

My Sexual Permission Slip

- I give myself permission to talk about sex.
- I give myself permission to talk about sex with the intention of learning something new, both about the person I'm talking to and about sex in general.
- I give myself permission to talk about sex as a safe, sane and consensual act that brings health and pleasure to the world.
- I give myself permission to talk about sex as though it's really important—as important as politics and elections and human rights and stopping global warming and ending poverty and curing cancer. Sex is that important.
- I give myself permission to ask questions, dig deep and find the meaning of sex—for me.
- I give myself permission to laugh. Sex is funny and sexual energy running through my body will often produce giggles—for no reason—for no reason other than that it feels good.
- I give myself permission to separate sex—temporarily—from all the things it's been glued to, like love, romance and relationships. When I figure out what sex is—for me—then I can put it back together with things like love, romance and relationships in combinations that are right for me.
- I give myself permission to do sex differently than my friends do, and to want different things from sex than my friends want.
- I give myself permission to keep sex just for myself.
- I give myself permission to not have sex at all.
- I give myself permission to figure out what my needs are before I have sex, when I am having sex and after I have had sex—and to get those needs met.
- I give myself permission to take a risk—not a health risk, but an emotional risk and even sometimes a physical risk. I give myself permission to let my soul get naked before my body does.
- I give myself permission to trust my instincts—even when (and perhaps especially when) other people don't like it.
- I give myself permission to say no and not explain why. I give myself permission to say yes and not explain why.
- I give myself permission to talk about sex. (Yes, that's right. Repeat it once more.)