

Sex & Revolution

Reprinted from FE #332, Summer 1989

Marie Mason

my flesh is rippling music dancing
as i move my hands my lips across your supple
body blending everything becomes bewildered unpretended
in these moments of ecstatic rhythm
reggae sweat your breath so sweet still
lingering upon my lips
your body mine the last of the wine
spilled between us in a kiss
an offering not offered to some other god
but shared
these moments of ecstatic rhythm writhing
in abandon Dionysus could not have taught me
mysteries more powerful than making love
all acts of pleasure consummate rebellion
all conscious nakedness can shuffle off this mortal coil
and by expanding span the growing chasm between
Self and Not-Self
eliminating borders to abandonment's continuum
a communion of surrender and resistance
which is survival and our happiness

think this: distances are dangerous

illusions of distinctions are conclusions of
extinction

we must be in love with the world become it
to save it from our own self-hatred

lover, i caress the whole in you with every touch
turning us away from sure destruction

bring your lips again to mine
and seal our sweet conspiracy of sex

and revolution pleasure is our bread and wine
and Anarchy our paradise

chaos comes into the inner heart surrounds the world
around just at the moment we dissolve our barriers

against it in these moments of ecstatic rhythm
we become the everywhere and everything

at last, uncontrollable and free

fifth Estate

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<https://www.fifthestate.org/archive/368-369-spring-summer-2005/sex-revolution>
Fifth Estate #368-369, Spring-Summer, 2005

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