





# The Crying Poofster

## THE FACTS OF LIFE

Homosexuality is just like heterosexuality, except that it is different.

I salute the legitimacy of affection between people of the same gender, and if it expresses itself physically, that is even better.



## **ALL THINGS IN NATURE ARE IN ABUNDANCE AND VARIATION.**

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The kaleidoscope of nature produces 300,000 different kinds of beetles, 17,000 different kinds of butterflies, Estee Lauder makes 200 shades of pink lipstick. Throughout history, in the human sexual spectrum, a certain percentage of people have always been attracted to their own gender. That will never change.







Homosexuality is not a choice any more than heterosexuality is not a choice.

**BOTH ARE EQUALLY VALID  
AND A GIFT OF OUR DNA.**

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For religion and social traditions to subject “the difference of others” to ridicule, humiliation, and even death, is extraordinarily evil.

Carnal pleasures have always been dirty, mired in the shadow of the human want.

**Dangerous.**





The Last Day in Our Garden



All religions are political institutions who's raison d'etre is to perpetuate themselves. They lure the naive with fictitious promises of heaven and hell. In their need to control they have hypocritically equated sensual pleasure with sin, and it is only legitimate in the realm of reproduction.

**TO BE AN EFFEMINATE MAN IS NOT  
TO BE A TRADER TO MASCULINITY.**

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Heterosexuality is just like homosexuality, except that it is different.

