

HORSES AND SEX

Horse girls are used to enduring tiresome questions and innuendo.



I'll admit that when I'm bored, I usually daydream about either horses or sex. They're the two most mentally engaging things I can imagine.

PICK ONE: A HORSE FANTASY B SEX FANTASY



But I don't combine them!



I've also never had an orgasm while riding. I'm sure it's happened to some people, but not me, despite my unintentionally suggestive horsemanship.



One way that horseback riding connects to sex is the Pelvis.



I carry a LOT of stress in my lower body. My muscles are so tight that it gets in the way of certain activities...



It affects my performance, both in the sack and at the barn.



One time, I was hooking up with a guy (a rare one-night stand!) and I was taking too long to relax enough to fit his junk into my junk and he snapped at me.

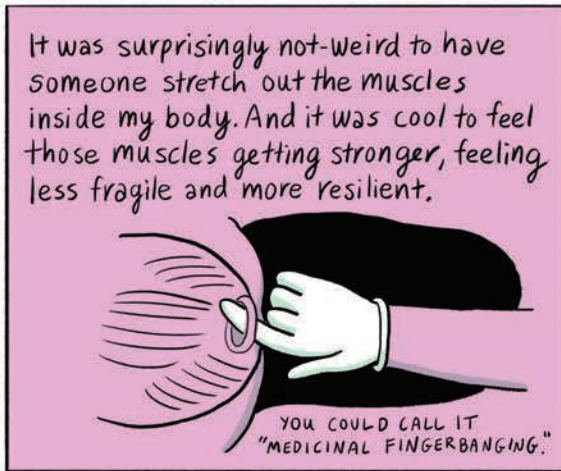


Maybe he was anxious about losing his boner, but it still made me feel terrible!

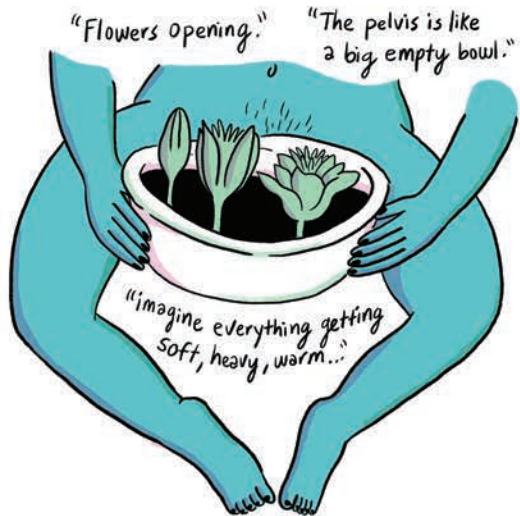
At least it turned into a decent in-joke with my college friends.



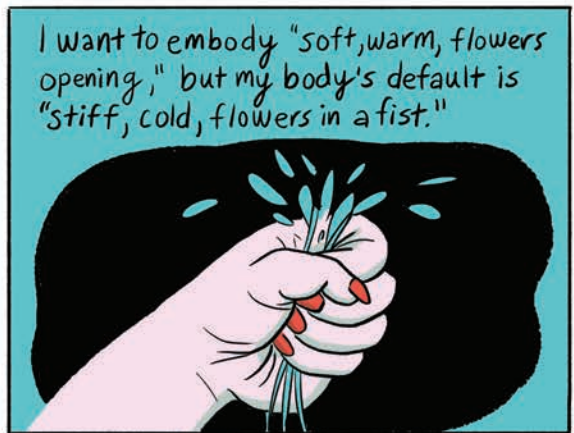
It's always been a problem for me. My muscles are tense, which makes me anxious, which makes me more tense.



I learned some helpful mental images:



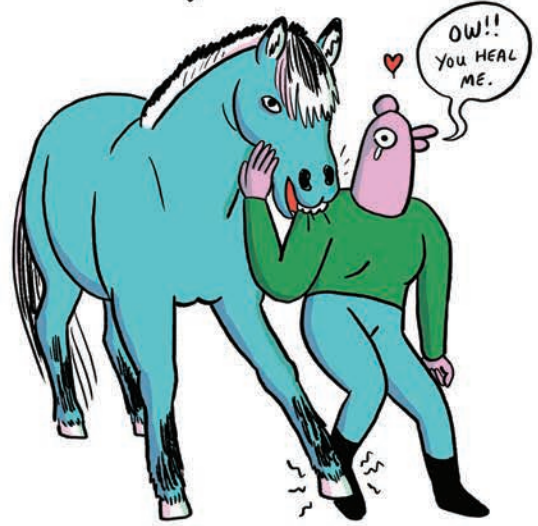
Of course I got busy and stopped going to P.T, and I rarely do the stretches I know would help. I never prioritize this stuff until it's really dire.



