

Prurient Interests

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Introduction

What a wondrous thing is penis.
It will work inside vagina, mouth, or anus.

It will work in hand (one's own
or someone else's)
inside of towels, or pillows, or
a thousand other made up holes.
A wondrous thing indeed.

I guess some others feel their genitals are fine.
I wouldn't know they are not mine.
I sing this of my penis.
What a wondrous thing.

1

While in Arabia, asleep in the
arms of his Arab boy (or another),
did Lawrence dream of greatness (lapping at
his mind) or lapping foreskin underneath
the billowed cloth of tents upon the sand?
No matter either hand, at home again,
retired and sleeping on the ground beside
his motorcycle, laid upon its side
and weeping tears of petrol out into
the land (off of the pavement's plan) Lawrence
dreamed eternally for all the other
men. Oh, how I envy boys and men, and
the dreaming dreamed by Lawrence on the sand
or as he lay beside his bike again.

2

Standing up behind
you, feet a bit apart and
holding my hands to
your waist, I took your space and
filled it with the only love
I ever had to
give you. (And weakened both you
and me in our knees.)

3

The geese flew over
every autumn and every spring
on their way south or north.
I miss them and their honking, calling,
chanting flights above.
But I do not miss them
the way that I miss you.

The deer would come into
the yard every night every spring
to eat peaches and rose buds.
I miss them wakening me from my dreams
with their silent moonlit noises.
But I do not miss them
the way that I miss you.

The neighbor's children would play
in the waters of the river,
splashing about like puppies.
I miss them wading out on to the shore
with their tails dragging behind them.
But I do not miss them
the way that I miss you.

I think of you not
by the color of your hair
or your eyes, but by
the bridge of your nose, wet from
a kiss. And by the way you
held your eyes closed, waiting, and
the way that you breathed
in against the coming surge
and out with my withdrawal.

4

Touch me. Invade me
and leave my walls torn down with
no one left to fight.
Here is my white flag, saved for
all these years for your coming.

5

We trod on trails of
feathers torn from the wings of
angels. Angels who
(while protecting our love) had
been stripped naked in battle.

Surrounded by all
that naked, sacred flesh, how
could I resist you?

6

The maples danced and we both sang along
in tunes of words we'd heard but never known
before. Down beside the streams, farmers worked
their crops beneath the sun. But day and night
we planted seeds within each other to
grow all the maples dancing on the hills

When you smiled, you could see yourself reflected
in my eyes, and I could feel your smile
reflecting down through every nook and cranny
of my skin. Reflections from the seeds we
planted in each other were not children
but dancing maples all along the hills.

Our years of memories: Realities
can never win against such dreams as these.

7

Cold winds blow through my
muscles, bones, and mind. It is
winter inside me,
and I would give everything
for a blossom in my heart.

No. Thank you, no. I'd love to stay the night.
I'm really glad I came with you. I can't.
It's been a lot of fun to be with you.
And thank you for inviting me. You've been
real nice to be with, and I'd love to wake
up in the morning with you and continue.

But, I don't know. Maybe you'll have guessed.
I'm married. To a woman. I can't stay out
too late, or I'll get into trouble. She's
okay with me having a night with the boys.
Of course she doesn't know what kind of nights
we have. But I can't stay out too late or
she worries and gets angry. She knows that I
have single friends, and we're set up so I
can have my Friday and Saturday nights out
to go relax. I come in drunk before
too late, and she knows I've had my fun and
I'm home again. We've been together for
eight years. We have two boys. They're twins.
They're six.
But anyhow, that's why I can not stay
the night. You mind if I've another beer.

I have to be careful about how much
I drink. I have to drive home still. Of course
I have to be careful about how much
I drink at other times, and sometimes when
I drink too much I get a bit too ... What's
the word for it? Too loose? Too loose. That's why
I went out to the baths tonight. When I
go to a bar I sometimes drink too much
and don't know what I've done when I get up.
And I can't be like that. I can't be loose.

I don't want to take anything home to

my wife. She doesn't know I do this, and I'd hate for her to find out anyway. But I can't have her find it out that way.

So I go to the baths, and I don't have to worry that my drinking will make me do things that I don't know what I have done.

I also usually don't go home from there with anyone. Glad I did tonight. Was private and special. There's no way I could have let you screw me in the baths, but here it was the way I wanted the evening to go.

I'm glad I came, and we had time like this together. Could we do it again sometime? I mean she knows I go out with the boys on weekend nights, and so she wouldn't think that it was odd if we got together again. Like after work on Friday or Saturday night.

I'm sorry I was in my uniform. I knew it didn't matter what I wore since I'd be wearing nothing but a towel. So when I closed the shop I just cleaned up and put on a clean uniform to wear back into work on Monday. Sorry. But I didn't know that I would be seen dressed.

At least this way you know that I gave you my correct name. I hate it when I don't give people my real name. But sometimes I'm afraid that they will call at home and make some sort of trouble with my wife. But you don't seem like that. And I just have to follow my instincts there. My instincts are good. You don't seem like you would be that kind of guy.

I like the way you smile. I also like

the way that you held me once I had come.
That and the way that you kissed my neck. Here.
You're sure that you don't mind my smoking? Thanks.

The baths are such a funny place. First time
I went to them I didn't know if I
could walk around dressed in a towel. I mean
it was like high school gym, and I could not
do it back then. I had to skip showers
because I kept on getting hardons and
I finally had to just cut gym for good.
And then I just left school. I walked into
the baths and it was okay to have hardons
underneath your towel. In fact the other
guys all seemed to like it very much.

I did okay there then. I do okay
there when I go. I'm glad I met you there
tonight. I hope that you and I can get
together sometime soon again. I have
some other single friends. My wife's okay
as long as she don't know what's going on.
I mean I have some single friends that I
don't do this with and she won't know that this
is any different from my other single friends.

We both work pretty hard. I stay at work
until about seven, but she works late
and isn't usually home until midnight.
I feed the boys and bathe them and I get
them off to bed and I'm asleep before
she's home. Then Friday and Saturday nights I get
to party 'cause I've taken care of them
all through the week. The boys are good young boys.
They're never any trouble. 'Course they're boys.

And everybody says they look like me.
They do. They look just like I did when I
was young. Both skinny, freckled boys with smiles

that light their faces. They even have this big dark freckle on my leg. You didn't see that freckle did you. Everybody sees my freckles and my smile, but most don't see that one big freckle, 'cause it's not where they would get a chance to look. But they're good boys and I love them. I'm glad I get to spend the time I have with them. They come to work with me everyday after school. And play around and help me 'til I close. Except on nights I'm going out. Then she takes them.

