

Baby Baby Baby

Fumbling around in  
the dark  
after my cock

Her mouth accidentally  
get hold of  
my big toe

My God, she say  
with considerable surprise

I never know  
before now

You have a toe-nail  
like that

There on the end  
of your  
cookie coochie  
cookie

Jaw Born

Up in heaven  
a angel  
with a ukulale

Invite me to join  
in the chorus

Seeing I have  
a jaw's-harp  
a juice-harp

And a flute

But I was  
unfortunately  
never known to be  
particularly  
musically

Inclined

— Mason Jordan Mason

Taos, New Mexico

Struggle

I've heard enough the faggot writers  
screaming from behind walls that are now too high,  
Let me hear the poet who fights to love with a woman,  
That's where the real struggle lies,  
That's where real agony is.

Let me hear how close he gets to love,  
How long he can stay, Let me hear how long it was,  
Or how long it has been, The love of a woman,  
Let me hear of the Love of a woman,  
That's where real life is.

— Steve Richmond

Santa Monica, California