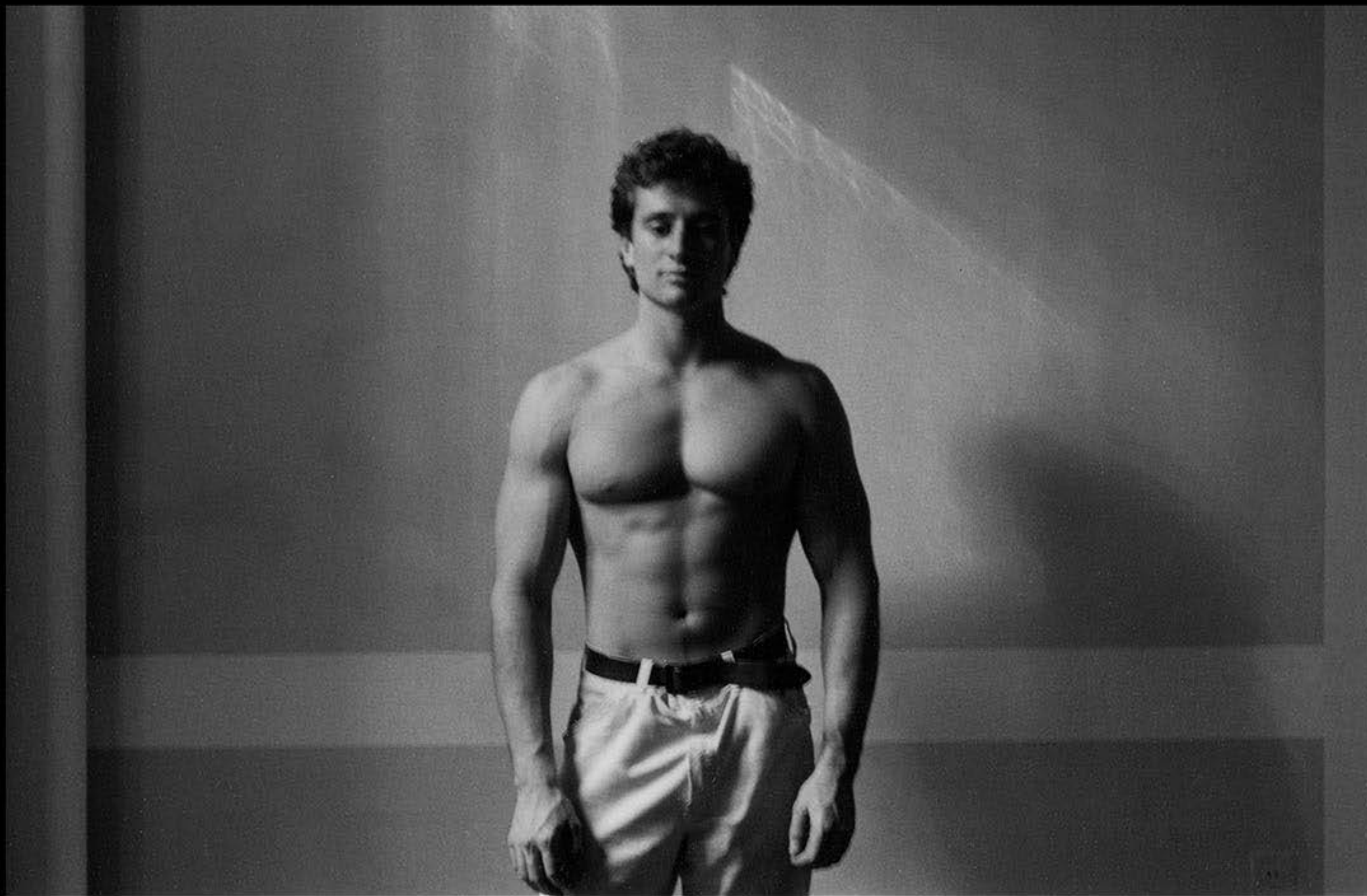




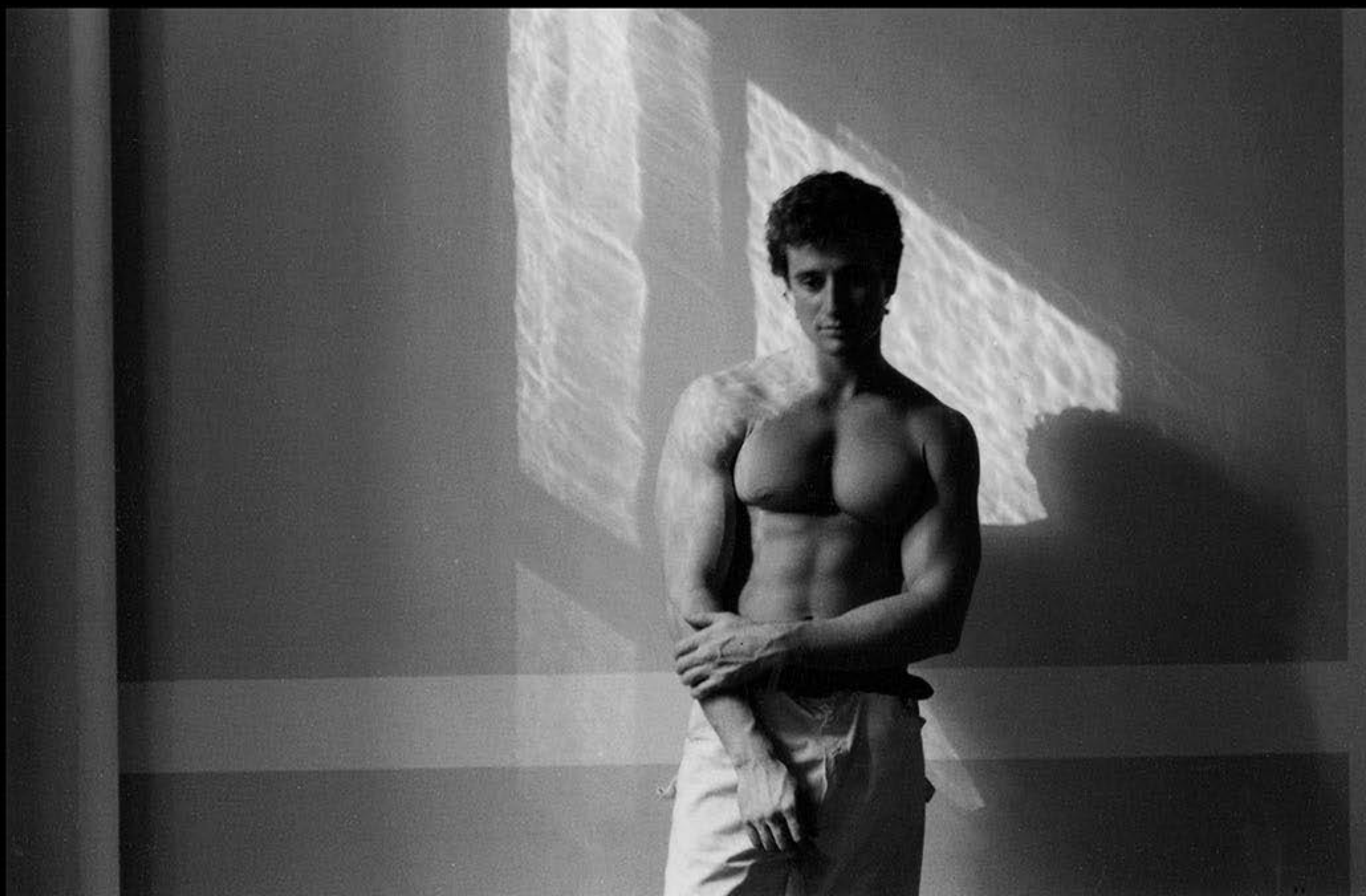
**THE UNFORTUNATE MAN** could not touch the one he loved. It had been declared illegal by the law. Slowly his fingers became toes and his hands gradually became feet. He began to wear shoes on his hands to disguise his pain. It never occurred to him to break the law.