And everybody says they're going to be mechanics too. But I don't know. I'd like for them to finish school. And sometimes I, like, worry about them. I mean, they're so like me. And sometimes I look in on them before I go to bed, and I don't know. I don't want them to ever know about me. Just like I don't want my wife to find this out. I mean it's not like cheating on her, like it would be with women, but I know she wouldn't understand. I don't want her or either of the boys to ever know. The boys are so much like me. Wonder, are they like this too? What's going to happen to them?

It's not as late as I thought. Mind if I have another beer. I don't have to be home for another hour or two. After that she'll start to worry. I'll sleep in, in the morning. Then I'll give her hers and she'll be fine. The main thing is to not get in too late. And that I don't drink too much and get loose. I like your cock. I mean I hope you mean it when you say you'd like to get together maybe someday. 'Cause I like your cock, and it would be good fun to get together, and, you know. Maybe we could

be friends. I think I'd like that very much.

You're sure that you don't mind my smoking? Thanks.

9 Three Pieces of Graffiti

(Suggested by a barroom bathroom here in Austin, Texas. No apologies to Gertrude Stein)

Chuck wants to
suck your cock
444-8955

Why are there so many fags?

Get over Yourself
A Blow Job is a Blow Job is a Blow Job

David was just another hooker. I negotiated a price and took him home. I've always felt strange taking hookers home, but it's easier to fantasize about them being attracted to me when they've come into my house. No matter how resigned I've become about being older and overweight in a young, trim world, I still want to feel like they are glad to be with me. So I take them home.

David was just another one. Clearly under twenty-five, trim, small, dark hair, smooth body, bright eyes, and a pretty smile, he let me fuck him as long as I wanted. And when I was ready, he fucked me to bring me to a climax. I can't come any more without being screwed. I don't know how anyone ever comes with a condom, but I think the main thing is that I'm getting older. I love screwing, and he let me. And I love and need being screwed, and he was good for me. Thank Heaven for him. In the morning, when I awakened, he was gone. I looked through the house, and nothing was missing. That was unusual for a hooker in my experience.

They usually took something. They didn't take much. Who was going to walk away with a TV? They picked up a watch, or the little cash that I had left out for them in my clip or food or silver flatware, and I just counted it into the price. I don't leave much small stuff about. But David took nothing.

11

The bread was tanned
and steam rose from the meat
and melted mayonnaise leaked
out around each bite and
dribbled down my chin.

Hungry,
I got back into my car
and hurried home to you.

12

The curve of your thigh smiles at me in the sweet shadow of your touch. How can I be so much more alive with you than all the rest of mankind? It must be the shadow of your touch. The smiling of your thigh.

13

Just as you (arms and legs tied
in knots around my body) squeezed
the last drop of cum from me,
sunset drained the last light out of
the day and everything was
still and quiet for a while:
Asleep in your arms.

14

I love you baby.
You're sweet and kind
and nice to look upon.

I love your touch,
your smile, your little
ways of making me curl up
inside and be at peace with you.

But sometimes, I could kill for
a strange piece of meat.

Sometimes your cock is too big,
or too small, or I don't
want to see your cock at all.

And sometimes your ass is too
smooth, or too hairy,
or not deep enough inside
because I want to climb
all the way inside and pull
some strange piece of
flesh up all around me
from the head of my cock
all the way down to my toes
and my nose and drown in there
with all of my despair.

Honey,
sometimes I just need to be in
a room full of naked men
I've never seen before
and ache all over inside
at how I want each one of
them. And how I want to let each
one of them who wants me

say, "Come here."

Sometimes I need to have different ankles
tied in knots behind my neck.

Sometimes I need to hold different thighs
in my arms against my chest.

Sometimes I need to look down
into different eyes.

Sometimes I need to look
down on the chest and belly
of a new man and watch him smile
knowing, "I have given him that smile."

Even knowing other men can make him smile,
but only I have given him this one.

And knowing only I
have helped him sigh.

And knowing only I
have maybe helped him cry
for being fucked so fine.

And knowing, once again,
it isn't past my time.

That's the way I am.

When he walked past me and smiled
I guessed he wasn't really smiling out at me,
but rather he was smiling just to be polite
to anyone who passed him in the hall.

But later on he passed my way again
and smiled again,
and I smiled back and said, "Hello."

And he replied, "I'd love to spend some time with
you."

"You would?" I asked.

"I would. Is there anything that you would like to
do?"

"I'd like to be with
you when you find a sigh you
haven't had before."

He melted into
sheets beneath my feet, and we
went off to lay him.

He was young and so
pretty. And he wanted to
lay beneath me and
watch me on my knees,
and sigh under me.

16

Sometimes there are mountains on horizons
I can see and need to travel to.

Sometimes there are seas I need to sail.

Sometimes I need to feel your cock
so deep inside of me it feels
as if the rest of the world has
gone away and left us hiding here.

Just as when I'm in the mountains,
and just as when I'm sailing on the sea,
when you are inside
I thank God for the grandeur of all creation
and the graceful kindness He has shown to me.

17 First Communion.

On my knees before this holy man, hands
out to take the mystical body, mouth
ready for a sip of the mystical blood.

I have seen others do this, but I had
to stay in the background. Now, I am blessed
beyond my ability to have guessed.

I thank you for this Eucharist. Thank you
for this good gift and for welcoming me,
at last, into the brotherhood of love.

Arched above me like a summer day
that fills my sails and pushes me across the waves,
slapping at my hull and breaking white,
you make me yearn for more of you,
and make me yearn to give you more of me
in full sight of the world,
as we linger smoothly underneath the sheets.

19

Long lazy ribbons (Semen
creeping down my thigh) call my heart
to you. How sweet and wet and
tender is the bow that you have
tied around me with your arms
and deep within me from your
never ending smile.

While windows watched,
we went from day to day
calling whispers to each other
across the sheets,
touching,
and catching each other's eye.

More than any other thing
I will remember the moments
when your mouth
crept into a smile.

You had told me at the beginning
that you didn't smile very often.
I had replied that you looked
prettier when you smiled.
And, ever so slowly, you smiled.

More and more
after that
I noticed that when
I looked into your eyes,
I could see the smile coming.

Because you were glad.