I've realized that I clench as a defensive gesture. I'm afraid of pain. Physically, while riding or having sex, I react as though I'm under attack.



Maybe the riding fear is because I've been hurt by horses before, and the sex fear is because I've been hurt by humans before. For some reason, spending time with horses is helpful for processing all of this.



My first pelvic exam was traumatic. The doctor rammed the speculum into me so hard that I bled. Then she reacted as if I was being a nuisance.

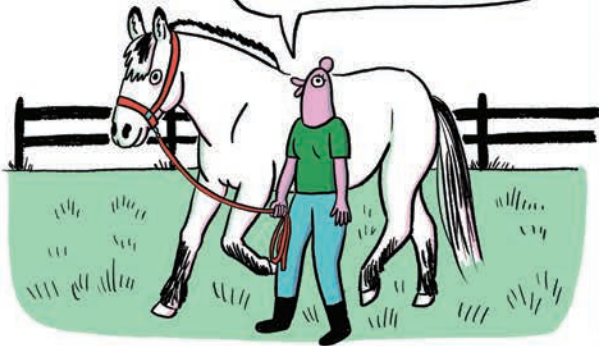


This approach towards patients is so common that at this point I can predict which doctors are going to be rough with me, based on vibes alone.

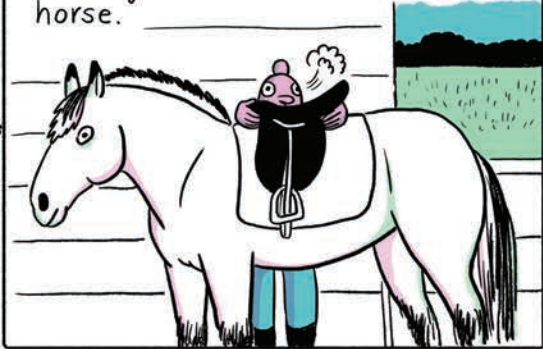


I get anxious before riding or having sex, imagining all the ways I might get hurt, or fail, or disappoint. Sometimes I avoid them in favor of less-intense alternatives.

AND THAT'S WHY I FIND IT HILARIOUS TO CALL HAND WALKING "GIVING MY HORSE A HAND JOB."



Riding isn't the only way to enjoy horses and penetration isn't the only way to enjoy sex. But I still want to enjoy these things without dread. Sometimes I just need to stop thinking and put the saddle on the horse.

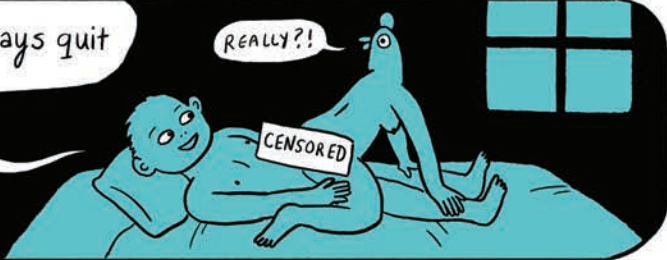


Or just start kissing. I can always quit (or dismount) if I want to.

WE CAN STOP ANYTIME!
NO PRESSURE!
JUST LET ME KNOW!

REALLY?!

CENSORED



Or I can just take a moment to breathe. It's allowed! Nobody will yell at me.

(AND IF THEY DO, THEY'RE AN IMPATIENT LITTLE ASSHOLE)!



