

Winter Bath

February chill

28 degrees

Snuggly sheets

And I'm loving being in the kitchen again

I stepped in the bath you ran for me
Bubbles greeted me with knowing winks and shiny big grins
They're always so happy to see me

I stepped in the bath you ran for me
Warm like you are when you're in bed with me

I relaxed in the bath you ran for me
And reminisced of how you tasted and smelled this morning after your shower

I turned over on my stomach in the bath you ran for me
And it felt like making love

*The bath water is so jealous of you my darling, so very jealous,
It did its' best imitation of you making love to me
Running its' huge, wet, warm tongue over my chest, my chin, my belly, and everything below*

And I got hard

It felt like fucking someone during her menstruation
Felt like fucking you after you're drunk
Felt like masturbating but holding off on orgasm with a fist full of precum
Felt like fucking girl pussy from behind all the while jacking off her thick, long clit
Felt like the inside of my tears

*And the porcelain of the bottom of the bathtub screamed like I did last night when you made me
come – screamed so loud I lost my voice and got a sore throat – but I'll bet I'll find my voice
tonight – I'll hear its' echo when I put your ass to my ear – like listening to the sound of the ocean
in a sea shell – it's the same thing isn't it? Listening to the pulse of blood?*

I turned over on my back in the bath you ran for me
I didn't come

*I like pushing it to the edge like that – I like playing with myself all day on my days off waiting for
you to come home so I can give you a bath of my own*

The bubbles were quiet and started to cry

I stepped from the bath you ran for me
I pulled the plug and let the water drain and heard the waters' shrieking moans of displeasure
I dried off and put on my robe
And felt

Good

I felt good because you were waiting for me
I felt good because I was wet even though I was dry

06feb06

Dishes

It wasn't a line of diamonds
That made me happy tonight

It wasn't a full bank account with all the bills paid and money left over

It wasn't the promotions at work

It wasn't the way dinner came out

It wasn't how sore you made my chest

What made me happy tonite?

You did all the dishes.

All of them.

06feb06

Slivers and Crumbs

I'd fallen in love
Fell hard
And shattered
The most dangerous china cup

Broken vessel

Every part that made me up

Scattered and dangerous for everyone to see

Jagged deadly slivers

I cut everyone who tried to pick me up or steal a piece of me
And they threw me in the trash instinctively

I'd fallen in love
Fell hard
And exploded
Like the most dangerous china cup

Right before I broke
They filled me with cream
They filled me with chocolate
We drank each other with biscotti
We drank each other with flan
But as soon as lips were dry
And the china cup was empty
And too close to the table edge
Down I went
Into shards

Slivers

Crumbs

It's the tiniest cuts that hurt the most.

January 2006

Raindrops and Laundry

Winter is working hard
And I'm home with my man
The crisp breeze through our bedroom window
Is wrapped in ribbons of grins and hums

Winter has worked too hard
For now rain spatters from his mixing bowl
Into showers of a thief's diamonds that hit the sweaty brown back of a curvaceous and thick lover

Does Winter ever listen to the magic he has created?

How can something so wet be so snuggly?

More snuggly than a dogpile of clean hot laundry playing King of the Mountain on our bed
(the socks are winning)

It's nice having you on our couch.

17dec05

Breaking Windows
In Observance of World AIDS Day December 1, 2005

Almost 30 years

Almost 30 years

Birthdays
Deathdays
Devils live forever
Angels return home much too fast

Much too fast

And first there was death
And now there are "cocktails"
Waiting and crying
Dancing and setting sail

I can't accept the safe haven
I've lost too many that were worthy of love
And in their blinding rebirth I can scream to anyone
That treatment alone will never be enough

And today I sit anxious
Tail and whiskers twitching like a palm tree in a hurricane
Would it be better if I were dumb or homophobic
So as not to be the outsider looking in - which drives me quite insane

For once I'd like to break the windows
And not be on the outside
Maybe I could drive a bit
Or be shotgun and control the radio on such a long and annoying ride

I cannot help that the angel of death
Keeps flying past my house
Folks say I should be happy I'm healthy and alive
But I only stand to witness hardship and funerals feeling as helpless as a Churchmouse.

And I see warrior's strength and I get angry
I see teacher's gifts and I get angry
I see victim's defeat and I get angry
I see murderer's nonchalance and I get angry

And there's nothing like an angry Italian Scorpio.

Nothing.

I'm angry 'cos this doesn't have to be
I'm angry 'cos for once, I can't fix something and make it right
I'm angry 'cos I miss my friends and they keep dying and I'D WISH THEY'D **KNOCK IT OFF!**
I'm angry 'cos of the past 3 decades of this allowable plight

So come on and let me weep
And lie burning at your feet
Let my tears wash your dirt down the drain
Let my angels calm me down
And shove me back toward the ground
And I can appreciate our lives once again

I've seen your sadness
and your madness
How much more purposeful it is than mine
I've seen your celebration
And reincarnation
How much more purposeful it is than mine

See in me your ally
I'm a good screamer if you need a battle cry
And I've won many wars and battles on my own
I don't cut or bruise easily
I rather enjoy airing that quite breezily
So I can stand with you farther down the road

Let me be angry let me weep
Let me be ferocious let me be deep
For it's all for you, because I care
Let me kill myself for your last breath
Let me kill time and the angel of death
Let us all break the windows so we may awaken from this nightmare

11/29/05

Gifts

Breath
Laughter
Furry backside
Furry morning after

Dead telephones
Make the greatest sound
Snuggly sheets
To cuddle or pound

My rabbit king
My honeybreath man
My sleepover schoolmate
My blue sea fan

Dancing poodles
Bisexual fish
Bookend cats
Get their comfortable wish

Lights cameras
So much action
Sore furry holes
Sticky satisfaction

And finally

FINALLY!

You're not someone else's
You don't share me with your wife
You don't cheat on me or beat me up
Or make me hate my life

Bathroom books
Little poetic Frankensteins
You fueled my pen
During all this time

No second guesses
No drama
No nonsense
Unconditional love panorama

Every day I have gifts
Known unknown
Expensive
Homegrown

I keep pinching myself
All this time later
All in vain
My vindicator

I will never need Christmas again.

11/28/05

No one

No one in the world
Loved me like you do
No one in the world
It's just me and you
No one in the world
Keeps me up in bed all night laughing
No one in the world
Has made me enjoy this time passing
No one in the world
Loved me like I loved them
No one in the world
Will ever love me like this again

11/11/05

I Do Pray

Wayward angel
Who has blessed my rebirth (again)
And brightens everything
With one blink of ingenious eyes

Cuddle me
Saint of Saints
Who anoints and receives this sinner
Receives me in such a pleasurable way

Cover me
Heavenly Daddy
Save your servant who trusts in you
Rescue me with your moist brown safety en duplicate
Let's reside comfortably in my innocent blasphemy

My Joyful and Glorious mystery
Your tears are my stigmata and burn stronger and deeper
In nomine Patris, et Filii et Spiritus Sancti,
Gloria sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper et in saecula saeculorum

I kissed your feet
As one would do to any god
As one would do
After all their prayers had been
Answered
Infallibly
By that god

And now

My god greets me in our new condo
In a white t-shirt and tight red underwear

And I want to stay on my knees
Genuflecting before you until my knees and throat are raw
And tears stream from my closed eyes
Celebrating the coming of my Saviour

Repeatedly

As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end,
A man

I can finally call my own.
Bless me father for I can sin.

