

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