THE FIRST BOOK
OF PHILOSOPHICAL
SEXTS
BY QUANTUS COPERICUS
AND SATANIC BANANA
@bttrcpmcglcdddy
@satanicbanana
sext: me inside of you

sext: you, somehow, inside of me

sext: you inside of me inside of you

sext: we are trees and our branches touch in the wind. we wish we could move closer
sext: i am a bird flying over antarctica, you are a bird flying over greenland. don't worry, we can fly

sext: we are pouring cold water on strangers from a height with long bird straws

sext: we are icebergs crashing into each other over several millenia
sext: 7 billion years from now, i am the sun, you are the earth, i overtake you as i expand, my ultimate fantasy at last fulfilled, i go supernova

sext: you are the apocalypse and i am willing you to happen

sext: your face is like a pizza in that i like both your face and pizza
sext: we are both the same rare species of beetle, scientists find us bleakly performing mating rituals on opposite ends of a jungle, they put us in jars and let us out together on the same leaf of our favorite plant, drenched in sunlight, it is early evening

forgot to mention, sext: we are both rainbow colored, hermaphroditic, and die immediately after mating
sext: we are the scientists, we do not realize we are actors in a b movie. we are terrible actors, our sex scene seems unconvincing, we do not care, our white coats are awesome

sext: i am ~6ft tall and hve a ~7.5in penis that keeps screaming your name. it won't shut up, i have been telling it to for two weeks now but it won't fucking stop
sext: fast forward to whenever it is that i am kissing your face

sext: i am kissing you for a hundred years, our tongues turn into stone and then crumble

sext: i send you a sext that causes your body to arch and contort with near-unbearable longing then send another that says 'jk ur gross :\'
sext: you are dead and i am not, i dip your heart in liquid nitrogen then drop it and it shatters

sext: you remove my pants and discover, to your delight, three vaginas where my penis should be

sext: i am a giant three-pronged glow stick
sext: later tonight, i'm rereading your sexts, laughing, crying, orgasming rapidly and with reckless abandon

sext: you are a beautiful mansion in the hollywood hills, i am an academy award winning actor, i walk into you for the first time and am speechless
sext: i am in a loud dirty house and i am overwhelmed, you are also in this house, we escape to the same empty room and have clean quiet sex out of spite

sext: anxiously awaiting your next sext

sext: i am leaning against a door, you pull open the door and i fall onto you, our clothes explode and are gone
sext: we put our sadness in the same petri dish, it grows a crystal, we bury the crystal, ten years later the crystal explodes. we simultaneously orgasm and have no idea why

sext: i am an eighty year old man, you are an eighty year old man

sext: i am sixteen years old and you are forty, you teach me how to swim, i growl in your ear
sext: you put a spoonful of ice cream in your mouth, you realize you are me and that i dislike ice cream, you put the spoon in your mouth and put the icecream on the spoon with your tongue and offer the person beside you the spoon and say, 'here i have a present for you', the person beside you is me, i am you, i accept

sext: omg wer having sex rn
sext: can we sext while having sex, it would be gibberish, it would be kinmklqowebnmwjheb sz

sext: i go on a long walk, a never-ending walk, you intercept me and we have sex while walking, you are sexing and walking backwards at the same time
sext: i am a blade of grass w an anxiety disorder, you are an insect that naturally secretes xanax, you climb on me, i am a happy blade of grass

sext: i pollinate you, you pollinate me, we pollinate w/ pleasure until we are extinct
sext: my phone dying, just before it does, you materialize naked from it and are here in my bed w me so we don't need to sext n e more (because irl sex)

sext: i am sad we are sexting and not sexing, i am willing myself to be where you are, we will meet in some weird middle place it might smell bad
sex: it is the very beginning of today, it is the beginning of time, we are dinosaurs and we have 23 cosmic hours

sex: *let's do sex today... somehow...*

sex: yes please
sext: i lie to my parents and say i have a photography gig in richmond and ask them to buy me a 6am ticket there, i arrive by 9am, we sex all day

sext: i can't lie to my parents, i lie in bed instead, furiously crying and masturbating to facebook pictures of you, in the pictures you are fully clothed...

sext: and making weird faces...
sext: and petting a camel...