9/22/05

Saturday

Thoughts of the past
Hopes of tomorrow
Perfect love at last
And comfort does follow

Outside the window
Saturday afternoon
Snuggling in afterglow
With you in our bedroom

September timidly waves to us
And we cuddle in his breeze
Sunshine views without the fuss
Sharing a candle-lit balcony

I am in love
And other thoughts aren't insistent
Just the ceiling above
White, blank, and consistent

10sep05

I Am

I am not kinky sex
Though I enjoy it
I am not fisting and tight handcuffs
Though I know grand pleasure in those things
I am not foot-long dildos and nipple plugs
Though they are quite exquisite
I am not a blood fetishist
I just get carried away sometimes
And you never tell me to stop
I am not a sadist
I'm just naturally generous
I'm not a masochist
I'm just exceptional at bringing out the best in cowardly men

I am

Red walls and baths
And moans that aren't as strong as my laughs
I am music, paint, poetry, and sketchbooks
The moment and tomorrow
But I'm not talented
I only understand true sorrow
I am dress-up, mediocrity and tears
I am selfishness and nurturing
I'm your past and all that the future'll bring
I am hatred suppressed
And I am unconditional love
I am fat and ugly
And
I
Am
Fucking
Beautiful
Dried up and plentiful

I am more empathetic than Christ
And more deviant than Caligula
I am Gabrielle's silence and Lucifer's screams
I'm more fake than the silver screen

I am everyone you can't have
I am anyone you need me to be
But I am happiest
When I can let you be me

August 05

White Tuesday Morning

I woke up this Tuesday morning with you snuggled against my back
The morning light held conversation across my sheets
sheets that crave to be dry for just a few hours

I woke up this Tuesday morning with your breath on my neck
Your hand cupped over the most sensitive part of my chest
You were awake before me

Morning sex has never been this intense
Or needed

I woke up this Tuesday morning with you peeking at me through sexy sleepy eyes
Your huge hardness was peeking out of the top of your white underwear
Funny how your underwear can stay so white after all of our activities

I woke up this Tuesday morning with a million things on my to do list
And the first thing on that list
Was you

Morning sex has never been this intense
Or wanted

I woke up this Tuesday morning and ripped your white t-shirt from your big furry chest
The only sounds in the room was the rustle of sheets, my ripping of your white t-shirt, and a soft surprised
moan from your soft accommodating lips

And I don't think I've ever loved anyone

more

23aug05

Zero

As a little boy I was taught that zero's mean nothing
I'm older now and have learned most nothing's are something
I see more zero's written at the end of yearly death tolls
Of children and mothers and unfortunate new souls

As a Fed, I'm taught to ignore anything that don't promote Uncle Sam
But sometimes that good 'ol boy can be a dirty old man
HIV and AIDS in Africa is on a scale that is beyond anybody's belief.
Are there enough armbands and concerts and words to give the correct relief
The blinding figures are written down
All the zeros across the page roll off the desk onto the ground
Cousins, daughters, fathers, grandsons
Nephews, uncles, mothers and sons

And does Mandela's golden year's thought
Seem bittersweet through the years we have fought
Does he say to himself "Yes, we've conquered apartheid,
But how long can African mothers endure a new type of genocide."

On Gacaca* lawns would my tears and tongue be spread fast
To beg for a healing future so as not to defile the past
And a standing society says to me "Why care about Africa? Don't waste a tear get off your knees
But Africa is where man first walked, and I do anything I damn well please.

And how can intelligent man peacefully live with such a situation in our world?
I know I can't. – cenzo 28aug05

*In 1994, over a million Rwandan citizens were killed during the genocide perpetrated against the Tutsi and the massacres of Hutu opponents, planned and carried out by the previous government. Approximately three million people were forced into exile. The country was laid to waste. The institutions in charge of upholding the law (courts, police, prisons, etc.) ceased to function.

After the genocide, almost 130,000 people accused of having organized and taken part in it were put into prison in the worst possible conditions. Eight years on, around 125,000 are still in detention awaiting trial. A general amnesty was out of the question as the new government (Government of National Unity), the Rwandan people and the international community all agreed that those responsible for the genocide should be held accountable for their acts in order to eradicate the culture of impunity, reinforce respect for the law and uphold the principle of punishment for crimes.

The government came to the conclusion that a conventional European-style justice system could not be the only solution to the problems Rwanda was facing. This is why it began searching for alternatives in 1998. In 1999, this led to the proposal of an alternative justice system: the *Gacaca* (*pronounced guh cha cha*) jurisdictions, a new system of participatory justice (a reworking of the traditional community conflict resolution system) in which the whole of society would take part. In July 1999, the government published a paper on the "Gacaca jurisdictions", which was the follow-up document to a series of discussions with a number of groups of representatives of the Rwandan population and the international community. After several redrafts, the "Gacaca law" was adopted and published in March 2001.

The main principle of the Gacaca courts is to bring together all of the protagonists at the actual location of the crime and/or massacre, i.e., the survivors, witnesses and presumed perpetrators. All of them should participate in a debate on what happened in order to establish the truth, draw up a list of victims and identify the guilty. The debates will be chaired by non-professional "judges", the *inyangamugayo*, elected from among the men of integrity of the community, who will have to decide on the sentence for those found guilty. According to the government, the advantages of the new *Gacaca* jurisdictions will be as follows:

- Neither the victims nor the suspects will have to wait for years for justice to be done. This means the process will be sped up.
- The cost to the taxpayer for the upkeep of prisons will be reduced, enabling the government to concentrate on other urgent needs.
- The participation of every member of the community in revealing the facts of a situation will be the best way to establish the truth.
- The Gacaca courts will enable the genocide and other crimes against humanity to be dealt with much faster than the formal justice system. This should end the culture of impunity that currently exists.
- The new courts will put into practice innovative methods in terms of criminal justice in Rwanda, in particular sentencing people to Community Service to aid the reintegration of criminals into society.
- The application of the law should aid the healing process and national reconciliation in Rwanda, which is seen as the only guarantee of peace, stability and future development of the country, as well as obliging the Rwandan people to take political responsibility.

