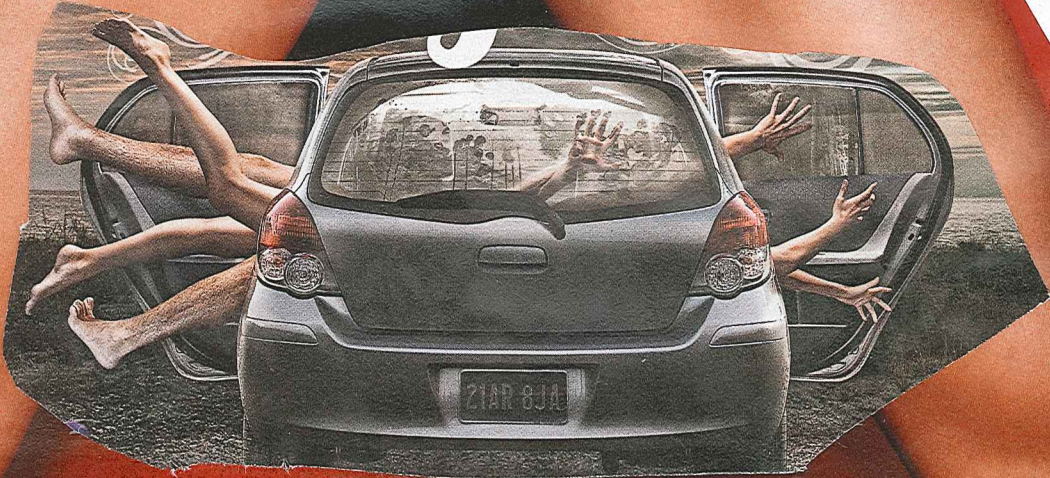


THE
SEX
ISSUE

LOL

Lips:

Expressions
of female
Sexuality



Chris Beacham

Lips 2012 Spring Editor's Note!

You're reading the TENTH EDITION OF WILLIAM AND MARY LIPS!!!

Congratulations are in order. We've been printing for a long time. Every semester has had its ups and downs, the moments of panic when there aren't enough submissions, and the feeling of satisfaction when you are holding the finished copy and it's BEAUTIFUL! But through it all, it's been a joy.

We at Lips would like to thank all of our submitters for trusting us with their words. We hope we've stewarded them well.

This semester we decided to focus on the lighter side of Sex! Our theme is LOLips, and we sure got lots of funny submissions! Sex Haikus mostly, but there is much more. We also had lots of fun at layout, so look out for humor in the pictures and drawing and pop culture collages! We hope you enjoy it!

Sex isn't always funny, and we have several submissions that are very serious. Lips will always have space for people to share traumatic sexual experiences. We've placed these submissions towards the back of the issue, on a page labeled with a Trigger Warning.

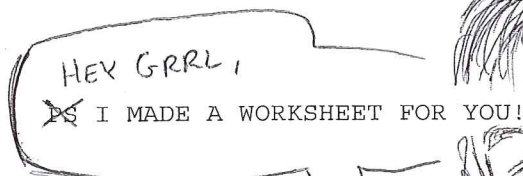
Lips is also available online in FULL COLOR at:
<http://wmpeople.wm.edu/site/page/wmlips>
While we're talking about the internet, Lips' email is wmlips@email.wm.edu
Drop us a line!

So enjoy the issue and pass it on to friends when it's done!
To Five More Years of LIPS,
LIPSLOVE!
Chris Beacham

CAN YOU FIND?

- The Can of PBR
- Goldfish!
- Charlie Sheen
- French Fries!
- "Penis" made of Penises

THERE ARE _____ VULVAS AND _____ PENISES



This Hot Sex Position

Natalie Mabile

Becky Little:

THE NAME YOU TRUST FOR MEETING LESBIAN SINGLES ONLINE

WHAT'S SEXY NOW:

Zeinah Zaki

The Full-Body Orgasm

Sarah Schuster

Hair's Foreplay Powers

PATI SANABRIA

Chris Beacham!

Increases Female Orgasm by 56%

CRAZY BUT TRUE

Audrey Glasebrook

Dan

Bossy Pants

Petrino

Meredith Robinson

Emma Prins

Near Your Girl Parts

The Easy Way to Boost Your Sex Drive

TittyFucking, Yeah!

Tits won't touch
Friction is lacking
Stick to the Great Depression, please.

[untitled]

Who needs a penis?
My fingers do it better
(And don't come early)



The sexiest thing is to have a girl be confident and be proud of her sexuality. If the person can dress up and feel that way, I'm on board. I don't like role play because part of my affinity for sex is the realness of it. So if a girl thinks she looks damn good in something, I want to see her in it.

Thanks!

b

Need an edge?
Short has its
advantages.



MY LOVE AFFAIR WITH SRIRACHA^M IN 3 HAIKUS

Your fingers feel great
Warm and soft inside me-but!
WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS?!?1

It is Sriracha
Spicy, raw and flaming hot
oops a love affair

My vag is on fire
Discomfort taking over
Please pass me the milk?

- N.S, 2012.

ATTENTION

i fisted last night
it would have been better if
i'd left off the rings



SPARKS

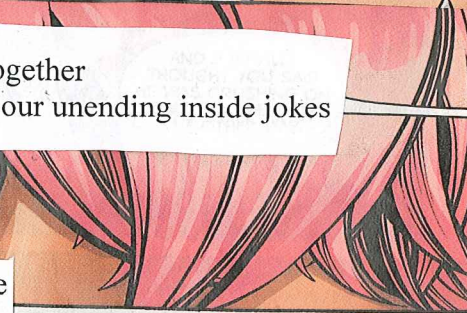


LOL LOL
LOL ROFL
ROFLMAOL
LMAO LOL
LMAO ROFL
POW
SNAP

I found an inch worm on my neck today
A silly thing, they crawled down to my hand
Perhaps sensing what the tremors on this page signify.



I've told many people we go well together
Because our humor, our goofiness, our unending inside jokes
Meow.



It is not funny at all to think of what life would have been like
Without you. My lulz would be
Less than the FBI this December 21st.
Last night you were in one of your giggle fits
Which I wish there were meterological methods of predicting
Not to plan anything out; I just love anticipating you.



But, although laughing may decorate our foreplay,
The searing, sweating, rocking, shoved in my face,
Succulent, ravishing, stabbing, slicing fucking
Is almost more than I can take.
But the laughing resumes when you watch
Me wallow in mumbling post-coital pleasure.
That moment is the best of our shared worlds.
I hope for many more years of it.