21

Such warm and happy
times. Folded legs in hands. Cock
up deep inside. Smiles.
Were we to freeze these moments,
they would be warm to the touch.

22

When I was twelve,
one weekend,
my parents volunteered to chaperone
a church high school youth group
retreat into the mountains.

And I was taken too.

But being twelve,
I was told by my parents
that I would have go along with them
but couldn't interfere
with all the plans
the older boys and girls would have
or think that I was one of them.

So, on that Friday evening,
I rode up into the mountains
alone in the back seat.

I was taken to my small room,
and I was told to go to sleep.

In the morning,
I ate breakfast with the rest,
but then they all went into their
retreat,
and I went for a walk out in the woods.

Long winding trails through pine trees
up and down and punctuated by the
many little animals that scurry through the woods,
the brooks, and tossing rocks out on the lake
to skip and swim.

At lunch,
I ate again with all the rest.
And they went back into their
retreat.
I went for a walk out in the woods.
Birds bounced about and called at one another.

I threw my knife at trees
(and missed most of the time).
Alone on a high hill looking out across
piles of mountain tops
with no one else in sight, I peed
upon a tree stump.

And late in the afternoon,
before evening had begun,
but after the days activities were done,
I ate dinner with the rest.
And they all wanted a walk out in the woods
before the sun could set.

I knew the way.
I knew the trails
I knew the highest hills with
views that looked out over everything.

They invited me along.

In the midst of the late day,
with twenty older boys and girls
scattered up and down the trail
before and after me,
I, with no intent except to try again,
tossed my knife at trees some more,
and Doug came up and said,
"That isn't how to make it stick in trees."

I had never known Doug before.
I don't believe he even went to our church.
I think he must have been a friend of
someone from our church who was
simply invited along.

He took my knife and tossed it at a
tree. It stuck.
It stuck so straight and true,
I asked him how to do it, and
he tried to teach me how to hold and throw
my knife.

And twenty,
thirty,
forty times
I stuck my knife into the tree.

When we looked up
the other kids had gone away.
And we walked to the cabin
by ourselves,
mostly silent, but together
in the fading light of day.

Mostly silent,
I stayed near him
for singing songs around the open fire,
for evening prayers,
for midnight snacks.
Then my parents sent me off to bed alone.

In the morning
I ate breakfast next to Doug,
and then they all went into their
retreat.
I went for a walk again out in the woods.

Long winding trails through pine trees
up and down and punctuated by the
many little animals that scurry through the woods,
the brooks, and tossing rocks out on the lake
to skip and swim.

At lunch,
I ate again with Doug.
And they again went back into
retreat.

In the woods,
birds bounced about and called at one another.
I threw my knife into a million trees.
Alone on a high hill looking out across
piles of mountain tops
with no one else in sight,
I peed upon a tree.

And as the evening started to decline upon the
mountains, all of us were loaded into cars
for the long drive down to town.

I somehow got to sit with Doug.
Mostly silent, I watched the trees
blur by outside the car as we wound down through
bending roads that bounced us back and forth
against each other
until we hit the low lands and the
pavement smoothed.
Then the car just rocked us gently as the
night surrounded everything.

Alone between Doug and the window,
genuinely tired,
I fell into my sleep.
But even as I nodded off,
Doug put his arm around me

and pulled my head against his
side. And I drew into sleep
beside a man who held me in his arms.
I rocked against his body in the dark.

23

Winter nights in bed together
with the wind outside our windows
and the world away from us.

The wind can still blow
with the feel of your touch.

24

Inside of your ankles and
knees
and deep,
and surrounded by your chest
and elbows
and nibbling teeth,
there was no way out but in.
I went for you again.

25

No touch.
No squeeze.
No bleeding, aching, arching
back against the night.
No growling glowing glimmer
of the lust that laid them there.
No mornings of weakened knees
remembering the evening
acted out before.
No,
these are children still.
No ritual of leaping to their
parents roles.
Just twinkling virgins.
It won't be long however.

The tickle that will grow
to hopeless yearning has begun.
The eyes are looking deeper
when they smile.
They stare as they have never
stared before.
Before long they will touch
and squeeze
and spread their flesh
out in the night
for glowing
and sweating
and tasting.
And, on their knees, they'll
say the prayers
of twinkling virgins
passing in the night.

Twinkling virgins
passing in the night.

26

To live up in the forests
out among the eagles and
the grizzly bear.

To no longer have to go to work each day but rather
tour the globe in search of beauty, serenity,
and the dignity of man.

To sail alone through storms and calm blue days
upon an ocean of God's own and only making
at peace with the angels and surrounded by
the spirits of all the ones who passed before.

To touch your lips with mine.

To feel your fingertips' caress.

To watch you close your eyes
as I invade your flesh
(welcomed by a sigh) and

to be alone with
you, inside your arms and skin,
watching for your smile.

Shock of red hair, high
in the air, above such skin,
and a simple white
swimming suit that held every
hope of the curves it covered.

This one I will touch,
I thought. This one I will take
back home and undress
and hold and fold and bend up
in my arms until we cum.

No such luck that day.
Frightened off: All I could see:
Suddenly running
like a deer out in the woods;
Disappearing small white tail.

Looking for some love
out in the night,
I happened to look up and see Orion.
Sweet Orion,

hanging in the dark
between the buildings of the night,
how kind you've been to me
down through the years.

There when I was alone in the country.
Here now above me in the city of my crawling needs.
There down through the years
when no one else would come to me.

Thank you sparkling hunter
(dressed in belt and sword)
for reaching out to touch me from above
as I await your motion here below.

A Friend
has objected
to my use of the word "cock"
in poetry.

He said it was too harsh
and shocking, and
it caught my audience off guard
when I performed in readings.

He said cock was hard with consonants,
and too erect with "Ke" and "Ke"
surrounding one small "Ahhhh".

I told him I had looked for
other words to use but
penis was too flaccid,
and dick too immature,
and phallus too symbolic,
and wang a bit too weird.

When I am writing, I told him,
I consider sounds and phrases very carefully,
and just as meat's the word for meat,
cock's the word for cock.

**30 Old Man Michael was almost 70
when he first told me this story.**

He was a wonderful big man.
He could pick me up in his hands
and swing me around his shoulders
and carry me piggy back
all around his house and the yard.