The people accused of genocide are divided into four categories:

- No. 1 Category: the planners, organizers and leaders of the genocide, those who acted in a position of authority, well known murderers and those guilty of rape and sexual torture.
- No. 2 Category: those guilty of voluntary homicide, of having participated or been complicit in voluntary homicide or acts against persons resulting in death, of those having inflicted wounds with intent to kill or who committed other serious violent acts which did not result in death.
- No. 3 Category: those who committed violent acts without intent to kill.
- No. 4 Category: those who committed crimes against property.

The accused in the first category will be judged by the ordinary courts, i.e., Courts of First Instance / Magistrates' Courts.

For all other cases the government created around 11,000 Gacaca jurisdictions, each made up of 19 elected judges known for their integrity. Over 254,000 of these civil judges were elected between the 4th and 7th October 2001 and received training in 2002 before the courts began to function.

There are four levels of jurisdiction for the different categories of crime (2, 3 and 4) tried by the Gacaca courts. Only the first and second categories may appeal. The judgements are then examined by the highest district and provincial levels of the administration.

The 9,201 Gacaca jurisdictions at "cell" level investigate the facts, classify the accused and try the fourth category cases (no appeals).

The 1,545 Gacaca jurisdictions at sector level are in charge of third category crimes.

The 106 Gacaca jurisdictions at district level hear the second category cases and the third category appeals.

The 12 Gacaca jurisdictions at provincial level or of Kigali are in charge of appeals of second category cases.

Three structures coexist at each jurisdictional level:

1. The General Assembly (at cell level, the entire population over the age of 18; at all other levels a group of 50 or 60 elected "people of integrity"),
2. The Chair: 19 judges in each jurisdiction,
3. The coordination committee made up of 5 people

The Gacaca courts do not have the right to pass the death penalty. Defendants who were aged between 14 and 18 at the time of the crimes receive sentences that are half as long as those for adults. Those who were less than 14 years old at the time are not sentenced and are set free.

With the exception of defendants in the second category who refuse to confess and plead guilty, it has been decided that all the other prisoners in categories 2 and 3 may serve half their prison sentences doing Community Service. The time already spent in prison will be deducted from this sentence.

The defendants in No. 4 Category will not be sentenced. If no agreement can be reached on the return of stolen or destroyed goods, the Chair of the cell's Gacaca jurisdiction will decide on the damages to be paid.

The new Gacaca system is based on a participatory justice system and on its reconciliatory virtues. According to the Justice Ministry, the population that was in the hills at the time of the genocide will be "witness, judge and plaintiff".

12 inches

My mind wanders
And I follow the sound of the music

I think of nothing
And miss my wings
And your backside
Listening to old songs
That once made me a god
But old things are like old records
Unimportant now
Though flickers of their importance
Spark from their dusty grooves

And I am dusty

And my grooves are worn
'cos I've been played so much
And enjoyed so much more
By so many

And now I can relax and enjoy my shelf life
'cos I know the old DJ will always pull me out
And include me in his play list whenever he gets the urge to spin

I'm a classic
With an easy intro
And a great ending
I am 12 inches of import, white-label, double promo-pack in coloured clear vinyl

Limited edition

No pops, no snaps, no crackles
Just the dusty film

Just the dust

On my corners

That started me thinking of nothing in the first place.

02aug05

To Kill a Hummingbird

We spoke for 7 hours on Saturday night
You and I, on the phone
7 hours here, 5 hours there, 3 hours every weeknight
And these hours with you are hummingbird wings
As is this life we've been sharing
Apart

I feel the breeze of the hummingbird wings
The breeze feels good yes,
But the wings are made of steel
The same steel that forges the double-edged swords of this world
And beyond.

And I've been bleeding and cut up from these swords
And my wounds are filled with diamonds
That drip and fall out of my eyes
My wounds are filled with firewood
That ignite my soul and my fingers
My wounds are filled with semen
Yours and mine
Thick...opal-esque...delicious
My wounds are filled with paper
On which are drawn worlds almost as beautiful as you

My wounds are many
My scars are more
But the hummingbird wings are infinite
Almost as infinite
As the pleasure inside your dark eyes
Your dark suns
Smoldering and murderous
For they are a dozen shiny summer crows
And with all these wings around me
My feline inclinations make me hard and hungry
For more of you.

And I could pounce on you.
And I could lick your ears with a sandpaper tongue
And you could lick your impatient moistness and unnecessary flesh from my claws.
I could pounce on you.
And I could rip you a little bit
And tear you a little bit more
And you'd be a virgin every night
And *then* I'd see you – deep inside
'cos deep inside you've shown me you can be feline too
You've shown me your furry tendencies numerous times
You've shown me your furry tail numerous times
Numerous times
You've shown me your furry pole numerous times
Numerous times

And that's just dandy

Lion

'cos I'd be your pole cat any time!

MEOW!

But I digress

Let's run off toward the moon on eight little feet
Underneath the thick red perfume of the hummingbird wings
Let's swat at those hummingbirds
For my owner hasn't de-clawed me yet
And I've such a taste for their flesh

Wouldn't you?

Let's run off toward the stars – the stars I created for you
Years ago
When I was only six years old and there were no stars in the sky right when I definitely knew what I
needed to wish for

And what was it for which I wished?

What was it I wished for twenty-seven years ago?

What I wished for

Was
You.

And I knew I needed to wish right then and there
For the hummingbirds had already started their incessant fluttering.
I knew I needed to wish right then and there for that would be the only wish
That was to ever

Ever

Come true.

21jul05

Have A Beer

I'm thick
Because of thoughts of you
So now your beer can's ready for a swig

It's full and brimming
But far from cold
It's warm with a big head
But goes down so easily.

Obviously.

27jul05

Deep Rest
(originally started November '01. Discovered and completed July '05)

Depression is a smelly homeless man asking for help and needing it
But considered a joke.

*"Get up, get on your feet
Get up and get a job,
Stop pulling the hoax!"*

Just pass him by

No one could care
Just deal with it
No one could care
That you're feeling it.
It comes and goes
Like a "just happened" affair
And if you're unlucky enough
It will stay by your side
Through the thick and thin
And all the hours in between
Until you find out how much it likes to lie.

Just pass him by

No one could care about you
No one could care without you

I've been good
I've been bad
I've let go
I've held on
For such a long

Long
Time now.

I couldn't think today
I couldn't think of a thing to say
It's a thick vellum sky
And the trees look just as I
Do.
Barren and stuck there forever
Waiting
To change
Or fall over.

I can falsely laugh and smile
Though happiness has taken a vacation for an extended little while.

But I realize the cruise is coming to an end
On the Deep Blue Me
The sails are falling down
The wind is fading fast
And the sun may look good in a few months.

At least I haven't written any postcards

July 05

Yet
(In homage to Billie Holiday)

Am I not sleepy
Because you are not here in my bed?

Of course.