- a cat, 2012





Into the Wood

I grasped his hard dick
its friendly face looked at me
I said, "hi Grandma"

Afterwards

I found a chest hair in my mouth
e r e s v o s b c s s s s e
e (o) e (e) e (e) e

Unleavened

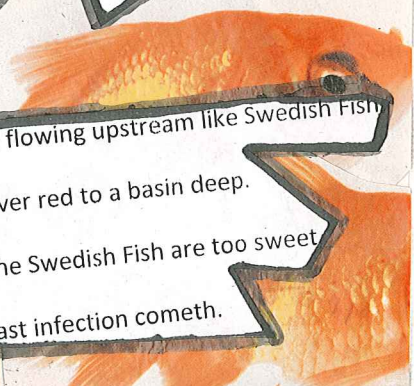
IRIS
~~~~~

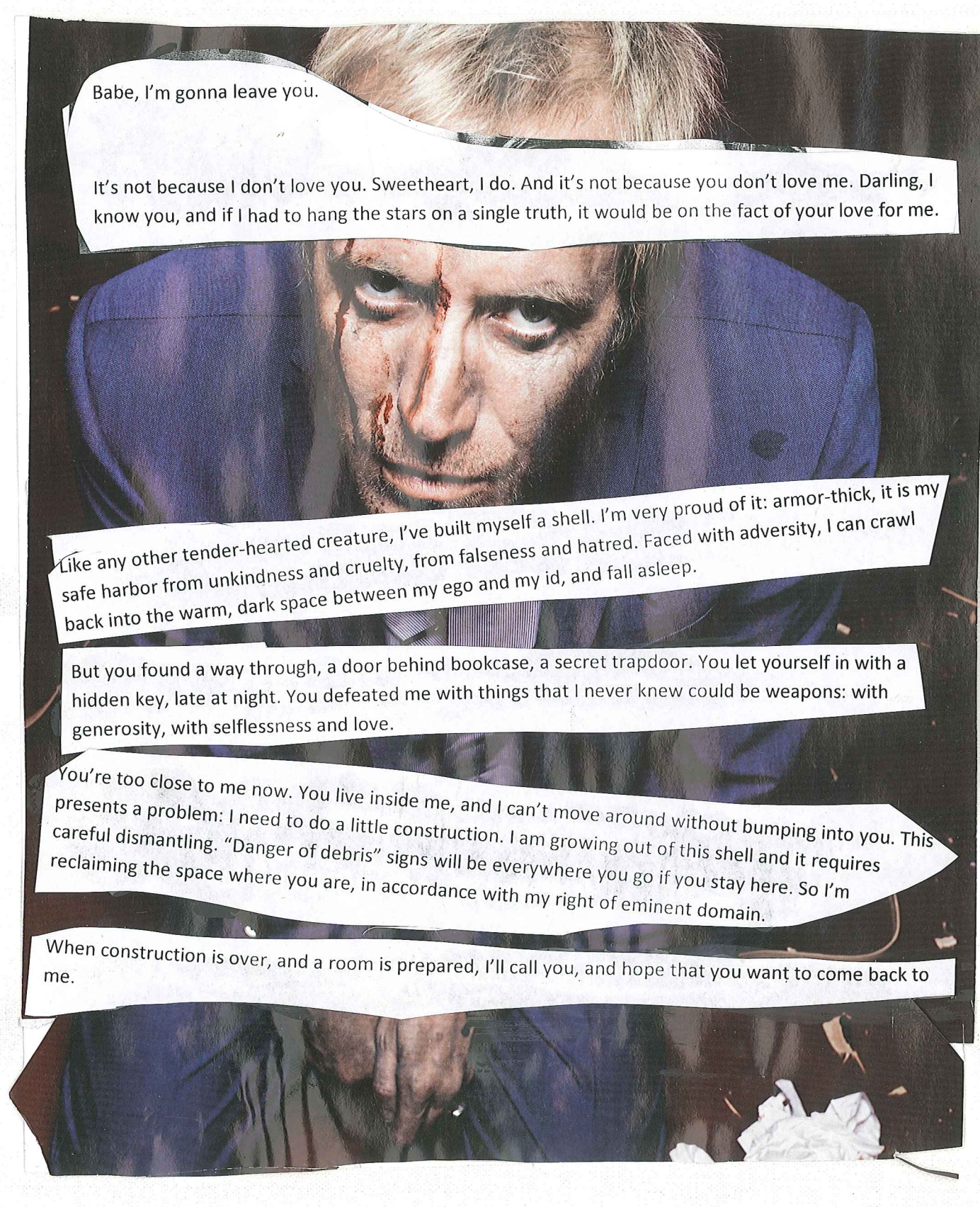
Get

can't draw on a vag  
but you can on a penis  
so i gave it eyes



Sperm flowing upstream like Swedish Fish  
In a river red to a basin deep.  
But the Swedish Fish are too sweet  
A yeast infection cometh.





Babe, I'm gonna leave you.

It's not because I don't love you. Sweetheart, I do. And it's not because you don't love me. Darling, I know you, and if I had to hang the stars on a single truth, it would be on the fact of your love for me.

Like any other tender-hearted creature, I've built myself a shell. I'm very proud of it: armor-thick, it is my safe harbor from unkindness and cruelty, from falseness and hatred. Faced with adversity, I can crawl back into the warm, dark space between my ego and my id, and fall asleep.

But you found a way through, a door behind bookcase, a secret trapdoor. You let yourself in with a hidden key, late at night. You defeated me with things that I never knew could be weapons: with generosity, with selflessness and love.

You're too close to me now. You live inside me, and I can't move around without bumping into you. This presents a problem: I need to do a little construction. I am growing out of this shell and it requires careful dismantling. "Danger of debris" signs will be everywhere you go if you stay here. So I'm reclaiming the space where you are, in accordance with my right of eminent domain.

When construction is over, and a room is prepared, I'll call you, and hope that you want to come back to me.



## MATING DANCE

By walking into The Lizard, St Andrews' best excuse for what TimeOut calls "nightlife," one enters into an implied social contract with all other individuals in the establishment—I'm drunk. You're drunk. Let's fuck.

The fine print of said contract is perhaps more vague, indicating the odd older man lurking at the bar, a general lack of condoms in the pockets of Scottish redheads named James, pitchers of something called 4 In the Morning, and how fucking far it is to your flat from here. But the object remains the same. Under the sonic ministrations of that modern Bacchus, the DJ, we perform the Mating Dance.



It's no more dignified than it sounds, really. The bright young things make their overtures with all the self-seriousness of undergrad lust. We swap saliva against the wall with one shallow Top 40 hit song or another pounding in our ears, and if I weren't so drunk, I'd be laughing even harder than I am now.

After half an hour, I'm done with him and make my getaway. My girlfriends all have a man or two on their hips. They can't see themselves, eyes glazed, half-smile, skirts and tops dishabille. They'll keep themselves amused tonight.

The walk home is not so long on legs that pump like pistons, muscles soaked in enough Blackthorn cider to launch me down the cobbled streets. Cheeks aflame, I'm not cold. I've got a date with my bed tonight.

I'm twenty-one, and I've had my fill of revelry. They tell me this is the best time of my life. If so, what's next? Oh Christ, what's next?

Alone, I laugh and laugh and laugh.



# Seduction



"You deserve better."

(Oh, hey: rumor has it I'm available...)

"Yeah, boys suck."

(But not nearly as well as I would)

"Oh my god, that dress looks gorg on you!"

(It would look so much better on the floor...)

"Your boobs look good today, just sayin'."

(That sounds casual, right? I've only been staring at them for like an hour now. Let me touch them?!)

"Your bra is so cute!"

(I needed another excuse to keep staring at your boobs)

"You are NOT fat!"

(I swear to god, you have the best body in the world... I just want to pour milk all over that body and lick it off. Yes, milk. I hear pussies love milk.)

"No, there's absolutely nothing wrong with being inexperienced!"

(Tell me it's because you actually like girls. Please?!)

"Does this look good?"

(Would you fuck me in this?)

"Let's be gym buddies!"

(Sigh... at least I'll be getting sweaty with you somehow...)

"Love you too!"

(Do you seriously not realize how badly I want kiss you? Part your lips with my tongue? Gently trace the outline of your bra? Slide my hands up your thighs? Kiss my way up them? Guide my fingers along your stomach? Tear off your bra? FINALLY grasp your breasts in my hands and suck on your nipples? Ugh I bet they're beautiful... and don't even get me started on how gorgeous your pussy must be...)

"Hahaha fuck you!"

(God you're such a bitch. Just fuck me already.)



### The Iron Queen

"You look like a wreck in the morning," I observed drily.

Hades brooded over me, his eyes, like a snake, drank me in, slipping down my body approvingly. But I would not submit to this cold god, the uncle I did not know, whose skin, unlicked by the sun, was pale as the moon. I pursed my lips, crossing my arms defiantly. Slowly, I took a bite of the baklava before me, blind to the decadence of his chthonic abode. His dwelling was beautiful beyond compare, filled with the riches of the Earth, yet understated- almost somber in its quiet shades, humble in its beauty. A flower, of which there were none here, would seem garish in comparison.