One day, in grandma's sewing room,
standing by the Singer Sewing Machine,
he gave me a brief tickle as he lifted off my shirt,
and then he dropped my pants and,
turning me around as he dropped his
and holding my hips tight between his hands,
rubbed my ass against his cock.

Hand full of spit on his cock and
hand full of spit rubbed between my cheeks,
he pulled me back onto him and rocked me there.

Him sitting on the stool and
me being rocked in his grip while
standing on the peddle of my grandma's Singer Sewer,
he rocked me back and forth on the peddle
and the sewing machine purred its song of sewing,
and the metal fame and peddle clacked and clicked.
And I looked out upon the Sewer
sewing nothing as it spun and whirred,
and I slid up and down there
all the way from top to bottom of his cock.

At first, it was just something.
Then it was a something that was happening
while Singer Sewer sewed on nothing.
Then it was a something that was more
than all the whirrs and clicks and clacks
before me in that old machine.

Then, him holding me between his hands
as he grew tense and gasped for air,
I knew I'd found the thing that I'd been looking for.

At last, the thing that
I'd been looking for
down through all those years.

I picked him up at a truck stop in New Mexico late at night while I was making a run from Houston to LA. He was alone there and it was late and he was wanting to go to LA and I decided it would be nice to have some company to ride with me up into the mountains and down again back into the Arizona desert by the morning.

And we drove on down the road with the lights whitening the road for a brief distance up in front of us and then some glow around the cab and trailer from the running lights. And the night was broken as we passed with light and then returned to darkness and its quiet once again. We talked of things you talk about with strangers on the road: The weather, how the trip had been and where we'd been before, and then at last of sex.

I was married with a wife and kids at home but hadn't seen them for a week or two, and he was married with a wife and kids as well but left them with her mother since the times were hard and he was heading west to look for work. I mentioned how surprised I was to find him married since he looked so young and he agreed that he looked young. But he was in his twenties and was just so small that everybody thought he must be young.

And small he was, I'm sure not over five foot four, and slight of build the way a boy will be. In fact I'd almost left him at the truck stop out of fear he might just be

a runaway but then decided that it didn't matter. He was there and on the road, and I was needing company.

Anyway we kept on down the road and talked of things and sex and sex and things and soon I found he had a hardon showing through his pants and seemed as if he wanted me to see it so I gently reached across the cab and touched him on the thigh and watched for his response which was to slide a bit towards me and touch my leg as well.

We were touching soon all over, and I squeezed his cock directly, and I found that it was quite a handful for a man so small and said as much. And he asked me if I would like to see it or for him to open up my pants and let mine out and I said both. And just as quick as I could guess he had his mouth on my cock and was kicking off his boots and sliding his pants off down onto the floor of the cab and opening his shirt and was up on his knees on the seat with his head in my crotch and his ass up in the air where I could reach out with one free hand from the wheel and play with his cheeks and toy with his balls from behind or slide my arm in under his side and pull on his rod some as he slobbered and drooled on mine. And just as I was sure I was about to shoot my load deep into his throat he stopped and kissed his way up my chest undoing my shirt as he did until he was kissing on my neck and lips.

And I was liking him a whole lot more than I'd expected to already and then he swung his body around from the

seat beside me and straddling my lap sunk his ass around my shaft as if he were wide open and ready for some fucking from the moment I had met him at the truck stop and all the other talk had simply been his trying to prepare me for his riding me as we drove down the interstate at sixty miles an hour.

And kissing me on the lips and neck and occasionally one eye at a time, so I could still keep one eye on the road, he began to ride my cock as we bounced down the road. And bouncing in the glow of all the instruments high above the road we cruised the highway with him rising and then falling on my cock with me still trying to control the truck winding up the hills and come again to cumming in the night. Which I did and did and pumped him full of cum until I thought I'd cum too much and I might faint but didn't. And we swept over the crest of the pass and began to glide down out of the hills back into Arizona from New Mexico.

And the glow of the lights pushed ahead of us into the rest of the night and in the mirrors darkness followed closely. But his cum was all over my belly and chest, and his ass was relaxing and contracting on my dick. And his head was resting gently on its side upon my shoulder, as we rocked and swayed away the night rolling into the desert and down from out of the hills.

Broderick was named after his mother's grandfather. She had told me once that, in her childhood, he had been the best adult she knew. I didn't tell her that her son had been my very best adult as well.

Broderick had curly, curly dark brown hair and helpless eyes that sparkled with some little bits of light from deep inside. His smiles would spread through his eyes and face and down through his body as if all his flesh was getting happy and contained bright shining teeth. And as he smiled he'd bounce a bit up on his toes and scrunch in both his shoulders. Sometimes he would giggle just a little.

I loved to see him smile. I really loved to see him smile at me. First time that I saw him with his clothes off, I was overjoyed to find his cock would rise a little bit with smiles as well. And soon I found, when he had his clothes off, and he smiled, all his skin would ripple with the moment. With his cock inside my ass, I always tried to make him just as happy as I could because his smile would spread out in my ass and up into my belly, chest, and up across my face, and we would have one smile between us, glowing. He would stay hard and full as long as I wanted or needed. And he never had the air of fucking me but rather he would get inside of me and simply try for more and more depth still. Just drawing back enough to open me to welcome him in farther than he'd ever been before and then taking it,

all of it, deeper than he'd ever been before and then drawing back enough to open me enough to take him deeper in than he'd ever been before, again.

We would rock together with me on my back and him on top, or with me on my belly and him on top, or with him on his back and me seated high on his shaft.

Both of us were tied in such visions as neither of us could recall to describe. On side or back or belly or on foot, inside of doors or out, at anywhere or any time, he fucked me all the way.

And I loved it. And I didn't care if I never was a top again. I had always switch hit pretty well throughout my conquests, but Broderick was a top man, and he loved fucking me. And suddenly being fucked was so extraordinary that I made peace with never fucking him or anyone again. He was having me. Nothing else was needed in my mind.

And then one Sunday afternoon, he and I were laying on the old rug in the living room, and we'd been gently going on throughout the day, and he'd already fucked me hopeless twice, as well as hours of necking. We'd been building to another fucking for a while and, absolutely hot and hard and wet and greased for playing with each other's cocks, he broke out a condom and, instead of slipping it on, rolled it down on me and rose above and sat on it. Slowly. With his muscles firm, wet and shining in the low light, Broderick

opened up his ass and drew me up in him as if we were not on the floor but weightless out in space. Slowly he began to fuck himself with my body and all the while teach me when and how to take him with my cock. We ground away the minutes.