sext: you lie to your parents, you lie in my bed, we lie to each other and on each other, we can't stop lying, we're out of control

sext: that camel was exactly as sad and bedraggled as i am right now, that camel had no phone and thumbs with which to sext a cute sad other camel
sext: i am a camel, i walk 120 miles to where you are, it's easy, i'm not even tired or anything

sext: our humps are exponential

sext: i am jealous you thought of the hump pun before me, we have jealousy sex
sext: we have every kind of sex and we're STILL hydrated, because we're camels, we have amazed and incredulous sex

sext: we are camels, unlike humans we are only capable of increduously awkward sex, i find a genie, i wish us both into humans, then for us to never get tired or dehydrated, and then for public sex to be legalized for just us, we do sex everywhere, all over the place
sext: we become profoundly religious, we are yelling about genies and hydration and we're having sex, we are mistaken for a mythical beast and a terrible book is written about us

sext: the book becomes a postmodern kama sutra, 70 years pass, a religion is formed with us as their deity, a group of poets form a non-religion in opposition where sex doesn't exist, on principle, we are in space somewhere, immortal, still sexing up the galaxy
sext: time proved nonlinear, we are camels and not camels in the galaxy, poets invent rocketships and space goggles

sext: space goggles prove completely useless, poets ditch them in the galaxy and go home, space goggles are powerful sex toys to us, we're propelled into a new dimension of sexing
sext: somewhere (potentially everywhere) in clusterfucked metaverse (probably not here), we are doing sext (thank you higgs boson)

sext: sex*

sext: we are two parentheses () <= us, we break free from the page and move freely, two tiny punctuation marks on the lamb from grammar snobs and font makers
sext: 99.999% chance we are doing sext in this layer of the transdimensional strata

sext: 99.999% we are doing every conceivable variation of sex and sext acts in exponential parallel universes

sext: i wanna smoke cigarettes on the fire escape of your very outer left eyelash
sext: i am more glad to sext you than to sex someone who is not you

sext: i am sommersaulting down the ridge of your navel

sext: i am skipping down the back of your knee in high heels
sext: i suddenly become aware of a koala at the innermost point of your navel, it asks me for a cigarette, i initially decline, but it is a talking microscopic koala so, yea, duh i give it three, it is female, it stores the extras in its pouch, which is actually your vagina and guess what the three cigs are ;)
sext: not 10min ago i spent ~35s staring at a picture of a woman w/ a picture of a mouth smoking a cigarette taped over her vagina, thought 'that must be the most pleasurable thing in the world,' now i am here and not here and my vagina is smoking 3 cigarettes, thought 'wow, thank you'
sext: wrong answer, 2 are my double-pronged koala penis (we are koalas now), the other one is a cigarette (duh) we can split it in between rounds of 2x awesome sex (via 2x genitals) if you want to tho

sext: possibly more turned on than any time ever, possibly factorially turned on, we are koalas smoking cigarettes than we give bamboo to the humans, humans split bamboo lustily between rounds of doing sex
sext: it is clear that you are in fact turned on via typo, use of 'factorially', and non-humorous, bewildering punchline. currently mastrubating to an imaginary version of you that is just you
sext: i came, am swimming in a swamp of unfulfillment, i am an alligator and so no one gets near me and so there is no one to cuddle but this deer carcass i just binge ate and so it is not the same as cuddling the alligator version of you
sext: you are masturbating to me, it is difficult, you put on porn, the porn is somehow a video of us doing sex, you are wildly distressed but continue to watch/masturbate, but cautiously, and with a sudden, all-consuming fascination with the geology of southeast asia
sext: i need a lubricant for life, dolphins probably have it, will steal it from the dolphins, you will find me slippery and squeaky but attempt sex w/ me on principle before realizing you don't ever really do anything on principle, you stop, i return lubricant to the dolphins and call it 'on principle' because i am embarrassed that it is for your sexing.
sex: after five, genuinely earnest, but in execution, sloppy, poorly prepared-for attempts at sex w life-lubricated you, i realize that it's not the lube, but my intense and unindulged-in bad halloween costum fetish that has made the sex difficult, i realize the life-lube is in accord w this theme (its similar to slime) but its too late, you have already given it back and return to find me in a power rangers costum w a raging, now insatiable erection
sext: i misspelled 'costume' twice to make it easier to anagram 'cum ost (original sound track (of you cumming))'

sext: we project our consciousnesses into garbage cans and fight each other, there is garbage everywhere, it's kinda hot, the neighbors hate it
sext: i call you a bitch, you train a pack of rabid dogs to gang-rape me and scream 'whos the bitch now' in the voices of abraham lincoln, tyra banks, and joanna newsom, i am still in my power rangers costume

sext: i am walking on you because you are the floor, i lay on you and whisper 'i wish i could be a carpet on you'
sext: alpacas graze in a field, we do sex on them, they are unaware of us doing sex on them

sext: omg, tomorrow...