How I longed for flowers! For my gardens above, the haunts of the wild through which Artemis and I roamed.

"I said," I repeated louder, "that you could at least attempt to dress properly before me! Or perhaps pay a grain of attention to the impression you're striking, because *if* I'm not mistaken, you intend to make me your wife!" I said ruefully, devouring the baklava with a vengeance.

Hades smiled slowly. "You find me displeasing?" he asked lowly, faintly amused. He relaxed in his intimidating ebony chair, letting the neck of his robe slip downwards to reveal the immaculate flesh beneath. I blushed furiously at the ripples of exposed muscle, turning my eyes away.

"You are no *gentleman*," I said gratingly, scowling in disapproval. "You're crass! Rude!

Insufferable." I took my bone handled knife, brandishing it threateningly. "*I loathe you.*"

Hades shrugged, looking down at his robe apathetically. "I've never cared much for plesantries. And I like this..." He fingered his raiment contemplatively. "It's comfortable."

"It's a *lothrobe*. You haven't shaved since you abducted me, all your furniture is covered with Cerberus' hair, and you haven't even attempted to apologize yet."

The idiot just shrugged again, digging in to his lamb- a black one, no doubt.

"Well?" I demanded.

"What?"

"You, uncle, are as thick as my father's head! No wonder you're brothers." I cursed darkly.

"I told you, call me *Hades*."

"I'll call you nothing but uncle or oaf, you hollow-eyed, corpse-fleshed monstrosity!" I glared at my forceful suitor, anger and shame welling in my chest. Trembling, I licked my fingers clean of the baklava, stifling a sob. I hated it here. Even the food, though immaculate, tasted *dead*.

"*Persephone*," he said softly. "You have upset yourself- come, you're near tears..." He was by my side immediately, moving like an owl through the night. "I will never have you cry in my halls," he said firmly, grasping me possessively by the shoulders. He began kneading the knotted muscles, easing the tension within me. "Relax, fair-haired Persephone," he said soothingly.

I trembled at his touch. "Do not touch me, oaf," I whispered, biting back tears. To no avail, of course- they slipped down my cheek, pooling on my upturned arms. He chuckled, running his fingers through my hair.

"Just like your mother's fields, flaxen and far too beautiful for my realm," the oaf murmured.

"Tell me, Persephone: how do you look upon yourself in the mirror without going mad from the beauty shining back at you? It is overwhelming..."

I wanted to break from his touch desperately, to run away screaming and lashing out at my captor. But it had been a month- a long, dark month, without touch of sun or taste of rain. I thirsted for something, anything! Even Hades' wretched hands.

I bowed my head, face stony. "How do you look in the mirror, uncle, and not drop dead at your hideous reflection?" I asked acidly.

His grip tightened around the base of my neck. I felt his breath, hot, on the back of my head. "*I have no mirrors*," he whispered into my skin. "And I wear bathrobes as I please. It is not the physical



He laughed huskily. "That's the beauty of it, Persephone. I, invisible to you, am untouchable. One cannot touch darkness. But darkness envelops- it can touch you."

"Take it off!" I demanded.

"What? I thought my form displeased you."

"I never said that- I choked on my words, cheeks burning. "I said you were ill-dressed. That's all."

"Yet you called me 'hollow-eyed, corpse-fleshed monstrosity,'" he teased, breath tantalizing the hollow under my ear. I shivered.

"I avoided his gaze- well, I tried to, considering he was invisible. "I meant..." I mumbled. "I just... ah, Furies!" I cursed, realizing my back had arched in response to him. I was reclining invitingly like Aphrodite beneath him. "Oh, blight!"

He roared with laughter, the bed's frame shook. I scowled back at the air above my head.

"If you're going to force yourself upon me," I said through gritted teeth, "then at least have the decency to do it without that insufferable Helm."

"You won't drop dead in horror?"

"No! I've been to the Olympic games. I've seen... *men*... before..."

The cap landed on the ground with a dull thud. He grinned at me like a wolf. "Are you willing prey now, my love?"

"I'm not your love! And you paraded down the hall *naked* under that dinky hat?"

"Not very drab, eh?"

"No, just disturbing." I was taken aback by his handsomeness, biting my lip in awe. A hot flush painted my cheeks. "You- you're- you're... not... an..."

He looked at me expectantly, grinning crookedly. "Oaf?" he suggested.

"Yes," I appraised his form once more. "Definitely not oatish." My ears were burning now. "Umm. Well."

"This is awkward, isn't it?"

"Yes. Highly awkward."

