

# Queer Sex Ed Podcast: Episode 4 - Sara at Bedpost Confessions and Slutwalk

\*guitar intro\*

Sara: Hey friends, it's Sara. So, guess what?! I got you a surprise episode! \*laughing\* So, yeah I was thinking about what could I do for this month because we're still on hiatus until October when I leave my job. And I thought maybe I could just pull the audio from these two performances and put this in the feed for all of you to enjoy. So, this is me, Sara, at two different events. The first is a Bedpost Confessions show which, Bedpost is like a nationwide group of events that started in Austin, Texas. And they have a podcast and some other stuff around organizing events and getting people together. But the whole idea is read really vulnerable stories onstage that are inspired by your own life. The names have been changed to protect the innocent but the story is very much real and something that was really powerful for me to write and powerful for me to read in front of a room of like 70 people. So part of like why I'm putting this in here is just my own documentation. I really want to have a copy of this and also have a way to share this in the future potentially but I'm hoping that all of you will enjoy listening to it as well. So, it's definitely a little scary to put out there but I think it's pretty fun as well. And then the next thing is last weekend I spoke at Slut Walk Denver which was a really powerful experience as well. I had been to the Slut Walk a few years before but this was my first year really having any sort of role in organizing or speaking or being a part of the actual event itself so, I read two poems there. One was about dysphoria and the other one I read is about consent and how I think it's ridiculous when people say that consent will ruin the mood. Because I think when you say that it just means you're doing consent wrong. I hope you enjoy that as well and if you have ideas for people we should interview, if you know people that are sex educators that want to get on the show we can do it by Skype and get in touch with me. Just send an email to [queersexed@gmail.com](mailto:queersexed@gmail.com). And then the other thing that I'll remind you about as well is that I'm going to be speaking at the Gender Infinity conference. And as far as I know it's still happening although certainly my thoughts are with Houston and what's going on down there so I don't really know what the status of the center where they have the convention is. Or how the folks from Gender Infinity are doing. I reached out by email but of course haven't heard back yet because I'm sure they're very, very busy. I mean, as long as the conference is still happening I'm planning to be there. So, it would be nice to meet folks who know me from the show! And come October we're going to be launching new episodes that are a similar format to what we were doing before. So, if

you also have feedback on previous shows or other segments you think would be interesting or thoughts that you have on segments we've already done that maybe didn't mesh with you the best or you think that we could improve. Also send an email. Again, queersexed@gmail.com. So, thanks a lot and I hope you enjoy these, bye!

\*guitar interlude\*

S: You're listening to Queer Sex Ed. A sex positive podcast that centers queer and trans people in discussions of sexual health, relationship communication, sex work, non-monogamy, pleasure, and BDSM.

S: \*inaudible\* You'll learn in the story that it's full, is that answer.

\*audience laughter\*

S: \*whispering\* Spoiler alert! We'll do this one. Ok. I'm a smart adult, I can do things! There we go!

Audience Member: That hair though!

S: Mmm, thank you! Hi friends! My name is Sara, I use she, her, and hers pronouns. And yeah! I'm really excited to read with you tonight. Thanks for providing such a safe and cool space for me to do this!

\*audience cheering\*

S: I'm also just like a little bit nervous! Ok, here we go. I'd like to share with you a story about the first time I knew that I was polyamorous. Now, there are a lot of stories I could tell you about when I thought that maybe, possibly, I could be polyamorous but that was before I even knew there was a word for it. Those moments always came with a sense of shame and disappointment. I could tell you about the one time when I was holding my girlfriend's hand on a date and secretly holding her best friend's hand under a blanket at the same time. I could tell you about the love triangle that dominated the first two years of my high school experience and which eventually broke up our entire friend group. I could tell you about that one time when I was at a party with my girlfriend where we both decided it was ok to play spin the bottle. And it made me excited and her nervous. I could tell you about how when the bottle finally landed on me and I kissed her friend, instead of being excited and happy like I was it made her jealous and angry and sad. I could tell you about how instead of recognizing her anger and jealousy I just kept kissing her friend because in my mind I didn't see anything wrong with it. And we'd already agreed that it was ok for the night. I could tell you about all of the times when I thought about being polyamorous and told myself that I couldn't even find one person to love me, how would I ever find two?

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S: I could tell you about the dozens and dozens of times in my life where things went wrong, where I couldn't ask for what I wanted because I didn't even know it was an option in the first place. I could tell you about bad breakups and ghosting and awkward first dates and a million other times in my love life where something went wrong. But tonight, I want to tell you about the first time that it all went right. Like all good stories, this one starts at a dungeon.