I had felt him cum within me in his condom. And we'd played around enough I'd jacked him off and watched him spray across his chest or mine or over all the sheets and pillows or the floor. I had massaged his prostate once as I played with his cock and wondered why he let me get my finger in when he was just a top. I'd seen him cum hard then and felt his prostate go rock hard and then collapse and beat as he sprayed cum again and then again. But fucking him, with him there on his back, his ankles holding on to my neck for dear life, and me praying deep within his ass that I would cum as perfectly as I had cum before, I was not prepared for the shot he arched into his own face three, four, five times before the rest of it could only reach his throat, his chest, then navel. We stopped moving and I looked down on him stunned, and waited. My cock, still all the way inside, forgot what it was there to do, and I just stared at him in wonder. And he smiled.

Cum covered lips opened up to teeth and his eyes grew brighter and his smile spread out to his ears and down through his chest and arms and through his legs behind my neck and back down to his spine and down the length of his spine to his ass. And as his asshole smiled around my cock, I emptied inside out within him all of me. All of me so

deep in him. And then the smile spread up through
out my body until we were one, big,
happy smile upon the floor wet and tired
and deep within each other fucking. And
we were nothing more.

The man in the truck at the light hadn't shaved in some days, wore no shirt and was sweating, and probably needed to bathe. I watched him as he smoked his cigarette there, waiting for the light to change.

Tanned dark, and dirty with flecks from the paint he'd been spraying, he waited beside me alone in his truck at the light. But he didn't notice I watched him. Didn't see how I loved men. You. You, look at them:

At men with muscles, men with hair, men in shorts or underwear (no matter when and everywhere), men in suits and ties or tails or nothing on at all (tanned or pale) with skin that's silken smooth or weathered as

the shade. Watch the way they're made, the way they breathe or move or walk or stand or crane their necks or crack their hands, the way their assholes twitch when they think you're about to kiss it. Watch some for a while, and you will see

the cocks of men who've tasted the eternity of cums and goes, men with many flavors (little favors) who are acting

as if they don't need you though.
Bundle bulging anyhow,
down there, down below.

34

I love it when you're in me.

I love it when my legs are
wrapped around your waist
your butt bumping my heels as you
pump me.

I love the surge of semen
and your chin upon my shoulder,
or your forehead on my chest,
as you give in. But

when I die
may I die with my dick inside of you.

I'm never happier than with my dick in you.

Mounting from behind while
standing or on knees,
laying on my back while you
ride up above,
cradled in you arms and legs
upon your belly,
never happier.

Eye to eye and smiling,
or touching in the dark,
when I die may I be inside
of you.

It must be Spring: The
boys on bicycles are back;
The wild flowers dance;
Suddenly I know something
I hadn't known before: You.

Your red swimming suit
against my blue,
and our white skin awash
with touches and smiles and eyes.
Flags waving in the distant winds.

Both of us, in skin, laid side by side,
we drifted into sleep without
our noticing the radio. It signed off in the night
and early in the morning signed back on again.

I was wakened by a women's voice,
sultry and nearby in the bed with us, saying
"Good morning. Welcome to KMFA," and
the playing of the national anthem followed by
Aaron Copeland's music from The Red Pony.

I have always thought that The Red Pony was
a sound track not for movies but for childhood.
It is about innocence for me. It is about boyhood.
It is about before riding took on other meanings.
Before horses had some symbolism. Before
I knew what this was all about.

And laying next to you,
wakened by this female in the air around us,
listening to the music of the times
before I knew what I know now,
I idly let my fingers touch your skin.
Let my lips begin to kiss you too.

All those lost souls dried into your skin,
I watched the morning rise and saw the day begin.

* * *

What watch we keep on fields of flowers in the wind.

What dream dreamt you while I
was on the outside looking in?
What touch you gave to me from deep
within that dream to keep me at your side?
What touch you gave.

It must be spring again.

* * *

And, by colorless moonlight in the night,
or by the afternoon's brightest sunlight,
or by some faded pastel candlelight
(rubbed across the evening sky),
may my chameleon lips
always crawl along your thigh.

36

My daughter's grown.
Perhaps she'll give me grandchildren
in which to see it all again.

Funny how I miss the little ones.

I miss the enthusiasm.
I miss the squeals of joy.

I miss the smiling eyes at any small surprise,
the running on the playground
from the one toy to the next,
all those bobbing bottoms in the sun,
all those little bottoms budding
to be blossoms that will
carry on the cum.

37

Have you seen him,
walking beside the road out in the country
(hair tossed by the wind,
wet and glistening with sweat,
cut off shorts and tennis shoes)
walking through the weeds along
the gravel shoulder
smiling to himself, or
sometimes whistling a tune,
as cars or pickup trucks
speed by?

38 Easter Sunday Sunrise Service at the Laundromat:

I am the second to arrive. I hate doing laundry, so I get it done first thing on Saturday or Sunday mornings. Yesterday I wanted to sleep in and so I'm up to do my laundry with the Sunday Regulars. Unlike in church, there are no customers who do their laundry only at Christmas and Easter Sundays. This will be a morning of regulars.

I am the second to arrive, and the first was an Hispanic man whom I see here quite regularly. He has just arrived as I pull in the driveway, and he rushes to get his things gathered out of his trunk and back seat so he can have his pick of washing machines and folding tables.

I do not race him. We are friendly at this laundromat. We speak politely of the weather and the condition of the dryers. This morning, we comment on how the place is cleaner than it usually is. The lady who mops up must have had some other obligations to attend to and so was here before they opened up.

I have my machines loaded and washing before I look up again, and two more men have arrived. I used to think only faggots and orphans had to do their own laundry. Now, I have long since realized that some other men do laundry. Sometimes they come alone, sometimes with their wives, and sometimes with their wives and kids. When they come

with their whole families they act ashamed, as if only faggots did laundry, and they wait out in the car after helping the women folk carry it all inside and dropping it on the floor beside them.

This morning it is only men. We are all alone and doing our laundry. And the only other one I think is gay is the junior high school coach I often see in here. We have also spoken of the washers and the dryers. Once I thought he was going to try to get into my pants, but he isn't my type, and so I got distracted by my clothes. He hasn't said that much to me since then.

