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*I Want You to Fuck Me*

#2: My Very Queer Desires

Content note: This zine talks about sex is graphic detail. It also talks about trauma.  
It also talks about bdsm.

Language note: I talk about cock and pussies in this zine. These words refer to various different bodies and genders, not just the bodies and genders of cisgender people. I'm also happy to use different words with people who prefer different words.

Clementine Morrigan is a writer, poet, rebel scholar, teacher, and working witch. She writes the zine *Fucking Magic*. They are the author of three books: *You Can't Own the Fucking Stars* (2018), *The Size of a Bird* (2017), and *Rupture* (2012). Her creative writing has appeared in the literary journals *Prose & Lore* and *Soliloquies*, and their scholarly writing has appeared in the academic journals *Somatechnics*, *The Canadian Journal of Disability Studies*, and *Knots*. She has also written for *Guts Magazine* and *Shameless Magazine*. They are the creator of two short films, *City Witch* (2016) and *Resurrection* (2013). She designs and facilitates workshops on a number of topics, including the popular workshop *Trauma Informed Polyamory*. They provide trauma informed, queer and trans affirming tarot reading services for individuals and events. She has written, created, and taught about trauma, sexuality, desire, love, and relationships for many years and is the author of dozens of zines, essays, and articles. They are a white settler of Irish, Scottish, and English ancestry living in Tiohtià:ke/Montréal. She is a sober alcoholic and a practitioner of trauma magic. To stay updated visit [clementinemorrigan.com](http://clementinemorrigan.com).

## *Conclusion*

Wow. This was even harder to write than the first issue. I have so much shame about my queer desires, but once I move past that shame I find myself in a space of power, pleasure, and integrity. Because queerness is fucking hot and I love it. The more I heal my trauma, the queerer and queerer I become.

I hope this little zine was helpful and inspiring in your own process of claiming and articulating your own queer desires.

As always my work is dedicated with love to queers, bisexuals, sluts, femmes, D/s magic makers, and all of us liberating our beautiful sacred sexuality from shame.

And a special thank you to my partner Jay, who has shown me the magic of safe, communicative, trauma informed, queer as fuck sex. I love you bb.

## *Introduction*

So many times I have gone on a date with a cute queer only to guess and wonder at their attraction to me. So many times I have hugged a date goodbye when I really wanted to kiss her/them. So many times the fourth date turned into the fifth and it wasn't clear if I should make a move or not. So many times I have felt frustrated and baffled and confused by queer dating. So many times I have felt ashamed of my unarticulated desire and my inability to articulate it. What I learned is this: Feeling stressed out by queer sex or queer dating, feeling unable to make a move, feeling frozen in your desire or unsure of your desire, these things do not necessarily mean (like you might secretly fear) that you are not really queer, or not queer enough. You might be crushed under the weight of trauma and compulsory heterosexuality, you might be crushed under the weight of how extremely queer you actually are. If you keep circling back to queer dating and withdrawing again, if you have queer crushes and queer feelings you are way too afraid to name or act on, if you keep telling yourself one day you will dive deep into your queerness, but you keep feeling stressed out whenever you try, this little zine is for you.

This is a zine about me, a 32 year old bisexual genderfluid femme queer, who came out at the age of fourteen, and then proceeded to mostly (but not exclusively) date men, who has been accused of 'not really being queer' because of my hesitance and uncertainty and insecurity around queer sex and dating, who has been raped by women and queers and men, who is a survivor of a ton of sexual violence and homophobic violence and who brings a huge amount of baggage to my queer desire, who feels stressed out by queer dating, by biphobia, by the femme4femme vortex in which no one makes a direct move, by ambiguous queer hang outs and goodnight hugs when I really want to say *Do you want to kiss me?* This is a zine about me, a queer who simultaneously came out young and came to queerness later in life, who felt like a failed queer for a long time, who is just beginning to realize that all the stress and fear I feel around queerness is not indicative of my lack of queerness, but just the opposite. I am so fucking queer, viscerally, painfully, unbelievably queer. So queer that it makes me feel stressed out and crazy and sad because I live in a violent homophobic biphobic world and because I'm a rape survivor who is scared of hurting my dates and crushes the ways I've been hurt and I'm scared that my desire could never possibly be wanted and welcomed because we don't receive messages that queer desire is beautiful

and good. And I am just learning how to embody my queerness for real. Maybe you can relate?

The first addition of *I Want You to Fuck Me* was a list of desires, needs, boundaries, and safety strategies, geared toward all sorts of sex, including sex with straight men. While I'm still bisexual, and can still have sex with straight men if I want to, this addition of *I Want You to Fuck Me* focuses specifically on queer desire and queer sex, queer sex that is of course not tied up with any particular type of body or specific gender, but that does explicitly fall outside the sanctioned space of compulsory heterosexuality and therefore carries a lot of weight and baggage and trauma for me. This zine is about the ways that compulsory heterosexuality and gendered / sexualized violence traumatized the fuck out of me. It names the fact that claiming my queer desires is scary, hard work. It is a direct celebration of my queer desires, an intentional act of naming them, articulating them, and creating space for them.

