

SIZE QUEEN

and other poems

DENNIS KELLY



PS
3561
E4123
S55

PS 3561 . E4123 S55

Kelly, Dennis, 1943-

Size queen and other poems

CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO

This book is due on the last date stamped below.
Failure to return books on the date due will result in assessment of overdue fees.

--	--	--

①OSP



THNF 56200 0090 E
3 0600 00295



SIZE QUEEN

and other poems

Dennis Kelly

Gay Sunshine Press
San Francisco

Copyright © 1981 by Dennis Kelly. All rights reserved. Except for brief passages quoted in a newspaper, magazine, radio, or television review, no part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying and recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

First edition 1981

Cover drawings: Aubrey Beardsley. Illustrations for Aristophanes' *Lysistrata* (1896). Executed by Frank Holbrook.

All interior collages by Dennis Kelly.

Library of Congress cataloging in publication data:

Kelly, Dennis, 1943—

Size queen and other poems.

I. Title.

PS 3561.E3932S55 811'. 54 81-5038

ISBN 0-917342-81-X (lim. ed.) AACR2

ISBN: 0-917342-82-8 (pbk.)

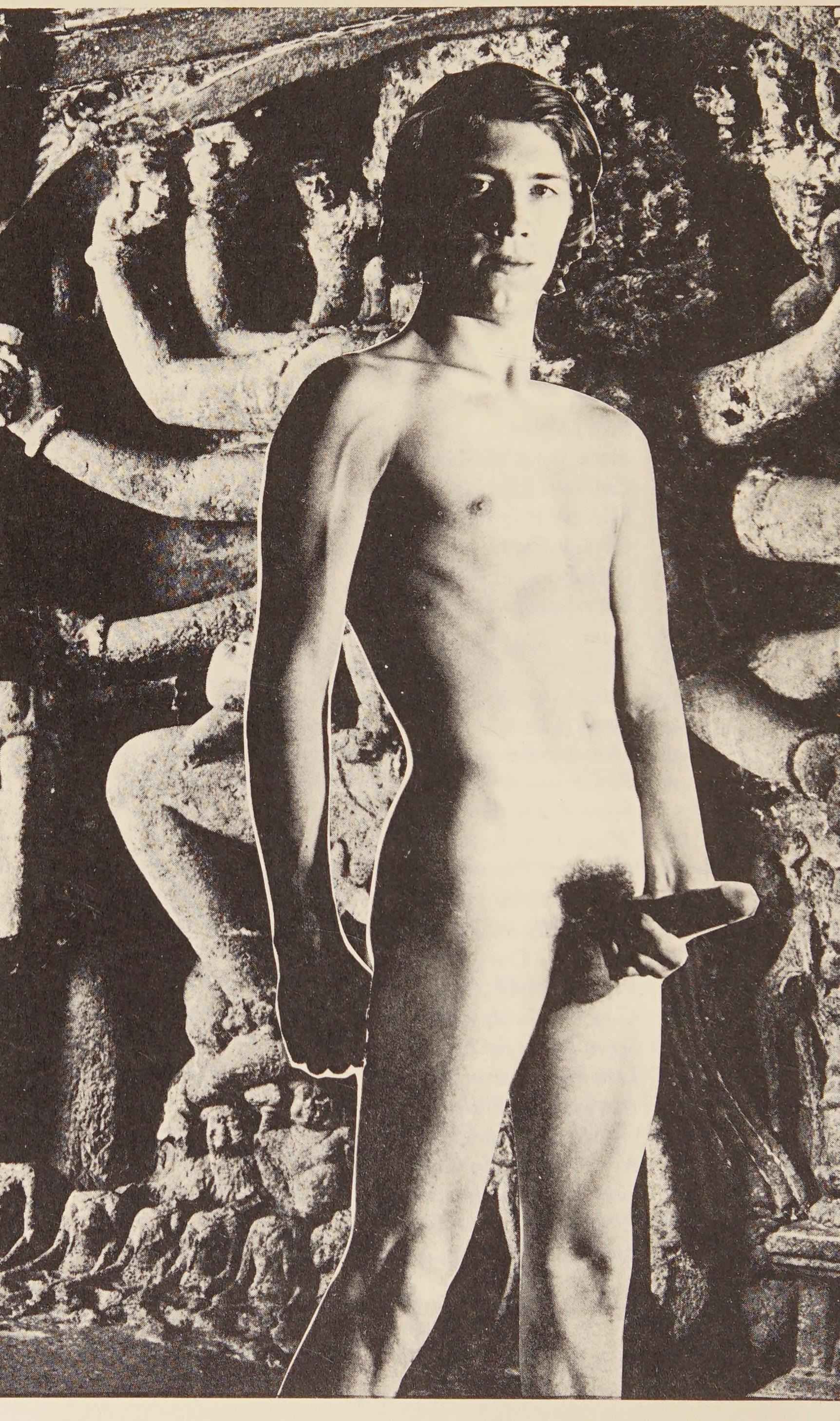
Gay Sunshine Press

P.O. Box 40397

San Francisco, CA 94140

Contents

- 7 Imagiste Poem
8 Altars
9 Tragedy Queen
9 Lost Marbles
10 Stableboy
11 Albert
12 Xerox Boy
13 Keith
15 Size Queen
19 Slave Boys of Sheba
20 Chicken Express
21 Making It in the Bayou
24 *Chinese Poems*
31 Childhood in the Country
32 Baryshnikov Is Coming
33 Cats
35 Because a Boy Asks Me
38 *Nine Catullus Poems*
43 Punk/Duende
46 Gourmontesque Notebook II
49 *Five Poems for Hart Crane*
54 *Seven Poems for César Vallejo*
61 What Rilke Saw in the Greek
62 *Elegies on Boyhood* (Introduction & Elegies I–VI)
70 *Five Rimbaud Poems*
75 *Seven Billy the Kid Poems*
79 Poem for Dave Kopay
80 Prince Marnoo
82 *Gay TV Guide Poems*
84 *Seven Poems for Casey*
90 *Love Poems* (after Spicer)
92 Always Two Sides
94 Gourmontesque Notebook III
96 At Home in the Garden of Words
97 *Four River Poems*
102 *Punks of the Quotidian*
112 Biography of Dennis Kelly



IMAGISTE POEM

so much
depends

on a
well-hung

boy
standing

in the
rain

beside
a red

wheel
barrow

ALTARS

I suppose my dear
when poetry gets real

when boys become boys
again & the sphere
they belong to
becomes known

here in the everyday
acts & blowjobs
that rise up for
us to do then

I suppose my dear
dozens of young
lovers will shift
& shake their
tight little asses
for us—

some quite pleasing
others vulgar &
even more preferred
with their big
consummate dicks

thick with reward
of gloria mundi
something to play
with in new &
unaccustomed ways

TRAGEDY QUEEN

And I've seen my Boy in the sun,
His hair opened out, a shelf of wings,
And sunlight behind him.

I've seen his face in my bedroom,
With two big sapphires well-hung,
Slim, Venus-torso'd, level with gods,
His stomach woven with muscles.

There've been many times, dear,
Quite beyond pulling my hair,
When turquoise veins have oozed
Or been beaten into aureate light.

Here he comes, performing love for me,
Look at my blind adoration,
Making it all clear & poetic
As he stands nude on the big four-poster.

LOST MARBLES

The comely moment	you lose your marbles
approaches as I	& cover the surface
catch the last	of the pool with
exaggerated move-	deep-blue nipples
ments of boyish	as I dive into &
thighs, boxer-	thru a cat's-eye
shorts sliding down	winning the game
around pale	of your smile
twitching ankles	

STABLEBOY

The horse-stable smells
like sperm & piss & so does
my stable boy who sleeps
in the loft. Boydick &
horsedick. Both share
the same space. Smell
of blackest leather.
Smell of sweaty armpits.
Boy-muscled biceps on
fifteen-year-olds so
very pleasing to the
Contessa, as well as
to the ugly Count.
A big brass cock-ring,
almost as thick as a
horseshoe, straddling
boyish tastes to come.
Feet deep in fragrant
alfalfa, nostrils wide
& exquisitely flared,
I catch him on bent
shoulders, as he
faints to his knees.

ALBERT

Tall, goodlooking like your
brother, you're amaz'd that
a poet takes interest in you,
a punk? Get real man, I know
quality when I see it, each
sixpack brings you closer to
divinity. Laid back now that
I'm 36 & middle-aged, even so
I like to Socratize with
youngmen. I like to watch you
get drunk. You tell me things
that only gods know. You're
a messenger & I'm all ears.

XEROX BOY

After xeroxing some manuscripts
on the xerox machine, I
switch over to the Kodak,
because my porno-images
come out clearer. But there's
too much black on the collage
& the fucking machine gets all
balled up with rejects.

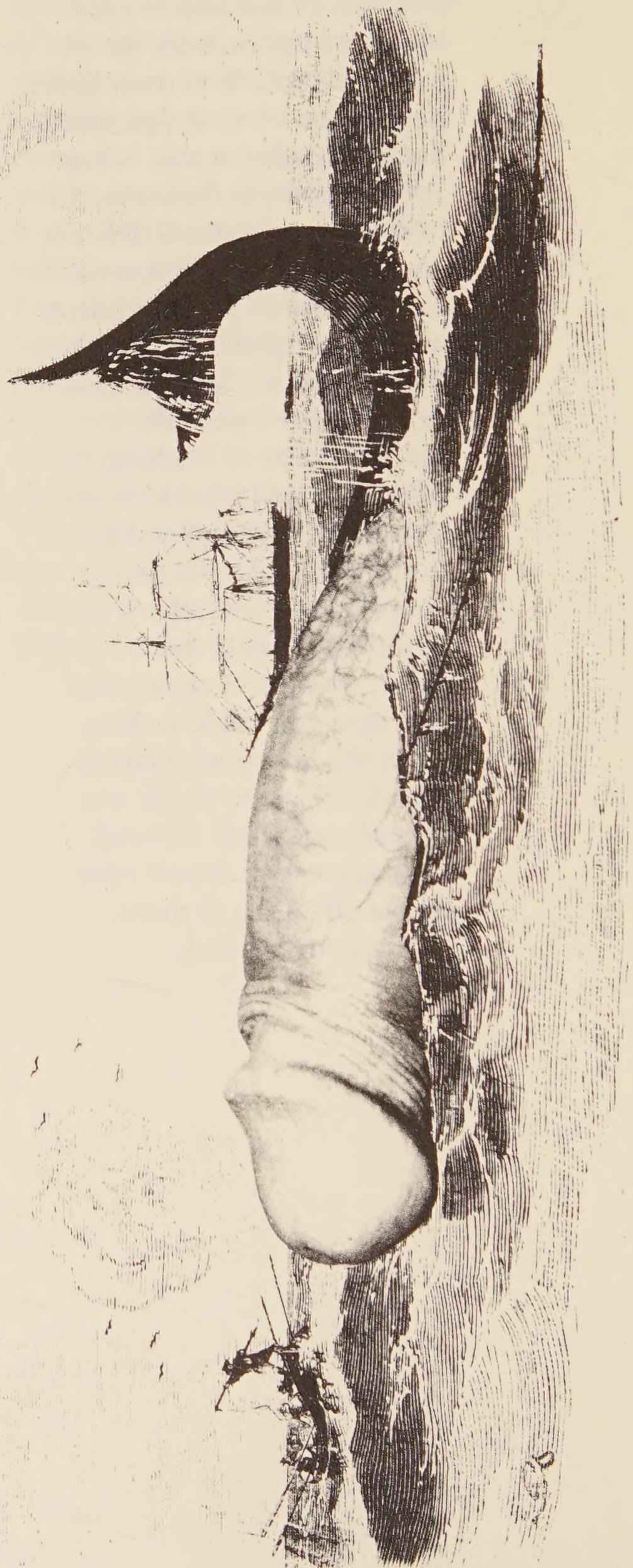
Papered gears & wads of young
boymeat get pulled out by the
handsome smiling xerox boy.

He invites me into the backroom
where he's got an even bigger
Kodak to handle the situation.

The girls at the counter are
so very jealous, their voices
wavering like mine, as I do
him in the bathroom.

KEITH

First time I see you in your
brother's wallet, I fall in
love with you. You must have
been 15 or 16 in the picture.
Such a naughty smile. When
you run away from home, it's
to my garret in the U-District
you come, for some reason.
I make love to you, even live
with you & your girlfriend
there on 45th. "Green light
or red light?" you ask,
reaching over to bedlamp,
naked. Veined marble never
tasted so good, shipped to me
from faraway Naxos, ivory
armpits cool beneath my lips.
Arms bigger now that you're
older, even tho I remember
that tape you made jacking
off in the bedroom, playing
it back for me to shock my
queenly socks off. Instead,
I get aggressive & pull your
shorts off. Then & there,
I taste your big dick.



SIZE QUEEN

Shock of shocks! First day in the showers at Rimjob Junior High! A day she'd never forget! Dickmeat City! Male gods with daring & rare dispositions! Seventh, eighth & ninth graders all thrown into same Magic Chamber—opulent ancient shower-room that'd seen generations of boycock, all the young manhood of Chicken City, having shown itself there, naked below the eternal Showerhead of Love.