I crave you at different times
Throughout my days and nights
I feel more alone than Billie Holiday
On her worst night without heroin
'Cos I know why I'm feelin' so sad
I've tried
Something I've never had
A huggin' an' a kissin'
And that's exactly what I've been missin'
Loverman
I know where you be
But it ain't here with me

Yet

I know why I'm feelin' so sad
I gotta sun above me
I got someone to love me
Loverman
I know where you be
But it ain't here with me

Yet.

20jul05

Walking Upright

Good ass won't keep calling you on the phone
A million guys a night still means that you're alone
Toys and kink can't get in you as deeply as honest words
The best sex don't last as long as the journey of the world
A thousand nightly chat room hours that take precedent over valuable lifetime
Can't compete with the daily morning minute gazing into a husbands eyes
Wet momentary thrills with new strangers fallaciously fill remainders of hope
And that wetness eases the glide down solipsism's darkening slope
Is the correct decision to be made too unbearable. Should you have been twins?
Happy tears of unconditional monogamous love can wash away your sins
The primitive carnal ancestry and cravings don't keep us hard and sexy and funky
They keep us caged like anxious maniacal monkeys

And if someone should open your cage
Don't go back inside.

It's a cage.

Run

RUN

RUN!

It's okay
You see I'm okay.
I busted out of mine months ago.

13jul05

36135
(I'm dying)

Where I am
I won't say
But it hurts.

Could I cry enough to satisfy
My anxious nights and mournings?
Can I grab your brightness
And cuddle it and keep it here with me after your next visit?

Make me laugh
For my laughter says more than I'm thinking.

Where I am
I won't say
But it hurts.

Carry me in your big hands
And I see how big you are
When I hear you trickle as my eyes are closed.

Could you tell me your fears
That capsize you on your way home?
Could you allow me to help you
Conquer your monster's and your Ex's broken mirrors?

*I have shards deep in my flesh too
That have broken off in my blood
And have traveled up to my brain
And the shards fragment and cut more
They make cuts like paper-cuts on my eyes
And I'm forced to swim in an ocean of soft yellow salt
Devoid of eyelids.*

Could I search deep in your eyes
And realize your gaze is all I need to live?
Could I taste your neck and recall and revel in the sweet jump rope games of umbilical solitude?

Where I am
I won't say
But it hurts.

And I'm dying.

I'm dying.

I'm dying to show you what marriage is supposed to feel like.
I'm dying to show you how brilliant you are
I'm dying to show you how it feels to love someone unconditionally.
I'm dying to wake up with you for the next 36,135 days
And if after that I'm still dying
Blow me the kiss that makes me realize I've been alive the most I've ever been.

Where I am
I can't say
But it hurts.

And I have passed the test of time.

13jul05

Tim'm's B-day Poem

Are we really 33?

More like 3,333.

For we have walked in lives for thousands of years,
though separately until last September.

My present is words
Truth and make-believe
Just like you.

And in you I nabbed a friend
When I seemed to be at my end
But realized it was only my beginning
Callow lily weeks
Kitchen tile floor leaks
And Godiva Fridays to keep us grinning

When I saved everyone else and I got broke
You saved me and someday we'll joke
About Captain Crunch and Cheese ball dinners
But we survive
And we stay alive
Like anyone who's a natural winner

We're always thirsty from the saltyness of our watersigns
From creations to desires that definitely have their own minds
But we know how to quench them at a moments' notice
And as the nights get longer
And crows' feet step stronger
You know how to be satiated for this

A gallery hall
A red membrane wall
And a headboard of nightly men who all moan the same
Furry feline befriending
Virgin cat lover consternation
Whisker lengths away from true fame

You can be a spark
When everyone's night is too dark
And you glow like the tip of your incense
And your smoke lingers and spills
On black boys' fingers and windowsills
As your sensitivity drowns them and your ember grows to a flame all too intense

After 33 more birthdays will we still be there
Would you still ask me to wash your hair
As I tell you stories of what used to be
Or will there be a 409
Somewhere else in a future time
To start or end another journey

26june05

Framed

I've been in a million pictures
And that's where I'm happiest

sometimes

when I'm in the frame
of the lens
or the frame itself
I'm perfect
I'm a hottie
I'm a stud
I'm beautiful
I'm thin
I'm attractive
I'm the little boy I love so very much

But it's all light and angle and photoshop
It's the right shot
The right time
The right lie

For I'm not as handsome
Outside the frame
But you don't care, do you?
'cos in your big brown eyes
You see me
You see the little boy
Who never knew beauty
But was beautiful 24-7
You see me
As I'd like to see me
And you convince me
That I'm a star
That I'm beautiful
But you can't convince me
You can't con Vince

I try to believe you
I try to accept

But the bad and jealous old men
Scurry through my head
Their thin legs and dry wings clicking and clicking
Crawling behind my eyes
Disturbing my vision
Corrupting the site of my face
My nose
The circles under my eyes
The scar on my forehead
The acne scars
The wide nose
The chins
The jowls (The wide nose)
The big ears
The grey hairs (The wide nose)
The crooked lips
The lazy left eye
The brown boring eyes
The bent eyelashes (The wide nose)
If the doctor's cut me up
And placed the perfect puzzle
I'd still be the same
And I'd remember
Everything

And I'd still look good
Framed

A lot less work
But I'd still be the same
And you would love me still
Wouldn't you.

22jun05

Lullaby

This is a poem of love

Nothing more
Nothing less

Come here my darling
My love
My life
Come here my darling

And let me hurt you
Like you like it

My bite
And your scars

You
And I

We are all Perfect matches

Let's play tic-tac-toe
in those scratches on your inner-thigh
you like it don't you
you like it as much as I
do.

Come here my love
Come here my darling

Bear down on this
Thing
You can't break it
It's not that big
If I can take it you can take

Come here my dear
Come here my sweet

These walls are embarrassed by my moans
These lamps are envious of the way you twitch
From that menacing electric shock
That runs through you after I flick the switch

Come here my sweet...
Come here lover...

I still have feelings in my fingers
I think these cuffs need to be tighter
I'm intrigued by the marks they leave
But more intrigued as to why your knuckles are turning whiter and whiter

Come here mein schatz
Come here amante mio

Wrap me up in your slick liqueur
That drips from these burning sheets
When I was little I learned of a man who turned water into wine
Though I doubt his wine was ever this sweet.

Come here dandy lion
Come here sugar plum

Bring me your heaven and make me see your stars underneath this blindfold
Taste how my milky way has drenched this view
Looks like we got carried away again my friend
But it's always interesting to see the candy cane colours that spill and spatter and spew out of you

'Cos that's what happens when you make me as impatient as our orifices
We both know we can be brutal thumbs to butterfly wings
But it's all by accident of course!
For how could anyone plan out and execute such deviant things?