The old man with long hair, who always reads paperback books and writes notes in them, is here before I get my things into the dryers. This morning he has a flat tire on his car. He discovers it while going back out to get his detergent. He comes back in disoriented and sullen. He will have to change the tire right here in front of god and everyone. But he does a good job of it. He comes back in proudly proclaiming that that's done and that he needs to go and wash his hands. Then, reappearing from the bathroom, holding his hands for all to see, he says he needs another cup of coffee after that and heads back out to go next door to the convenience store to buy a cup.

A man in a suit, with his teenage son in slacks and shirt and tie, swings in and asks each one of us if we have been reborn with Jesus. The old man with the long hair

holds his cup of coffee in both of his clean hands, and nods he has. The Hispanic man feigns ignorance of English. The coach, the boy, and the missionary speak a moment about Jesus and football. I am folding my pants, or maybe hanging a shirt on a hanger, when approached on my spiritual condition. I put on my best "Don't you fuck with me or I'll molest your children and leave them for dead in an alley" look. The missionary stops ten feet away and turns to leave. The boy does not. He is enchanted at the chance: The opportunity for life. He smiles and says, "Good morning," but his father grabs him by the sleeve and drags him out to church before I even say, "hello," back. I do the closing folding and go home to mow the yard. It is Easter. The sun is risen. I am redeemed, and my clothes are clean. Now, I can depart in peace.

Buttercup below me in the grasses,
when the bee is in your blossom do you
ache for orgasm? Do you sigh when he
has gone away? Or do you feel yourself
go weak and frail within that he has gone
on to another and left you with just
the birds' songs and the wind to dance with? Do
you wonder if he'll think of you and come
again to drink your fragrance, need your depths?

40

Hot and throbbing
(leaking precum)
dick
crawling up inside
of some man's ass
and laboring in there
to cum and cum again
until it has to crawl away
on hands and knees to heal
from all the joy and pain
they made together there.

41

When my heart has stopped,
and when my breath has stopped,
and when all the thoughts
that I have ever had have stopped,
I bet that I will feel your touch
as well, just then.

Swimming underneath
me, hard and brown and wet and
smiling back at me
(silence in your eyes and lips)
touch me with your lazy hips.

Cherubs in the trees look down
on you and me as we caress
and kiss. The angels in the
sky look down and broadly smile as
we undress and lie
in skin against each
other's skin. And god himself
is so pleased at the cumming.

Lying on your belly,
wrapped in arms
and legs and
wet,
exhaling and inhaling,
as we worked to
catch our breaths,

the thunder of
your heartbeats
and the storm were
one.
And, "Oh," the
lightening.
Though my
eyes were closed.

I know
you told me
that you love me
deep inside of you.

You told me,
and I saw your moves
and moans and
heard you call out
with your sighs
that plied me deep inside
as you embraced
my waist with thighs.
And I felt your hands
grab my hide
as you loved me
inside you.

I wish that
I could say I
go in you to make you
have those sounds and
moves,
but that's not true

I go
because
I hear my dick
call out for you, and I
cannot resist its list
of reasons to proceed.

I know you want my ears
to hear your call,

but I've been listening,

instead,
to my own dick.

It says it loves to
be inside of you.
It loves to be
engulfed by you.

It loves to be
surrounded by
your skin and
all the mucus tissues
that you have within.
It loves your wet
and squeeze and
moving moans
and sighs
and size.

It fits in perfectly.

It loves to wallow in your wee.
It loves to simply come for me.
It loves to lay in there and drain itself
and later on (in bathrooms) loves to pee
away the memories of love for thee.

I know you've
said you love me
deep inside of you.

And I am glad
you let me in, but
I go there
because my dick
begs me.

And it
I have to follow.

Fingers on my nipples. Tongue between the
bends of toes. Ripples from the scars across
your cheek, so smooth to touch. Watching how you
smiled, from deep inside, and meeting eye to
eye while waist to thigh, I smelled the small white
blossoms on your belly as you moaned your
little cries and died and watched myself reflected
in your sighs. I think I will remember
this safe passage and report it
to the children in my old age, as I
wait my turn to fly away with all the
ones before: The fingers, nipples, tongue and
ripples, watching, feeling, crying eye to eye,
and blossoms, blossoms, blossoms from inside

46

When I'm with you,
every word we say
seems lyrical:
Every sound abounds
with echoes of the way
it feels to be with you:

The morning dew on
petals of Chrysanthemums;
Us on your clean sheets.

47

A certain part of me, that
never had been satisfied
before, is now at peace. Was
it your gaze or touch or kiss?

I do not know. It was you
though. And now, a certain part
of me, that never had been
satisfied before, knows peace.

Alone that night, I laid my hand upon the sheet. And my fingers touched a wrinkle idly. It was not you, but it would have to do since you were gone away that day. I think that I was smiling. Anyway, I know I tried to think how I was feeling. I did not remember any name for feelings such as I was having then. It was not pleasure, was not pain, was not doubt or fear or anger either one again. "Perhaps," I thought, "the wrinkle in this sheet is simply one small ripple sent to keep me company from all our waves of love, even though you are gone away."

Your fingers in my
chest hair. Your teeth against my
tongue. I try to hold
my breath to freeze this in me
for forever, but I sigh.

50

One taste, one touch, one
kiss will never do. Let me
live alone with you.

51

Thinking back on you,
and you and me
inside each other's arms
and legs and eyes,
my eyes begin to ache
as if to want to cry.
But more as if they
were too dry
at wondering
how you had reached
inside my skin to touch
me where I hide.
Helplessly I wonder
who you are that I
would turn my inside
and my outsides inside out
to you.
Please take me and do

what you wish to do to me.
I belong to you.

52

Sitting on your couch beside you in the
night, I touched your hand and all the land was
magic with your eyes and little lies.
Caresses, gentle touches, all the
fingers and embraces deep within.
Please tell them to me once again. Please
let my skin hear all those little lies.

Shadows of the future fell across the afternoon
and crawled from bush to bough as we returned
from errands to each other.

How could I have stayed away from you for all a day
and been distracted by the routine work and business
of living in the modern world?

I pretended that your touch had never crossed my mind
and that your kiss was nothing more than ordinary:
That I had other things to do.

Returning now, I find I was untrue. Cheating,
when I should have held you close and thought of
nothing else but you.

When I come back,
I want to come back as a salmon:
Struggling against the rivers' flow
to reach the waters of my youth and spawn.
(The jumping rocks; The climbing rapids;
The dying cumming in the lovers of my waters arms.)