Standing mutely for at least 30 minutes, stunned by Melville's strange insight, enumerated upon there in Chapter 94, "A Squeeze of the Hand" in *Moby Dick*, read but not understood at Walnut Elementary, oh most certainly now clear! Oh, such a delicious Mollifier! Boysperm & lots of it! Her lips feeling like eels in it, beginning to, as it were, Serpentize & Spiralize. Such a nice Softener! Such a sweet unctuous Duty! To milk the young Minotaurs! To squeeze the handsome Moray Eels! How shocking!

After boring exertions in classrooms
underneath tranquil blue spray, her lips
beneath indolent balls, she glides
serenely from boy to boy, bathing her
fingers among gentle Dukes of Gonad,
naughty colts & stallions, sniffing
salty highsea aroma of dark spring
violets. It's her business to
service the whole gym-class, in-
cluding the 20-year-old gym-coach,
her task including much squeezing
of the hands & rolling of the eye-
balls, somewhat like Marilyn Monroe.

Squeeze! Squeeze! All hour long
she'd squeeze that boycock until she'd
almost merge with it, surge with it,
inexpressible virgin wad, thick
with infiltrated tissue, gliding
serenely down her throat, Balls of Wonder!
Unmistakably & unwittingly, she milks
sperm from cobras, trying not to fall in
love, embedded upon pubed-shaft's base,
depthroating Ace's huge Anaconda!
Oh! Does she become a Size Queen!

Covered with spermaceti & yet desiring more, she waits for the next gym-class, long row of angels filing into Junior High Horsey Paradise, hung boys hunky like blocks of Rodin's marble, tough with sinewy tensions, wads of muscle, tight squeezing loins. "Fuck the gym-class!" they shout & stripping naked they crowd into the shower-room, all thirty of them, squeezing themselves, even coalescing themselves like grapes into vineyard's finest champagne, into the golden goblet of her heart, into tubs of spermy boydick-slobgollion, that ineffable oozy stringy stuff bestreaked with exceedingly rich mottled tints, plum of ruby, tart as citron. Then, after prolonged squeezings & subsequent incantations, like in a stag movie they start coming over her as she kneels on her knees, glutinous white veil of sperm & secret smegma, so beautiful to behold, so lovely to touch, so awful to taste as she goes down on the studs in the shower-room, her gay teenage-psyche in ruins, ears full of cum, oiled down like a Caliph by his butch guarded harem, disgorged upon by Moby Dick in honor of Jonah & the Whale.

“Okay. Take it, baby,” Ronnie says,
insisting that she get it together,
back on her knees again, delirious with
Marilyn Monroe glee, short-sighted like
in *How to Marry a Millionaire* or
dumb like in *Some Like It Hot*—
ready to, if I may be so crude,
Stoop for the Troops, Drool for the Tool,
Gobble the Gook, Beat the Meat,
Lick the Dick, Neck the Nozzle,
Bang the Wang, Hang the Hog!

Immensely endowed, bigger than J.H.,
forefinger up tight ass, other hand
tight around big nuts, Ronnie from the
South End shoots his brains out,
handsomest Seventh Grader in the World,
Envy of the Coach’s Eye, Penis of the
Long Afternoon, there at good old
Rim Job Junior High. Ronnie was ten
inches soft. They immediately became
friends & made it all summer long. . . .

SLAVE BOYS OF SHEBA

Two exquisite 15-year-olds from Marseilles, having been captured by One Eye the Syrian Pirate & Leather Queen, kept in gold chains in the Captain's stateroom, given best wine of the Mediterranean to drink, expensive cheeses & succulent dates as well as silk sheets too!

All to keep two tricks happy, dark-haired André & his young companion Capt Blood, handsome Errol in Thirties Hollywood drag, flexing butch rigging with rakish moustache, sharp knifeblade between pearly teeth, he's got something to show me, something big & uncut there in the forecastle.

Having been sold off auction blocks in black market Baghdad, both André & Capt Blood quickly become favorites of the Caliph's harem, André's hard stomach-muscles adored by all the royal eunuchs, Capt Blood's tool as taut as a totem pole, full of veins & writhing animal faces.

CHICKEN EXPRESS

Heartache is never easy to take but she decides to take a train down to Shreveport anyway to see her father, estranged since divorce in bleak New Mexico, married again & then off to Louisiana, Bossier City, where magnolias bloom invitingly.

Leaving moody sad old train-station in ancient Kansas City, soothing rhythm of steely moonlit rails womb-like in their hypnotic trance, down through countless lonely cities, bells & red lights at all the cross-stops, funky old train depots with Deep South names, coach full of young Baptist summer camp chicken back from beating off in Arizona wilderness hotspots, compartments full of gentle old ladies quaint behind air-conditioned windows, dining car full of tall black studs.

Escorted by an immaculately dressed young porter, past the leering Cook, & back into sleekest rumbling stateroom of darkest African Queen, she kneels for Marlene's boyfriend, *The Black Angel*, then & there knowing for sure that she indeed without a doubt was a Denge Queen!

MAKING IT IN THE BAYOU

Listening to the sounds of night
in the swamp, groaning of old
bullfrogs & young boys making
love in the tall swampgrass.

A handsome naughty Cajun, a
sophomore at LSU, he invites
me to spend the weekend at his
cabin in the bayou, not too
far from New Orleans.

He must have been planning it,
because all his cousins start
piling in, goodlooking dark-
haired boys of the bayou,
couriers du bois, runners of the
wood, that's what they called
themselves, ever heard French
whispered in your ear?

They have flat hard stomachs,
like water moccasins, they
bite tails off the crawdads,
they suck juice from the head.

They swim naked, jump off docks
of cypress wood, magnolia-hair
dark & slippery, sleek like
beaver pelts, their pubes.

Next weekend I endure games of
poker & I play to really lose
bad, my lips turning bluer than
blue-chip, with each new hand
I get a royal flush.

Later, the handsomest young cousin starts to hang around the cabin, pirogue coming back & forth, as if there were a Lady in Waiting & there is, waiting to fucking get laid.

Soirée. Sojourn. Perhaps even a *soixante-neuf*.

Saturday night & girlfriends come over to the cabin to get their young studs to go dancing. But I stay at home with the youngest cousin. I sauté the thigh of a giant bullfrog.

Solemn ceremonial arias, lively canonic dances for the wild Cajun Warrior-Saint Denise, dedicated to Herman di Giovanni the Mystic, painter from faraway Mytilene, alto sax blue even then.

Endless confessions drop like pearls from my lips, onto outstretched & trembling palms, as the Cajuns declare me their holy saint, Alaska has an earthquake & our debutante, Our Lady of the Wandering Tiara, grows faint, falls to her knees.

dragon



CHINESE POEMS

HOMAGE TO EZRA POUND

For Mercer Island & handsome young boys these poems:
Waves; swollen canyon; a journey.
Fire in twilight, rain on cedar roof,
youngmen smoking around fireside.
Willows weepy beneath leaden sky,
grey, grey-green the rocks in evening.

Indian summer sunsets, salmon-pink the
cumulus underbelly above lake.
Blush above nipples & through
curtains of bamboo, coots amidst
dark reeds; cat-tails erect beneath
roaring cloudy airport sky.
From poet's backporch brass chimes,
calligraphy borne with fall wind.

Sails pass slowly, yachts with
names like *Pleiades*, *Androgyne*.

Where firs & tall old cedars
catch last rays, smoke of alder.

Gone days of cruel scar on Mercer Island,
clearcut by barbarians with jade saws.
Logs float face downwards in moonlight,
harvested by glacial waters.
Taylor Sawmill, where geese swoop now.
Seagulls gather over sawdust sandbars,
gone the royal pavilion so green.

Above, the Red Cliff of Su Tung-P'o poem;
below, the crows of Ts'ao Ts'ao.
Ravens chatter through wet ferns.
Emerald lawn next to tiled stream.

Light can be seen in Dead Horse Canyon
where longhaired boys hunt magic mushrooms.
One is seventeen, comes from near
Ch'ing-Chou City, wish he'd soon return.
Another light moves, and another.

SEI	SEI	UTSU	UTSU
SEN	SHI	KO	KO
YEI	GA	SHUTSU	FU
NAN	NAN	KI	NAN

Sun up; sleep.
Sundown; hustle at Penneys.
Sell well & fuck old dragons.
Dig tricks; learn from hustlers.
Punks of quotidian? Boymeat forever?

The fifth: a dimension of motion.
And power over images.

State by outlawing boylove creates
usury. Boys into debt, this is Geryon.
Second & Pike still used for business,
tho built by Liu Pei, Sun Chüan
& Chou Yü for pleasure.

BEGINNING OF AUTUMN

A hundred days & nights flowing
& still I follow the river:
only memory remains unmoving,
closest to the past.

I recall when you stayed at the Rat House,
ironing your pants, shirtless, muscular.

Sucking you off, studying your tight curls,
your friend gone in taxi, what success!

Suddenly the party's over, postponed;
naked except for afghan I retire.
The other guests older now, gone.

But you threw back the covers, then
went down on me & I down on you.
"Too late?" I asked, afraid of journeys.
That was many years ago, above Arboretum.

I remember windy rainy nights, making love
in the Bamboo Hall, birth beneath Twins.
What was said evades me now.
But it was spring & you were laughing.

MIRAGE AT HIGH ROCK

To the north, fog & mountains: cloud on cloud.
Seagods & boys of broad virtue camp overnight.
Down from Olympus & over the Kitsap, a
river of fog undulates in moonlit vision.

Down thru mountain gates, frozen streams
& ghostly waterfalls, new sights are invented
to sigh over, viewed thru binoculars.

Slouching pale dragons consent to slow
passage over blue-green hills & farmhouses.
Peninsula disappears, Puget Sound as well.
Beyond the whiteness, there is nothing.

High on this cliff overlooking Mount Rainier,
human thoughts seem alone & afraid of size.

Before returning to Seattle apartment,
honest heart exiled by whiffs of NO₂,
I pause like the governor of Ch'ao-yang,
entranced by mountain spirits & mirages.

A boundless sea of fog piles up layer
upon layer, a mirror for the moon.

Aware of the old age of these mountains &
the limitless stretch of cloudy palaces,
I follow & fade into this poem:
All bluff, mirage in the making.

THREE HUNDRED DAYS OF GREEN EYES

On the way from Seattle to Enumclaw.
Spent the night in your trailer near
Flintstone Gravel pit.

Three hundred days of green eyes—
Boy with erection, thick robe flaunting it,
 stretched out in a stroke.
Trailer surrounded by tall cedars, dark ferns.
Thirsty for love, a stream for my lips,
Boots cast off, eyes hung with silence.
Rush of sheets, then dewy armpits coming.
Lonely dog barks in distance.
Four generations sink roots into forest.
Green eyes open & close, open & close.

PAINTED BAMBOO CHIMES

When wind blows thru bamboo chimes
I hear bamboo only, no music.
Did I say I hear no music?
So caught up, I forgot myself—
I become the bamboo itself,
putting out fresh tunes endlessly.
Music is thru me;
Can I fathom its uncanny power?

PRESENTED TO EZRA POUND

Lotuses obscured by autumn fog, no yachts
this morning on Andrews Bay.
Poplars & madrona lean out into mist,
long roots cling to the Red Cliff.
Near WPA art studio in Seward Park,
Canadian snow geese dip, chew weeds.
A gannet disappears briefly, reappears.
The diving boards all empty;
Waiting to be chided by next summer's
handsome lifeguards, boys trembling.
Even Liu Ching-wen, once a chicken.

SOUTH HALL

Vacuum the carpet, drink wine, close the door;
Bamboo mat ripples like lake, waves into curtains.
Dreamboy comes, wakes me up with soft voice.
Opening the north window, I'm greeted with smiles.

RED SLOPE

Rain has washed Red Slope, red gravel
from Black Diamond glows at sunset.
Bamboo chimes always different where
lumberjacks once walked earlier.
I write poems in the company office.
Down from Dead Horse Canyon,
a stream flows thru blackberries,
blades of iris jagged in moonlight.
I like the sound of my words when
my pen refuses to write.

JADE TOWER

From the middle, two whole ranges.
From the tower, so many peaks.
East, west—Cascades, Olympics.
Why can't we make love tonight?
Because you're in the mountains.
And I'm in Volunteer Park.

• END OF CHINESE POEMS SECTION •

CHILDHOOD IN THE COUNTRY

Once I lived in the country,
knew all about tractors, farmboys.

Bales of hay in spermy haylofts,
truckloads of golden wheat for sale.

Stretched out on lonely backseats,
listened to Oklahoma City
all night long.

Gave each other the finger by grain
elevators, drank six-packs
in small town poolhalls.

Climbing into pickups, we headed
for lush lowlands, smelling of marsh.

Watched boys pose muscles, by big
catfish I stood spellbound, amazed.

Long farmboy legs, hunky hips &
lips pulled under.

