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Ianthe's alt.sex.intergen 'Poems of the Week'.      Number 28.  
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This week's theme is TRAINS. Rather an odd theme, but the incognito and public nature of train-travel has obvious attractions for the voyeuristic child-lover, and I think this little collection works rather well. Read closely and enjoy.

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- * Taylor Mead (United States, Born 1940s ?)
 'Untitled'
 - * "Hakim Bey" (Psued, aka Peter Lamborn Wilson)
 (United States, Born 1950s ?)
 'Rock Island Pavanne'
 - * David Emerson Smith (United States, Born 1960s ?)
 'Coney Island Daydream'
 - * Peter Ackroyd (England, Born 1949)
 'The Hermaphrodite'

...and a bonus diary-entry for the girl-lovers who've probably been feeling a little neglected these past weeks...

- * Rev. Francis Kilvert (England, 1840-1879)
 from 'Kilvert's Diary' - 19th June 1872.
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Mead I know nothing about. _"Bey"_, apart from being a leading anarchist writer and theoretician, arabist, boy-love novelist, translator and all-round 'man-of-mystery', is obviously also a superb first-rate poet. If you only ever read one poem from any of my postings this should be it. _Smith_ I know nothing about. _Ackroyd_ is a leading award-winning English novelist and biographer - I should think boy-lovers might enjoy his recent novel 'English Music'. 'Kilvert's Diary' is widely available in paperback and should be on the "must-read" list of all girl-lovers.

UNTITLED

Incredible
Crotch-burning child light
tan almost white bulging
long pants there in center
bulge almost bursting
my eyelids throat
lick you across subway
aisle filling subway
car with your gyzm
everyone swimming
drowning swallowing
doors open at next

station everyone recovers
and goes home

Taylor Mead.

ROCK ISLAND PAVANNE

You know how the transcontinental out of Chicago glides into a landscape that looks so much like the map you wonder which came first -- a geometric grid the color of corn stubble, grim solstice-grey old black-and-white TV-land from the observation car, one after another poor hick town flicks past between plastic coffee and stale insomniac cigarette smoke -- & you wonder what would happen if you just got off the train in one of these dorfs: a negro porter standing in the black cold snow helps you down onto the cinders, the train pulls out into railroadland, no one's there, the station's been torn down, long slow freights clank past towards Iowa, the fastfood restaurants are closing for the night -- and you know that in all these shopping-mall farmer-frame-house rigid December Bored-Again Xtian towns there must be boys with names like Jimmy & Joey -- let's say one of them is almost eight, raggedy-kneed blue-jeans & an old slouch tweed cap, hair & eyes both the same soft Venetian brown, body svelte as a Caravaggio urchin-cherub -- and the other ten-&a-half, huge slightly crazy green eyes, world record eyelashes, hair the color of Lindisfarne-gospel goldleaf -- wild enthusiasts, boastful liars, agents of chaos, cuddle-monsters, extortionists of toys & favors, fancy-dancers, dirty jokesters, natural-born exiles from the Mundus Imaginalis -- right! there must be millions like them in these frozen flatlands, millions of secret epiphanies in thousands of icy boxy little houses at every point of the night-whistle-echoing nation -- but imagine just this once instead of staying on the Wabash Cannonball or whatever Zephyr you disembark just here & now & finally penetrate the mystery of these lost-town boys who might have waited unknowingly forever for someone to notice their beauty, might have grown old and heavy, square & dull without ever communicating their dirty-sweet fragrance & sheer unreasoning joy to a single poet -- but this time you finally get off the train in this godforsaken grain-embargoed cowburg -- and thanks to the whim of some nearly defunct amerindian pagan-pervert genius locii this time at last you get to meet Jimmy & a Joey who are precisely as imagined, feed them cheeseburgers & pink shakes & bribe them with action-figures & gum, these two microcosms, these two fire-clowns -- so that all of us in a moment of mutual unspoken relief at this shattering of worshipful destinies, all of us suddenly gracefully have to embrace & kiss, kiss chaste & cool on the lips & grin like bobcats for this fortunate derailment, this whistle-stop, this milk-run, this hobo's muscatel-dream, this poetico-

revolutionary action that somehow forever changes the energy gradient -- however slightly, no matter what, no matter who knows or even remembers, absolutely, unconditionally, nostalgically, painfully, permanently.

"Hakim Bey".

