

# The Cock Poems by Georgio Vesta as told to Steve Brooks

## 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 its own 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.

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."