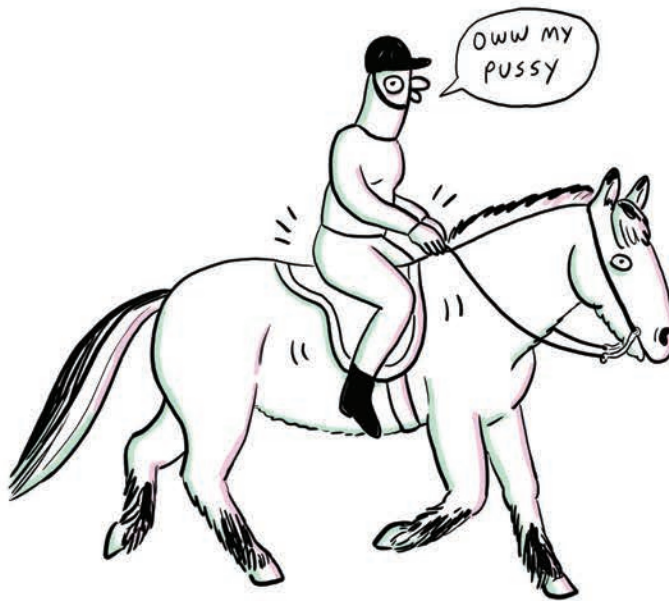
Some days, I can push onwards, ease into the physical activity, and give in to bliss.



Afterwards, I think, what was the big deal? Why was I so afraid?



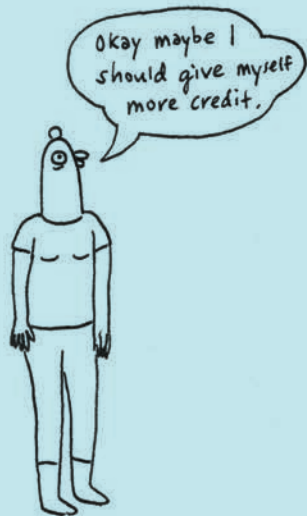
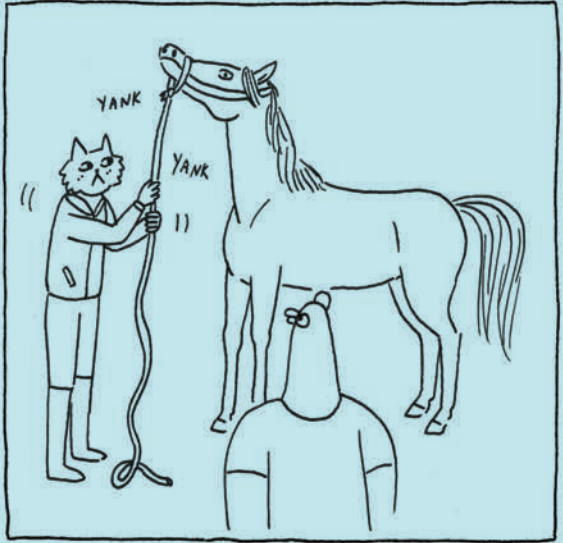
It feels magical to let go of some control, extend trust to another being, and be taken care of in return.



BARN GOSSIP



BARN IMPOSTER SYNDROME



CHOOSING HORSES

These days, so many of my friends have babies...



And meanwhile I'm, like, "Here's MY baby!"



I'm happy not to have kids, for many reasons. Everyone thinks horses are time-consuming. Not compared with babies!

Well, time to go home, enjoy my other hobbies, then get a solid night's sleep!



Plus, having kids would ruin my favorite activities: cursing and gossiping.

Did you know you CAN'T gossip around kids? Because they'll repeat EVERYTHING you @#\$!ing say??

That's HORRIBLE! @#\$!ing HORRIBLE!

The delicate social fabric woven from shit-talk means NOTHING to them!!



I love children, but maybe I don't need my own. I'm satisfied by interacting with my friends' kids (and trying to convert them into horse-lovers).



But I worry. Will this become SAD at some point? While everyone else watches their babies grow up, will I seem like a stunted weirdo?



HAPPY BIRTHDAY!



WOW, MAGNA CUM LAUDE!



MY BABY'S WEDDING DAY!



TODAY MR. NOODLES SPOOKED AT A TREE AND ALMOST BRAINED US BOTH!

So I keep my eye out for positive models of childless adulthood, to reassure myself that I'll continue to be happy with my choice.

One of my favorite people I've met at the barn is a woman named Molly. She's brave, thoughtful, and also very funny.



Molly owned a handsome bay gelding named Durango.

He and my horse, Juni, loved to groom each other.



He loves her!



Even though her massage technique sucks!



Last year, Molly had to make the tough decision to put him down.

She had a little ceremony
so we could all say
goodbye.



It was a dignified
sendoff for a
beloved animal.



When a horse passes away,
everyone at the barn fills the
empty stall with flowers.