sext: i am touching you, nervously

sext: going to sex you so hard tomorrow, lol jk i will probably get nervous and be flaccid whole time
sext: tomorrow will be enormously disappointing, you will hate my friends, we will not sex, lots of hostile silences
sext: i am a leaf, panicking as it falls from a tree, slowly, without control, toward you thinking, 'oh god oh god oh god oh god'

sext: leaves are fractals, woah, i really need to sleep or i won't ever wake up tomorrow which'd be even worse than the worst possible day, i think
sext: i am wearing a turtleneck

sext: jk, i am not wearing anything
sext: i am wearing a fanny pack, it crumples up between us when we are trying to make out, but there are tiny mice inside

sext: made loud noises communicating 'horror'
re last sext

sext: fuckn… go to sleep
sext: i am bored without you here

sext: i just got a giant pink cake i am going to force-feed you the entire cake

sext: is the cake your vagina? bc feel v interested in this idea

sext: it is both, i am the cake and you are the icing, ice me
sext: may j/o before we irl awkwardly make our genitals interact, bc Thinkin Bout You

why does it have to be awkward. feel like if everyone described things as 'suave' instead we'd have more fun. sext: our genitals suavely interact, they're wearing top hats
sext: i make eye contact w/ gabby as i shoplift one of everything from target

sext: i am a morbidly obese dumbus driver and i don't want you to smoke w/in exactly 50ft of my vehicle PLEASE

sext: we are alone on a 2-day bus ride to new orleans. we have infinite drugs. there is not enough time to do them all before we can drink in public
sext: felt extreme horror trying to discern if my cuteness seems 'objectively cute' or forced/psychotic, then thot 'w/e victoria is cute-cute so i am too probs'
sext: we are the only witnesses to a horrible crime and have to testify in court. we lie profusely bc the defendant is suffering from life just like everyone and why let the government fuck her if she's fucked anyway? while the jury deliberates we dress up in frog suits and do sex in the courthouse restroom making loud chirping and moaning noises
sext: we stop time, steal a hundred cartons of cigarettes, have sex in those big comfy chairs in the air-conditioned congressional chamber and other lush public place

sext: we are butterflies and any intimate act is ticklish and tingly. we are unsure how to feel about it
sext: my tattoo is a transdimensional portal with tons of 'doors' scattered all over the world, over the course of your life you keep happening upon the portals at wildly convenient times, are transported directly in front of me. orgasm is the only way to trigger the return portal
sext: in one instance of [events in previous sext] you teleport onto my lap while there is an annoying child already on my lap. it is ejected into the stratosphere and becomes the first in a new subculture and eventual race of flying annoying child humans. all other humans are afterward birthed post-existential crisis and we never have to encounter children again. i say 'thank you', we make out
sext: today the doctor said i have low-grad pre-cancer cells in my vagina, she wants to burn them off with liquid nitrogen and lasers, thought 'buttercup saying something re my vagina and lasers would be sexy, instead this is horrifying'
sext: your vagina is a disco with lasers and a fog machine and a reflective ball in the middle that isn't a disco ball but A CLUSTER OF PRE CANCER CELLS. ARM THE CANNONS YOU CRAZY DISCO WARRIORS, THE CERVIX IS IN DANGER, WE MUST DESTROY THE DISCO BALL pyew pyew pyew!
sext: alternating between indecision/ panic/
laughing at your sexts. thank you. maybe will
agree to laser thing only if paul soundtracks entire
procedure, will pretend it is the disco rev, worried
that good guys never win the rev
sext: alternating between thoughts of wanting to comfort you/ vague awareness of hpv-related sex concerns/ calm resignation. you are okay, cancer vag, laser vag, nitrogen vag, idc, i like you bc [you], but you're right, i think disco dies at the end (but will rise again...)
sext: i tested negative for hpv or i would just die or cry forever idk. my mom had the lasers when she was ~20 it's like hereditary? is that a thing? feel complete inability to make sense of this/nervous about lasers having existed in the 70s
sext: feel extreme wave of calm re your mom being alive and fertile ~15 years after star wars-era laser procedure, seems lasers, sci-fi, birth control have 'advanced' notably since then, lasers seem ~78% less bad to me now...
sext: lol this is fake we are a sex deity off somewhere in the andromaeda cluster cumming nebulae and star jizzm irl

sext: we're creating milky ways

sext: i am kissing you anywhere in any place in the universe that is not this bus
sext: this bus explodes and appears where you are, everyone is angry and disoriented except me, i am happy and kissing you. there is bad r&b playing

sext: wikipedia documents this event as the first instance of human thought induced teleportation, you are hailed as a danger to yourself and others, ur assassinated, no more cancer
sext: *i like you exactly as much as i don't like this bus*

sext: *we live on a planet exactly like this one but devoid of lasers, buses, marriage. we talk about what other people talk about. like burritos, we cultivate a dynamic and passionate affair rooted in conversations about burritos*

*sext: i want to be the tortilla around the burrito of you*
sext: i want to be the guacamole inside the burrito of you that you don't regret paying extra for

sext: i wonder if the woman sitting next to me can see me sexting and how she feels about it
sex: people in my family keep walking near me, thus double sext/tattoo-based anxiety, a cricket just jumped near my face, he knows... fuck... everyone will know, big mouth cricket ass