Naked in marshgrass, tight ass
against cat-tails.

Water tanks cool beneath
tall windmills, silage smells sweet.

Later in hayloft, odor of newly
cut alfalfa, bales that we laid.

BARYSHNIKOV IS COMING

Baryshnikov is coming, what a lay!

the boy's graceful leap
admired even by butch truck-drivers
driving hard across lonely midnight
highways deep in cornbelt Iowa,

across the country tonight still
other Nijinskys & jealous Diaghilevs
pirouette & five different boys I see
look like Michael Osef,
legs tight in bellbottoms,
next to fire on rockingchair, the way

he looked when I pushed him
on the swing in Ken & Clarabell's barn,
storm over clutsy cliff, there
on Whidbey Island, *ling chih* & Olson's
book of poetry: *The Distances*.

O'Hara can be ever so campy too, I say
drinking my last vodka, giving away
all the silver, best china, as the
Mocambo gets villainized by butch taxmen,

I wonder what will happen to the cacti,
Seattle having no *politesse*, Mocambo
gone like Shelly's Leg, Dancing Machine,
when discos come & go, then you know
culture has arrived.

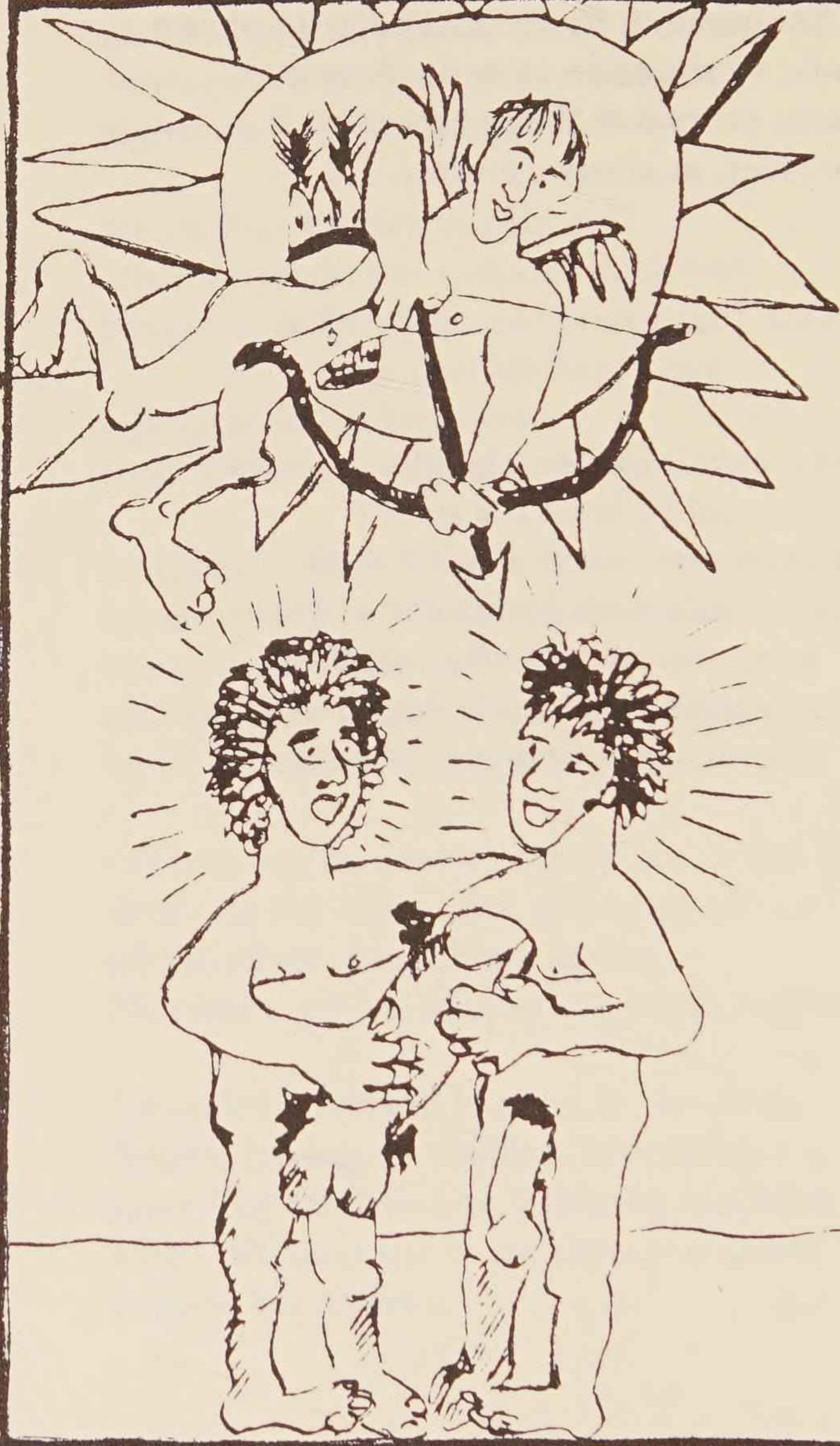
Gary Cumstock, Clark Whatsit, Dennis Flash
& other well-hung lovers (at least 20 years
gone), drinking sinsemilla tea in macho
cabin North Bend, reading *Ginsberg Verbatim*:
Kent State Lectures & Naropa-talk,

as Snoqualmie River rises because of rain,
Sonic victories on tv & the fireplace
seems eternal & the poetry eternal &
the river, as always, eternal. . . .

CATS

I like to relax among handsome boys.
Why should I keep it a secret?
I'll even repeat it & that's not all.
I like to talk with handsome boys,
 even tho we talk about nothing.
The purring of invisible lynxes
 stimulates & delights me.

VI



THE LOVERS

BECAUSE A BOY ASKS ME

Because a boy asks me, I will tell
of a feeling that comes often & is
overpowering: Love's his name.

Even straights know the truth.
I tell them as well as you—
Forget it my dears,
 if you're base or crude:
Only if one's gay
 can one really taste it.

Love's intercourse comes anew,
 right from nature's source,
 some say,
When he takes a rest, we make him;
Cock is his *virtù*, his boyish smile.

Come is his essence, his hunky abode.
Placating him, we wrestle with verbs;
Mighty sight to make him shoot,
 to make visible lovely limbs.

In mind's eye he gets imagined,
forms there a matter of light:
Martian veins, dusk that stays.
Love comes, has a sensate taste,
makes mad the soul & mind.
From dream understood he starts,
takes in latent actualities,
Renders certain sensibilities
 closer to the real,
Yet that place is never the same.

Synching various connections, he
treads on X-rated movies,
 physically unending in its affects.
Brings even dragon around to
 eventual delightful young ardor.

Virility is perfection's seminal force,
Lying within history's pale lode,
Pricked by reason, felt then said.
Beyond silver bullets, tight the rod.
Maintained by princely erection,
Posed for by handsome peers & lovers;
Hunky discernments, friendships,
often one-night stands in the end.

“Can you withstand the terrible fate
 of Fay Wray?
Even tho straights hate you,
 can you withstand their love?”

Surely perfection cannot falter;
Nor can any queen say her life
Is pure chance or goodlooks
destined, even as memory fades.

James Dean comes & is so very
twisted out of natural measure;
Love's adornment puts him on,
Never limp he's moved by
 changing states, Hollywood
face with boring glances—
 he shoots a vein,
Decides to stay overnight,
 comely companion.

And his sinewy property sets eyes
To move men gaze thru cages,
Rousing erections
that break into flames.

None can imagine love,
that tasteth not love ;
Love doesn't move, he spreads legs ;
Nor is he to be diverted by
other delights,
Nor is he interested, merely,
in queens or minor divinities.
Goodlooking yet all alike,
royalty delights in making known,
this certain boy.

Nor can in bedsheets hide,
his beauty so near,
Not yet cruel as his mistress,
Such is the craft of Love :
free from fear is desire.
To follow such a boy is to be at
the edge of art,
that is, at the point of sparrows.

Tho his face is indiscernible,
He can be caught, falling sensations
speaking better than words.
He proceeds, form not seen by many,
we follow young emanations.

There beyond waking, essentially dream,
In archetypal darkness he comes,
beyond all fantasy, worthy of love,
ourselves quietly reborn.

NINE CATULLUS POEMS

CATULLUS: TO JUVENTIUS

You ask me, Juventius, just how
Many times are enough & more than
Enough for me? As many times as
There are slivers of light between
The olive leaves moving, liquid
Blue the triune azures, consecrated
By jets of fountain crystal, cobalt
Eyes, sapphire the hard stomachs
In the palaestra. As many times as
There are blond hairs from your
Cruel lips to your crueler thighs,
My raw knuckles between you & the
Night's cool marble, cords of curls
On dark-haired Germanicus easier to
Count, darke agaynst pale thighs.
As many times as there are hissing
Snakes inside Hermes magick-wallet,
Mirror-sleight, Perseus wing-sандаled,
Your eyes of Medusa freezing my
Hurried glances once again. . . .
That many times, then, make up
Enough but still not enough for your
Mad Catullus. The delirious times
Can't be counted, because next to
You my memory goes blank.

CATULLUS: TO AURELIUS

You've fallen in love with him too, my dear?
Even tho you call him a Clytaemnestra.
A Palantine Medea. His dark eyes so very
Different from Terentius, green with rage.
He dances too well for a boy, you say?
He trashes the solemn annalists, too?
Admit it, Aurelius, you master of innuendo.
And you too, Caelius, master of invective.
Your cynical urbanitas is his cup of tea.
His only onus is his goodlooks.
He can't help it if he's a little *femme fatale*.
Look, even the 17-year-olds defend him,
Sempronius where we once were, the fool.

CATULLUS: TO CAECILIUS

I read the draft of your first book,
My dear Caecilius, and I think that
Our Lady of Dindymus is a very good start.
Or is it *Our Lay of Dindymus*, my dear?
Whatever it is you must come away from
That Larius for a while and visit me in
Verona where I'll show you a good time.
A weekend there will make a real poet
Out of you, the liquid triunes of Sirmio,
Nothing like it here in Rome, busy Rome.
One breathes in the ocean air and one
Breathes out poetry, each wave on the
Beach a poem that washes the slate clean.
Each wave is like another night spent
In your arms beneath the cool stars.

CATULLUS: TO JUVENTIUS

To me you're on the level of a
God. If this be so, you far surpass
Goddesses. Lying with you, I feel
That familiar tumescence of secret
Love, as you rob me in the bedroom
Of my quickening breath. Windows
That used to cloud over with passion,
Fog my heart now, Kimmerian-bound
This poor Catullus shrouded in rain.
Tongue stiff with jealousy, knees
Weak with lover's rage, but even
Worse, curious as to how many times
Aurelius got you off. Idleness of
wretched moments, shadow on tacky
Sun-dial, slender the repeated
Hell: twice in the morning, twice
At night, sometimes at noontime,
Of old Falernian wine he drinks.

CATULLUS: TO JUVENTIUS

That dragon of yours, dear Juventius.
She's like the Queen of Dindymus.
So frenzied is her devotion to your
Big vein, your hunky male virility!
She knows me well, her intuition
Beating my lips more than once.
Corybantes shake their pricks for you.
Eunuchs praise your savage embrace.
You're our young Attis, Juventius:
Uncut & ready, naked in the woods.

CATULLUS: TO JUVENTIUS

I know you've had a rough time,
Juventius, your father the praetor,
Appius Claudius, exiled from Rome,
Deprived of his imperium, passed
Over in the list of senators by his
Own nephew, the disaster in Campania,
His army deserting him for Cina,
Summons of the tribune ignored,
Health gone, broke, three boys & three
Girls left on their own, without
Funds for a decent dowry, solid
Influence of your consular father gone,
No wonder you're so bold & wild,
Impetuous with both Roman & provincial
Ways—why not let me be your tyrant
Sulla tonight? I'll recall you from
Exile, restore your crown.

CATULLUS: TO JUVENTIUS

Oh Juventius! How could you do this!
You sell your hard favors to men, now.
To rampant queens & feckless dragons.
To Bithynian bums & hunks from Hyrcania.
To Lanuvian boors & Celtiberian creeps.
To Britons terrible & purple Druids.
And to those awful Parthian pimps, too.
You get fondled by these guys nightly.
They annex your services with lip, loin.
Shamelessly throughout the city streets
& alleys you flaunt your goodlooks.
You assume the shape of sometime gods:
Sometimes Syrian, sometimes Sabine.
I personally don't worship gods—
But even so the fluttering doves above
Castor's shrine cast jealous shadows
Across my Polloxian brow.

CATULLUS: TO JUVENTIUS

Come on, my little Juventius.
You delicious piece of boymeat.
Be a good kid & unstrap your
Sandals with the gold braid.
I've locked the villa's door,
So drop your purple tunic,
Spread out your nine inches
For me, teach me how to fuck.
You know I drool over small
Possessors of big possessions.
Let me see it again, its size.
Blast the ceiling with love.
Coat the walls with it.