Hades sighed, cursing. "I knew it. I knew I could never do this," he moaned, rolling over onto his side and freeing me. He watched me helpfully. "I cannot take you against your will, Persephone. Though Eros has driven me sick with wanting, I cannot bring myself to- I thought I could- *by the Styx*. I need a *drink*," he said lowly, rubbing his temple. "What am I *doing*?"

"Right."

"So..."

"So..."

"So..."

"So..."

"So..."

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"So..."

"So..."

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"So..."

reflection that matters, but the soul. I care only for the true nature of things."

"So you're above the tappings of the material world?" I spat. "All my useless flowers and greenery mean nothing to you? You, high lord of the dead, have no appreciation for *beauty*?"

"You twist my words, lovely girl."

"I am not a girl!"

"Indeed no. You are my queen."

"And I'm *certainly* not your anything!" I said acidly, breaking away from him. He looked at me, perplexed by my rage. I seethed in anger, skin crawling where Hades had touched me.

"No," he said wistfully, leaning against the table, gazing at the indentation my body had left in the chair as if imagining the same imprint on his own bed. He looked at me hungrily now, eyes suddenly sparking with lust. "And after- all this time, all my patience and wooing, you will not be my anything," Hades said ruefully. "I built you a garden. Have exhausted myself trying every possible thing in my imagining to make you feel at home. I have shown you only kindness, have I not?"

I stood stoically, nodding coldly. "You have, Hades. But you are cold. Love, a flame, needs embers to grow."

He needed at my words. A single tear fell down his face.

I left him, then, retreating to my corridors. They were achingly beautiful, walls painted to look like the fields and forests of home. The windows had been magicked to look as if I were gazing out father's palace on the peaks of Olympus. Prometheus, the maker of man, had even crafted facsimiles of plants. But they were hollow, like the dead-spirited things in Hades' gardens. Stillborn that had been allowed to bloom.

I sunk into my decadent, bowered bed, crying. After a time, there was a knock at the door. "Let me be, you slovenly oaf!" I howled. "I hate you! You, my father- everyone that has done this to me-"

"*Persephone*," Hades voice said urgently, opening the door.

"*What?*" I yelled. "Have you come to make me more miserable? To push me further into Tartarus' depths..." I fell silent. There was no one there. "Where are you, oaf?" I demanded.

Silence.

"Hah! What? The drab god of the underworld is a trickster now? Have you become like my father, changed yourself into a shaft of light?" I rose, approaching the door in caution. "Should I run like his poor mortal prey? Would you have me be at your mercy like them? For I will only tear and claw at you like a wild thing! I am your prisoner, uncle, but I am not your toy!"

I recalled his Helm of Darkness, forged by the Cyclopes to topple the Titans of old. I shuddered then, feeling even more humbled.

"Drab? Is that *really* what you think of me..." he said, voice like the rustling wind. A breeze tangled across my flesh, stroking my thigh. I gasped, and he laughed deeply. "I am not like my young, impetuous brother, sweet Persephone. I am the elder god. I need no toys. Only you."

"So you intend to seduce me, then?" I said stonily. "I'd rather make love to an ass."

"You certainly think me an ass, though, if I'm not mistaken..." The wind grew wilder, tearing at my clothes. I cried out as it pushed me back onto the bed. He roared with laughter.

"This isn't funny, you foul, pathetic excuse of a man!"

"On the contrary, it is. Because, sweet Persephone, you cannot see me, but I can see the glory of you..." I felt a hand at my breast, playing with the pin of my shawl.

I swatted it away. "You have no shame!"

"It's a shame I haven't been this close to you..." Suddenly, he pressed against me, pinning me to the bed, his hands locking around my wrists. My breath grew panicked- gasping, I felt lips at my neck, a hand cradling my head, stroking my hair. Furious, I lashed out at the invisible rogue. My hands swiped thin air.

"*What?*" I cried.

"Your burning torch in the Underworld, so in the darkness you are never alone."

"Your heart?"

"Cut from your breast, though there is good reason to believe it already dwells within you, sweet cage that you are..."

"You're good, Hades. I'll give you that."

"Good?" he asked, puzzled. "I love you. I speak the truth..."

"Am I finally allowed to test that love yet, then?"

"Maybe..."

"You're a harsh mistress, though I would have no less. But I'm sick of your coyness, Demeter's daughter, I have waited too long..."

"Oh!" I gasped. His lips met mine with a hunger that stirred my own. Hades gripped me possessively, hands roaming my body, tearing at my clothes. I lost myself to Hedone, that blessed child of Eros and Psyche- of lust and the soul- only afterward realizing the moon and sun, even the sizes, paled in comparison to what I had. And I'd found it in the depths of the Underworld, no less.

