

Want Me? I'm Everywhere. I'm Sex.

by Kerry Cue

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Who vamps and struts?
Who clasps her breasts?
Want me?
I'm everywhere. I'm sex.

Who sighs and writhes,
and tongues her lips,
from laptop screen to multiplex?
Want me?
I'm everywhere. I'm sex.

We live in a culture wallpapered with sexual imagery. Images of sex are more wide spread than the panting and writhing pink pixels on a digital screen. Sexualised images appear on billboards, t-shirts, in magazines, on makeup counters, on backpacks, on baseball caps and even on the mudflaps of trucks. I'm not suggesting that all of this imagery is offensive, but simply that it is there. Sex is, in our culture, everywhere.

Who lies there arched in ecstasy
near the ad for red lip-glaze?
Who sells the perfume 'Femme' or 'Oui'
in an erotic artful haze?
Buy me!
I'm everywhere. I'm sex.

We all know 'sex sells'. But once, back in the sixties when I was a kid, sex was not used to sell almost every item available for sale. An ad for nail polish in a women's magazine, for instance, might show a 'before' photo of a glum girl holding her nails up to the camera. The caption read 'Marianne had ugly chipped nails until she discovered Starlet Candy Floss nail varnish'. The 'after' shot pictured Marianne proudly holding her hands each side of her cheesey grin to display her brilliantly-pink varnished nails.

Today an ad for nail polish in a women's mag will show a picture of a naked, airbrushed model sitting in an upright foetal position with her varnished nails displayed suggestively across her breasts. The front cover of the magazine might have a picture of an amazingly bronzed, toned, pregnant and naked Hollywood star. These images are so smooth, so sleek and so photo-shopped, one can only imagine that having sex with one of these models would feel like coitus with a ten pin bowling pin. Nevertheless, these glossy pics contribute to the sexual wallpaper of our culture daily.

Who stands astride a chrome-plated grill,
long, long legs in cut down shorts,
selling the Cadillac de Ville
with a come-hither love of sports?
Take me!
I'm everywhere. I'm sex.

These images exude the vibrancy of youth. Of course, they do. Young bodies are easy on the eye. Call it beauty. Call it nostalgia. Call it what you like. It is not necessarily a manifestation of ageist attitudes. We always feel uncomfortable thinking about anyone older than ourselves having sex. Try and imagine your parents having sex. Eew! Yet you know they have done it or you wouldn't be here. OMG. They might even have done it more than once.

It was Margret Thatcher's recent death that set me thinking about sex. For all her achievements I couldn't imagine the Iron Lady having sex. If she gave birth surely it would be to a cast iron canon. Not so. She had two children. So even Margret Thatcher had sex. There was no whiff of scandal with Maggie. If any male had dared to proposition her, I'm sure she would have whacked him in the ear with her handbag. The real sex scandal of the conservatives involved John Major, Thatcher's sidekick. John Major looked like a schoolboy even when he replaced Thatcher as Prime Minister, yet he had a 4-year affair with Edwina Curry, while running errands for Maggie. John Major was such a cold, wooden character, it's like hearing that Pinocchio had sex. 'But he couldn't', you protest, 'he's not a real boy'.

Who is the farmhand's beads of sweat
in the ad for gin?
Who is the charm of all mankind
in his boyish grin?
Have me!
I'm everywhere. I'm sex.

Sex is that deep mammalian drive that has put 7 billion of us on this earth. Sex is written into our DNA. Yet sex is so inexplicable, so unfathomable, so tangled in and tormented by taboos. It is often inexplicable, inconvenient and unwanted. Think of being attracted to the young married girl/boy next door. That's not convenient. What if you were attracted to your son/daughter in law? That's awkward.

Who is the billboard Adonis
all polished abs and pecs?
Who is the rock god's arrogance?
Be me?
I'm everywhere. I'm sex.

It is not sex we seek, however, but desire, that youthful fire, that blaze of hormones that creates electric-sparks in the young.

Who is she who plies her trade
hawking promise to the buyer?
Why do we all gawp and plead
'Come on baby, light my fire'?

Yet no pills, no porn, no clit lit and no how-to-book can create the spontaneous
blaze of sexual desire that electrifies every cell in your body.

Buy the goods, buy them all,
but this you cannot buy
The curve of the hip,
The sigh on the lip
The erotic rage let out
When the casual flint spark of desire
Meets Eros in a tinder-dry drought?
Burn me!
Burn me everywhere! I'm sex.