\*audience laughing and cheering\*

S: About a year before this story takes place I went to a kink dungeon for the first time. In fact, the other four times that I went in that year I didn't even play with anyone. I just watched and talked and learned from more experienced people. I wasn't even sure what I really wanted although I definitely knew that I enjoyed being in a sex positive kinky space. As a survivor of sexual assault and coercion it was powerful for me to be in a space where people respected boundaries and advocated for their needs authentically. To be honest, I felt safer in a dungeon than I did at a bar. I didn't have to worry about men groping me from behind while I was dancing with another femme. I didn't have to worry about the door guy looking me up and down when he saw the male gender marker on my drivers license. And most of all, I didn't have to worry about the awkward cultural dance that we call flirting and dating. I found people at the dungeon who communicated about sex in the way that I had always wanted to communicate. They fearlessly voiced their desires and weren't afraid to say "no". In fact, they believed that "no" was a wonderful thing and that people should thank you for drawing your boundaries safely instead of calling you a prude or a bitch. That particular night at the dungeon was specifically for polyamorous people. Things didn't start out very good. I didn't have enough cash on me and - to get in the door - and so I spent the first 10 minutes pleading with the door man and the head mistress to let me in. Feeling foolish and defeated after promising to bring it to them next week, plus interest, I walked over to the snack table, found some oreos for comfort and got the lay of the land. If y'all don't know, dungeons usually have like a potluck thing going, it's pretty cool!

\*audience laughing\*

S: It's like way more, you know, just like the party where people are having sex than you think. \*laughing\* That's the director's commentary version! \*laughing\* It was early in the night and not much was happening yet. The space was about the size of a 3 bedroom apartment with multiple tables for playing, some couches for cuddling, hard points on the ceiling for tying rope suspensions, and two Saint Andrews crosses which are great for tying someone down and flogging or spanking them as I would later discover on trips to the dungeon. Out of nowhere I heard someone behind me shout my name. I couldn't believe it! They were a friend I hadn't seen for years. Their name was Alex. Although we had both known each other as different names long ago, they came out to me as a genderqueer person and we connected instantly over our shared discovery of our

transgender selves. Like the other four nights I had come in the last year, I wasn't planning on really doing anything that night. I wasn't even sure what I really wanted to be doing yet or who I wanted to be doing it with. However, early on in our conversation we both stated that we were feeling very starved of touch lately and agreed that cuddling on the couch would be hmmm let's say, mutually beneficial? We talked about coming out, discovering ourselves, the Marvel cinematic universe, and how many good anime shows I hadn't seen yet.

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S: After catching up for a while, Alex introduced me to Anna. A woman they had just met that night. They invited her to come join us on the couch to talk and after a few minutes we were all in a cuddle puddle. We traced the constellations of each other's freckles while we forged a new friendship to the joyous sounds of pleasure and consensual pain. Anna and I bonded over being transfeminine and shared the most joyous parts of our trans experience with each other. Alex and Anna bonded over how many good anime shows I still hadn't seen yet. \*audience laughing\* After half an hour together a man we didn't know yet came up to us and asked if anyone would like to receive some electric shocks from his violet wand which isn't a euphemism for cock even though I know it sounds like it is! \*audience laughing\* Although I'm sure he would have enjoyed that as well. Alex and I wanted to continue cuddling however Anna decided to join him on the table right in front of us. I felt butterflies rush from my navel up through my chest and my face flushed red with the joyous thought of sharing such an intimate and beautiful experience with this wonderful group of people. Anna took her top off, exposing her beautiful breasts and tightly erect nipples in anticipation of his first shock. She lay down slowly on the black and red table, full of nervous energy. The metal toy and its dozen arms touched down on her skin and zapped all over her stomach and her chest. He continued to shock her with a dozen different toys, each new sensation brought with it a new sound. She moaned in pain and pleasure while Alex and I fell deeper into each other on the couch, enjoying the show that Anna was sharing with us. I turned my face to meet Alex, resting on my shoulder, and I said "I'd really like to kiss you now. Would you like that?" I had a quick answer when their lips immediately rushed towards mine in a beautiful moment of erotic energy. Our lips melded together in ecstasy as our tongues were dancing to the screams of pain and pleasure happening before us. I absolutely love first kisses. The anticipation. The nervous energy. The leap of faith and then...the joy of finally exploring someone new. Whoever is interested in kissing, let me know! \*audience laughing\* I revel in having as many first kisses as possible. I think you can learn a lot about someone's erotic energy by how they kiss. Are they soft and gentle? Are they rough and powerful? Do they push