We lay on our backs, he spent, I recovering from bliss I hitherto hadn't known existed. He looked upon me adoringly, cradling my head against his chest as we gazed up at the ceiling as if it was the firmament itself.

"Oh..." I said, dazed.

"Oh, indeed!"





# KARMA REPLIED:

"Cool Story, Bro"

It's that time of the month again.  
She's gushing

Over the phone with her BFF,  
Uber psyched about a hawt fratboy who  
Really wants her to be his lil' Shortie.

V-card swiped; she matures on *his* watch,  
Only he's a dick on the DL; he abuses her,  
It doesn't get better as promised...  
Coolly, she boozes, sleazes, snorts snow;  
Each new black-and-blue glosses in tears.

Bright eyes, sleep tight, we pray; we fight the  
Evil tormenting her conscience, we her guardians.  
In time, she forgives the douchebag who flaked —  
Noob in the RPG 'fidelity.' We protest: "he's just  
Gonna stand there and watch you burn.

Hear us out, God help us!" But with an  
Earful too many, she's counting sheep to infinity  
And not a soul had the chance to love her legit, or  
Realize that her faithless heart was half empty.  
Damnation! We wished to save her. Would you?

# The roadshow is coming to a dorm near you!

So! I go home with people every now and then. I have a hard time getting off sometimes, especially from oral sex or intercourse. When it happens it is really cool, but a lot of times my encounters devolve into "Here, let me take over No, keep touching me. Press here" and watching the faces of my partners as they feel somewhat excluded, watching me take care of myself. Yay for being in charge or your my own orgasm and everything, right? Yay for making sure I get off, and all that,

but I mean really, I'm just masturbating. SO REALLY, I'm ending up back in my room, I could have just stayed home, right? I would have done the same thing, ended up in the same place it's like I've taken this masturbation show on the road! The masturbation road show! NOW I'M IN ODI! Now I'm in Jamestown! Now I'm in Badetourt! The masturbation roadshow! I just can't sleep!

I mean, I definitely enjoy the sex that I have with people, it's just that if I want to get off, the roadshow has to visit. My partners have had different reactions one fought me for control, one would obey my instructions. One started taking pictures of me I'd like to find a way to quit my job at the masturbation roadshow but until I can find alternative employment, Keep an eye out! The masturbation roadshow is coming soon to a dorm near you.

# Songs About Oral Sex That Make Me LOL

When I Sing Them Super Loudly

In My Car

And As I Dance Around My Apartment

"Work that back 'til I tire out  
Roll that weed, blow the fire out  
Taste that lean when you kiss my mouth  
Bed so wet when I eat you out!"  
*Initiation, The Weeknd*

"I got seniority with the sorority  
So, that explain why I love college  
Getting brain in the library cause love knowledge  
When you use your Medulla Oblongata  
And give me scoliosis until I comatosis"  
*Make Her Say, Kid Cudi feat. Kanye West and Common*

"I walk light so I don't piss the ground off  
Man I swear my bitches do it 'til they suck the brown off  
Ew, that's nasty  
Yes I am Weezy but I ain't asthmatic"  
*Miss Me, Drake feat. Lil Wayne*

"I'm looking for that little lady with a lotta butt  
So I can get ya to my crib and throw the bottom up  
I hope you got enough, we rock G spots  
Neighbors be complainin when I make your pussy beat box"  
*That Box, Tech N9ne*

"At the bottom of the ocean she dwells  
At the bottom of the ocean she dwells  
From crevices caressed by fingers  
And fat blue serpent swells...  
Well she was my catatonic sex toy, love-joy diver  
She went down, down, down there into the sea  
Yeah she went down, down, down there, down there for me, right on"  
*Stella Was a Diver and She Was Always Down, Interpol*

"Energizer bunny  
Funny how honey ain't sweet like sugar  
Ain't shit sweet? N\*\*\*\*as on the street like hookers  
I tongue kiss her other tongue  
Skeet, skeet, skeet, water gun  
Oh, My. God, Becky. Look at her butt! Tunechi"  
*The Motto, Drake ft. Lil Wayne*

"Well good cuz I got a blessed cock  
And I hear you give the best top...  
Hit the road, do me at a rest stop  
Parking lot, in my favorite restaurant  
Yeah, yeah, we can have the best time  
Damn girl, I think you hit the jack pot...  
Bad, bitch bad,  
Bad, bitch bad,  
Bad, bitch bad,  
Bad, nananaaa Bitch bader than a motherfucker...  
When I throw this money in the air  
Would you could you, can you catch it with your derriere?  
Matter fact, girl get over here  
Go ahead and put that pussy on my facial hair..."  
*Bitch Bad, Sterling Simms*

Uh, is it too  
late to sneak a  
breath mint?

PS  
2012

"She gave me headphones  
Said, have you heard this sound?  
I think I've heard this one  
It's, totally underground  
And, I wouldn't let her go then  
She wouldn't let me go  
Just ask the neighbors man  
It's, unbelievable"

Emily's note: "They are clearly invoking a blow job... They're talking about the 'music'."





Hookup with the Hipster Crush

Leaving the party together and fairly drunk.

"Sure you can use the room tonight," his roommate said.