CATULLUS: TO JUVENTIUS

I love & hate. Why, I dunno?
I feel it done to me & ache.
I feel like Actaeon, eaten by hounds.
Like Ithys, tender-flesh Tereus-delight.
Worse than Oedipus' mom, wanting more.
Such is my love for you, Juventius.
The only relief I get from such descents,
Sulfur still clinging to my toga,
Is when you sometimes coolly acquiesce,
Your arms behind your fair neck,
A look of disinterest in your eyes.
Only Tiresias Theban knows how much
I'm loved & hated, as I stumble
Blind in the labyrinth of love.

• END OF CATULLUS SECTION •

PUNK/DUENDE

Paolo cruises hunky Piazza Cinquecento
after having dinner with handsome young
punk-actors Ninetto Davoli & Franco Citti,
also latter's brother Sergio.

Paolo picks up Giuseppe Pelosi,
parks between goal posts,
gives Giuseppe a blowjob.
Italian men call it *pompino*.
Italian men frown on being fucked,
much too macho for that.
Pompino is for rich Amerikan faggots,
who like to suck young Italian dick.

Paolo comes closer in theory to Gramsci,
not Marx actually, Paolo's gay-lib movies
done to free the young *sottoproletariato*.
Euro-dollar punks liberated once again
from tight bluejeans.

Paolo's last film was to be *Socrates*—
if he hadn't been assassinated, who'd
have played Alcibiades, goodlooking young
Greek general; or Miss Plato, skipping
town like a good little fag; but Milk
& Moscone get fucking gunned down by a
pig, slaughtered like Lorca; Paolo is
forced to kiss the fascist blade.

Paolo as an able neo-realist
from school led by Rossellini.

Giuseppe, seventeen, same age
as Rimbaud when Verlaine met
him in a Paris tavern.

Ninetto gets it out too, showing
off his big Mediterranean boydick
& when they film *La Ricatta*
all the punks of Rome turn into
millionaires overnight, Franco's
brother's friend appearing too.
Studly Botticelli angels who
smile & no longer conceal 10".

Paolo knows all about Caravaggio
& company, other queens of the
Renaissance, Ettore being the
kid in *Mamma Roma*, remember?
And in a Trastevere restaurant,
they pose for a hunky canvas,
nude, flooded with chiaroscuro,
beneath bright klieg lights.

And the boys in *Salò* my dear,
what Paolo got them to do for
seminal-cinematic auditions,
unzipping their manly zippers,
revealing a new *Decameron*,
full of creamy revolution.

And he publishes some poetry in
Milan, 1970.

Some say he was a Jungian-Marxist,
like Marlowe & Caravaggio.

Others say epic was his genre,
as he worked with Lorca's duende.
Our Lady of Blue-collar Meatrack,
patron of working-class chicken,
Paolo knowing all about Oedipus Rx,
Medea with her implications, too.

Paolo wins International Catholic Prize
for *Theorem* in 1968, even tho
various tacky episcopates trash it,
as well as Vatican's *L'Osservatore Romano*.
Nobody'd kiss their rings after seeing
one of Paolo's films, handsome young
punks turned into filmstar heroes:
punklight forever.

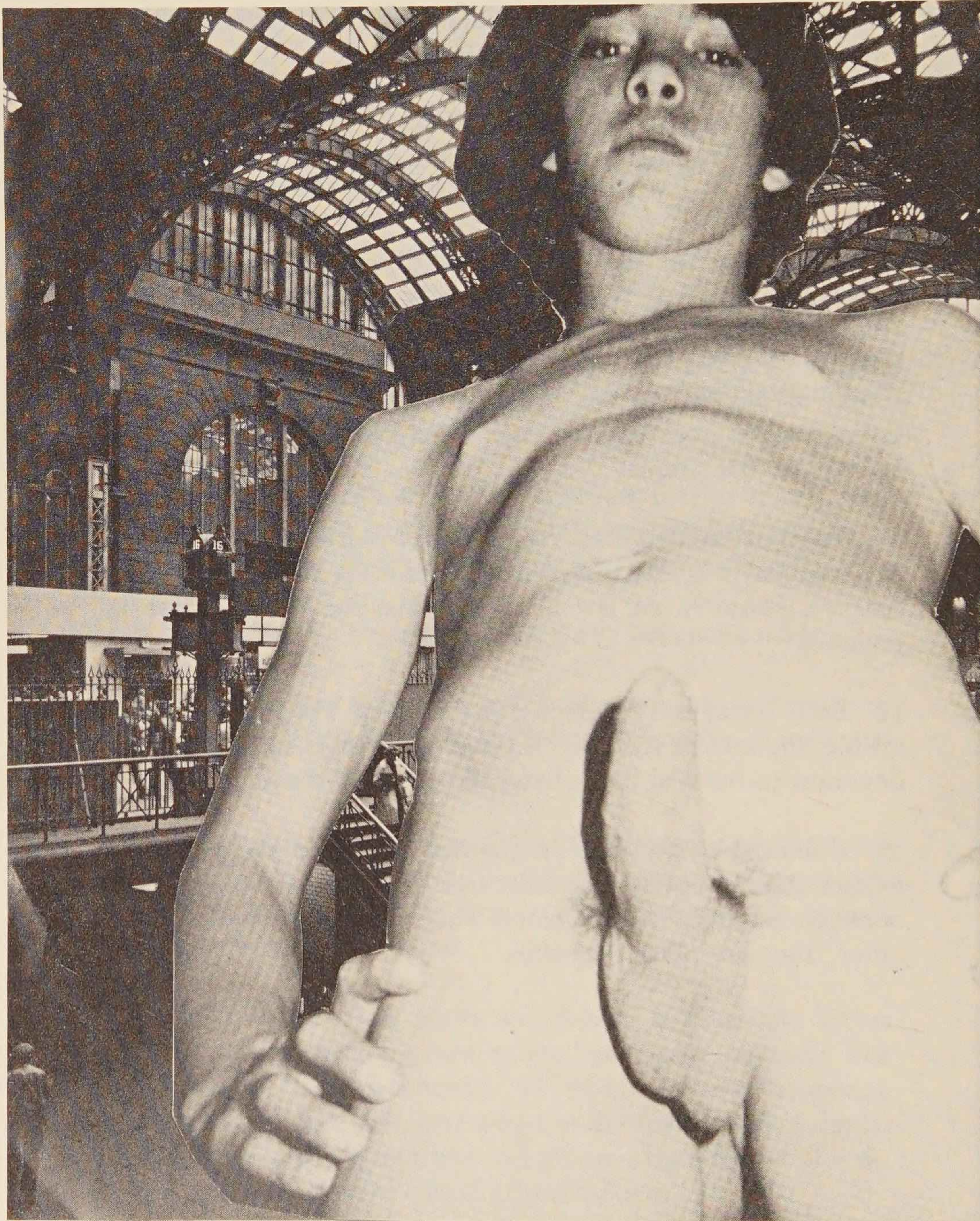
Paolo's bright face deep in
soccer stadium's wet grass,
along with Ovid & Steve Biko.

Rome, city of punks.

GOURMONTESQUE NOTEBOOK II

1. Direct treatment of the punk whether objective or subjective. Using necessary words only.
2. Punk: that which presents an emotional & intellectual complex in an instant of time.
3. Prose wears clothes. Poetry is naked.
4. Straight poetry invents. Gay poetry discloses.
5. The gay imagination pictures the real; it sticks to the real, pushes the real, pulls the real into a poem. A poem is a collage of the real; or maybe it's a shadow-box or a miniature model of a Magic Theatre.
6. Real objects: moons, boys, tangerines. Unlike Spicer, I can imagine a boy & a tangerine much better than I can imagine a boy & a lemon. Unless the boy *is* a lemon, of course.
7. Real event: a boy eating a tangerine beneath a moon.
8. Yeats' spooks & Blake's sexless seraphim are important to gay poetry. They bring us metaphors. Dictation poetry corresponds; it doesn't connect.
9. A poem is composed within a disappearance of discourse, within an exhibition of the world. A poem is a transparency which acknowledges the real by bringing about a recommencement of perception.
10. Spicer, like Poe, Mallarmé, Artaud & Duchamp insists upon loss of meaning turning into necessary meaning. The original political & economic "fix" of a boy eating a tangerine under the moon will correspond in the future with a similar situation & by joining these real events over a period of time, one gets what Spicer called a "serial poem."

11. The real is an Orphic interrogation: serial narrative in a field of its own composition.
12. Post-Victorian WASP syntax holds the gay imagination enthralled to a burnt-out breeder aesthetic. Can there be any surprise when gay literature tags along behind such a closeted swansong, gusta with Señora Eva Perón.
13. Gay poetry involves an anthropology of thought, almost a divestment of straight syntax & an investment of new words, real words.
14. Sometimes in certain celebrated periods, we observe a close relationship between language & experience. For example, in Greek society we find a correspondence between boylove & literature. Silence today in regard to boylove simply means that we are vexed by lost knowledge, that the Greeks were more endowed with real maleness than ours? Not quite that simple.
15. The push of contemporary poetics toward locus, ground & particularity (Pound, Williams & Olson) is being aided by Spicer's narrative of the unknown, making the discourse realer.
16. Each poem is a ceremony of the heart. The heart is invisible, the lover a visibility. A book of poems is a disordered devotion to the real like a baseball game. Or chess.
17. Coleridge's *basic act of imagination* & Keats' *negative capability* suggest a poetic technique free of any authoritarianism between language & experience. They correspond with each other; they are polar opposites.



FIVE POEMS FOR HART CRANE

PHOTOGRAPH

Hart Crane on the roof of
110 Columbia Heights,
probably in the fall of
some year like 1928.

Brick chimneys & big
spanning bridge, our
glance momentarily
diverted by Hart's
sad bedroom eyes.

Spires of red bricks,
walls of it stealing
our attention, our
undirected gaze at
distant Brooklyn
Bridge, looming up
from dark moody New
York City river.

Prepared, unprepared,
Hart enters bluegreen
foam, distant trembling
fixed heart of stone,
bridge so gloomy over
dirty old river, his
suppressed apprehensions
witnessed too late.

Rage & partial appetite
there in Mexico, NYC
too, Peggy Baird wife
& fag-hag in her cabin,
burned by matchbook-
cover, drunk.

Hart Crane, only 33,
his purest possession,
calmly over railing.

AT HART CRANE'S TOMB

What hieroglyph of emotion
stained the gay aquamarine
that still Carib afternoon?
Shortly after getting up,
when the roar within the
cool shell was gone,
pearly bell deep inside
Hart's deaf ears.

Waves & frosted ledges
of foam, green sea of soup
& shark's teeth, obscure
Hart Crane's tomb, as he
plunges into the wake of
the old tub, the *Orizaba*.
Our young gay poet jumps
overboard, legs or maybe
an arm severed by awful
rusty edges of propeller
blades, roaring softly.

Or was it the calm circuit
& cold circling rage of
man-eating sharks, as they
lash out & retrieve those
charming limbs & star-
lifted eyes of midwest
city-boy, done in by booze
& breeders, by heterosexual
violence & secret innuendo,
done in by the coiled un-
restraint of fabulous
underwater sea-monsters?

PROCRASTINATION

Dick via dictaphone,
sisters triggering big
dragonflies to fly higher,
rush of wings into thick
magnolia, wheels of fire
between big wide legs.

Pulling back clever silk
sheets, lifeguards enter
his life, synonymous with
curling waves their long
wet curls, so very moody
beneath moody moons.

Against early morning
sighs & pillow-talk,
Hart's bedroom floods
with enchanting stories,
Billy Budd rising &
falling with each
naughty nautical load.

America paraphrases yet
another gay poet into
icy silence, mildewed
crypts & broken idols,
three hundred miles
north of Havana, almost
nonchalantly, bruised
roses procrastinate
no longer.

WILLOWS

Willows carry lean sounds,
curved like Saratoga trunks,
sarmentose the long flowing
branches, beneath a lazy
seething moon.

A flagstone path beneath a
tall cedar, leads down to
palm-shaded lagoons, full
of savage bartered kisses,
curls sun-spilt & gay.

Memory of faraway city,
beyond delta, New Orleans,
city of smoking vaseline,
goodbye glances, sometimes
a singular joint shared
beside lonely levee, as
he lingers there at
Mississippi's muddy edge.

Repose & remembrance,
monsoon hurricane long gone
into September's journey
north, singing ruby in
the night-time, flaking
sapphire during the day.

FACSIMILE

Inevitably, the punk
shoots his load, many
Hotel Dragons later,
his long lanky legs,
evening's pale crescent
beginning its repose
over lake, as he
asserts a gigantic
erection & grinning
points to it.

Persuasive facsimile
of lust, instant onyx
his eyes, pitch black
the many bedrooms,
then suddenly, big
emulsion, boydick &
hairless armpits,
sperm all over my
curly spreading hair.

Drag-queens fog up
my skylight & windows,
jealous of my hunky
after-dinner snack,
the kid's huge dessert,
between two roses,
ivory tusk emerges,
ready for action.

Anatomy of boylove,
speaks out silently
against my lips,
my fingers doing the
walking, my lips
longdistance.