# THE LIGHT TOUCH



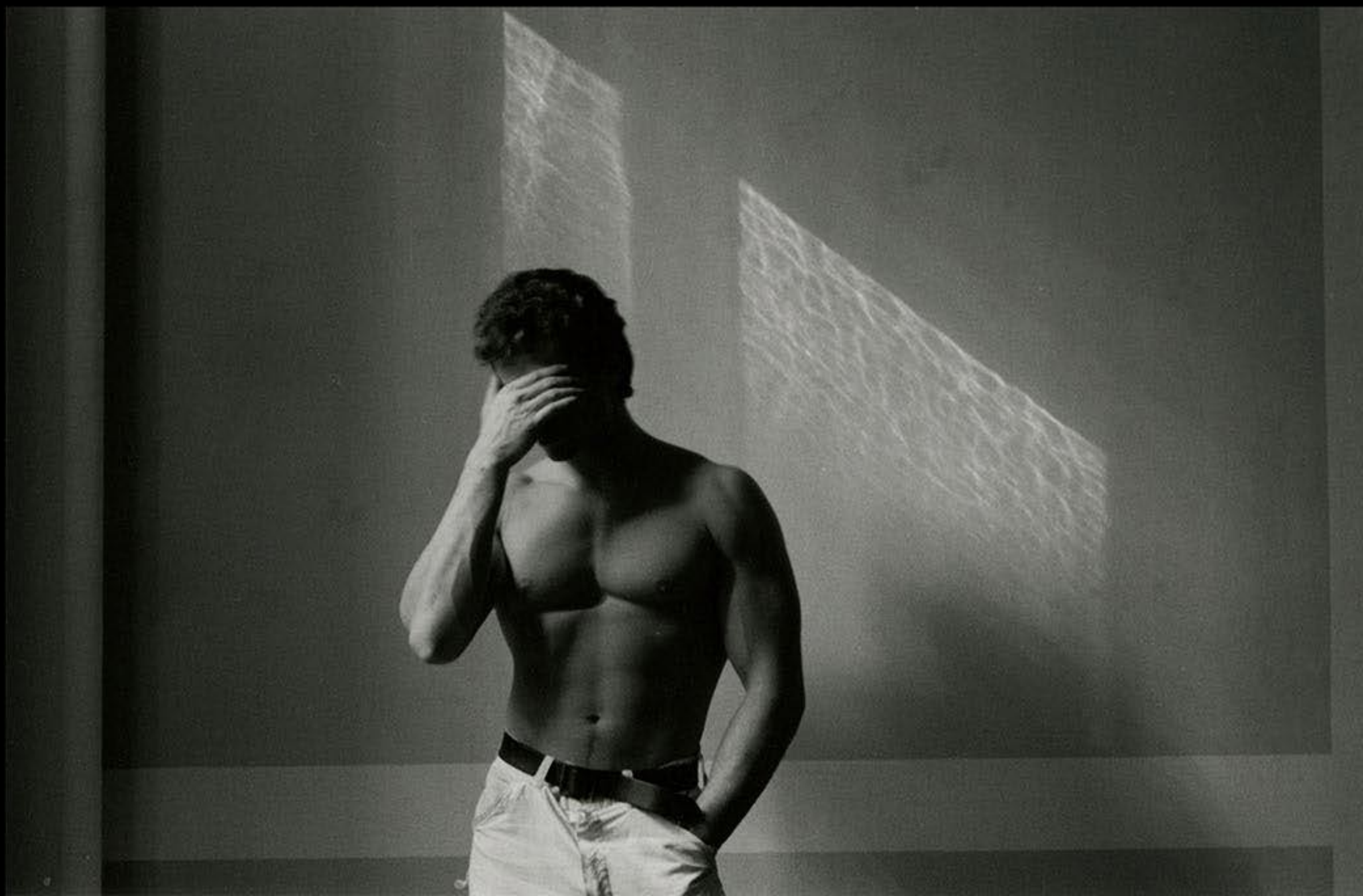