As with the first addition of this zine, these desires are just my desires. My desires can change, and they are also not better or worse than anyone else's. Your queer desires might be totally different from mine. This zine is meant to act as inspiration for you to name your own desires, for you to ask yourself what turns you on, for you to practice writing and speaking about it. It's a space to name queer desire as viscerally real and good and important. It's deeply personal to me and it's a shame crushing exercise declaring that there is nothing shameful about desire generally, and queer desire specifically.

It's an invitation for you to meet your queerness as I show you myself meeting my own. It's an invocation of queer desire and it lights compulsory heterosexuality on fire. In the throes of dripping queer desire we watch it burn.

## *Needs*

I need to feel like I'm important and I exist, even if what we share is more casual. I won't be a secret. It's important to me that my dates / partners / lovers are comfortable being open and public about our relationship.

I need to be allowed into your life, to come to your home, to meet your friends.

I prefer a friendly polyamory where I can meet and be friends with my metamours but I'm open to talking about how we can do this in a way that feels good to everyone.

I need to be able to talk about sex and sexuality and bodies and feelings. I need communication and for both of us to be intentional about this work even though it's hard.

I need to know what your needs are, what your desires are, what your boundaries are. I'm super willing to find creative ways to communicate if this is hard, including sexting.

I need to establish a nonverbal cue (usually a double tap) to indicate the need for a pause, in case I go nonverbal during sex.

I need patience and generosity and kindness for my own baggage and trauma around sex and I will extend that as well.

I need a sexual space 100% free of femmophobia and biphobia and transphobia.

## *Boundaries*

I always use condoms when I'm penetrated with a cock (flesh or silicone).

I don't usually use gloves or dams, or use condoms for blowjobs, but I'm happy to if that's what you want.

If we're doing serious grinding I like to put a condom or some plastic wrap between us.

I usually don't like to be penetrated with fingers. It's a trauma thing. Don't penetrate me with fingers unless it's something that I ask for. I sometimes like to explore it if I feel really safe.

Don't draw blood but do feel free to leave marks.

## *Questions*

Do you want to kiss me?

Do you want to walk down the street holding my hand?

Do you like it when I look at you, when we make eye contact, when I hold your gaze?

Can I kiss you?

What turns you on?

How do you like to be touched?

Do you think I'm hot?

Do you want to make out?

How do you like to communicate?

Beyond verbal communication, what kind of boy language should I look for?

Do you like sexting? Do you want to exchange nudes?

What kind of language feels good for describing your body parts and your favourite sex acts?

How do you like to say yes and no?

What does dissociation or checking out look like for you?

What are the signs that I should check in?

How are you feeling?

Do you want to see me naked?

Does it turn you on to know you turn me on?

Do you want to fuck me?

What are your desires?

How does this feel?

## *Desires*

I want to make out for hours stopping only to laugh and talk and compliment each other.

I want to hold your hand and kiss you on the street.

I want you to show me your desire for me, show me that I'm an object of your desire. I want to be hot for you.

I want to make out in an alleyway or by the traintracks or by the river.

I want to lie in bed and slowly strip each other naked.

I want to slowly kiss you all over your body and run my fingers up and down your skin. I want you to kiss me and touch me like that too.

I want to spend time getting to know each other's bodies with no pressure or expectation to cum.

I want to make myself cum in front of you. I want to watch you make yourself cum.

I want to feel your tongue on my inner thighs and my belly and on my outer labia and running slow wide circles around my clit.

I want to go down on you.

I want to eat your pussy.

I want to suck your cock.

I want to know how you like to be touched.

I want you to fuck me with your cock (strapped on or strapless). I want to choke on your cock (strapped on or strapless).

I want to watch you suck my cock. I want to see you give it your all.

I want to fuck you with my cock. I want to feel you cumming on my cock.

I want to lie you on your stomach and kiss you all over your body. I want to hold you there like that and fuck you from behind.

I want to submit to you. I want you to have all the power and all the control. I want to do what I'm told. I want to please you.

I want you to hurt me and I want to say thank you.

I want you to make me stand in the corner and face the wall.

I want you to submit to me. I want to watch you carefully following instructions. I want to have all the control.

I want to smack you and make your skin bloom red.

I want to suck on your feet, lick the soles of your feet, run my tongue between your toes.

I want you to choke me with your hand in my throat, make my eyes water.

I want to grind on each other. I want to smash our pussies together so hard that the bones leave us both bruised and sore.

I want to feel you grinding on my leg, rubbing your pussy/cock all over my body.

I want to cuddle. I want to have sleep overs. I want slow long mornings of coffee and sex.

I want you to be brave with me. I want you to be honest with me. I want to know what you want and how you feel. I want you to know my desire for you, the way I feel when I look at you. I want to know your desire for me.