Losing a horse is intense. It's
the loss not only of a pet, a
partner, and a best friend but
also of one's daily routine of going
to the barn and connecting with
this special place and
community.

While caring for a horse is
different from raising a child,
horses can fill up your life in
similar ways, if you let them.
Their loss leaves a huge hole.

One time, when we were out riding, Molly expressed some ambivalence about never having children of her own.



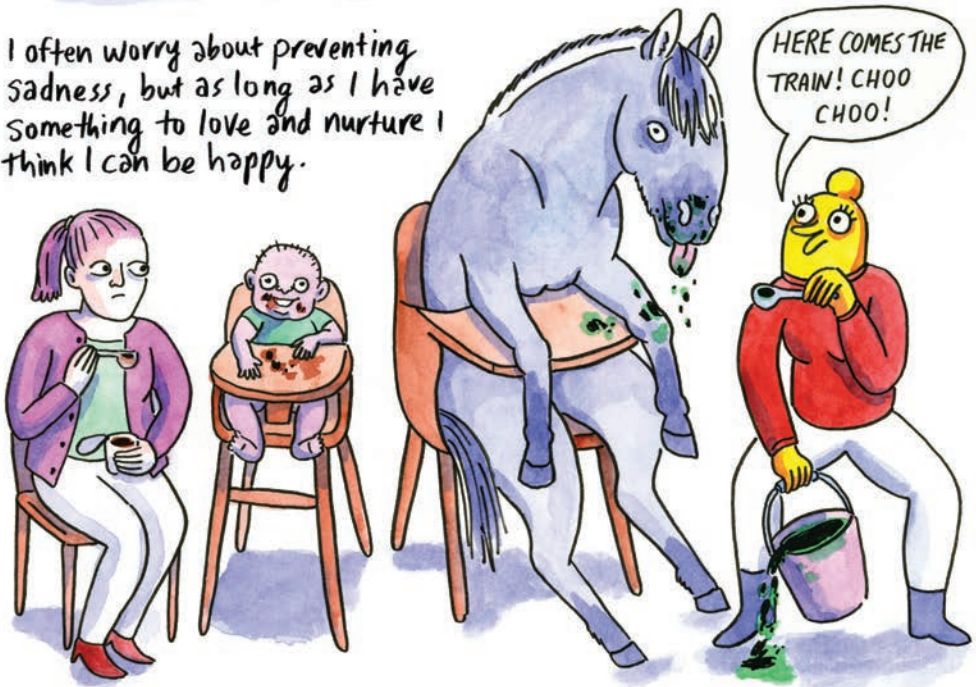
I realized that my goal of feeling ZERO regret about any of my life choices might be unrealistic.



Choosing animals instead of babies means that I'll be perpetually losing my loved ones. But having kids isn't insurance against loneliness. At least my animal companions won't grow up and move away.



I often worry about preventing sadness, but as long as I have something to love and nurture I think I can be happy.

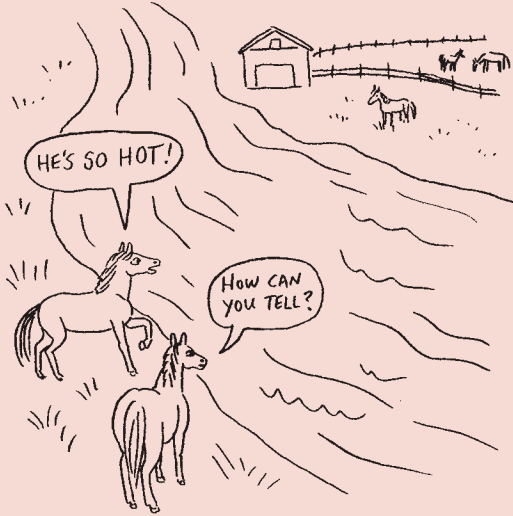




TOO HORNY

A horse trainer once told me an anecdote about a mare who went into heat and got a crush on a stallion who lived at a farm across a river.

She became so desperate, she finally jumped in the river and swam across, calling out to him the whole way.



By the time she reached the other side, she had gulped so much water, she basically drowned herself.

And she DIED! Death by horniness!
This is a very sad story, but kind of relatable too.



HOW I IMAGINE MY DEATH







HOW I'LL ACTUALLY DIE :



The elderly artist spends her days painting peaceful scenes,



Perfecting her chicken soup recipe,



And practicing piano.