SEVEN POEMS FOR CÉSAR VALLEJO

BEING FOURTEEN

How much existence in being fourteen,
what the dog said lost around the corner,
black diamond of sleep gone with the
man in the moon, how comely the length
of his organ, such a big one on one
who's only fourteen.

What's important, what's unimportant,
the emerald shining in his big banana
eyes, his bedroom eyes, more veined,
thicker the turquoise at fourteen.

His accordion down my throat, penis of
the evening star, bulging & flat, priceless
as he reclines in the villa, fooled around
with, played with until hard, what a
snakepit of curls his grin on the beach-
chair is, how much existence in
being fourteen.

What to say to him now, before he reaches
fifteen, before his hair grows any longer,
just as ours is longer still, aren't we
men of letters, that we slave & shit to
bring forth light in the tomb, confused
by existence now that we're no longer 14?

LET THE BOY WALK NAKED

Let the boy walk naked, bareback,
let him disgrace my bedroom with his
treasures, a wad to one who sucks,
saddle to one who rides the sky,
come for the one who finishes him
off first, sucking the organ.

Spurs & how he swaggers, he's long
& creams the ceiling, gives what
is manly, all of his boyhood, nine
inches for the one who sucks it,
to make him a triumph of lip over
loin, cream off the top.

Add a cock to a Greek statue who
scorns to wear clothes, add a grin
with hands, he fits every size,
sitting next to him I'm troubled,
fitting my lips to his taut belly,
blowing what seems to be hammer-
strokes in the air, sucking his
naked asshole.

I undress his expensive meatloaf,
worshipping what rises from boy to
heaven, mouth slack, punk groaning.

WHAT IF AFTER SO MANY BLOWJOBS

And what if after so many blowjobs,
the cock itself doesn't survive?
What if after so many erections,
the hardon stops? Quits for good?
It would no longer get to be
swallowed, played with, fondled
in long restless moments.

To have loved at least ten inches,
to impale oneself on lanky organs,
carried away with love of chicken,
gay abandon in the darkness of
boyish pubes, shadowed by the
moment when orgasm looms overhead.

What if after so many gay poems,
I still don't get to know him,
seduced by simple things like
money or Cadillacs, barging into
lonely steambaths, what if I
forget later, out of the blue,
the length of his love for me,
or combing my hair, what if I
look in the mirror & see an
aging stranger, will I be
swallowed up by it, eaten alive?

There's a lot to say for cameras,
hiding the grief which words know,
looking out of eyes that are a
lens, saying nothing about joy
or its escaping us, forgetting
the way he talked in bed after
sex, or was anything said at all?

LEGS

One leg promises erection,
another leg, as muscular,
leg with veins of big oak
door, nightcaps, one for
the road, exhausted, you
uncoil my neck.

I've forgotten what day it
is, your forehead tilted
in the moonlight, won't it
cost dearly, never to rise
from my knees?

Your legs wrap around me,
turning me into a pillar
of Vaseline, but still I
manage to drink cum from
a silver cup.

Three loads later, pale,
getting closer, my lips
move faster, locking my
face to your neck, my
fingers touching your
ass, as I feel the beat
of your heart.

PEARLS

So much mascara & more
beads than I can ever
remember, you read your
poems & down go all the
bluejeans.

I don't want to rush
you but my waterbed's
got a leak, so instead
of the usual, just go
ahead & soak me in
your long golden piss.

I want your body, it's
tasty, let me drain you
dry, I like the taste
of your testicles kid,
I like to stroke your
big vocal cord.

Just as I thought kid,
you need a lube-job,
you're at least a quart
low, let your hips make
money kid, shoot your
dragon dead.

RED ROSE

I feel him all right,
his stoical cock, deep
inside me, it reams me,
ruby-red snake that
fucks from midnight
till dawn.

Endless cock, long
golden helix ascending
from naked ape up to
Cleopatra's Needle,
asp shaped like new
with each new lover.

Because it comes my
way, bantering about
or purring like a
cat, fire frozen in
his bloodshot eyes.

Being calm is next
to impossible, but I
am, surrounded by
his curls.

SPIDER BOY

He's got a huge one, he
can't get any longer, Spider
Boy whose body is pale, an
enormous head & cum on his
hard rippling stomach.

His web is sticky, I'm caught
spread-eagled, stretched
across my bed, sperm building
up slowly, then he shoots it
all over me, wraps me up in
the pillow.

It's Spider Boy! In the
showers! his stomach creamy
& he's got a bar of soap up
his ass, big tarantula so
very touchy.

What a load & there's nothing
he can do about it, struggling
in the mouth of a stranger,
it's a huge organ, whose pubes
are just beginning, curling
his toes, eyes tightly shut,
he shoots all over the moon.

● END OF VALLEJO POEMS ●

WHAT RILKE SAW IN THE GREEK

What Rilke saw in the Greek
torso, that which flaunted
itself outward, marbled
crotch outward, young prick
outward, was the beginning
of terror.

He noticed how archetypal
the curve of boystomach,
as it descended toward an
ancient pubed silence.

The hair under armpit, arms
thrown back over head, uncut
primal passions thrust ever
so gently, provoking an
orgy of lips, outward.

Rilke changed his lifestyle,
became more real in praise
of boys, wrote poems about
what he saw in the Greek
torso, elegies of love.

ELEGIES ON BOYHOOD

INTRODUCTION

Once there was a boy, nameless young
punk of heaven, moody & drawn by fate,
who made a prisoner of me & I languish
now in the prison of his heart,
naughty rude Artform.

Straight poets cease to understand it,
crucible broken, feverish with recognition,
for them boyhood means nothing.

Standing naked in the decaying wood,
bold mother-of-pearl erect between
long lanky legs, no blue jeans on
to obscure or hide his big cockhead
shifting its weight, dumb & beastlike,
distended, nude.

Sequins down, dragons behind moat down,
giant boa-constrictor behind bolted door down,
as I strip him of his nice big prophylactic,
my lips sensing another Trojan getting
ready for young climax.

No lie, I make him, he confides the
seed of centuries softly & springlike into
the womb of the evening, into the silence
of the universe. Masculine, for him
the night is a growing thing, a living
shell that arches over the roaring.

Pure fools bring pure peril into the world,
their elegy turning on the word "Meng,"
erect boyhood standing in its center,
fearless & yet afraid, we are defenseless.

FIRST ELEGY

Suddenly the order of angels shudders,
his strong masculine presence the
beginning of an exquisite terror, each
boy possessing his own mysterious
double, as we simple queens admire
the calm & disdainful mood with which
he will devastate us, later in the
dark sobbing bedroom of love.

He's an ingenuous beast, unaware of any
home here in our world, he's a boy,
a Dutch Elm unspoiled by Japanese beetles,
a pinetree standing on a naked slope,
full of wind from another world, longed
for tint of mauve decaying in the cliff,
swallows slinging themselves in & out
of haylofts, winged with empty promises,
disguised as lovers.

SECOND ELEGY

Each boy brings terror since he's with
an Angel, shining forth in the doorway.
Disguised a little, he's our guide
into the underworld of our fathers.
Like Tobias, we begin a queenly journey
downward into our own surging hearts.
He will slay us. But who is he?

Lucky punk, favorite of dragons &
the meatrack, dirty streets, fatcat
skyscrapers lost in neon & moonlight,
all for sale—polluted big city deity,
flashes of light, stairwells, elevators,
sofas for blowjobs, bad boys arched in
rapture, uncut, full of unbridled passions.
Then suddenly, a double: drawing back
once again into unrestrained beauty. . . .

With each lingering look he comes my
way, he can't help it, I love him, the
room he's in, wing'd between big thick
legs, distended resemblance of face
made even stranger by my incessantly
cruel lips. He demands to impregnate
my cool looks, as I pull back the silk
sheets, noticing with alarm the inadvertent
display of something rather vague,
like the snarling of an angel.

THIRD ELEGY

Angels conceal nothing when naked,
into the night air they ignore us,
posing for sinister tricks, silhouettes
full of nonchalant gallons, glances
worth at least fifty dollars, every
bit worth it, ready to close bedroom
eyes & dick us down with their big
ten-inch disappearing act.

They dare exist, not just like trees
or spaghetti, but through the grasp of
others, bringing us slight illusion,
our worn-out features smoothed out by
their Cum of Olay, good to the last drop
like vintage wine, clear as amber,
milky as opal, caressed by savage young
pirates, made to walk the gangplank of
love, blindfolded above shark-infested
waters, skull & crossbones hoisted
high above the deck, over the railing
& down into the sea of gnashing teeth.

Does it astound you to see on Attic steles
the same gestures of love & gay abandon?
Restless young torso etched lightly onto
vases of olive oil, recalling soft hands
laid lightly in lamplight, weightless
curls against eucalyptus, unrestrained
our long drawn-out demise? Gods of such
athletic build seem full of sperm, so
ready to strike us dumb with lightning
bolts & frowning glances, sullen as
they hurry to surge down our throats.

FOURTH ELEGY

It's one thing to see him naked.
Another totally different thing to know
the gushing river-god in his blood,
young lord of lust coming from somewhere
unknowable, even to him, heaved up by
young hormones, sperm-headed with love.
The sky cries out like a wounded shell,
hollow sounding & carnivorous, giving
us a frightening insight as night slowly
descends & the endless riot of stars
become constellated into pure
penises of light.

As he bends out of time, curving his hips
with wonder, convulsing in early morning,
I draw close to his dark companion, the
Other, with nothing to protect me but my
lips, between me & his slender form a
surging chaos, lost in strange bedrooms,
sliding out of big Buicks or Mark IVs,
he escapes me, gone again into guiltless
night of young midnight cowboys.

When he lies down he lights up, sheets
illuminating foretaste of things to come.
Deep inside me, the taste of his organ,
primal cream as dreadful as a creaking bed.
Between his legs another world exists,
pubed forest where I fall mute to my knees,
there in the *casa verde* of his erection.
Vast root, choking unconsciousness, down
he guides me with ensnared energy, down
into angelic zones, erotic with dumb
adolescent surrender.

FIFTH ELEGY

Nude standing boy, fuming silhouette
against canyons & ravines of the city,
older desires of ceaseless decades still
unsated after dozens of creamy fathers,
looming up with the grace of James Dean
in *Giant*, clothed in blue jeans & Texas
macho, silver screen shooting us with
rods of archetypal light.

Notice how like an oak, thick stem full
of nuts & naked apes, he lifts up his
arms, stretches us inside-out, infuses
our dried-up bedrooms with the cum of
teenage immediacy, as he becomes that
creature of the night which requires us,
reliable task-mistresses that we are,
to unloose the heavy loincloth, to
unveil what stands naked & figless
in the evening garden.

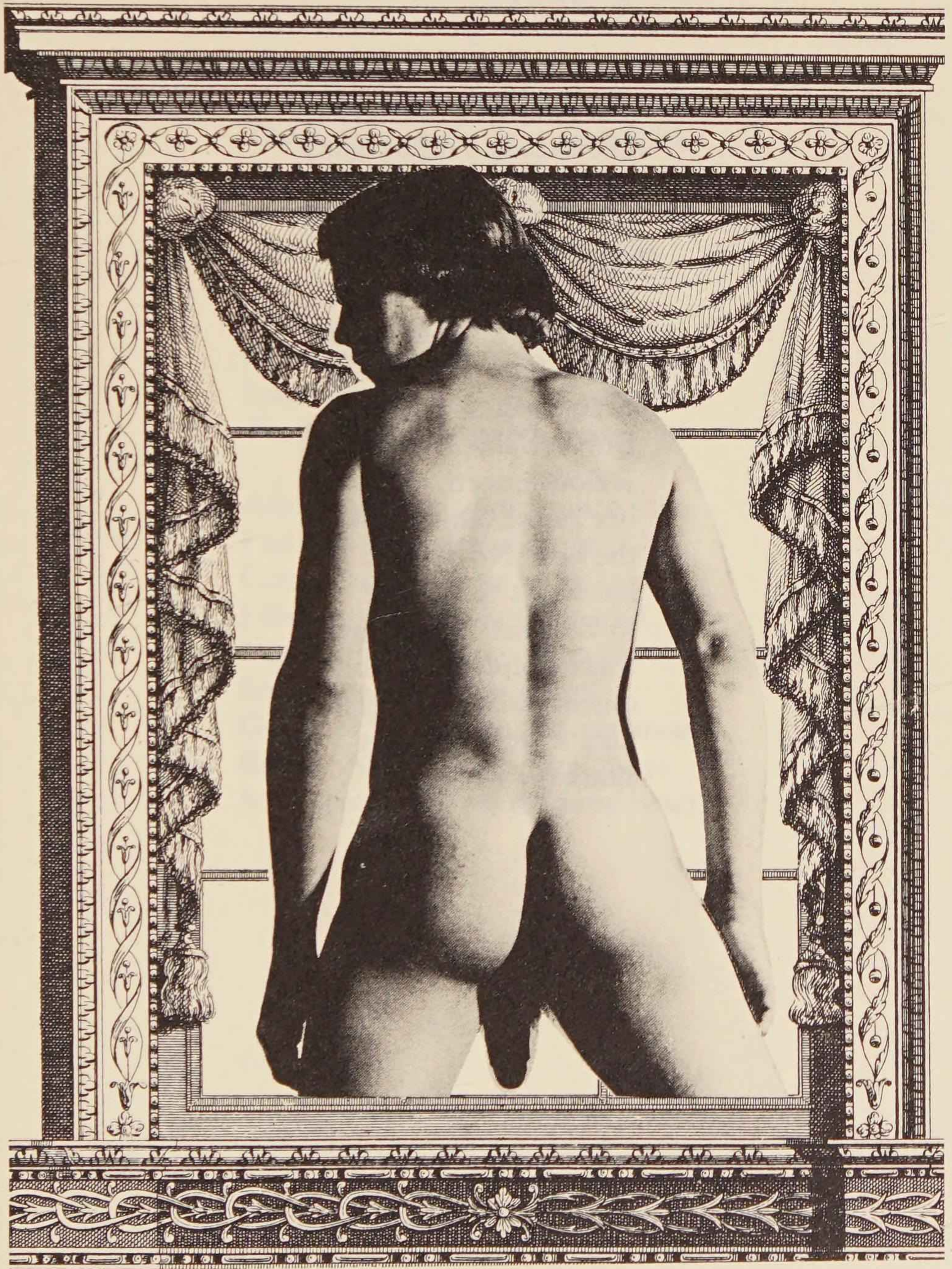
Why do we let him go?