Come here my love
Come here my sweet

Let me lick my sweat off your forehead
Let me give you a bath and change the sheets
And I've one more demand after you're all dry -
Would you sing me a lullaby so we may go to sleep

20june05

Acqua

Happy birthday
Little one
Miles away in may
Under a burning sun

Though it's not as hot as you.

Estoy bellaco
Mio amante
(I'm horny
My love)
There's never just one day

That I don't stop thinking of you.

New memories, new words
An ocean that was all ours
And when it rained on us in the water
We played and splashed in a sea of diamonds & stars

But the sight wasn't as beautiful as you.

And you held me
You bounced me on your knees with my legs wrapped around your waist
In the water that rocked and groped the both of us
And it was salty kisses the water made us taste

And there's nothing like a kiss from you

I told you it was that moment I'd remember forever
You holding me in the buoyant sea
With the aggressive waves showing off their sadistic side
For they rammed and spanked both you and me

And I loved drowning in those moments holding you.

4 nights, 4 days
Me, you, the ocean, and hotel room
A birthday cake with both our names
And a dozen red heart-shaped balloons

That I quietly blew up in the bathroom while you were sleeping.

I liked camping out in our room
Only leaving to go to a restaurant or the beach
I had you down my throat countless times
And your virgin hole was quite the treat

I guess I'm rubbing off on you, for you didn't seem to mind when I made you bleed.

I have more memories than pictures this time
From our Caribbean escapade
And I've been cherishing and reliving each one
From the classy plantain dinner, to the multiple times getting laid.

And these memories are more important than my life right now.

I told you I'd do anything for you
I'd walk through fire or beat up the sky
Well I pretty much survived this sunburn, so that should count as walking through flames
And when we parted separately for our homes, yours in NY and mine in DC, I didn't cry.

Much.

See you soon.

5/29/05

Tribe

When I woke up tonight
And the sky felt the moons' blazing kiss
My dreams and poetry and cravings
Were tangled like my hair in your fist

We've tasted each other before
Before we entered this place
So we ignite this penchant now
Though we've never seen each other's face

In a world of moths and burning candles
Resist your fluttering I can't
Don't ignore me brother
Now listen to our cousin's chant

Listen
And they say
Hey
HEY

HEY!

Are you one of my tribe?
You're one of my tribe

The best things in life
Are never thought out
The best kind of decadence
Is decadence without doubt

Don't think too much
Not here tonight
In a craving like this
Every wrong is right

Don't waste time figuring out what to wear
I've something here that just might do
Come over here and see how this feels
Try me on – I'd look good on you

Like cats that cohort and scream
Like cat's who love the prowl
Come over here my big boy kitty
Get over here and make me howl

Wet alley cats and pretty boy junk
Like alley cats that know who to fuck
At the club or on the street
Let's hurry home and stain some sheets
Knowing glances, rising ego's
Desire tweaking and it's away that we go
Restroom stall show and tell
I'll never ask I'll never sell
Passing still life don't you dare
Concrete soul too late to care
Take my hand bite my tongue
Moist back alley chainlink fun
Furry backside sampled taste
Underclothing twisted haste
And this rosary lies around my neck indeed
To double quite nicely as anal beads
A wanted moment lasts a lifetime
When I was yours and you were mine

I was yours and you were mine

When I woke up tonight the moon raped my lips
Tangle me up in your tongue and your fist
We've tasted each other in dreams before
Come dance with me brother
Dance with me some more

Dance with me

Are you one of my tribe?

25may05

Death

Learn from the Scorpio
for death is birth.

shedding

releasing

popping

"...ages of lives...where I should have been..."

because we cannot feel their hands
does not mean they still can't touch us

because we cannot lick their lips
does not mean they still can't kiss us

because we cannot look upon them
does not mean we can't see them when our eyes are closed.

and we will always see our friends
when our eyes are big and brown and widely closed.

April 2005

I Finally Slept in my Friends' Bed

The greatest nights in April
I have experienced
Alone

As are some of the greatest nights in my life
I have experienced
Alone

I dreamt last month of a beautiful Arizona sunrise
Coloured in my fantastic purple, red, orange, yellow and white
And it was the foreboding of the DC night tonight

My freedom
My emancipation
My trepidation
My conquering
My butterfly inclinations
My happiness
My happiness
My
Happiness

Found

In my friends' bed

Alone

My friend who said he was proud of me
I thought I was dreaming
Hearing his angelic voice as I do sometimes
Maybe I was dreaming and that'd be okay too

For dreams are more than okay

For I dream in colour and taste and smell and feel
And the dreams in black and white are the one's that always come true

And I dreamt while sleeping in my friends' bed
Alone
This DC April night

Heaven on earth
Heaven in bed

I dreamt and felt and fantasized
In my friends' bed
Alone

I dreamt maybe too much
For I had to wash the sheets more than 3 times since Thursday. And it's only Saturday morning,
now.

I dreamt of my Angel
I dreamt of my Baby
I dreamt of Myself
Father, Son, and Holy Poet

My Sublime Trinity

Fantastic dreams
In my friends' bed
Alone

17apr05

Released*

Hell has no greater fury or rage
than a jilted Scorpio that only lives to love

When you said you loved me
When you showed me you could care
When you promised to be a part of me
You promised you would always be there
Did you really mean to kill me?
Were you ever really pleased
Sometimes I hate you more than I've ever hated anyone
I hate you for making me kill my memories

I know revenge is sweet for I've tasted it a million times
But it's that bitter aftertaste that makes it not to be enjoyed
It's hard to believe that these past 5 years
Is something you've been meaning to destroy

You gave me all the useless crap I could ever want
I gave you everything you never needed
You gave me coldness, degradation, and chastising
When I tried to save us and cried and pleaded.

I looked away from your cheating and your computer's "favourite's" list
And your other playpen's of enjoyment that weren't mine
I looked away from the lies, insults, and fake monogamy
I looked away but saw it all the time.

I gave you gardens of roses
I gave you little gifts and toys
I sacrificed unto you my soul and life and poetry
Only to be discarded and cheated on with young dumb boys

I made you homemade pasta every weekend
I was the only one to clean your floors and bathrooms on my hands and knees
And it wasn't a big deal 'cos I was in love with you
But now I see I was a fool who just wanted to believe

I even cared for your grandmother, carried her up and down all our flights of stairs
I enjoyed her 97 years of history, her feistyness and class
Heaven forbid you should care for anyone but yourself
I was the one who would change her soggy sheets and wipe the constant cancerous diarrhea
from her ass

Because, unlike you, I loved her more

And could I orgasm in the revenge I could take upon you?
Of course, I could, oh what sweet memories through my revenge have sang
But time and your loneliness will be the ones to kill you, not me this time
Bad penny return from whence you came.