Or perhaps a rutting buck:
Peeing all over myself at the smell of
any female in the woods; Head erect,
rack above me in the sun; Springing over
fences as if nothing could prevent my orgasm.
(And then dried and skinned of hide to hang
above some fireplace or in some barber shop
for men to brag about and yearn to have been
back before themselves.)

Or a priest:
Ah, yes, a Catholic priest;
Unable to marry;
Flirting with all about me
(male or female, young or old);
Acting poor but living the good life; And,
any time I want it, always having
boy meat close at hand to touch and
consecrate
and then forgive for all his many sins.

Sometimes still I speak
(involuntarily) your
name out loud: "Bastard."
I miss the way you touched me.
And I miss the way I cared.

Dozens of moments that I spent with you
embroidered themselves on my mind.
The colors of smiles, warm hugs, and
the tender touch in the dark of the night,
may fade with passing of time;
but the shape and the textures are there
irrevocably stitched into the fabric of those times.
And until they are hopeless rags,
I intend to wear those memories
on many fine occasions,
or while relaxing in the house,
or working in the yard or painting, and
then, finally, handing them down to the next young man
who needs them.

I want to watch your body breath and squirm.
I want to hold your hands down beside you,
against the blanket, while the sun sparkles
on your wet skin. I want to touch you and

hold you close. I want you to hold me and
kiss me on the neck beneath my ear the
way you did that time you went away to
San Antonio for the weekend, and

it was our first goodbye: And you hugged me
as if I might squeeze into you; you kissed
me as if a taste of me might stay with
you always; you held my hand with fingers

intertwined, gently rubbing, and even
in the dark, by the car on the driveway,
I could see the tears staring at me from
your checks, eyes begging me to come with you.

Kiss me on the neck that way again, so
I will remember not to let you go.

"You're the one I want," he said,

And we drove out through the evening
into the country in my truck
and climbed up a hill
on an old abandoned road
and stopped at the top and got out
and necked a bit while taking off each other's clothes.

Finally, completely naked,
we had each other standing up
beside the truck,
out in the sprinkling starlight
underneath the nighttime sky,
as he held on to the truck for support
and clawed at it growling and moaning
and begging me deeper
and harder
and deeper than I'd been in him before.

Just as we were done coming,
the moon rose over the hills to the east.
And we stood in its light,
naked and sweaty and covered with
mud from the tire he grabbed on to
when he lost hold of the truck,
and talked about the moon
and how pretty it was to watch it rise
above the hills
alone in the night with each other.

The crickets began to sing.

The white that we created there
dripped down both our legs
and dried in circles on the ground.

The truck was covered with smeared hand prints:
Finger painted scenes in mud
of moonrise on a starry night
and being the one he wanted.

I'm in my forties now.
I'm getting pretty used to creaking bones
and aching muscles. I'm getting pretty used
to not remembering.

This morning I awoke
so stiff and sore I wondered
what I did to hurt my body so.
All day I had no memory of
straining both my arms and legs
and back at once. But all of them
were aching.

Now,
laying down again this evening,
I know.

It wasn't what I did,
but what I didn't do.

Two months have passed
since I had you.

The air is clear and crisp.
Even though it is winter,
the sun is warm against my skin.

Even though the trees are
bare and all the grasses brown,
I feel the tug of spring within.

There were not enough tears
when you died. I tired and tried
to find some more, but there were not

enough. Finally I
came upon the grieving that
was fairest for your leaving: I

put on our music and,
there in our home, with only
your scent left beside me, I danced,

to the music, alone.

61

Long blond hair
down to the middle of your back,
loose blue jeans and chambray shirt,

skin that sighed a soft brown tan
and exhaled dark brown winds. And
all around you
brown winds blew.

I've been thinking about the time I had
your dick deep in my throat and my fingers
up inside your ass and, in the distance
(far away from all the motion, smells, and
lotion), I could hear a groan and moan and
growling sigh from deep inside of you, and
I could feel your heartbeats through the pulses
against my forehead on your abdomen.

My fingers remember the feel of your
insides breathing. My tongue remembers your
touch. My lips remember your lips, eyes, thighs,
and all your wet and white held tight. Jesus
remembers us as angels of the light,
glowing (down below him) in the darkness.

63 Leaning, Leaning, Leaning

He was old enough.
(Maybe only barely, but
clearly old enough.)

He was dressed in jeans and boots and plain white tee and languid leaning on the light post underneath the artificial light. And suddenly he launched my heart into the many hardened fantasies: The winds across a hundred white capped seas; The thousand aching thrusts upon my knees; The millions and more millions of our seeds cast first in side of him and then in me. He'd been through this before. But he was not a hustler. He was just a young man who was leaning languidly outside of a convenience store in this small town: I leaned against the fender of my car and waited for the opportunity.

It came. And after we had talked a little bit, and he knew I was visiting from out of town alone and staying in the motel round the corner, I asked him if he'd like to earn some money with me there that night. He looked at me a moment, hesitantly (silently), and finally he asked me what I wanted him to do.

"Come on," I said, "how could you earn some money with a stranger to this town tonight? All right?" He followed me back to my room and there I helped him earn his keep to stay in that small cluster of night lights.

I knew myself down deep inside of him
and him as he was deep inside of me.
All from leaning languidly.

Some others might have questioned spreading seeds
where we all know they will not grow. How little
love they know. Surely they have never
bounced an infant kiss upon their knee.
Surely they have missed the blooms of love's sweet
vine around the hearts of misery.

And so I had this young man in this motel
in this night in this small town, and he
had me. All from jeans and boots and plain white
tee as they were leaning,

languidly, against
the light pole, underneath the
artificial light.

64

He was my scabie
baby. I itched for his touch.
He left me welting.

Your touch did not warm me
or excite me
or bring on the frenzy.

It made me feel good, because it hinted that my touch
might feel good to you.
And of course it felt good because, even while kissing your navel,
I knew that the tingle of cumming was coming.

And the always too long absent
push-pull being-sucked-in feeling
felt upon the entering felt good too.

I liked the sounds. I liked the smells. I liked
the tastes, the feel of clammy, rocking skin all over mine.
I liked the building drive.
I liked the idea of you liking it all and
the two of us hot and wet and red
and grappling with each other all over the bedroom.
I liked the pulse of cumming
and the quiet surges then left, and then the
lying still inside of you (both holding on to
everything that is and was and ever might someday).