SIXTH ELEGY

The boy with the brown bent eye,
who's aware of me like a migratory bird,
suddenly forces himself into my bedroom,
flows indifferently into my silk sheets,
then fades magnificently like a lion
into the African veldt.

Being hunky's second nature to him,
already he feels the pride of manly cum,
the hostility of primal contours,
rough-trade being his pure event,
crowding my memory with performance,
delighting me in the sheer duration of
his boyish horseplay, there in the in-
between world of boyhood.

Beyond resentment, beyond the fondest
last-minute description, my wish is
granted, the curtain goes up, then we
get serious & down to action.



FIVE RIMBAUD POEMS

RIMBAUD

They say he's only 17,
been sucked off so many
times by Verlaine that
poetry will never be the
same. How his semen
overflows the Muse's cup!
Straights & closet-cases
cruise him. His big lips
excite them, his grin.
But Verlaine is such a
jealous queen, pulls out
her pistol, aims below
the belt. No wonder the
kid wants to skip off
to Zanzibar, Paris slave-
trade simply much too
much. Fuck the poets!
Like a rat he escapes
along the Meuse.

TORTURED HEART

My gay heart aches for more meat.
Handsome young soldier boys
Shoot creamy wads down my lips,
A whole horny battalion all mine.
They scorn me in guttural laughs,
As I strip down for all to see.
My gay heart aches for privates,
Let the generals rim politicians.

With a young soldier's erection
Down my little provincial throat,
I steer through imaginary oceans,
The kid's oar & anchor deep.

After quarts of soldier-juice
I hiccup, then desire more.
Conquered by their wads,
I feel far from being disgraced.
I am the victor, Napoleon of
Soldier-cum & strong legs.
Gangs of handsome soldiers break
Ranks. All along the front, boys
Seek to console my tortured heart.

NOCTURNAL EMISSION I

Rimbaud's chickenlover, poet
sizequeen, she simply can't
seem to get enough. The
kid's flat boymeat (9 inches).
Then beats town to sell
himself there in North Africa.
Telepathic. The taste of
each mad emission racing
northward to Paris. Gay
ghosts from Homer back sit
up. Are we alive again,
they ask. Verlaine does a
queenly doubletake. Then
she writes another poem.

NOCTURNAL EMISSION II

The kid's nocturnal emission
provokes him to wonder what it
was. What did it mean?
Isn't he getting enough?
Verlaine pauses, describes
the celestial movement &
significance of young
Arthur's enormous balls.
Barely 17, one lonely night
in a straight bar, the kid's
goodlooks radiant next to
fire. What's a nocturnal
emission? A memory returning
as dream? Procession of
bigots, aghast? Boy's body
waiting for next wad, love
beneath the sheets?

GRAPHEMICS II

The boyprick makes an utterance
I cannot understand. Especially
at midnight it is disturbing.

The boy, his bluejeans just right.

His cock like a sundial, it
measures time (whether or not
he has ever been blown sucked
or rimmed), how many groans
from his head to his bottom,
how much hot-stuff for momma
tonight?

Boyprick is involuntary. His cum
hits your face, spatters all
over your glasses.

The kid's meat is a monster,
down your throat it slides.

Boyprick tells all.

It spread its legs on bicycle
sets. Who cares? Of course,
neither you nor I.

The imaginary boycock is ready.
Yours. Ours to meet.

SEVEN BILLY THE KID POEMS

BILLY'S SPURS

Back when poetry was
cowboy, sometimes as Jack
of Diamonds he'd shoot his
load from the deck.

Queen of Spades goes
down on him, Billy's big
blue gun. She swallows it,
up to his trigger. Cow-
boy cum & silver bullets,
dripping from her lips.

She does Billy with his
boots on. The kid comes
with big spurs. They
jangle. They prick.

BILLY'S BODY

Getting Billy off
beneath moonlit bridge,
Pecos River, railroad of
cottonwood roaring, heart
delicate as perception.

Gun in the shadows,
stigmata of long drawn-out
orgasm. Silver bullets,
eyebrows upward.

Billy takes his shirt
off, then his pants. He's
as long as the evening.
As wide as the great
outdoors.

BILLY'S QUESTION

And so boylove cums
& goes, random squeezings
of the center. Diamond
rings & big six-guns.

Billy's last question:
"Is that you?" then love
shoots into pillow, double-
load shoots skyward, high
onto bedroom ceiling.

Cowboy hat on sideways.
Honey in the groin.

NEW MEXICO

New Mexico wasn't much.
Some adobe-huts & empty
church steeples.

Cactus instead of grass-
land. Buzzards at end of
the red mesa.

Echoing down thru sage,
deep into willow thicket,
Billy takes his lover.

He surrenders, hears
churchbells. Not afraid
of cumming, boots muddy in
swamp & quicksand.

Billy lets loose a song
into the willow branches.

JACKRABBITS

Boys swarm thru hot
deserts like jackrabbits.
Long tight blue jeans. Fast,
across New Mexico blacktops.

Our Lady of Guadalupe
cruises Greyhound bus stops,
lovers made strong by long
midnight journeys. They
tighten lips, hands thrust
deep into levis.

Evening angel of the
dark. Immortality comes
with a bang. Up goes his
arms, out comes the kid's
pure breath.

SALOON DREAM

Image of words that
falls upward. Things
more important than sight.

Spurs that jangle, empty
recognitions. Billy comes
thru the swinging saloon
doors. Billy (that victim
of love).

He spits into the gold
spittoon, swaggers for
the cardroom.

CARDGAME

The moon plays the
piano. Cowboys with stiff
hieratic erections play
poker long into the night.

They spread lean legs
for snake of metaphor,
their pale fingers quick
to the trigger.

Billy & the boys move
from cardroom to pooltable
for more legroom.

Naked Jacks & wild Aces.
Bold-legged boys coming
fiercely on the long green
felt.

• END OF BILLY THE KID SECTION •

POEM FOR DAVE KOPAY

Organ of intelligence,
stud all mine, melancholy
instance of young male
meat, erect once again,
patch of dark boypubes,
pierced by big blue veins.

This afternoon in hunky
sultry sauna at Husky
university baths, I
close my eyes & imagine
all the deep voices are
emanating from a single
naked hydra-headed boy,
sweating next to me.

He's hunky & handsome,
hung like Trigger &
he flaunts it, manly
organ of jizzlove,
strikes me dumb with it,
goes further, sticks it
down my greedy throat.

Then, tits up nightly,
doing whole naked crewteam,
watching video-tapes of
Deep Throat, enhanced
by yards of anaconda meat,
lots of heavy breathing.

PRINCE MARNOO

Prince Marnoo, Herman's Polynesian Apollo, marbled in repose like some antique bust, goodlooking South Sea Islander, head covered with rich brown curls, blue veins twisted about temple, eighteen years old, lazy & totally lacking in all forms of civility, but full of graceful male etiquette,

like Tahitian Prince Pomaree, Prince Marnoo has friends in all the villages of the local archipelago, troops of "tayos" & lovers, boldly sophisticated in salty sailorways, "taboo" & thus protected to travel safely from boy to boy.

like Damon & Pythias, Herman & yng Prince Marnoo share exquisite long afternoons on mats in Marheyo's little apartment, sunlight cutting down thru window across mats, unexpected fruits cut passionately by native gestures, rude & thick as Poky, hot as handsome Kooloo.



GAY TV GUIDE POEMS

MOVIE — DRAMA ★★★★★

Boy in a Cage. (1956) Sordid shocker about a woman (Joan Crawford) who terrorizes a young punk in her home with various bondage toys such as handcuffs, dogcollars, whips, tit clamps, hot wax & even enemas. James Dean as punk, Boris Karloff as the Butler, Dom DeLuise as the Maid.

MOVIE — THRILLER ★★★½

The Werewolf of Fire Island
(1959) A remake of the complex detective yarn, *I Saw What You Did, I Know Who You Are* with Basil Rathbone as the London transvestite who almost convinces a tavern-maid (Milton Berle) that spanking can be fun.

MOVIE — MYSTERY ★★

The Poop Sisters. (1951) A charming perhaps overdrawn story about two aging sisters (Ellen Drew, Ruth Gordon) who because they're Siamese twins have to share same husband (Lon Chaney) who's actually in love with the young grocery boy (Rock Hudson).

FLIPPER AND HIS LOVER

As the series progresses,
Sandy's eyebrows get darker
& darker, sexy as his voice,
which gets lower & lower,
wide as his wide shoulders.

He loses that uncanny James
Dean chicken-look, like
when he stands at steering
wheel of speed-boat, half-
naked with cutoffs.

And as his younger brother
surpasses him in goodlooks,
my heart goes out in grief
to Flipper, Chicken Queen
of the Seven Seas.

TV COMMERCIAL

Handsome young chicken
with big wrists arm-wrestles
with his girlfriend & as
he comes an announcer says:

"It's the big chocolate bar,
that's all fluffy inside!"

plus zoom-shot of sweet
cum oozing over naked
dark shaft,

matched with kid's smile,
curly hair.

SEVEN POEMS FOR CASEY

THOMSON EXPRESSWAY

Sun, sailboats,
swimming suits!
Pale dick against
wet black nylon.

Then I suck
him off in canoe,
under I-90
in Arboretum.

Casey struggles
on cushions in
bottom of boat,
helpless.

He garnishes my
lips with penis,
big slit parting
with cum.

Smell of young
damp armpits,
beneath roaring
concrete pylons.

PATERSON

Casey has a dick
 like any other boy
 he sells it
so he tells me
 to a gay salesman
 \$50
 Casey can't
read or write
 fresh out of junior high
 he's got glands for brains
 but he's 14
 & wants it
vulgar fiercely loyal
 he's become my friend
Casey an Irish kid
 he smiles
 when I touch him

SEATTLE

Seattle grows awfully big
 almost as big as young Casey
 grows big
has grown
 to much more than just a
 "passionate love-letter"
 neglected boy
 putting me to bed
& going on to my various poems
 reading & perhaps
 even getting the drift
 of my gay Imagination
a difficult proposition
 considering the
 somewhat melodramatic
 background

DEAD HORSE CANYON

Now his green hands across me,
green curls up under hairless
leafy arms, slick summer boulders
wet & grey, tangled with moss &
gravel, as I catch his reflection
in rushing creek's mirror,
strong legs shooting upward,
here about a block or two from
Rainier Avenue South, feeling
Casey's big penis, beneath giant
savage ferns.

He lies still, conversation
turned off, parting his dirty
cutoffs, as I wave my hands in
mock-disbelief, amazed not only
by such well-endowed dimensions,
but also by the way this little
James Dean punk gets so very
pensive, just before blasting
Silver Screen with his
mysterious cum.

Bad boys should be nicer but
they aren't, hard where hardness
counts, seminal shorts stiff
with yesterday's smegma, twenty
minutes beneath moody Douglas
firs, faint blurr of my lips up
tiny marble crack, like some
old eternal Greek, sucking him
off there in Dead Horse Canyon.

HEAVENLY KID/EARTHLY KID

Casey has a dark & terrible dick,
its whiteness the whiteness of
secret heavens, as white-palest-
white as the flesh he walks in;
we walk together, heaven & earth,
eyes bright, thick lips so very
ready for afternoon's long demise,
briefly seen as nakedly one, his
eyes closed on big eternally
wide shoulders, calm & cumly.