*You ought to be ashamed of your behaviour
In treating me this way
As if I have deserved
To be some ditch
In which
to vomit your ire
Someday someone's gonna douse your bonfire*

*Go yourself, and make a crucial team in your dying world
And apology is a word
I've never ever heard
In your vocabulary
I'm just another victim in one of your paper back murder mysteries*

*When you said you loved me
When you said you could care
When you promised*

You promised

YOU

PROMISED

*to be a part of me
You promised you would always be there
Did you really mean to kill me?
Could you ever unconditionally love or please
You have made me a murderer
For I've killed all our memories*

*Beginning and ending stanzas (italicized) adapted and reconstructed from "My Brain is Like a Sieve" by Thomas Dolby.

03.30.05

He kisses me

In the words he releases from powerful and tender lips
Words that are tender and sensual suckling newborn felines
Playful as the dreams and little feet of those felines

He kisses me

In the sense he makes
When I can't make sense
And then he is a father
A daddy
though younger than me

He kisses me

When his feelings stampede forth from his eyes
And I can feel his tears
And I hear the sound they make, resonating off of my soul

He kisses me

In the smiling and laughter I emit
The happiness I roll around with
That burns stronger than the hottest day in Puerto Rico

I close my eyes
To the sound in his skies
And I feel him

Sometimes he makes me feel
Mmmm hmmmmm hmmmmm hmmmm mmmm
Mmmmmmm mmmmmmm

And some times he makes me feel
Nngh tss nnggh tss nnggh tss NngghNngghNnggh Tss Nnggh tss Nnggh tss

And when I close my eyes
I can see him
In the shower
The water petting his furry chest
The water hugging his thick thighs
Almost as tightly as I can

I close my eyes and I am in his mouth
As he is backed up on my face
And I taste and devour that sexy furry bit
The part right between his hole and his hangings
That is so exclusively him
That is my heaven
That furry bit that keeps me starving
He kisses me

And he don't even have to be here
'cos he's 231.64 miles away from me every day

Everyday

And on days like those days
I think of you
Like I thought of you then

I thought of your kisses
I thought of your words
I thought of your scent in my bed and on my face
I thought of the sound of you leaving the hotel room
and thought you may leave me forever

a small part of me thought you may leave me forever

I thought of you today
I thought of you yesterday
I thought of you the day before that
I thought of you the week before that with all the days in between
I thought of you that Sunday
I thought of you that Saturday
I thought of you that Friday
I couldn't believe the things I thought that Thursday.

That Thursday in March.
Peeking over menu's
Peeking over memories
Peeking at the future

Your white clingy shirt
your Cheshire smile
the way you squeezed my arm

the way you squeezed my arm

was

heaven

and you are still

my

god.

31mar05

Big boys don't cry

Big boys don't cry
At least not in front of you they don't
Big boys don't cry
Unless they're tucked away inside their home
Big boys don't cry
'cos you told us not to since we could walk
Big boys don't cry
But tears came before we could ever talk
Big boys don't cry
'cos in time your ridicule is wasted
Big boys don't cry
'cos cruelty and loneliness can be satiated
Big boys don't cry
We know of better things
Big boys don't cry
'cos we're not so big inside our dreams
Big boys don't cry
Just 'cos we ain't ht/wt proportionate
Big boys don't cry
'cos we won't be one of your contortionists
Big boys don't cry
'cos there are enough of us to give
Big boys don't cry
'cos there are enough of us that live

All I feel is the back of your hand when you say "...but you still have a pretty face
And you'd be really hot, if you had a 45in chest, 20in arms, 25in thighs and a 29 inch waist
"Then you'd be hottie you'd have a line to you around the bar of all the guys you'd be able to
entice!"
Great. I didn't realize I was missing out on so much, whatever would I have done without your
advice.

So I'm happy with my stats of 51 16 30 44
And so is my date that tells me I'm quite all right
And so here's one big boy
Who ain't gonna be cryin' tonight.

02.05

Any More

Isn't it amazing
How life can be a daydream

When you think that you're in love
When you think love is enough

Little by little the hidden feelings
Start to claw their way up to the ceiling

And everything you loved about me starts to dissipate
And everything I do and say is everything you hate

I don't think I love you
Anymore
I don't think I need you
Anymore
I don't think I want you
Anymore
'Cos you never loved me
Anyway

5 years of you tarnished my confidence and dreams
I once was a diamond but now I'm just a broken stolen bubblegum machine plastic ring

You know just how to hurt me; you've become quite the pro
You can turn and twist and convolute; you are the best in show

But it's okay my peace is mine
There's nothing lost but time

You're the one at 53, still trickin' and hoin' running to the bars and bookstores
I have my love, and now, the love of someone else - and you can't hurt me anymore.

03.05

I'm Never Letting You Go Back to Heaven Unless You Take Me With You

There's a line I've heard, someone's even said it to **me** and it goes:

"Are you okay? Are you alright?"

You must have hurt yourself when you fell from heaven!"

Now don't roll your eyes, yes even I thought it was quite absurd

But...but

Lo and behold!

Sweet Mercy Me!

Bless My Soul!

I Do DECLARE!

A GENTLEMAN CALLER!!

Because it **is** quite grand...

And yes, I just think you did

Fall right from the sky

You can't be of this earth

You can't be and I'll tell you why...

You enjoy the things I have to say

And when we speak our minds race to the same destination

We get there at the same time

And we can say what's in our hearts without resignation

My face hurts from smiling

and my dreams are filled with you

I never experienced happiness beating out despair

I've never met someone who could fall in love just like I do

I keep waiting for your wings to pop out

Or your halo to ignite the entire darkest night

I can't wait to touch you again

Or have you take me upon another passionate flight

In your arms you carry me

Up toward your heavenly home

The stars grazing my hot cheeks

And the clouds covering their ears from my moans

You can't get an angels' taste off of your lips

Not that I want to try

But they leave their mark upon us human kind

Burned into our hearts is the echo of their loving sigh

And how fortunate am I

To have you visit me in my dreams

I'm never alone or unhappy now

I'm never far from your touch it seems

So don't go back to heaven too soon

You have to promise to stay with me until I die

Then I can come over to your place and we can continue hangin' out

Fluttering and glowing in an eternal End of Winter sky

03.05

Let me love you

You selfish prick

You imitation superman

I won't get off your cape
You'll drag me around for the rest of your life
Until you let me love you
'Cos I don't take "no"
and I don't handle refusal calmly
'cos that's how I'm made
I can't help that
So get over it

Let me love you

Then
Maybe you can sleep at night
Maybe you can build your buildings
Maybe you can figure out the way
On paper
To move your goddamn mountains

Let me love you

Christ, you're more selfish than I am
You bastard
And I'm a scorpio - AND an only child

Let me love you

Then
Maybe you can really create
Maybe you can understand where laughter really comes from and what laughter really is
Maybe you can learn how to cum

