

Children's Games

I play children's games with my cock.
I buy inexpensive toys and spread
them around my cock.

I roll a red ball up against my cock,
and almost without effort, my cock
flinches and shoves the ball back.

It doesn't seem to care for games,
but I know better.

After we have played cat and mouse
a few times, my cock is more interested
and tosses the ball back more seriously.

Then, I switch to a game with a silk cloth.
I cover my cock and try to make it disappear,
but it always comes out, bigger than before,
and laughing.

My cock loves these games, although
it approaches them cautiously.

The Erector Set

This flaccid tinker toy,
this one-piece erector set.

When I grow up,
I want to be an architect
and design the puncture
of clouds manmade.

This chemistry set
of passion, my cock.

This sad Pisan Tower,
sinking in its sandy soil.

This Washington Monument,
father of the tiniest population.

I pile block on block,
seeing it rise, until
it teeters and falls
at the hand of some
delighted woman-child.

The Portrait

I paint the most beautiful
portrait of my cock sleeping.

Every artist dreams
of such a model.

She seems to be
dreaming, too.

I paint her as quietly as I can.
I don't want to disturb my cock's
hermaphroditic dream.

The Note

I find my cock,
like a piece of tissue,
in a drawer.

I unwrap the tissue,
full of curiosity.

Inside are kernels of corn
and pistacio nuts, red and yellow,
and the tissue smells of olive oil

A note is scribbled on the tissue,
*Please transport me far away.
I have no business sitting in this cafe,
alone and crying, like an idiot. And I
have run out of quarters for coffee.*

Out Walking

When I'm walking on the street,
sometimes, I'll reach into my pocket,
and touch my cock, to see if it's awake.

I always pull my hand out of my pocket,
before my cock knows what's going on.

It stretches and wonders why
it should be awakened.

I scratch half-finished notes
on my thighs, and my cock has to
strain to read the last words.

By then, I'm at a particular corner,
and my purpose is in my eyes.

On The Menu

My cock is particular
about what it eats.

It prefer organic food,
but it is especially fond
of guacamole.

It's indifferent to bananas,
but it devours cantaloupe.

The Mail Must Go Through

My cock
took a job
as a mailman,

But it was fired
when it refused
to deliver
junk mail.

A Bird

My cock
is a bird

Which nests
in breasts.

The Want-Ads

One day, I left my cock at home,
when I went to the grocery store,

But it came after me, like an eager boy.
Don't forget to buy the newspaper,
it said to me, *I want to look at*
the cock-wanted ads, and the
lonely cunts column
is just like
the comics to me.

The Life of Crops

I have a bucolic cock.

I have an agricultural cock,
tilling the soil, rotating the earth.

My cock is interested in country life.

It imitates the life of crops.

It lies fallow.

It responds to cultivation.

In The Closet

I have a closet cock.
It hides in shoes.

It stands up and
rattles the hangers.

It peeks out
at the hallway.

The door creaks open,
like Dracula's lid.

It emerges
into the dark.

It arises at night
and arouses,
all night long.

The Revolution

I have a revolutionary cock.
It mans the barricades.

In the revolution of my cock,
the old order is toppled.

My cock is the dramatic denouement
in my revolutionary theatre.

My cock accepts roses,
after a good performance.

My cock gives a speech,
denouncing the current government.

The theatre falls into a hush,
as a single tear streams down
the thick-veined neck
of my cock.

Geography Lesson

I have a prominence
which seeks to join back up
with a continent.

When I get out of bed
to retrieve my pen and paper,
I jerk about, in the bedside air.

Part of me is uncomfortable
with the new, gentle geography
of the world.

As it is sleeping now,
my cock wants to be Cuba,
lunging back into the Gulf of Florida.

I want to be inside of you,
whichever flesh or earth you are.

I want to be free from floating
in this Sargasso Sea of air.

Instead, be imprisoned again,
by your tropical shorelines.

The Swimmer

My cock swam the Tiber.
It dove in as a scout
and led Caesar back home.

My cock swam the Bosphorus
with Byron on his last voyage.

My cock is a swimmer
who likes the Black Sea,
with the blue sky, up above.

In Folds of Cloth

My cock
is the cloth
wound around
an old woman's
head.

Her spiders
sleep in my folds.

This Flower

This thick flower,
my cock.

In bed, it hides
from the light.

In the shower,
it bends away
from the rain.

Nightblooming,
it seeks to bury
its blossom.

The Last of the Ninth

Willie McCovey is on first,
with one out.

On the radio, Lon Simmons says
that Charlie Fox should put a stamp
on McCovey and mail him to second base,
he'd get there faster.

Hampered by an injury, he is replaced by a
pinch runner. My cock goes in for McCovey.

The stands are full of uneasy laughter.
The crowd is unsure of the meaning
and uncomfortable, witnessing
the professional debut of my cock.

Then, Fuentes pops up to the third baseman,
and Bonds lines out to the shortstop.

Over thousands of handheld radios,
Lon Simmons runs down the inning,

*No runs, one hit, no errors,
and one cock, left on base.*