

32nd Lecture at the Gramsci Monument, The Bronx, NYC: 1st August 2013

WHAT IS SEX?

Marcus Steinweg

INSTEAD OF AN ABSTRACT A POEM FROM 1999:

DID I TELL YOU

Marcus Steinweg

DID I TELL YOU ABOUT THE SEVEN SISTERS, ABOUT THE FLOOD OF THEIR PROMISES, ABOUT THE TRIALS, ABOUT THE IMAGES OF MY DREAMS?

I HAD TO EVADE SOME PROHIBITION. A COUPLE LAWS, TO STILL BE HERE NOW WITH YOU.

THAT WAS THE GAME OF THE MANY CHANCES: I HAD TO CATCH BIRDS FOR YOU. WITH LOOKS, WITH WORDS, WITH THE FINGERS OF MY HEART. BECAUSE THERE IS ONLY YOU AND THE DESIRE TO WISH WHAT YOU WILL NEVER EVER FORGET TO WISH.

UP TO THE TIP OF THE TONGUE OF YOUR NAME I AM SO WRAPPED UP IN THESE DREAMS. UP TO MY TEMPLES I AM BURIED IN YOUR PRAYER. RESTING INSIDE YOUR HANDS WHICH ARE FOLDING INTO WITH LEAVES, WHICH ARE BLOSSOMS, EYELIDS, OR SHOVELS.

YOU DIG YOUR WAY THROUGH TO ME LIKE A BURROWING ANIMAL. WITH OPEN LIPS, BARING YOUR TEETH AND ROSY FLESH. AND I START KISSING YOU LIKE YOU HAVE TAUGHT US. LIKE YOU WOULD KISS A KITTEN, FROM BEHIND, RIGHT BENEATH THE EAR.

WITHOUT HESITATING, WITHOUT A BREAK.

YOU WILL HAVE GIVEN YOURSELF TO ME THE WAY ONE CAN ONLY GIVE HERSELF. WITH THE RECKLESSNESS OF A LOVER WHO HAS TO RECOGNIZE HERSELF IN THE OTHER. WHO BREAKS FREE FROM HERSELF EVEN IN THAT.

SO THAT YOU CUT YOURSELF ON THE EDGES OF MY LANGUAGE. AND YOUR HOPES ARE WOUNDS, AND THE DAYS DISSOLVE INTO NIGHT. AND YOU PRETEND TO BE ASLEEP, AND THE NIGHT IS OUR BED, AND I TAKE YOUR LITTLE ANIMAL IN MY MOUTH UNTIL IT GETS TIRED INSIDE ME.