Let me love you

Then
Maybe you can realize you are not so damn special
Maybe you can see you're no fucking messiah
Maybe you can appreciate the tenderness of skin rather than
The routine handling of paper and car keys and cell phones and keyboards and palm pilots that
you always seem to lose

and I always seem to finish

Let me love you

Christ, you let men fuck you and cum inside you and then disregard you after
And all I want to do is hug & kiss you friendly-like every time I see you
And tell you I love you without having you get all bent out of shape

Let me love you

Christ, I'm not talking about china patterns or rings or brooms
Don't worry, I won't corrupt your world with my condoms or wants of safe sex and emails that say
how fuckin' sexy you are just to say how fuckin' sexy you are

Let me love you

Then
Maybe you can appreciate a real man when you look in the mirror
Maybe you can stop feeling so complicated
Maybe you can stop feeling so nauseated
Maybe you can stop being so goddamn nauseating

To me

You're lucky you're cute
And you are lucky

You

Are

Lucky

That I love you

I

Love

You

Amazing how three little worlds can cause such a big deal

I

Love

You

So there

I said it
But more importantly
I'm the only man in your life
Who's ever meant it

17feb05

Some of us know why we are here. Some of us exist. Some of us are useless. Some of us don't know how special we are. Some of us exist to point out how special some **of** us are. Some of us are gods. Some of us are loved. Some of us know how to really fuck. Some of us are gifted. Some of us are incredibly stupid for not choosing to love. Some of **us** are divine. Some of us are pure evil. Some of us are wealthy but poor. Some of us are broke but rich. Some of us are wealthy and rich. Some of us **know** how to laugh but are never happy. Some of us cry all **the** time but are never sad. Some of us are givers. Some of us are takers. Some of us are giver and takers. Some of us are sadistic and masochistic. Some of us hate. Some of us lie. Some of us hate liars. Some of us work harder. Some of us are lucky. Some of us know how to indulge. Some of us know the **meaning** of peace. Some of us understand hunger. Some of us get it. Some of us get it too much. Some of us are gorgeous and ugly. Some of us are unattractive and beautiful. Some of us are feline. Some of us are canine. Some of us are fighters. Some of us are warriors. Some of us are victims. Some of us are rescuers. Some of us are saints. Some of us are insane. Some of us can fly. Some **of** us are deaf and blind. Some of us are good impressionists. Some of us sleep. Some of us can't. Some of us take revenge on **life** by living it.

2/14/05

Rain

Why don't you like the rain
The sphere's of life
From heaven

When it rains
Pieces of heaven fall right upon us
Pieces of heaven fall right in our mouths

When it rains
You can cry all you want
And no one can tell

When it rains
Collect the pearls on your skin
Smooth them in and become more luminescent

When it rains
Enjoy it

I'm happy when I'm wet
Aren't you?

When it rains
The heat is restrained
The parchedness retreats

When it rains
Life is allowed to live
The world can grow a bit more

When it rains
Photographs are evenly lit
The gray sky resembles your shyness

And that makes me smile

When it rains
Tea tastes so much better
Life tastes so much better
And rain makes my spices grow
So my food tastes that much better

When it rains
A million memories start the tap dance on my mind
A million things to do splash around my water sign
A million visions unlock the gears and cause them to unwind
A million raindrop's stinging kisses bring the peace most cannot find

2/14/05

Saved

You were perfect, though I didn't know your treachery. You were all that was regarded well, though you were nothing. You told me I was nothing.

"...LOOK AT WHAT THE FUCK YOU LOOK LIKE COMPARED TO ME YOU FAT FUCK!"

That's what you would say to me.

I was young, you were old. I am young, you are old.

Maybe you're dead.

I don't know what happened to you, and I told myself not to care, but you haunt me - though even a lazy ghost - you haunt me. In my waking hours sometimes. You haunt me in the men I see who are like you, whom I hate without even getting to know (But I know).

You haunt me as only you can

"...LOOK AT WHAT THE FUCK YOU LOOK LIKE COMPARED TO ME YOU FUCKIN' GUINEA WOP!"

I tried to save you as I thought you'd saved me, but it was you whom I needed saving from.

What did I know
At 20 years old
Mamma knew more
Daddy wasn't home

Ma' was always right
About the losers in my life
But she never know the things
You made me hide so far inside

You hooked me in with your age
Your classy debonair affront
Polo shirts and penny-loafers
But a real man is what you wasn't

I didn't think it a big deal
Supporting you all that time
As a kid I only saw one breadwinner
And I thought I fulfilled my duty next in line

I thought there was magic when we met
As I danced alone on the dancefloor
Through the crowd you fought to reach me
And through my heart your romantic words soared

Beginnings are always good though
But there's no beginning without an end
With you the end came first - I learned
And the beginning came years later spilling from my pen

I never knew true fear until I lived with you
I never knew hatred could come on so strong
Your smoke and liquid treachery
Made two years seem so very long

LOOK AT WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE COMPARED TO ME YOU FUCKIN' UGLY SPIC!

And I thought I could help you
Not turn away as everyone in your life had done
I stayed to save you and love you
When I should have packed and run

The first time it happens
We think it's only our fault
And you use that weapon against us
Teaching us our wounds do better with salt

And how many wounds were there?
Did I ever think I'd still remember
Each cut, each bruise, each broken bone
Each touch from you that wasn't tender

But could it be your words hurt more
Than pushing me off balconies, pushing me down stairs
Concrete tumbings damaged my spine and ankles, sure
But it's your taunts that still hang rusty in the air

..."LOOK AT WHAT THE FUCK YOU LOOK LIKE COMPARED TO ME, DRESSIN' LIKE SOME
FUCKIN' NIGGER, YOU FUCKIN' NIGGER LOVER!"

I tried to escape through the bedroom window one nite
The curtains around my face and neck were your way to pull me back
But the blood has long since dried and the pains have gone away
But yes, it's your words that were the ultimate attack

I think of my life now and the happiness that is real
I know my paycheck won't be missing and I can go dancing in New York
I won't get a dinner plate smashed across my face
Just because you were drunk and I forgot to place the salad fork

I can go to sleep soundly
I don't have to sleep in the bathtub with a metal stool propped against the door
There's no one to rip me from my sleep
And rape my ass with things from the kitchen drawer

And I saw you years later years ago
Homeless with no matching shoes and a scraggily gray beard
A two-sizes too small pink t-shirt
While in your hey-day you'd think that outfit too weird

And I could only think of one thing to say to you

Only one thought came across my mind

And I said unto you:

“Look at what you look like compared to me”.

02.01.05

My Rio

I smell the corner café cup of coffee
Breakfast just some yards from the beach
Paradise within reach
Green fruit jelly and the platters of classy breakfast feast
A banquet of food for only 8 bucks
Avenida Atlantico breakfast just for me

The beauty of the passers by
The beauty of the time passing by
And it matters not
The water
The sand
The Brazilian men (Brazilian gods) playing volleyball
Pushing the limits of their bikini's
The brown babies
Their earthen legs

And the girls!