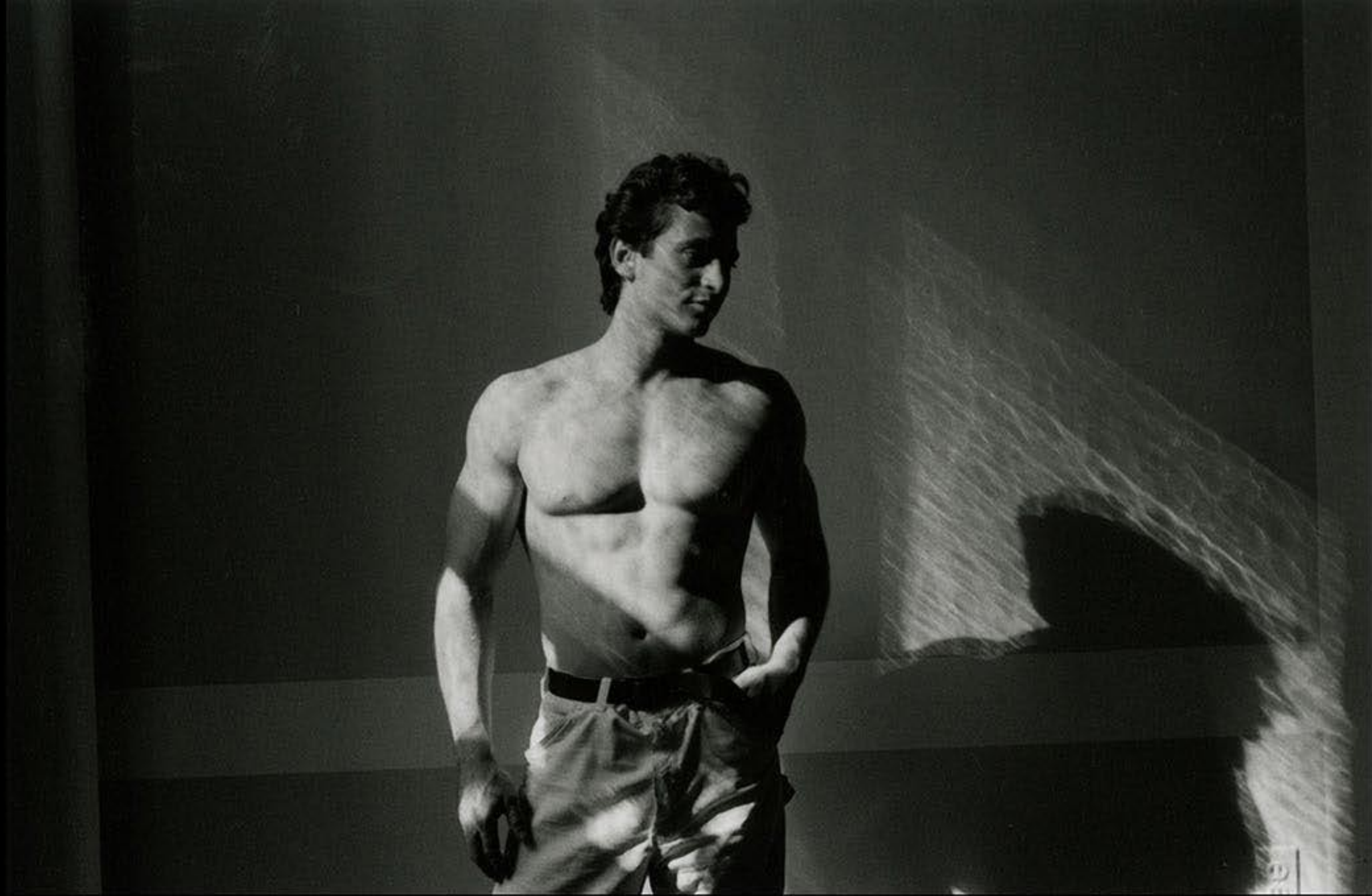