"Oops I forgot I had a boyfriend," my friend said.

Threesome became a twosome.

Looking in the mirror after eating me out.

"This is weird. I think I had a nosebleed," he said.

"I don't think so...," I said.

Breakthrough bleeding all over.

I HAVE THEIR  
ALBUMS ON  
VINYL

Attempting to jerk off onto my tits.

"I think you need to change your position," I said.

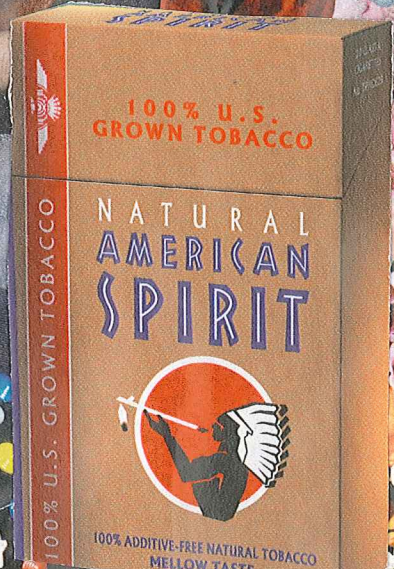
"No, I'm fine," he said.

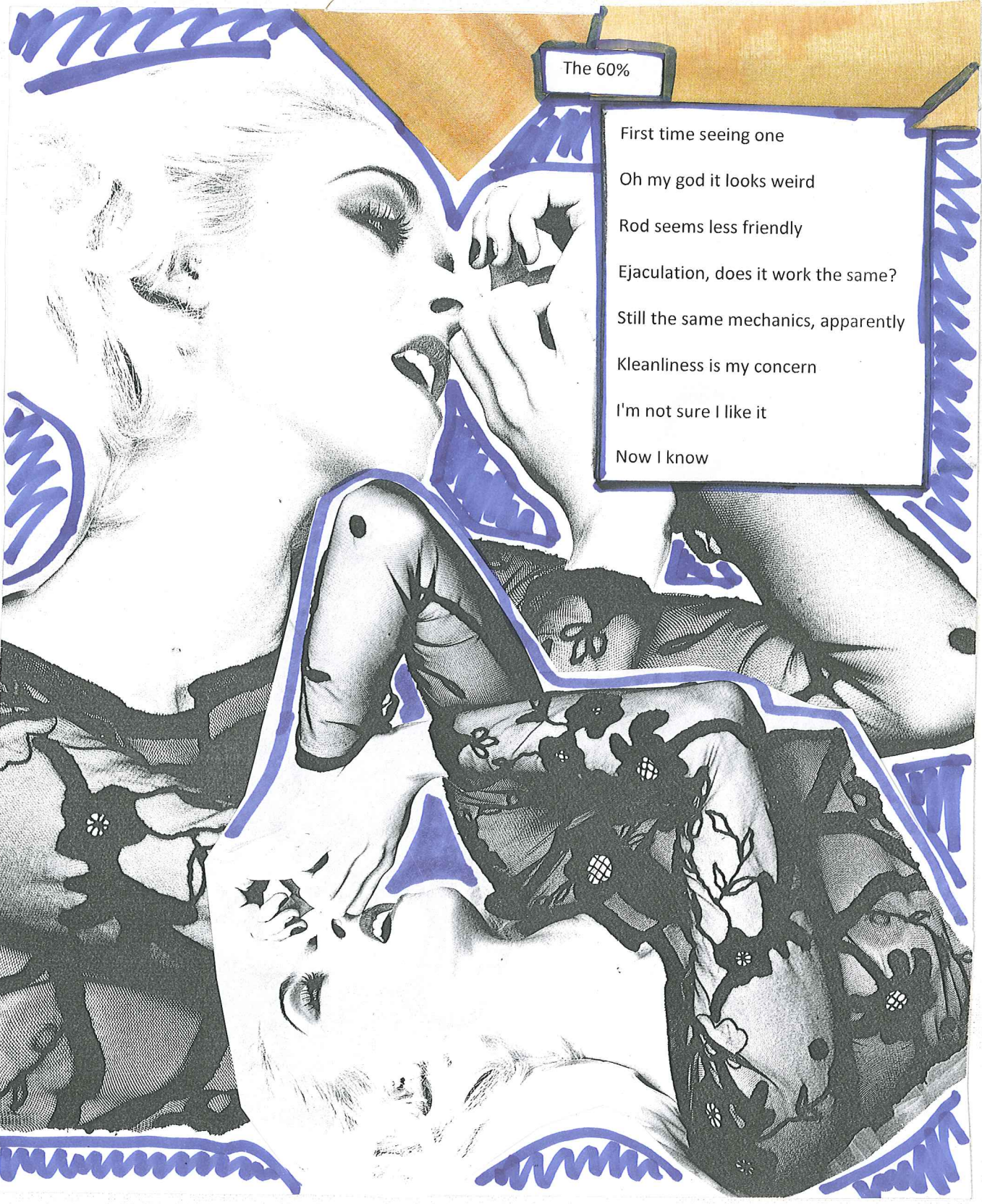
Ejaculated onto himself.

Lots of LOLz and stories for me.

Embarrassment and bloody sheets for him.

No more hookups for us.





The 60%

First time seeing one

Oh my god it looks weird

Rod seems less friendly

Ejaculation, does it work the same?

Still the same mechanics, apparently

Kleanliness is my concern

I'm not sure I like it

Now I know



ORGASMS  
ARGUMENTS  
INSECURITIES  
WHY? HOW  
DO YOU FEEL  
CAN WE  
TALK

1

I thought I would write you a love poem  
About your brutal silences  
your remarks that flesh out craters,  
storage closets for insecurities.  
When I try to fill in the cracks,  
they snarl, and solidify,  
a shrine to the unflinching devotion  
you showed towards cutting me down.

We were perfect for each other.

YOU

2

Most days you simply hang above me  
drawing me in while I long to push away.

We will make swift friction  
brief contact before I soar off.  
I reach, swelling as I peak,  
before plunging to debris.  
I have no arms to snatch at the remnants  
that created me, my fall is inevitable.  
But what a journey.

You stay grounded,  
swinging in the same motion  
while I watch you midflight, knowing  
this is all you can give.  
This is your singular motion.



# LAST THOUGHTS ON FAILING RELATIONSHIP

3

At the highest tides  
we will make dispassionate love.  
I wash my sheets afterwards,  
I want to lose the taste of skin,  
the sweat reminds me  
of presidential fitness tests,  
mile runs in gym class.

Eventually I will go back  
to the forearms  
to the eyes and smiles  
Of those I barely know, and love for that.

I imagine fucking them in back rooms  
while you are silent above me.  
I turn away.





To a Quiet Place

"[Sh]e traveled me to a quiet place where h[er] hands were the oars and I drifted off to sleep."  
-Carolyn Ferrell, Proper Library

WANT: to curl up against your back and shiver when  
I'm cold at night  
hold your hand  
watch you fall asleep...

as the breadth and quiet breath of your body rocks me there too

Tracy and Stacie

this poem is not about sex, but it is about you

Laur

PUP  
AWE  
RESO

→  
Photoshop  
for lesbian  
brides?  
→

Photoshop?  
ew!



Haikus

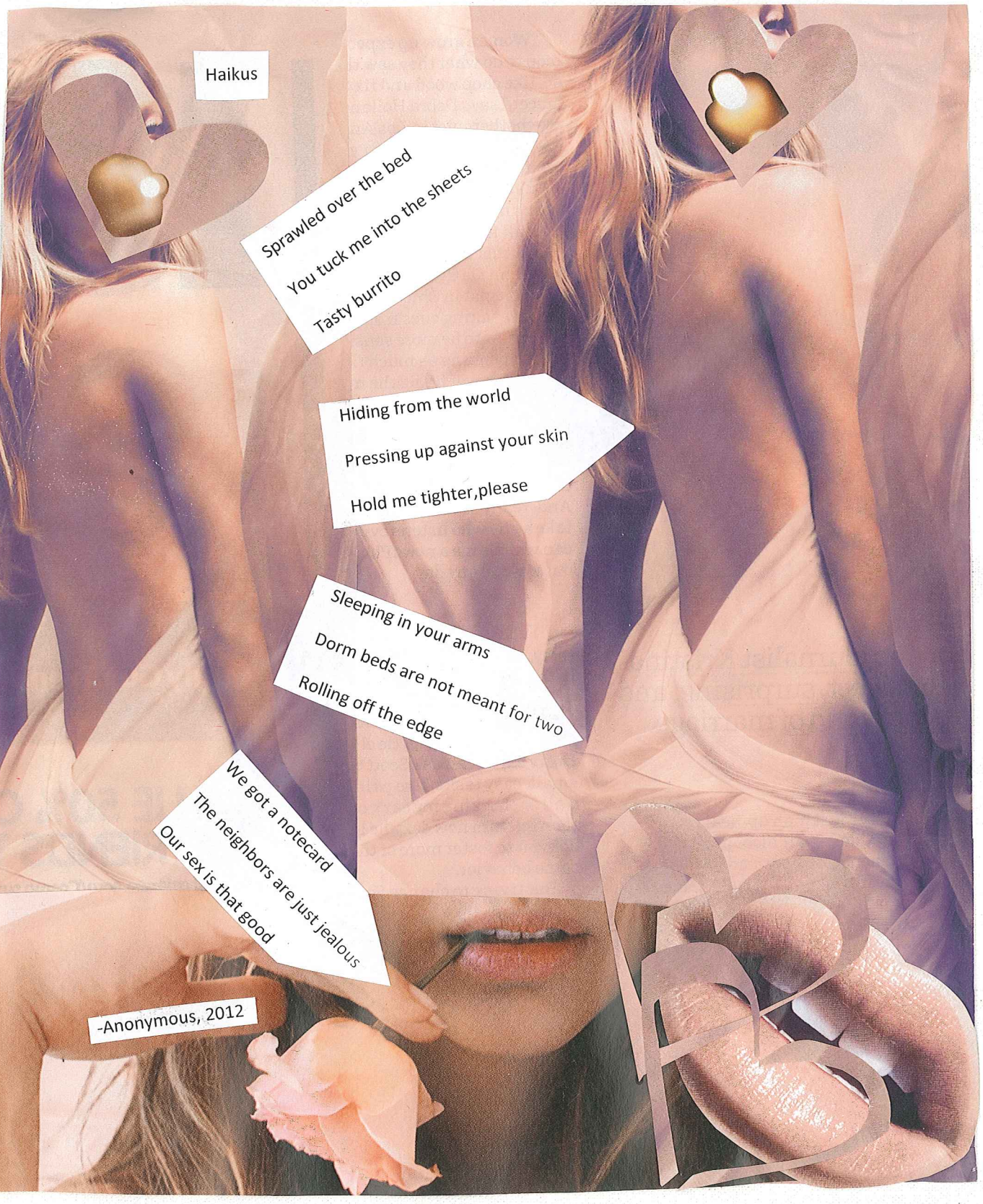
Sprawled over the bed  
You tuck me into the sheets  
Tasty burrito

Hiding from the world  
Pressing up against your skin  
Hold me tighter, please

Sleeping in your arms  
Dorm beds are not meant for two  
Rolling off the edge

We got a notecard  
The neighbors are just jealous  
Our sex is that good

-Anonymous, 2012



I always get  
ticklish...



**Spoon  
Without  
Any Limbs  
Falling  
Asleep**

When you're both  
on your sides facing  
the same direction,  
he should put his  
lower arm behind  
his back, instead of  
in front of his chest.  
That way, you won't  
lie on his arm, cutting  
off his circulation.

Elbow Grease

Red handprints on white sheets --  
should have gone to a hotel.

Fuck.



Pull the  
Pleasure Trigger

# Serie B.

MY BEST FRIEND IS BRIGHT  
BIPARTITE AND BEAUTIFUL  
SHE'S HERE: miss poontang.

MY BEST FRIEND IS RED,  
BRIGHT AND RIDICULOUS  
SHE'S HERE: cunning cunt.

MY BEST FRIEND IS FUN,  
FUNKY, FREE, AND PRATERAL  
SHE'S HERE: bearded clam.

SHE'S HERE: whispering eye.

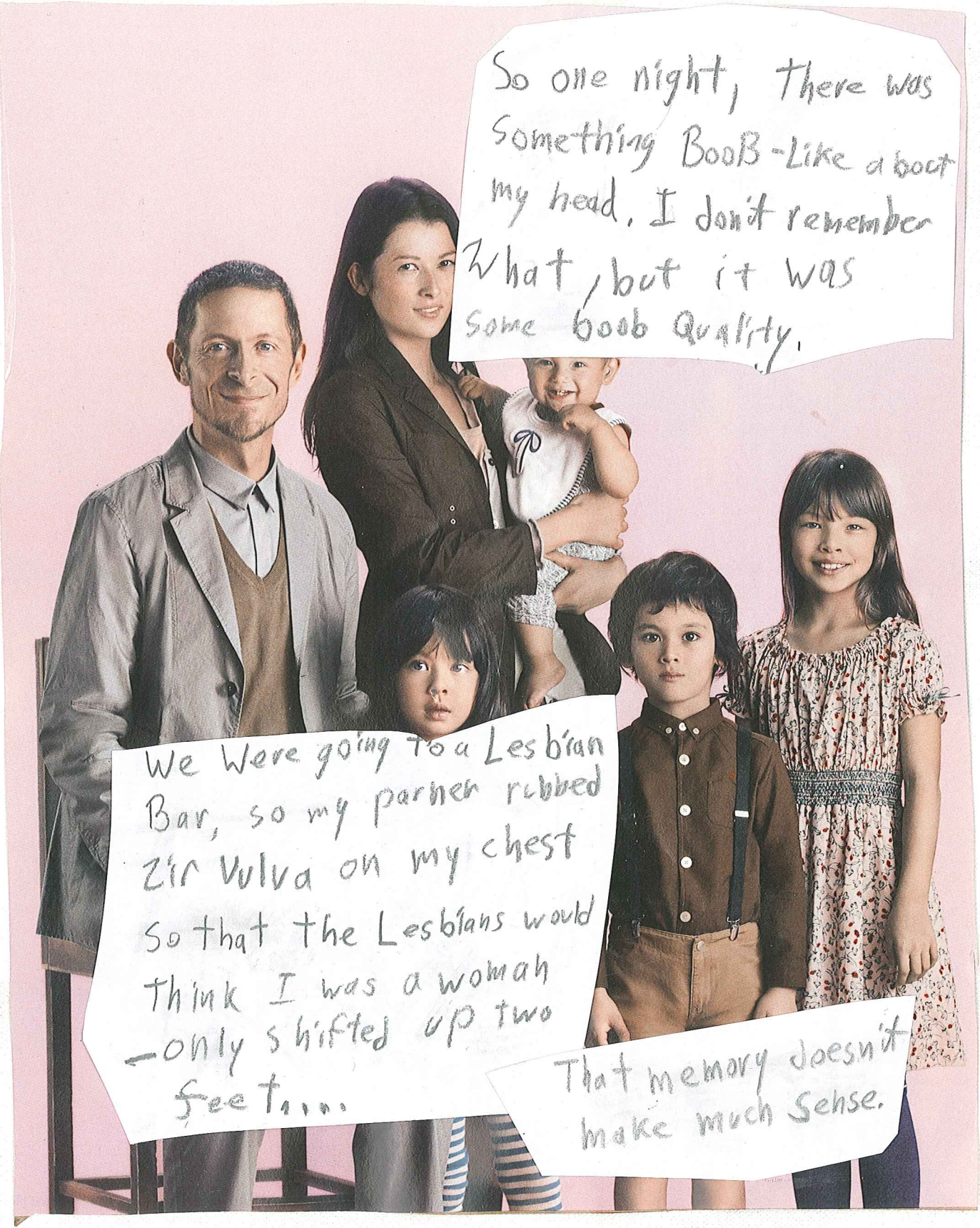
SHE'S HERE: sideways smile.

SHE'S HERE: honey pot.

a new work by River.

It's  
Not What  
You Think  
Cannot hold it in  
Ate Mexican for  
dinner  
Bad night for a queef






So one night, There was  
Something Boob-like about  
my head. I don't remember  
What, but it was  
Some boob Quality.

We Were going to a Lesbian  
Bar, so my partner rubbed  
Zir Vulva on my chest  
So that the Lesbians would  
Think I was a woman  
—only shifted up two  
feet...

That memory doesn't  
make much sense.



### *A Letter to My "Ex"*

You were my first love and you didn't even realize it. You turned my whole world upside down and yet you had no idea.

Because of you, I had to face my parents and tell them the truth. I told them that I am not the daughter that they will one day walk down the aisle to pass off to some lucky groom. Because of you, I looked in the mirror and for the first time, really saw myself. I needed to convince myself that my demons were actually angels in disguise.

I hated you and I loved you for all of this. I wanted you but I was afraid. I desired you but I thought I wasn't supposed to.

You accused me of being too sensitive and emotional. You did not know...you couldn't have known that there was a war going on inside of me.

I tried to overcompensate and hide my feelings but that only turned into a show of insecurities. I felt naked and exposed under your gaze.