Secretly adolescence weaves its
own tight patterns, purple-
mottled biceps full of yng cum,
wrought with inarticulate almost
inhuman gestures, my finger up
his asshole, my lips around his
big nuts, my face buried deep
in olive-oil'd pubes, boy-born-
of-lighted-city, bright & most
terrible dark moody punk, so
admired for hours there on
Sycamore Street, worshipped in
U-district idle moments, fondled
in Montlake Japanese gardens,
sucked & pumped dry beneath
indolent Bartlett pear trees,
milked during lazy August Mount
Baker afternoons, stretched out
& consumed during Seafair,
not far from Mercer Island's
giant size-queen tip.

In dark pubes of early manhood,
I stand on black mirrors of the
Self, caught up in his blushing
most exquisite chicken-chiaroscuro.

MAP OF MERCER ISLAND

White & thick as a fist
the island bluntly fills Lake
Washington with veins of rage,
blackberry pubes delicate as
adolescent secrets, spiked
purple coils arching over
cumly lovescenes, Paris
nude on army blanket, Helen
moody in Trojan moonlight,
stunned & tougher than money.

Samatraesque ferns play over
us as we dream, Pleiades high
in uncut madrona, sound of
waves driving up against
cattails, reeds erect in
moody lagoon's darkness,
my head buried in his arms.

Cedar River current kept in
check by sleek salmon pilots,
swimmers from one salty dream
to the next, swarming through
Ballard Locks, under Aurora
Bridge & through Lake Union,
through the Cut & under fast
shells of handsome straining
crewteams, sweaty with love.

How much whiter can the map
get, quite beyond simply being
rather grotesque, helping us
to see quite clearly nature's
big androgynous fist?

MAGIC THEATRE

Projected via purest
chartreuse, his grey-
green torso passes through
the dark rain-stained
stonewall & into my
bedroom, naked without
even bluejeans on, my
lips hot as tuna, hot
for Chicken of the Sea.

Casey's naked little
asshole, when sucked,
transforms even the
cloying presence
of gauche straight
quotidians into an
adolescent theatre,
full of punk nuance &
boyish innuendo.

Only jaded & somewhat
experienced connoisseurs,
such as ourselves, can
detect it, field within
jaded Field, laid open
just like Duncan said,
by savage sinking sensations
& undone by expectations
of love: moosehead in the
parlor, dickhead in bed.

LOVE POEMS

after Spicer

I

Do the cauliflowers change when I
touch your cock?
I know the zucchini gets longer.
Yellow blossoms are the first pubes,
like fig-leaves they drop to
reveal a good baseball season.
Monetarily
I seem to remember your voice,
slightly nasal in adolescence
(butterflies and Budweiser)
The crack of your bat started the
season. The lights were bright.
After that, there was the Sonics.
Two six-packs and one orgasm later,
you unzip the Giants in the
bathroom, fist-fucking the sink.

2

For you I would suck the roots
and branches. This is a tree, it is
poetry.
Boy comes in as an image. Like the
yng ghost of Elpenor.
Nobody's fault but the ladder. Not
Odysseus or Homer's fault.
The ghosts of old chicken queens, too,
arch out of smoking trenches.
"For you I would suck the World Tree."

3

Chicken looks arresting in sable.
I like to nibble his ears. Talking
only gets in the way. Then a
suck or two later, lights out.
Tongue wagging. Later attempts
I brake my way into your silence.
Chicken looks good in sable.
(Naked except for jockstrap.)
Condoms full of elephant hunters
stalk the worshipped hardon.
Trophies are spattered with it
as I slip the straps down calmly.
Little wise-ass. He pumps a quart
of love.

4

There is a real racehorse in the
rhododendrons, drifting with the
other images.
It is a minor tragedy that anything
should be so very excruciating.
But when my lips are locked to your
handsome sweaty home-stretch, what
else can I do but moon, weak no's.
Azaleas, rather than poetry, soothe
his closed eyes, his tight lips.

ALWAYS TWO SIDES

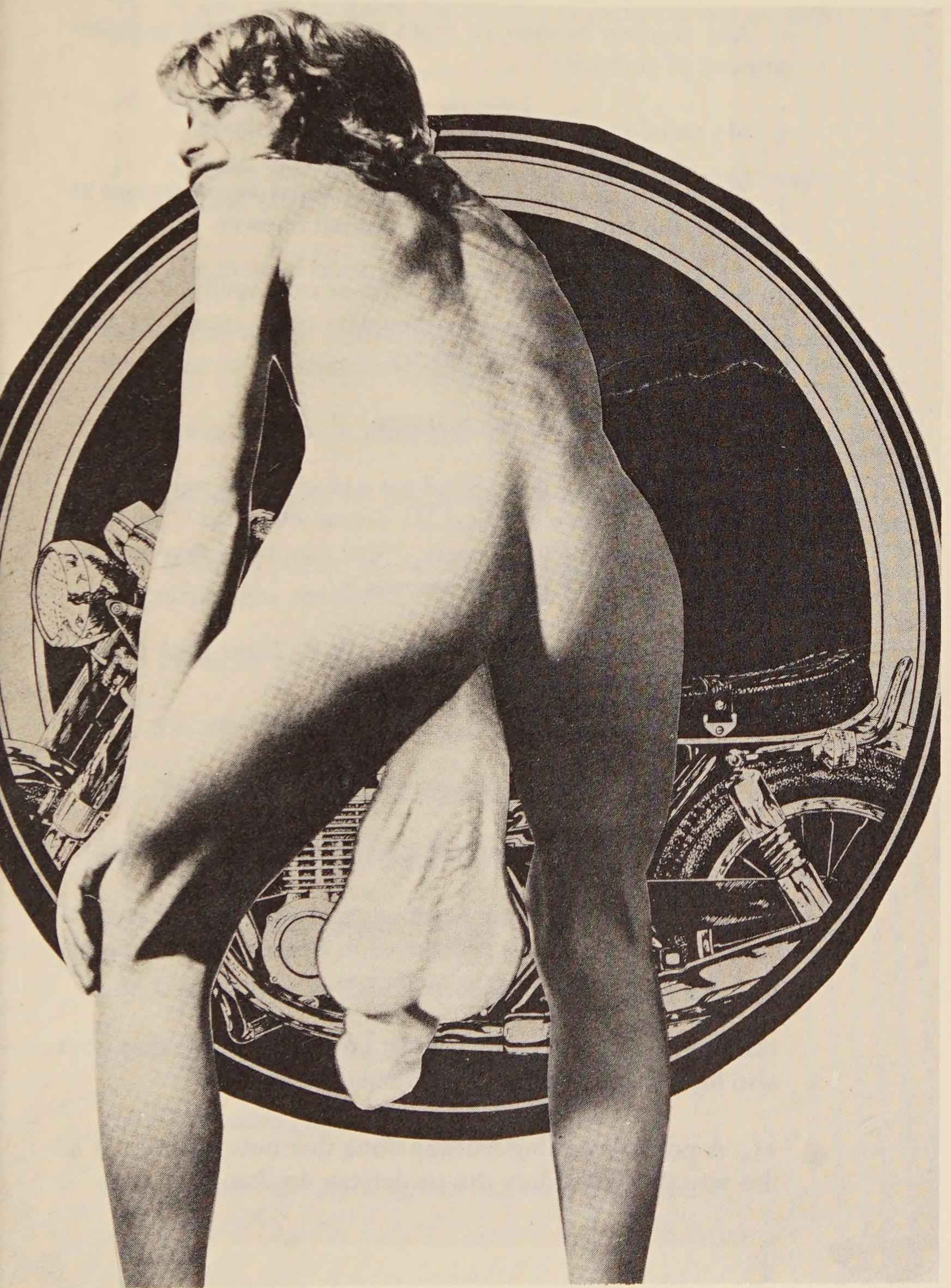
What's got a thousand
teeth & holds back
a monster?

Superboy's zipper,
of course.

Other side of dictator
is dictator's young
son.

Other side of corporate
rip-off is Johnny Olson,
Superboy's punk lover,
boyslave of the
Daily Planet.
Done in by kryptonite
lips & Martian hips.
And oh those eyes
of Venus!

Other side of Mrs.
Robinson is hot yng
dickmeat, boylove
straight out of
suburban hell.
Other side of nuclear
family is punk
mythology: leather
armbands & golden
cockrings, ready
for action.



GOURMONTESQUE NOTEBOOK III

1. Any chicken beyond 12 that's still virgin carries a certain amount of authority.
2. My racial memory includes all handsome boys.
3. The art of gay poetry remains just about as mysterious as S&M or the rite & ritual of the Golden Shower.
4. Some students can't read or write or even spell the American language correctly—it is they who often create the best poetry. Oral poetry is real poetry.
5. To each poet: his own tearoom.
6. An eager young boy poised for a blowjob or waiting for a good fuck. "What's the best lay you've ever had?" he asks. "Whoever I do next," I reply. "Shit man, you may just be right," he says. He grins & spreads it.
7. Gay poetry goes on despite the *N.Y. Times Book Review*.
8. I sprained my tongue on a boy yesterday.
9. Every boy measures nirvana in inches and so do I.
10. I love how a chicken looks when he crosses the road.
11. Prose reports the legend of one's youth, its more seminal moments. Poetry dares rediscover it. Poetry's cult of expertise: gang-bang of naughty memories.
12. Poems that praise boys must create the belief that boys also believe in the writer of the poem? Do they?
13. A poem is a thing halfway done that needs to be felt all the way through. Only the reader can do that.

14. Gay poets spend most of their time writing about things that straights keep trying to forget.
15. A girl's got to know her limits: 10 inches & not an inch more.
16. Done in by a boy & a six-pack.
17. A sense that from each orgy some profound truth might be grasped, sticky with Vaseline.
18. The eternal question: "Want a blowjob?"
19. Close to the central mysteriousness of Love: getting an erection in the shower-room at Rim Job Junior High.
20. I was born with glass high-heels.
21. I wish I could be a prophylactic some hot Friday night.
22. Bring to poetry the same passion that goes into the baths or cruising the meatrack.
23. Number 69: that manifestation of gay genius.
24. Hustlers get paid to remind us who we are.
25. The penis is mightier than the pen.
26. Cocksuckers know real silence.
27. Hustlers can save us: only lust doesn't deteriorate.
28. Gay culture is mostly overrated: but it's all we have.
29. As usual, there's more boylovers than boys.
30. God, alone, is the true chicken queen.
31. I look & find nothing but Antinoüs everywhere.

AT HOME IN THE GARDEN OF WORDS

At home in the garden of words,
Whitman's young studly punk
stands naked in Civil War twilight,
as the poet stoops to suck the
dick of sweet teenage soldiers,
their limbs of manly wisdom,
their forbidden treasures his,
as desire ripens on battlefields,
chicken-oak & roaring maples,

Wide legs of Virginians, as well
as handsome young Yankees alike,
still there at the heart & core
of Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*,
added to edition after edition,
through the Fifties & Sixties
& Seventies & Eighties . . .

Years later, the same soldierboys
maimed & wounded for what politician
after politician dares call those
necessary tragedies, a leg blown
off for one's country, an arm
forever without movement or life,
19- & 20-year-olds done in forever,
their eyes on Lincoln or Jeff Davis,
so very red, white & blue.

FOUR RIVER POEMS

WENATCHEE RIVER

Tonsilled dossier my desire to
suck off your kid brother,
there on other side of mountains.
I know a Cascade cock when I
see one. Ten inches long, nuts
big as apples. Got you twice
that night, your big thick
chiquita peeled back, legs so
tight with naked blue jeans.
Later, sitting on barstool,
struck by seminal insights,
tasting your leanness of eastern
Washington down my throat, cowboy
cum & Cascade caviar, I can't
imagine your 16-year-old brother
stroking it, beating off in bath-
tubs or lonely handjob beneath
arching orchards of lust. I
can't imagine boymeat dripping
with salty pearls, big nutsac
tight with swollen desires,
aching for new dimensions,
terrific the strain as he comes.

