



Letter to Mom (or Dad) About Sex

Ew! Who'd want to do that?

When you watch the fascinating [New York Times article](#), or watch the video, on conversations between parents and children about sex, you may see that it is true that: “Sexuality offers life lessons about confidence, trauma and happiness.” As we set our sites on spring again and begin to bask in the longer days here in the Northern Hemisphere, winter’s unfinished business could include a frank discussion with those whose own sex life resulted in YOU.

The good news is you don’t actually have to have the conversation, just one side of it, which gives you control, unless you fully engage the “Practice of Outside” which means that you can write as an act of discovery and let the Muse have the last word. Hopefully you can find a place of composition open enough to learn some things about yourself, and your intimate life, by writing about sex to your parent or parents from an open stance. A limerick is not exactly what we’re looking for here, but whatever gives you pleasure.

What form? Writing from the Projective/Organic mode allows the form to be discovered as the content is, but a standard letter poem is pretty basic. Sam Hamill said in his brilliant essay on [Epistolary Poetry](#) that:

The letter poem is, for the poet, “the difficult homage of personal existence,” as all being is first personal, then universal. Its declarative nature permits the poet a freedom of commitment and subjective experience utterly alien to other genres. At its most fully realized and most lyrical, at its most intense occasion, the letter poem expresses emotion more purely than any other.

Sam Hamill wrote MANY letter poems, such as:

A Letter to Han Shan-tzu

I think of you often these days,
old master, when some people say
my poems aren't poems at all,
but merely occasions
of political provocation,

and of course they may be right.
Like you, late at night,
I scratch my songs on a wall
by firelight, and drink, and bow,
only to begin again, somehow.



Of course we want each poem we write to be an intense occasion and hopefully the charged nature of writing about sex to one's parent or parents ought to add fuel to that kundalini fire. Maybe you can flit around the subject as in H.D.'s Sea Poppies:

Amber husk
fluted with gold,
fruit on the sand
marked with a rich grain,

treasure
spilled near the shrub-pines
to bleach on the boulders:

your stalk has caught root
among wet pebbles

and drift flung by the sea
and grated shells
and split conch-shells.

Beautiful, wide-spread,
fire upon leaf,
what meadow yields
so fragrant a leaf
as your bright leaf?



So, after a cigarette, watch the video below, or read the transcript, though seeing the looks on the faces of women talking about vibrators is worth your time. Also, read Sam's essay. It's short and the font is large for those of you whose sex life has affected your eyesight. Remember what Allen Ginsberg said, he who was pretty free about sex, "you can write anything you want as long as you don't show anybody." (Paraphrase.) Maybe writing a poem about this, then burning it in a ritual Imbolc fire is what you are called to do.

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9:52am
12-JAN-2025
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