Yet, despite the pain, I held onto you in hopes that you would help me define myself. I held onto the thought of us because it was the only idea that gave me some solid ground.

But you had no idea this was going on. You thought we were just friends. You thought that I was straight.

This battle waged on for a year but slowly I realized this has been going on for far longer; 5...maybe even 10 years. You were the one though, you were the one who I felt enough for to go through this. The others in my life, I was able to forget and push to the side. So for that, I both hated and loved you.

You trapped me into something I did not want to explore but at the same time you set me free and pushed me to the brink of discovery.

Eventually though, you became a chain. You held me back because you could not give me what I needed. You could not be the partner that I needed. I was still confused, scared, angry, and frustrated.

Eventually it dawned on me that I needed to let go of you in order to claim my sexuality. I needed to forget you in order to find myself.

The night I let go of you, the night I let go of the idea of us, I found that I was still me. I could be single and gay. I could claim my identity without you.

Now, I am free. I feel empowered. I feel happy. I may no longer love you, but I love myself. My world is rearranged but all for the better.

So for all of this I must say thank you. You may read this and if you do, you will have no idea this is for you. But regardless thank you, because now I can say on my own, I love myself. I love all of me.

**Forever Not Yours,  
Me**

## Trigger warnings: date rape in a William and Mary dorm;

## flashbacks; miscarriage

### Trigger warnings: date rape in a William and Mary dorm; flashbacks; miscarriage

For months, I could hear his laugh, playing over and over again in my head. I would try to go to sleep and I would see his erect penis entering my vagina, without my consent. I said no; I pushed him away. And, yet, he laughed. *He fucking laughed.*

He was the cute guy who sat next to me in class. He was the guy I studied with. The guy I made out with sometimes. He was smart. He was shy. He was funny. I liked him. I thought we were friends.

One night, we went to a movie. I think it was a date? I went back to his dorm room after. We were making out on his bed. Soon, my shirt was off and he was sucking my nipples. I didn't want him to, and he hadn't asked if it was ok, and it didn't feel good, but it didn't feel bad, so I didn't stop him. Next thing I know, he was taking his pants and underwear off. Without asking, he ripped my underwear off. I wanted to scream, but I couldn't find my voice. I opened my mouth and nothing came out. I was shocked. What happened to the nice guy who studied with me? When did he become so violent? How could someone who was my FRIEND not bother to ask me if I was ok? He started putting a condom on. I pushed him off of me and I told him no. I told him I didn't want to have sex with him. He *yelled* at me. And then he laughed. He laughed and he said, "you looked so scared." And then he LAUGHED again. I started crying, but either he didn't notice or he didn't care. I put my underwear back on. He started pushing his penis against me, into my underwear. I was crying and he didn't care. What the fuck was he doing? *I already told him no. I already forced him off of me.* But he continued. He came. By that point the condom was off and his thrusting had forced my underwear aside and he was inside of me.

I walked home to my dorm, sobbing. I took a shower for about an hour trying to feel clean again. I still felt dirty when it was over, so I took another shower. And another.

My period should have come a few days later. It didn't. Three weeks later, an abnormally heavy stream of blood came gushing out of my vagina. It started when I was in Morton, and I began jumping up and down in the bathroom, so grateful that I wasn't pregnant and that I wouldn't have to find money for an abortion (or a ride to Richmond to get one).

I still don't know if it was a miscarriage or a period.

I never reported him. For the next three years, I would continually run into him on campus. I don't know what he told his friends, but a lot of them stopped talking to me. Every time I saw him, I hurt. It's been a few years since graduation and, thankfully, I rarely think about him now, but every time I do, part of me still hurts. To this day, I can still hear his laugh.

*To everyone who is a survivor of rape or sexual assault: I love you.* You are brilliant and you are strong and you are so incredibly loved. I know that all of our experiences are different and I know that we often don't even know that we all exist because so many of us can't or don't want to share our stories—but sometimes I wish we could all just give each other a huge hug and remind each other that we are beautiful and special and that no one can ever take that away from us.

(and, also, that we are never alone)