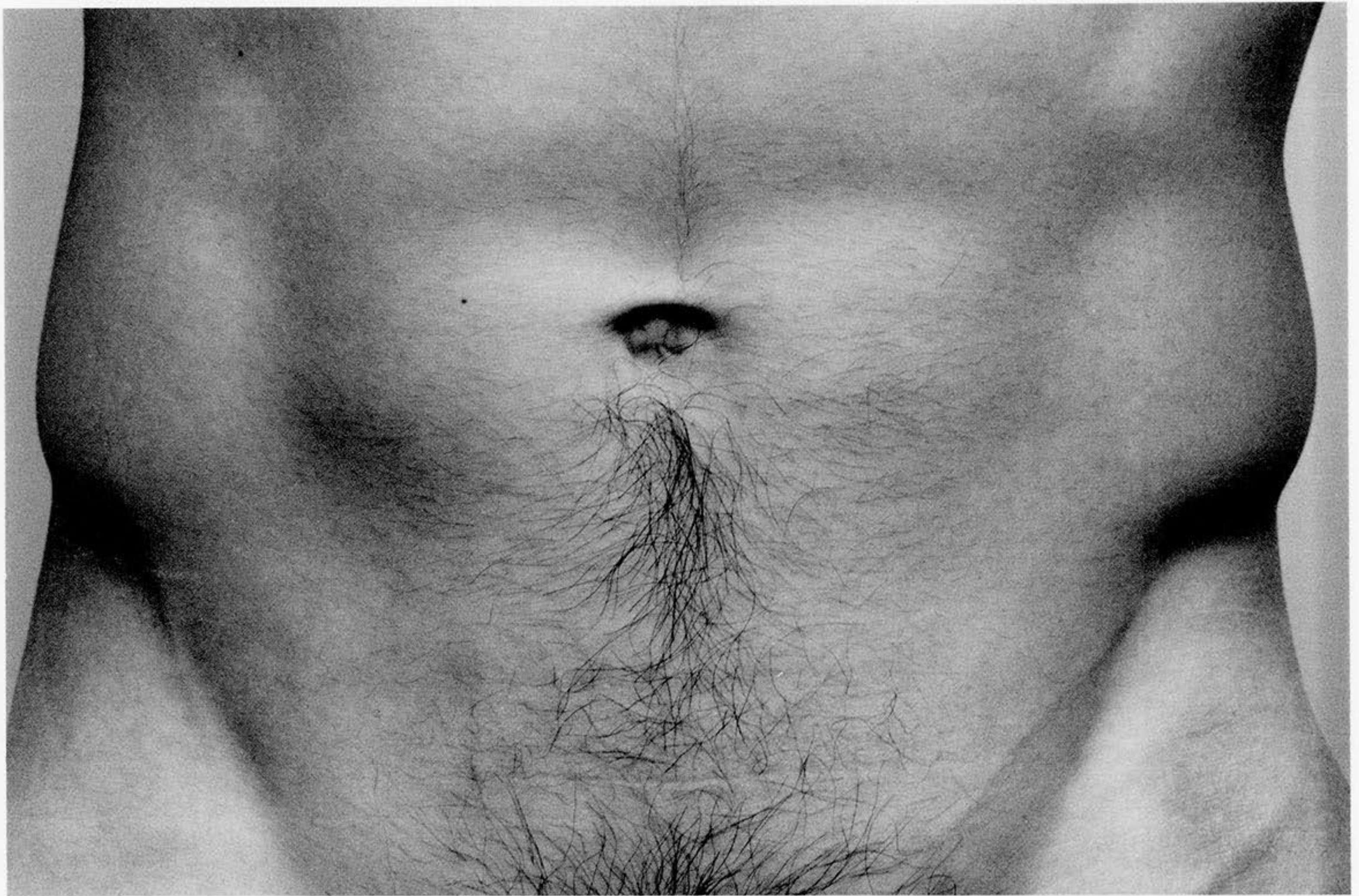






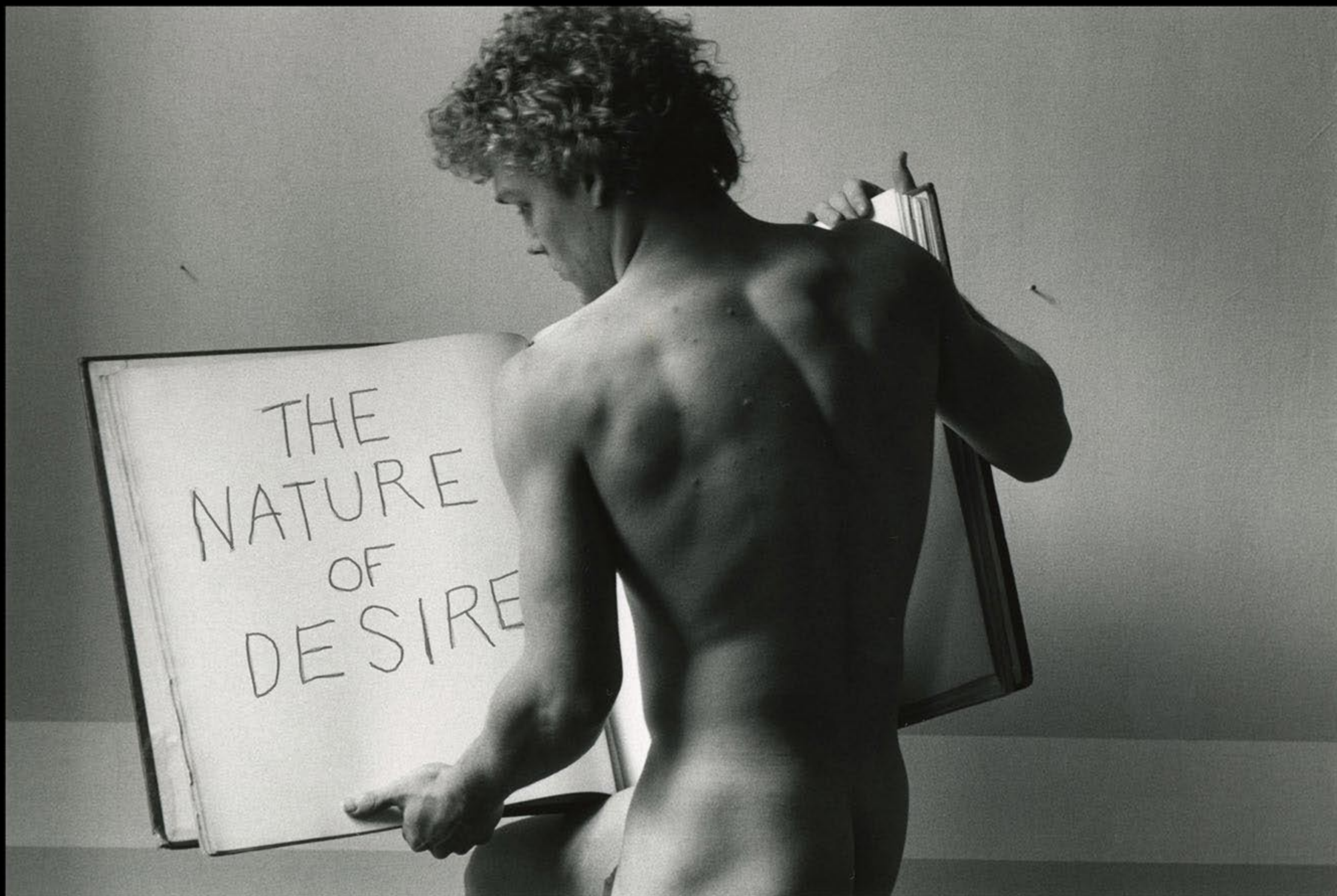






The Most Beautiful Part of a Man's Body  
I think it must there, where the torso sits  
on and into the hips,  
Those twin delineating curves  
Feminine in grace, girdling the trunk,  
Guiding the eyes downwards  
to their intersection,  
The point of pleasure.





## THE CAMERA'S CARESS

Something happened when I took your picture. I became enchanted by the site of you, standing there looking at the book, perfect in that gentle light. I took the photograph over and over, again and again, compulsively, knowing that when I stopped, the moment would be lost, as the dream dies when one awakens. And I could not bear to let it go.





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When the old poet saw the ghost of his dead son,  
he realized ~~that~~ he would soon die.



# THE WOMAN IN THE MIRROR

























# TO SOME OTHER FATHER'S SON

I like to think that I had been your mother's lover,  
and that we had slept with one another on some  
Summer's night, so that I might claim of you the  
natural father's right. And the blood that pulses  
through your veins, I wish were mine, the very same.  
And the strength that I can plainly see, I wish had  
also come from me. Would that you had issued from  
my fountain's joy, you sweet sturdy smiling boy.  
But this is my harsh reality, that like a phantom  
limb, you cast no shadow from my tree.  
Still we had shared what you never had. with whom  
you first called dad. And at this point in our brief  
now, it seems correct that I somehow be at your side,  
So I might show and point and guide.  
What I need to give, you do need to take.  
We share this living gift, for both our loving sakes.