their tongue into your mouth first? Or do they open up expecting you to dive your tongue in? Does your kissing stay focused on your mouths or do they bite your lip and kiss down your jaw? And onto your neck? Suffice it to say, Alex was a really fucking great kisser! I took a deep breath and exhaled, settling into my body. This felt so good, it felt so right sharing our love and our sexual energy with each other and with our friends began to fill my heart with passion. It was a deep love that I hadn't let myself for a very long time. When Anna finished on the table she stumbled back to us and gently fell into our arms. The three of us converted the couch into a futon bed and laid down together in the middle of the dungeon. Alex and I scratched Anna's back, got her water, held her close and helped her come down from the height of her pain induced high. All the while, Alex and I continued to kiss and caress each other. Once Anna was fully relaxed and lucid I asked her if she wanted to kiss Alex. She said that she did and I told both of them that I would also greatly enjoy watching them kiss. While their lips moved closer and closer together, time slowed to a crawl. I felt myself rushing back to all of the moments in my life where I had wanted this or wanted to ask for it and I never could. My butterflies came back to fill the cavernous pit in my stomach as the lips which had been on mine were about to join with another. Despite all of my highly scientific research into threesome porn I was \*audience laughing and cheering\* I was worried that when I was finally in that moment I would feel hollow or maybe even horrible. I was worried that somehow that monogamy police would find us, bust down the door, leap up the stairs and take us in for our unnatural desires! \*audience clapping\* Which would be a pretty fun fantasy so if anyone wants to like... \*audience cheering\* talk to me after! I knew that this could finally be that validating moment I had always wanted. The moment when I would know for myself if I was truly polyamorous or not. Spoiler alert, I am.

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S: Their lips collided and I moaned so loudly that the rest of the room turned around to see what was happening. While their tongues danced in a passionate kiss I felt a feeling I would soon come to know well called compersion. The feeling of joy that I experience when my partners feel pleasure and joy from another person. I felt my long dormant love energy flowing through my heart and erupting out of my chest. I realized in that moment that for so long I had locked my capacity for love away in a cage buried deep inside myself. The easiest way to survive before was to pretend it wasn't there, to lock myself away in a castle never to love again. But now, I didn't just want to survive anymore. I wanted to thrive. I wanted to love deeply and with all of my heart. It wasn't good enough to settle for bad first dates and guilty crushes anymore. Inside of my head I was screaming "I knew it! I knew this would feel good! I knew that this is who I was meant to be!" Their lips parted and I put one hand on either of their cheeks. I asked

Anna if we could kiss and received an enthusiastic "yes". I bent forward to kiss Anna and then turned back to kiss Alex. Again, I felt a wave of joy and love pass through me. I sighed deeply and thanked them both for holding me so safely and for exploring something so vulnerable with me. We continued to explore each other's bodies, touching, kissing, and moaning in our shared pleasure. Two days later we planned a date as a group. Which, side note, it's really hard to plan - if you think it's hard to get two people on a date? Trying to get three people on a date when the schedules are - it's really complicated. Group chat is your friend! We went to lunch and spent hours talking about how we could all share our love together and what we wanted out of a relationship. In some ways the authentic communication we shared on that date and the intentional building we did of our relationship structure was even hotter to me than our experience at the dungeon two nights before. I would later discover that my core kink, hotter to me than anything else is deep authentic communication and enthusiastic consent. \*audience cheering\* Talk consensually to me, baby! I knew in this moment, without a doubt, that I would never be able to have relationships how I used to before. I wouldn't be able to stumble through expectations and boundaries constructed out of jealousy, fear, and loneliness. I knew that I had discovered my true polyamorous, kinky, queer, trans self and although it was only the first step in a long and difficult journey, it has also lead me to the most joyous and rewarding love I have ever experienced in my life. I would like to say thank you to all of my partners and friends who have helped me discover pieces of my erotic self in the last year. And to everyone who has helped create wonderful sex positive spaces like this. Thank you.

\*audience cheering and clapping\*

\*guitar interlude\*

[00:18:20]

S: My name is Sara, I use she, her, and hers pronouns and yeah, I do a lot of sex stuff, I guess, I don't know! The reason I'm here with you today is to read some poetry. So, the first one's about dysphoria and then the second one's about consent.

Dysphoria: An Epic in Two Parts, Part One.

It doesn't matter how accomplished I'm feeling or how much work I put into healing the shame I hold like a boulder in the pit of my stomach because I didn't transition earlier.

You tell me now that I should have known earlier. You told me then "You're too young to know." Please tell me, when's the magical age, cisgender world?

