
Ianthi's alt.sex.intergen POEMS OF THE WEEK, 26th May 1995.

Four COMIC poems this week, from three names which loom large
in English Literature, plus one anonymous Arabic poet.

- * W.H. Auden (England, 1907-1973) 'Uncle Henry'
(Boys - meant be read in an over-the-top English accent...)
- * William Plomer (England, 1903-1973) 'Ganymede' (Boys)
- * Anon (9th Century Arabic) 'Surprise Surprise' (Boys & Girls)
- * Lytton Strachey (England, 1880-1932) 'How Odd the Fate
of Pretty Boys' (Boys - a comment on English public schools)

All boys, I know, but girl-lovers should also enjoy these.
I shall redress the imbalance next week... Any requests ?

UNCLE HENRY

When the Flyin' Scot
fills up for shootin', I go southward,
wisin' after coffee, leavin'
Lady Starkie.

Weady for some fun,
yearly visit Wome, Damascus,
in Mowocco look for fresh a-
-musin' places

Where I'll find a fwend,
don't you know, a charmin' cweature,
like a Gweek God and devoted:
how delicious!

All they have they bwing,
Abdul, Nino, Manfwed, Kosta:
here's to women for they have such
lovely kiddies!

W.H. Auden.

GANYMEDE

Crested and ruffed and stiff with whistling frills
Zeus as an eagle from the sky saw Troy,
Her waltzing towers and fast-impending hills,
Swerved plunging fieldwards gaitered with gold quills
To settle upon felspar and ogle the nude boy,
With plumage damascened and love-dance coy
To lure the lad, and promises of thrills.

The next day's headlines were the talk of Troy:
BIG BIRD SENSATION, MISSING LOCAL BOY.

William Plomer

SURPRISE, SURPRISE

Nizam the pederast, whose delight in boys
Was known throughout Bagdad, one afternoon
In a secluded place saw in a clearing
The flash of limbs behind a nearby bush,
And looking closer came upon a youth
Who seemed more lovely than his dreams had promised,
Lying asleep in shade, his head pressed deep
Into crossed arms, his long slim body
Quite naked, the firm buttocks firmly offered.
Quick as a jackal pouncing, Nizam jumped
Upon the lad, his robe about his waist,
The startled boy pierced by his lusty cock
Before you could say knife. Not until later,
When boy lay panting on the flattened grass,
Did Nizam, pausing to embrace his love,
Discover him a her, surprised but pleased
At having been given such pleasure at a source
No previous lover seemed to know about.

Nizam converted ? Never. But the girl
Now gives her lovers strange instruction.

Anon (9th Century Arabic)

HOW ODD THE FATE OF PRETTY BOYS!

How odd the fate of pretty boys!
Who, if they dare to taste the joys
That so enchanted Classic minds,
Get whipped upon their neat behinds.
Yet should they fail to construe well
The lines that of those raptures tell
- It's very odd you must confess -
Their neat behinds get whipped no less.

Lytton Strachey

ianthe@duende.demon.co.uk NOTE new address - I previously posted
as an251284@anon.penet.fi (Ianthe), but then my password was stolen.
I suppose penet.fi isn't as watertight as I had thought. Anyway
anyone with a modicum of intelligence (Hello, D.I. Maclachlan...)
will have sussed out that I'm in the UK, and as there are only a

couple of service-providers here which give access to
alt.sex.intergen... Then I found a way to 'anon' my e-mail address,
and figured that I'm not doing anything illegal anyway, so why
should I use anon.penet.fi ? Hence the super new address.

ends