*A DREAM OF FLOWERS*



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# SODOM AND GOMORRAH



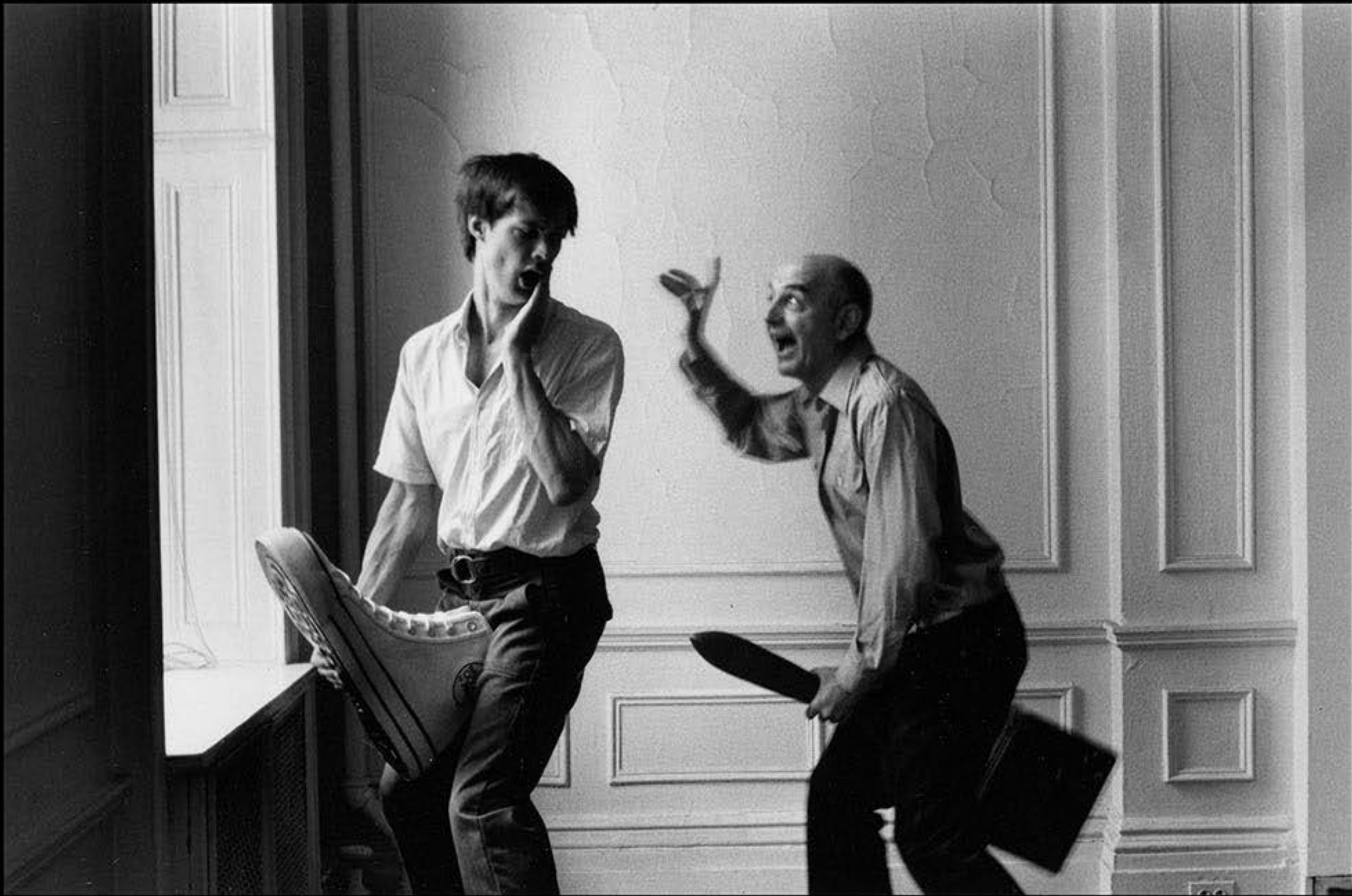
# BURLESQUE























The Besotted Rake,  
asleep by the cascading stream,  
Dreams drunken dreams  
of the lovers  
he will make.

e/29/07



A black and white profile photograph of a man's face, looking towards the right. The lighting is soft, highlighting the contours of his nose, cheek, and ear. The background is a plain, light color.

# BALLOON BONER