It doesn't matter how many fewer days now I spend feeling like my body has betrayed me. In the back of my mind there's always a voice calling me a fraud and telling me that I'm not trans enough.

When you fuel that voice, the voice telling me everyday that if someone thinks I'm cute and flirts with me and then kills me when he finds out I have a dick, that I'm supposed to believe it's my fault for thinking I deserve love.

When you fuel the voice that tells me I'm to blame for someone else's inability to see my body as a woman's body or have the strength to walk away like a mature adult instead, you do violence to me.

When you fuel that voice that I have to battle every fucking day, you make me feel like no matter what I do to express my most authentic self you will never see me as a woman. Just as a man you'll never understand.

When you misgender me it crumbles my heart into a pit and crushes my soul deep into the earth, into the dark cavern where I hid before I knew that I could escape. Before I knew that I could free myself. Before I knew that I could thrive.

When you misgender me it sends ripples through my days, or weeks of my life where I must rebuild my protective shell of self love and validation of my femininity with my loving community.

When you misgender me you get to make a quick half-hearted apology and move on with your day.

When you misgender me I have to spend my precious limited energy detoxing the poison of toxic masculinity that comes bubbling into my heart when you say "he".

When you misgender me you echo the voices of the past telling me "You're a man, now, act like one. Don't be so sensitive. Don't talk like that! Walk like that. Act like that. Live like that. Don't wear that, it makes you look like a girl." Like being a girl was the worst thing anyone could be.

If it seems like a lot of pressure to not misgender me after I've told you this, imagine how stressful it was to pretend to be a boy for 23 years. Simply because you never knew there was anything else you could be.

Imagine how painful it is to survive alone when no one could truly see you and no one cared.

Dysphoria: An Epic in Two Parts, Part Two

We have always existed. My queerness extends like a river of light, winding back through time and into a deep well of magic. Ready to spill out across the world and drive your toxic hatred back into the void.

When I feel rooted in the infinite power of our queer history I feel like a beacon, shining out into the cosmos. I feel like the parent I never had saying "I love you as you are. As you were. As you ever will be."

When I feel empowered and at home in my body I can feel my heart open up and my mind expand beyond the cages built to contain my love, to define my body, and to profit from my story. My love energy is powerful.

My trans body is holy, a gift freely accepted and devoted back to the divine feminine existing in all things. My body is an altar made whole by choice. Baby steps through second puberty to unify the splintered mosaic made from the rainbow glass I call my truest self.

Thank you to my body for giving me pleasure. Thank you to my soul for giving me purpose. Thank you to my queerness for giving me family. Thank you to my past self for choosing to give me life.

\*audience cheering and clapping\*

\*guitar interlude\*

[00:23:27]

S: Ok. This is much better, ok.

Consent

Consent is literally the hottest fucking thing in the entire world

How could you ever be worried that talking to someone about how and where you can hit them to cause joy would ruin the mood?

Why would you ever worry that it would ruin the mood to ask someone where you can kiss them and then, with your lips inches from their ear & your warm breath rolling over their neck and down their spine ask them “Can I put my hands down your pants?”

We come from a culture of competition where we are pitted against each other for the title of worthy.

We are told that jealousy is love, that control is natural, that obedience is loyalty & that we must lie for our partner's comfort.

Talk boundaries to me.

Say “no” to me.

Say “not right now” to me.

Say “touch here, not there” to me.

Say “call me this, not that” to me.

Let's explore where our Venn diagrams overlap in a sprawling galactic web of possibilities for our pleasure.

Tell me how to make your body whisper “yes” into my mouth & down my throat.

\*guitar interlude\*

[00:25:23]

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Queer Sex Ed is an imperative statement. When we call to "queer" sex ed, it is a call for all sexual health educators, schools, parents, and people in all types of relationships to intentionally queer the institutions of sexual communication, sexual health, interpersonal relationships, and relationship structure. We believe that we must turn sex ed on its head. Even when sex ed is at its best it is often intentionally or unintentionally exclusionary of lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender, genderqueer, genderfluid, agender, polyamorous, and asexual people. In addition to many more social groups who engage in just as many relationships as straight, cisgender, and monogamous people but who are forced to do so through uncharted waters, lack of media representation, and massive social stigma. The goal of this project is to share the stories of myself and others in sexual health, sex positivity, and everyday queer sexual life, to normalize authentic conversations about sex, pleasure, boundaries, health, and communication. You can contact our show at [queersexed@gmail.com](mailto:queersexed@gmail.com) with any statements to help us grow our perspective, better support all people, and uplift marginalized voices. Please, reach out and share your thoughts on the show.

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