse these hormones that spew from my every pore,  
I just don't know how to ignore nature.

I'm not as thick as you.  
So if you don't want your hormones to slow dance with my hormones,  
That's cool, just say so, I won't mind.  
We can do whatever,  
As long as we're, you know, together,  
And if and when we do have sex, just know, I'm going to do whatever I possibly can to make sure  
you get yours before I get mine.

Because, let's be real, girl,  
It takes you a damn long time.  
But, hey, I don't mind.  
Because I always want to have sex with you.