

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