Pushing the limits of desire
Making me forget
Just for a moment
That I'm homosexual

My Avenida Atlantico
I miss you
Your sights
Your sun
Your ocean
Your music
Your food
Whether at the classy Marius churrascario
Or the after-clubbing midnight snack
Of fried egg and spinach atop a hamburger made on the portable stovetop
Connected to the back of Mr. Señors car

And outside the club
The hunky prostitute boys
With their big chests and dark nipples
Huge asses and tiny waists
Sun-fucked skin and thick thighs
See their own paradise in me
In this foreigner
That might take them away
Back to America
Back to the Marriott
To any place but the street
The long encompassing Brazilian 2 a.m. street
And did I see your brother earlier?
Begging for money at the market
I gave him some rails
I thought he could get some French fries or ice cream or a hamburger
Anything a 9 year old might like
But I saw him a half hour later

Smoking a cigarette
Like a Brooklyn thug
And he didn't look 9 years old anymore
But through the dirt smudges
He was beautiful
I wanted to hug him and take him away from that cigarette
Bring him home
And take him to McDonalds and Toy's R Us every Friday after he'd done well in school
Like my Ma and Gramma used to do with me
I will never forget his face
That he could make old or young at whim
Or his hair that was onyx feathers
But a little dusty like a cat that hasn't given himself a bath for a while

And I will never forget you, Rio
Your islands
Your Ipanema
Your Copacabana
And I can honestly say I found Jesus
Just a short steep train ride
And there he is
Among the clouds
Appearing as if he'd sing some Diana Ross song
Only a couple of bucks to see him
And what a view from his feet to the land below

Such happiness I felt
I received smiles from everyone
When there is not much there for them to smile about
There on the sidewalks of the inner city park the children sleep alone
No Ma, no Dad, no Gramma
No Toys-R-Us, but there is a McDonalds there at the corner.
And there are mothers there too begging for anything for the day
With their babies in their arms
Or someone else's baby in their arms

And I went to that McDonalds and bought 80 American dollar's worth of cheeseburgers. And I took that food to the park and passed them out to the children who looked to me with deep dark brown wonderment and hunger. And the police came and grabbed me and told me I couldn't do that and demanded to know who I was and demanded my passport and identification and demanded I not feed the children lying alone on the concrete without their parents. The police grabbed me and before they took me away I threw the bag of cheeseburgers in the air and they fell to the children so slowly. The fluttering and scurrying was more dizzying than any plaza or courtyard of ravenous pigeons. And I cried.

But the children didn't cry that day

They smiled at me
Always smiling
Always smiling, my Rio
That's why I love you
Your tram ride
Your flowers
Your country
Your jungle
Your vultures

Your markets
Your waiters
Your Carmen Miranda museum that the government barely funds and is slowly abandoning 'cos
they still
Despise

Her

so

Obrigado, meu Rio
Voltarei a você
(Thank you, my Rio
I will come back to you)

And let you love me again
And let you come inside me
'cos we'd be monogamous to each other
And we could have breakfast every morning
At my corner café

02/05

Mango

My forbidden fruit
From where on earth did you come?
You're not like the others
Easily pitted and undone

An orange is kinda sexy
An apple is no big deal
A banana is...well, a banana
But a mango is so surreal

Take a piece
Of this forbidden fruit
And taste what I taste
When I taste you

And what I like to taste is your little star
That feels and tastes just like this fruit
This texture and gloss are quite sublime
This texture and gloss are just like you

Twitching, twitching
Little star
How I wish
You were close, not far

Deep inside
dark flesh so sweet
You're not with me now
So I have this to eat

Am I crazy, am I touched
Do I give in to sin too fast?
Oh no my sweet confection
I'm just addicted to good ass

You see, I can't get enough
Of the meat that you both possess
I'll be your god when you want me to
Rip and suck and caress

I'm here to help you my handsome prince
I'm here to learn from you my beautiful goddess
But as talented and moist as you both could be
Compared to mine your tongue is a novice

We're all put on this earth
To do some specific task
Yours must be to just be thick and sweet
And I'm just a connoisseur of ass

So share with me this passionate flesh
That fits so nicely in my hand
Then shove yourself down upon my lips
And explode fiercely so I know you understand...More mangos anyone?

Traveling Home

Ciao Bella
Que se dice, amica
Mio paisan

You welcomed me like my Gramma used to
With loving and bountiful open arms.

I could have lived in my hotel room forever
Old world class under 18 foot ceilings,
With a perfect view of the Via di Ventura
Where Sofia Loren and Gina Lollobrigida sent men's (and women's) hearts reeling.

You left me bleeding
After slicing me up with your razor style,
I reminisce of your outside café's
Watching the pretty girls in stiletto's sashay effortlessly for miles.

The Spanish Steps in all their glory
How I could have slept there on ya'
Then wake up and walk right down the street
And spend the afternoon reveling in Dolce & Gabanna.

When I was with you, Roma
Io Sono no demiei bollenti di amore -
(that means 'I wasn't far from the world of love')
But I was a million miles away from any worry.

After nights with Rome I slept with Capri
And all Her Sisters and Brothers,
Anna Capri and Marina Grande
And countless, nameless, beautiful others.

Beaches of soft stones and bougainvilleas in bloom
If I'd stayed any longer
Those Italian 'lil daddies
Would surely have been my doom.

And the food was heaven
For it was sinful in it's' simplicity.
Fresh, hand-picked tiny purple tomatoes
Completed a bruschetta by moonlight that was bliss to me.

It was wonderful to see where some
of my ancestors came from
But then I was off to Greece
Where more of my bloodline runs

And how do I explain
Heaven at every turn?
This is what I dreamt of,
This is for what I had yearned.

Was I really there?
Was I dreaming and in need of a few pinches and pin-pricks?
No, I was there in the hot and handsome city
Right before the 2004 Olympics.

And I felt free and was irresponsible
And spent euros foolishly without a care
It was hard for me walking among the dark and furry husky handsome men
Who appeared hung and uncut in tight pants with no underwear

The hotel and sights were splendour unrestrained
Babies, see this world before you leave it
Explore the Plaka, and Thessalonki – anywhere in Europe
And leave your heart so you can go back someday to retrieve it.

I left my heart everywhere I went
The daylife and nightlife brought decadent joy
There's definitely something for everyone in Athens
Even a club called Big for all us big boys

(and our many admirers)

The pictures and videos still make me smile
As do the postcards from my sexy foreign friends
The affair I have with Italy and Greece
Will never ever end.

Finché incontriamo ancora, Italia
Until we meet again, Italy
???, ??? ? ? ? ? ? G ? G ? ? ?
Farewell, until we meet again Greece.