CONEY ISLAND DAYDREAM

On the train rumbling to Coney Island
stark row of towers rises along the shore
trying to stack humanity in a vertical hold
it's sort of sad/ but you've got to put them
somewhere/ and this is that somewhere
the subway cars are covered
with inscrutable names
and their lovers
vanity graffiti/
at King's Highway
a young boy's expression says
avenue P -- come with me/
I fumble with words
but can't put it together
in time -- the train
clunks to a halt
and he smiles longingly
over his slender shoulder
leaving me here/ alone
to scribble this song/

I've an inclination
to be by the sea/ foamy
to get down in the sand
with hot boys at hand
to get lost in the touch
such a marvelous obsession

my body soaks
in my mother's
salty sea skirts/

David Emerson Smith.

THE HERMAPHRODITE

the hermaphrodite suffers a change : now he is alone
and the surface is wonderful, he sits in the silence
of trains, he just reads old magazines

you have reached the desert station, and your perfect
friends are out of place; their ironies make your
heart thump

on looking into the world, your eyes got bloodshot;
the poet wears violet shades, he is dreaming of things
to come. Alas his art is dead.

the slight track of events, the last cigarette;
listen! we can obtain the world! the grief-stricken
multitudes

ah where have you gone, these words are pillars of salt

the poet sucks off the circus-boy, he alone knows his
true value; sexual practices decorate the wonderful smile
of his father. The poet dreams of bare-back riding.

there is semen on his chin : yes he is alive, too; also
there is love without end.

Peter Ackroyd.

from KILVERT'S DIARY.

19th June 1872.

At Wrexham two merry saucy Irish girls got into our carriage. The younger had a handsome saucy daring face showing splendid white teeth when she laughed and beautiful Irish eyes of dark grey which looked sometimes black and sometimes blue, with long silky black lashes and fine black eyebrows. This girl kept her companion and the whole carriage laughing from Wrexham to Chester with her merriment, laughter and songs and her antics with a doll dressed like a boy, which she made dance in the air by pulling a string. She had a magnificent voice and sung to a popular comic air while the doll danced wildly. Then breaking down into merry laughter she glanced rougishly at me from behind the doll. She suddenly became quiet and pensive and her face grew grave and sad as she sang a love song.

The two girls left the carriage at Chester and as she passed the younger put out her hand and shook hands with me. They stood by the carriage door on the platform for a few moments the younger girl asked me to buy some nuts. I gave her sixpence and took a dozen nuts of the full measure she was going to pour into my hands. She seemed surprised and looked up with a smile. "You'll come and see me," she said coaxingly. [...] "Where did

you get in ?" I asked Irish Mary. "At Wrexham," she said. "We were caught in the rain, walked a long way in it and got wet through," said the poor girl pointing to a bundle they were carrying and which they had changed for dry ones. "What do you do ?" "We go out hawking," said the girl in a low voice. "You have a beautiful voice." "Hasn't she," interrupted the older girl eagerly and delightedly. "Where did you learn to sing ?" She smiled and blushed and hid her face. A porter and some other people were looking wonderingly on, so I thought it best to end the conversation. But there was an attractive power about this poor Irish girl that fascinated me strangely. I felt irresistibly drawn to her. The singular beauty of her eyes, a beauty of deep sadness, a wistful sorrowful imploring look, her swift rich humour, her sudden gravity and sadness, her brilliant laughter, a certain intensity and power and richness of life and the extraordinary sweetness, softness and beauty of her voice in singing and talking gave her a power over me which I could not understand or describe, but the power of a stronger over a weaker will and nature. She lingered around the carriage door. Her look grew more wistful, beautiful, imploring. Our eyes met again and again. Her eyes grew more and more beautiful. My eyes were fixed and riveted on hers. A few minutes more and I know not what might have happened. A wild reckless feeling came over me. Shall I leave all and follow her ? No - Yes - No. At that moment the train moved on. She was left behind. Goodbye, sweet Irish Mary. So we parted. Shall we meet again ? Yes - No- Yes.

Rev. Francis Kilvert.

Bye for now,

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'Whatever happens, I shall never be alone
I shall always have a boy, a railway fare, a revolution.'

Sir Stephen Spender, (England, 1909-1995) who died a few months ago.

[Note on last week's mention of Hakim Bey's translations of Abu Nuwas's boy-love poems: the publisher is Entimos Press / Abu Nuwas Society, 1993. Available from Intermale and Prinz Eisenhertz in Europe.]

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