But I didn't like the feeling, when it
was said and done, that it was said and done:
That it was just a me just proving I could get to you;
That it was just a you just proving you could get me too.
I didn't like that feeling or the one that followed
that we would probably not see one another again:
The novelty all worn away in one quick rubbing motion.

But it wasn't bad enough to bother me real bad
until you'd gone and I again took off my clothes,
and, standing at the mirror hoping I looked good to all the world,
I felt an itch and downward looked and bent

to find a clear, gray and brown spot upon my skin
tangled up among my pubic hairs: Moving.

Oh Christ. I've got the crabs again.
Oh Christ, the crabs again.

Two men diverged in a yellow wood,
and both looked back on me. Long I stood
and looked at one as far as I could
to where he bent into the undergrowth.

Then I took the other, as just as fair,
and having perhaps the better claim
because he was hard and young and hung.
Though as for that, really both the same:

Both, that morning, wanting to get laid.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how lay leads on to lay
I doubted I should ever trick with him.

So now I am telling this with a sigh:
Two men diverged in a wood, and I –
I took the one that was better hung,
and that has made all the difference.

67 About Men and Sex

Part 1.

Wayne told me about fucking Betty a couple of times under the dining room table when the rest of us were upstairs asleep. He told it not to say how great it was or sinful it was or sexy it was, but to prove how much he loved her and how heartbroken he was after she was killed, in a drug deal, with the Feds, in some graveyard, when she and Bobby tried to shoot their way out of the bust rather than go to jail again. The images of her, first, with him, on her back on the floor as both of them urged each other on while being quiet enough to not waken

the rest of us upstairs, and, second, with Bobby, of her dead in that old graveyard, with blood all over the place and bullet holes through the windows and sides of the van, did not prove his love to me. No. Instead of proof of his love for her, I took it as proof that I would never understand these straight men no matter how much I learned of them. I mean, if you really love her, why fuck her on the cold tile floor under the table a couple of times and then let her go on drug dealing with Bobby? "Really," I wondered, "why not help things change?" I never asked him it though. I just wondered.

Part 2.

And it reminded me of the time that Billy Ray Aycock told me about fucking

that young black girl on the counter of the grocery store gas station he used to have out near Heidenheimer, when he was a young man, before he moved to Houston to make the fortune that he never made. Lord, he was proud of that fucking. I mean, he told me about it proud: Eyes afire; Back straight up; Still, in his mind, cumming all over the inside of that black girl on the top of the counter right beside the cash register and with all of the store lights on and only the front door locked, as

a concession to her fear that her pappy might come looking for her 'cause she was there to buy his beer. And Billy Ray was taking payment out in trade 'cause he had always wanted her, and tonight he had told her that her pappy hadn't paid his bill up yet, but she could have the beer if she wanted the best damn fucking of her life right there on the grocery store counter. And she did. And he did. And he was still bright eyed and tall over it years later, whenever he told of it. Or when he even thought of it, alone or with friends. But it was not about loving her. No.

And if she'd turned up dead in a drug deal, Billy Ray never woulda brought up the counter fucking as proof of his loving her. He woulda said, "Damn, I hate to hear that. I was hoping to fuck her one more time someday." "Shit," he woulda said, after a longish pause. And then, his eyes bright, he woulda thought about every move she made that night. And how he played her like a fiddle at a barn dance out in the county late into the night with all of the store

lights on. And how he kissed her on the cheek.
For Billy Ray, it didn't matter 'bout
loving 'em. It was loving fucking 'em.

Part 3.

A few years ago, I fell in love with
a young man named Dana. He was a sweet
and pretty man. And I think he might have
loved me too. And we had great tender sex.
And we had great dirty sex. And we had
great times listening to the radio
or talking or going to the movies
or eating dinner. And I had written
him a great many poems, perhaps more
poetry than for any other man
I've known. For, although there have certainly
been men for whom I wrote no poetry,
there were only one or two for whom I
wrote so many pieces of poetry.

But, he had been a hustler, prostitute,
way back before I ever met him: When he was
really still a boy. I mean, he was out
turning tricks when he was 12 or 13.
And having a good time at it. And he
was making good money at it, he said.
He kept it up until he was maybe
19 or 20, and then he couldn't
really get anyone to pay for it
anymore because he was getting too
old. Even though he was still very good
looking. And he and I had a stunning
affair. But, I had been sexually
abused as a boy. And, he had been quite

daring. And every now and then it would
start to get in the way for me, because
he would start to pretend he was a kid

again, being fucked by an older man. But I wouldn't enjoy that. I'd begin to feel for him how I used to feel when I was a boy. And I would hate myself for doing these things to him even though he loved it. It would get real confusing for me, and finally I went to him and announced that I had to stop having sex with him because it was getting so crazy for me. He didn't understand. I tried to explain it. But it wasn't

understood. And even though he never understood it, he agreed. And we agreed that we loved each other, and, sex or no sex, we would try to stay acquainted. And we occasionally had dinner. And I published some of my poetry about him in one of my books. And two or three years later, we were having some dinner somewhere and it came up how nice it was for each of us to still have our friendship. And I allowed that I had been afraid, back when I went to him and said I couldn't have sex with him anymore because I was getting crazy over

it all, with all of my old abuse that kept coming up, that it wouldn't work out. "I mean," I said to him, "I knew that sex was pretty important to you and I didn't know if you could do a friendship without any sex." "Well, it is. Important," he shyly replied, looking down to the side, eyes away as he spoke. "And you're right. I never have bothered to know a man before without there being sex involved in the friendship. Before you. But you were the one. I mean, you were so different.

I mean, I miss the fucking you, and I've thought many times about telling you to

go grow up and go get some therapy. But you were the only one who wrote me poetry." Suddenly, Dana and I understood each other a little bit better than we ever had before. I already knew about many of his adventures. He had told me about his being fucked by older men in bathrooms and kitchens and backyards and standing up in hot tubs up on the roof. He had earned his living for ten years with his body, fucking with it, in all those places, with all those other men. And he loved fucking. And he and I had some lovely fucking.

He had been fucking since he was a boy, but, it had never crossed my mind before, even with all the seeds of all those men gone deep inside of him, no one else had ever done poetry to him. "My God." I thought, "No wonder we still smile at each other." And Dana looked up from the side, up into my eyes. And his eyes were bright, and his back was straight. And I am sure that mine were too. And I knew right then and there that if he died someday I'd think, "Damn. I was still wanting to give him another poem someday." And then I'd think about, kissing him on the cheek, lightly, good night.