SKAGIT RIVER

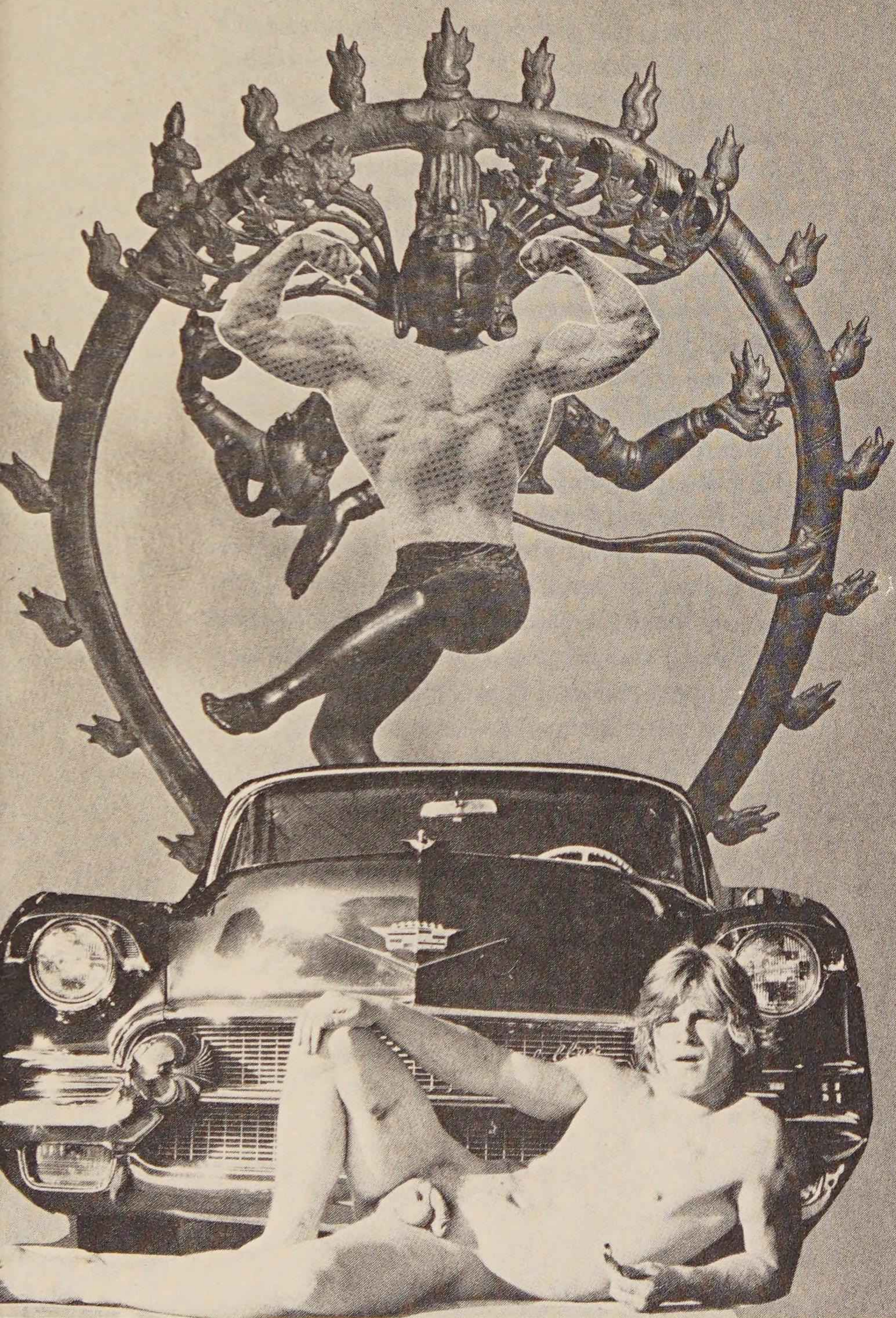
Three times I get you off
along Skagit, first time
in back of pickup, after a
joint, looking up at stars.
You say: that feels good.
And I slip down your pants
along ankles, there just
outside Rockport, I suck
you off. Second time beside
Ross Lake, up in firtrees,
naked. Pale spread-eagled
cock down my queenly throat,
boydick arch in faded blue-
jeans, moss hung beneath cedars,
coming hard, braced on knee
for sacrifice, you shoot me
again with delirious taste
of young manhood. Third time
by campfire sameday, you groan
loudly, echoing down thru other
campfires, young stud elk
coming down into clouded red
canyons, next to Ross Lake.
Your cock surges faster than
my lips, faster even than my
fast & nimble wrist.

SKYKOMISH RIVER

Sky's the limit, when my
mouth is thick with your love,
getting you off beneath butch
logbridge, there at Trouble-
some Creek, river swollen like
your organ. Torrent of boy-
dick passion. Jaded eyes deep
in the granite. Lost in the
fir trees. Chicken sucked off
by impatient dragons. Skyboy.
Highboy. As I disentrall
myself from ghostly sad old
sighdreams. Your hunky morn-
ing convulsion beneath tall
cedar towers. Your bluegreen
eye beneath shuddering rocks
& mossy boulders. Your liquid
gold as you take a piss in the
raging moonlight, furiously.

SOLDUC RIVER

Picking your nose in the resort's showers, you show me gigantic erection, pull out a long glob of snot, make sure I see it & get the point. "Wanna blow job kid?" I ask. Later in my cabin, I suck your tender gland, seduce big oysters from hidden pockets & find pearls underneath armpits. I have you piss on me in the bathtub, shit between my teeth. You give me an enema, pinch my tits, tongue me in the ear: I groan for more. Sucked off by the Solduc River, your lanky hotspring is hard to beat. And next year, if I'm lucky, I'll get to suck you off again, when you're sweet sixteen.



PUNKS OF THE QUOTIDIAN

ACE

Ace activates archetypes with his hips, rather tall & dark he seems even taller in the showers, horsing around with his friends. First time I see him naked is in the seventh grade, just after baseball practice. His young cronies laugh as they run from the locker-room to the magically enveloped world of the steamy showers, hot boydick dripping with sweaty love . . . And as I enter the showers, they come running out, giggling like a bunch of little kunts that've seen a big peter for the first time. And it's my first time too, Ace standing there in the steam, all twelve inches of it, big veins that pulsate beneath patch of dark boypubes, its length shooting up a golden shower of deepest amber, big racetrack legs spread apart for my lips. Ace & his yng friends are great runners, later becoming cross-country high school heroes, as they run around Peter Pan Park, during long cicada afternoons of lust, as fast as fast thoroughbreds, nervous as stallions down the homestretch of love.

GARY

Gary Cumstock must be nine inches soft. One time after I proposition him in the locker-room, it gets 11 or 12 miles long. I have so many fucking jackoff fantasies of him, that I still remember him nearly twenty years later. His handwriting is as beautiful as his body, as I grade his papers for biology class, one notices such things when one is a biology TA. I'm quite fond of studying snakes & Gary's snake is loaded to the gills with sperm. I think about those South Americans who worship anaconda as World Snakes, Amazonian curls of Gary's big dong invoking in me primal mythologies of size-queen love. One time he tells me how many million sperm I've just swallowed, as I milk his tool of its last drop. Then he doubles it, with a nice big double load. It's tasty.

RONNIE

Ronnie demands to wear a swimming suit after getting a hardon in the pool. For gym in the 8th grade, Mr. Bow-wow wants us all to swim naked & I simply couldn't agree with him more! I'm just as curious as he is & want to cruise all the hunky numbers too, as they line up to go off the big diving board, some limp, some hard. But when Ronnie shows up with his ten inch erection, we all get weak in the knees, even the gym teacher gulps hard. Then later, as basketboys, we cruise each other, inch by inch, until finally I get to see it hard all the way, as he slips down his jockstrap just for me. Coincidentally, I just happen to be on my knees & thus I get a big bone up my nose, down my throat, up my little ass & even in both ears! I suck him off there in the basketroom, surrounded by the aroma of young male cock, what a great jockstrap romance! Minutes later the rest of the boys stream into the locker-room, where I sprawl exhausted on a locker-bench, nude & dripping with cum. And so, I manage to get them off too, as they hustle to take showers & get their nuts off before next class.

CLARK

Clark & I are sophomores on the butch wrestling team & it's after a workout one time with the two minister's sons, the oldest who likes to stick a bar of soap up my ass, saying in my ear that he'd much rather do the real thing. And so, I'm all hot & bothered when I get out of the showers & Clark sees just how erect I am beneath my towel & he starts getting longer too. Not too many other boys are in the lockers, but even so the room fills with lust. Clark's glorious python gets bigger, much bigger than I could ever really have hoped for. He hurries to get his bluejeans on, but I finally get my lips on it. And it's salty as I choke it, Clark still choice-stuff in my dreams. As he stuffs his handsome dickmeat down my long needy throat, arching in the frontseat at the drive-in, groaning he says, "Okay, I'm comin', take it!" Some things just don't seem to change.

RENNIE

His brother is so very correct— for a fifteen-year-old, Rennie is really hung. After Maurice & André go to bed, I stay up with him around the fire. He likes to play cards & drink beer. “Never met anybody like you,” he says. I feel him up in the easy chair, as his dark Cajun eyes get bigger & bigger, big as omelettes. What an excellent chicken he is! “Never been sucked off by nobody,” he says, as I suck him off all night long & into the next afternoon, pausing only long enough to service Claude who’s so very jealous of me. I manage to survive his moody fits of rage & quickly jump back in bed with Rennie. Gigolo lips & poker smiles, that’s what I learn there in the Deep South at LSU.

JAKE THE SNAKE

The gym team lives above the gymnasium
& that's where I do my baccalaureate.
Bachelors aren't safe around my lips
& neither is the married stuff, either.
I tutor them in English & writing &
they tutor me in the art of hunky love.
But Jake the Snake is on the wrestling
team & I only get to see him when he's
taking a shower after his work-out,
his legs spread for me when I want it.
One night while *Jason & the Argonauts*
is on t.v., he comes into the study
with the rest of us there, surly &
awfully ready: "Aw, come on Denise,"
he said, "I gotta load for you, baby."
Down goes his shorts & up goes thick
prick. Jake pumps it out for all to
see & while Jason battles the many-
headed hydra, I get my mouth on it,
my lips full of succulent school for
scandal! These handsome studs of the
bayou are mine, their delta dickmeat
finally understood.

DENNIS

Dennis is a goodlooking Creole from New Orleans (New Aw'lins, as it's called), who shows me many fine seminal delights. First he moves over to my place, since his roommate snores & Dennis can't sleep. I get the feeling that he needs more than just sleep, as he jumps into my bed, erect & ready for my lubricious lips. His big thick dick is anxious for lots of head. Now & then we both suffer from lack of sleep, but it's not because of snoring! More than anything else I like to watch him stretch it all the way out in the shower, with me on my knees in front of its pale demanding presence, as I slide him down my shy little throat. Dennis leans back out of time & shoots my brains out with his cumly Creole cum.

BOB

Rose has a headache from the party the night before so I suck him off on the sofa, slipping his pants down & spreading his robe to let it show. He's on the crewteam & it's tits up for him as I really do him right.

The second time Rose holds his hand, as he shoots the back of my head out.

The third time's the tastiest, big squirt & a groan that wouldn't quit.

Lord Jim in on t.v., getting rimmed, while I'm busy giving Bob more head.

At the party while he pisses in the bushes, Bob says he has to piss like a racehorse. After getting him off three times, I have to agree with him.

He's got definitely a racehorse dick, 11½ inches by 3½ inches! and more! Just right for my big homestretch lips! Rose has never seen anything like it, the way I stretch it out so hard, as I drive her man nuts, nuts up the wall.

HENRY

Henry has big nuts, huge testicles that are swollen from his girlfriend's lips. Also there's a hickie at the tip of his dick, big where her juicy lips tended to linger—hot for hot-stuff. Henry Island's shaped like a giant "H" & that's where I get him off, deep in the San Juans on quaaludes, Chinese ideograms filtering down thru Douglas firs, as I suck him off, as I suck those big nuts but good. And afterwards, we stand by "H's" gravestone, as full moons drip from branches, driftwood on the agate beach, cum turned silver as sea-foam's surf, big veined bark of firtrees driving me mad, mad for his Rocky Mountain oyster-love. Or stoned & lost in frontyard's lattices of snow, each flake differently his. Henry invokes a jar in Tennessee for me, or odes to ancient Greek urns.

DUANE

Another paperboy, another neighborhood:
Montlake I think, yes—the Arboretum.
Duane's eyes are bedroom eyes & as I
give him a tip one day, I realize that
he always looks at the floor, not into
my eyes. And I say to him that he's
got the most beautiful eyes, big brown
eyes, eyes that I'd like to open wide
with love. One day he saves my place
for last & knocks at the door with a
very revealing smile. He demands to
play a game of chess—oh dear, I say
to myself, I hope he's not an intellectual!
When he gets my queen, I give him my lips.
Then we have dinner in bed with lots of
dessert. The only time he looks at me,
though, is when he shoots a cumly load.
“You've got bedroom eyes,” I say. And
he says, “You've got bedroom lips.”

DENNIS KELLY (Seattle)

Born 1943, Gemini with Cancer rising. Grew up as WWII airforce brat moving from base to base with pilot-father & Irish-redhead'd mother. Got 'edchewcated' in the Deep South (BS at LSU in Baton Rouge). Discovered Ginsberg & Genet at 20. Worked way thru college on Gulf of Mexico oilrigs. Followed gymnast lover to Seattle in 1969. Met second lover at UW & began publishing in *Gay Sunshine* & *Fag Rag*. First book of poems, *Chicken*, published by Gay Sunshine Press in 1979. Presently working on long gay epic poem entitled *Cantos Northwest*.

Published in a paperback edition of 3000 copies. There is a specially bound hardcover edition of 26 lettered and signed copies, each with an additional handwritten poem by the author.

SIZE QUEEN is a boylove travelogue via such writers as William Carlos Williams, Pound, Crane, Spicer, Vallejo and Rilke; it is an attempt to ground gay belles-lettres in contemporary poetics. Seattle writer Dennis Kelly explores his own life in the Pacific Northwest in such poems as "Slave Boys of Sheba," "Baryshnikov Is Coming" and "Punks of the Quotidian." Illustrated by the author with erotic collages.

\$5.95

Gay Sunshine Press

