

nags at his contentment
like lust in a confessional

he writes he's envious
of me penning poetry
doing my thing
pursuing mad dreams

while he awaits executive
action on his proposal
to distribute commemorative
bricks from the company's
old headquarters building

obviously, it's excitement
by the pound in mike's mighty
world of corporate conquest

RUBBING IT

rubbing it
stroking it
the dick the
ego the poetry
parties w/ex
co-workers still glad
to see me
after a two
year absence
reading penthouse naked
hand pumping
j.b. will be
tired when
she gets home
other swimmers
impressed i do
so many laps

without stopping
showing poems
to those who
comment favorably
rubbing it
stroking it
the dick the
ego the poetry
a never ending
cycle the
ceaseless charging
at windmills
afraid to stop
it might all
be illusion
rubbing it
stroking it
again and again
ad infinitum...

AIDING AND ABETTING

the final irony
is his sweaters on the table
at the rummage sale

the dude was cool in
his gold chains and v-neck
pullovers, attracting

the kind of fine
white pussy that grooved
on his jive est act

until one night while
stepping out to do his thing
he got shot in the head

by his pissed off wife
who smartly dumped the gun,
hired a fancy lawyer and

at \$2.50 each, the bargain
hunters are really making
a killing on those sweaters

as relaxed and acquitted,
she rakes in the money
hoping it doesn't rain

CIVIL WAR SUMMER

my best friend in memphis,
a towering 12-year-old, more gangly
than graceful, rarely beat me

at tetherball, wrestling or running,
much to his chagrin, as i was a short,
yankee kid who snuck drinks from

the "colored only" fountains
and stubbornly insisted the south lost
the war, so donald took up

teasing, made fun of my size,
belittled the north and preached
the Great Moral Victory

then one afternoon, in my room,
we bared budding bodies to discover
my cock was bigger, and don

muttered oaths of rebel dismay,
as we lay on the bed, wagging our
hard-ons into history

sherman was burning atlanta, as
grant knocked on richmond's front door,
summer was over, at last