And for everyone who hasn't experienced rape or sexual assault—remember that survivors are everywhere; remember that our experiences are painful; remember that *we don't want to hear your rape jokes*. The survivors of rape and sexual assault aren't all strangers, and neither are the perpetrators. Both are people that you know—your classmates, your hallmates, and your friends.

-an alum

(It shouldn't matter and it doesn't matter—no one asks to be raped. NO ONE. No one. —but I know some of you are wondering: He wasn't drunk. I wasn't drunk. I wasn't wearing a short skirt. I was wearing black dress pants, a gray shirt and blue granny panties. I was 18, and I was a virgin, though I've since had a lot of hot, consensual sex. Fuck you for wondering.)

I admit: my story does not begin lightheartedly. In fact, these past two semesters have arguably been my darkest. But it's getting better, I promise.

I am mute, you see. I feel as if I have no voice, no tongue, no lips through which to make a sound, so I thought I would act the part of a ventriloquist and use your Lips to tell my story.

I feel broken, lonely, and small.

I was raped.

It happened at William and Mary over two years ago, but it has taken me a long time to come to terms with the truth. I was afraid of the word rape, and denied it. Rape was such a harsh, ugly word. Rape was a word for statistics. It didn't happen to real people. I surely didn't want it to be something that had happened to me. So I suppressed the memories. I tried to run away from the consequences by studying abroad for a year, but I was forced to confront what had happened upon my return to the college when I discovered *he* had returned as well. Whenever I see him, I don't know whether I should run away screaming or spit in his face and ask him if he ever even feels sorry for the way he treated me...

In the wake of accepting what happened, I have experienced the intense, raw emotions I had hidden for those two years. I've cried until I could physically cry no more. I've clenched my fists with smoldering fury, shouting "why?!" trying to search for some logical explanation. I've laid perfectly still with an apathetic numbness, indifferent to the world around me. The feeling of despair that overshadowed me was unbearable...so much so that for a while I contemplated whether it was worth it to keep living.

Ultimately, I've decided that the only thing to do is move forward. I've been making little steps of progress over the past few months, with the invaluable support of family and close friends, but I thought the opportunity to share my story with others might help me further move on. Yes, I was raped. Yes, it was a violent violation. No, it wasn't my fault. Yes, I'll have these scars for the rest of my life, but no, it doesn't have to dictate how I live my life from this point on.

Rape does happen to real people. And it does not discriminate based on religion, gender, socioeconomic status, political affiliation, age, or race. So just remember that behind each shy, reserved person, or seemingly angry person, there is a story that got them to that point. Please always keep within your heart an understanding for these people. You have no idea what they could have been through.

-Rachel, 2012

Slipping fingers  
into Wet CUNT

Tasting, Taking in  
their salty lips

Tastes like home  
to me.



put UP Vagina  
HERE



# Women Are Getting Dirtier!

MY COLLEGE HOOKUPS: the highlights version

#1: Swish pants and regret

#2:

#3: First topless experience. The appeal of nipple-biting



#4: or, why you should never date a comp-sci major

#5: Double-hitter weekend!

#6: “ “

#7: “Want to go upstairs and pet the chinchilla?”

#8: Token-makeout-session-on-the-dancefloor-of-a-unit-party

#9: Mmmm, beards

#10:

#11: the “movie friend”

#12: D/S lite in Landrum Parlor

#13: or, why you should date the boy who drives you home

#14: dreadlocks are often a bad idea.

#15:

#16:

#17: Smiths songs

#18: the male stripper

#19: mmm, beards



Silhouette  
Curls



head

Hair

Head



Eye

Lips

Sexy  
Eyes,  
Irresistible  
Lips

LASH®

eyes

rainbow-hued  
hair to ultrabright eyes.

skin

skin  
SKIN

stomach

breast  
NAIL

Nail

Nail



THIGHS

skin



toe

We at Lips believe that sex should be a positive experience between caring and respectful partners. Unfortunately, this remains an ideal rather than a reality. If you have suffered any form of sexual assault, know that **YOU ARE NOT ALONE.**

Police Dept:

(757) 221-4596  
or  
911

Sexual Assault Peer  
Advocates (SAPA):

(757) 645-8367

AVALON 24-HR  
helpline:

(757) 258-5051

MORE AT

[www.wm.edu/sexualassault](http://www.wm.edu/sexualassault)

Student Health  
Center:

(757) 221-4386

W+M Counseling  
Center:

(757) 221-3620

Dir. of Sexual Assault  
services:

(757) 221-2510

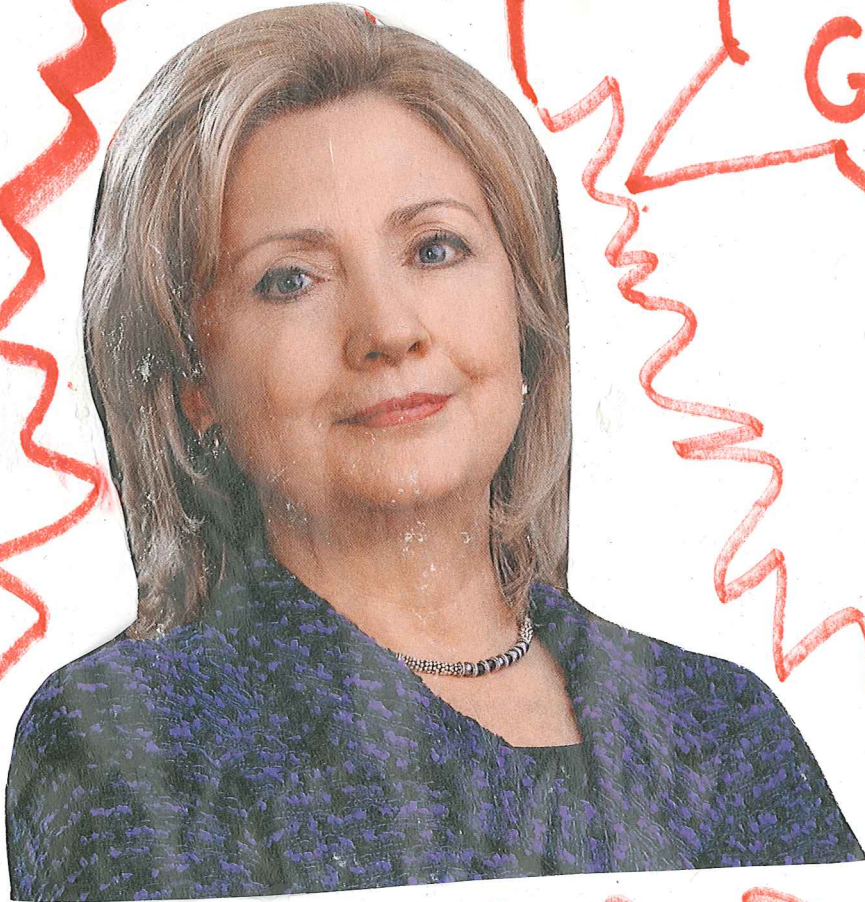
When you finish reading this issue, pass it on to a friend ☺

Lips: Expressions of Female sexuality is a semesterly zine at <sup>W+M</sup> <sub>W+M</sub> To submit or for information **EMAIL** us at [wmlips@email.wm.edu](mailto:wmlips@email.wm.edu) OR **FIND US ONLINE** at [wmpeople.wm.edu/site/page/wmlips](http://wmpeople.wm.edu/site/page/wmlips).

**LIPS** is what **YOU** make it! Send us something!







RIOT  
GRRRL