

# POETRY

I'm twenty-three now  
 But I won't be for long  
 Day by Day, I'm growing older  
 In a land where youth is a cult  
 AmeriKKKa  
 land of the free  
 home of the brave  
 And I am gay  
 where age is feared  
 and youth is worshipped  
 So

I must try to know my youth  
 and my aging  
 What they mean now  
 And what they will become  
**AFTER  
 THE  
 REVOLUTION**

I see the older men  
 on Christopher Street  
 and I wonder  
 I've heard they search for youth  
 and will pay

Does your age scare you?  
 do you dye your hair?  
 do you dress "young"?  
 why?

We live in a dying nation  
 an empire aging in his own shit  
 which transmits his fear  
 of age  
 to all his citizens

Nations young do not have power  
 or money  
 and are prostituted  
 by the powered rich

But the rich grow old and senile  
 and the prostitutes arise

Vietnam, the thin and short  
 whose history is long  
 but who is now young  
 beats upon AmeriKKKa's door  
 While inside  
 the black houseboy  
 comes to fight him too  
 With his cousins  
 Zambia, Lesotho, Rwanda  
 (whose names he never knew  
 but whose sperm replenished  
 his aging, fattened arteries),  
 conspire against him

Cuba, whom he once kept  
 organizes all the other  
 Latin boys

Yes  
 AmeriKKKa  
 Fascist Babylon  
 NorteamerikKKa  
 Will Die

And  
 In his dying  
 will be his birth  
 The Phoenix of new youth  
 risen from the ashes  
 of age

And  
 In his deathbirth  
 will be yours and mine  
 As the Spirit of Youth  
 spreads through all the people

I am young and do not wish to  
 Grow Old — here/now

I look to China  
 older than any  
 older than Rome  
 older than Greece  
 Yet now younger  
 I look at the pictures of her aged  
 men and women  
 And I see the faces of young lovers

Eternal Youth?  
 Perpetual Revolution!  
 They are one.

We search for the first  
 I to stay  
 And you to return

Our search ends in

picking up the gun  
 and aiding those who do

It may be public  
 or it may be hiding  
 (we gays are good at that)

**WE CAN BE TOGETHER**

Bob Bland

## ATTENTION KINGS & QUEENS:

My Renaissance. I Am We Are  
 We shall always be  
 You make it hard  
 Renaissance  
 Hard hard hard, the World is hard — Swim  
 up stream. Crash Smash Love me Love me, Oh my God  
 Love me. Crash Smash, the world is one Vibration  
 Floor Plan—Hello—You have what I want,  
 you have what I need.

What is it?  
 Touch me, I'll tell you  
 We touched. We wrestled, oozing our knowledge into  
 each other—We made sounds. We touched. Our  
 souls, minds, bodies, infinite beings—We touched, our  
 words tangling one with another. Stop Stop Stop  
 It is wrong to know too much  
 Another.  
 Oh my God, Love me  
 Take Me I am yours  
 We Encompass. We Transcend  
 Rock Rock, Rock Rock, Rock Rock

Erica Evander

## ANGEL

Three thirty at night:  
 our city room  
 silent and dark . . .

I lie in bed  
 watching Rick,  
 his body just now smooth against mine,  
 now crouching, naked, by the window,  
 leaning,  
 motionless,  
 in the black air.  
 One arm draws back the curtain,  
 the other  
 rests upon the sill . . .

I watch him there a moment —  
 slim and light in all that darkness,  
 then look beyond him  
 to the lighted street outside . . .

Still coldness  
 gives the air  
 substance.  
 A few blurry lights —  
 yellow blobs, and white,  
 (without my glasses).  
 A car passes —  
 tires on the wet road —  
 the steady, dying sound . . .

As if all Night were stopped  
 at this one moment —  
 I in bed,  
 Rick at the window,  
 cold street waiting.

Across the road,  
 the EVANGEL TEMPLE's neon sign  
 goes off and on.  
 Part of it's broken. The rest  
 gives us a message,  
 glowing

ANGEL//ANGEL//ANGEL//ANGEL

Ian Young

## HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE

A boy of fifteen,  
 he wore a jacket, dark shirt, wool tie,  
 his bright eyes studying earnestly  
**ANDROCLES AND THE LION**  
 in the Shavian alphabet . . .  
 His friend, a few years older,  
 blond and bundled in overcoat and scarf,  
 carried a flute  
 as they sat at the next table  
 of a cafe in Toronto.  
 My friend knew the younger boy  
 and I asked her who they were.  
 'He used to be a nice, ordinary kid,'  
 she said; 'Then he met *him* — Brett.  
 Brett took him to Montreal,  
 did things to him . . . I don't know . . .  
 they're fags . . . you know . . . Music Room types.'  
 When they left, they were laughing,  
 planning how to spend Brett's paypacket.  
 I noticed they'd written in Shavian  
 all over the serviettes.  
 That's what corruption does to you.

Ian Young

## 9.

Mine the rings of rains green leaves will wring  
 from bended branches, mine the flaring horns  
 on suns of noons on flouncing fields of corn,

mine thy slendered body's touch to sing

(beneath my gazes, naked, when thy form  
 as well as mind is mine — the rush of now,  
 the only all we ever own — two trout  
 inseminating in a river warmed  
 by summer, over pebbles blue and round  
 —blue as mountain winter, shaded trails  
 of last fall's leaves — involved as wise men's tales  
 on nights cock thrushes sing alone for hours)

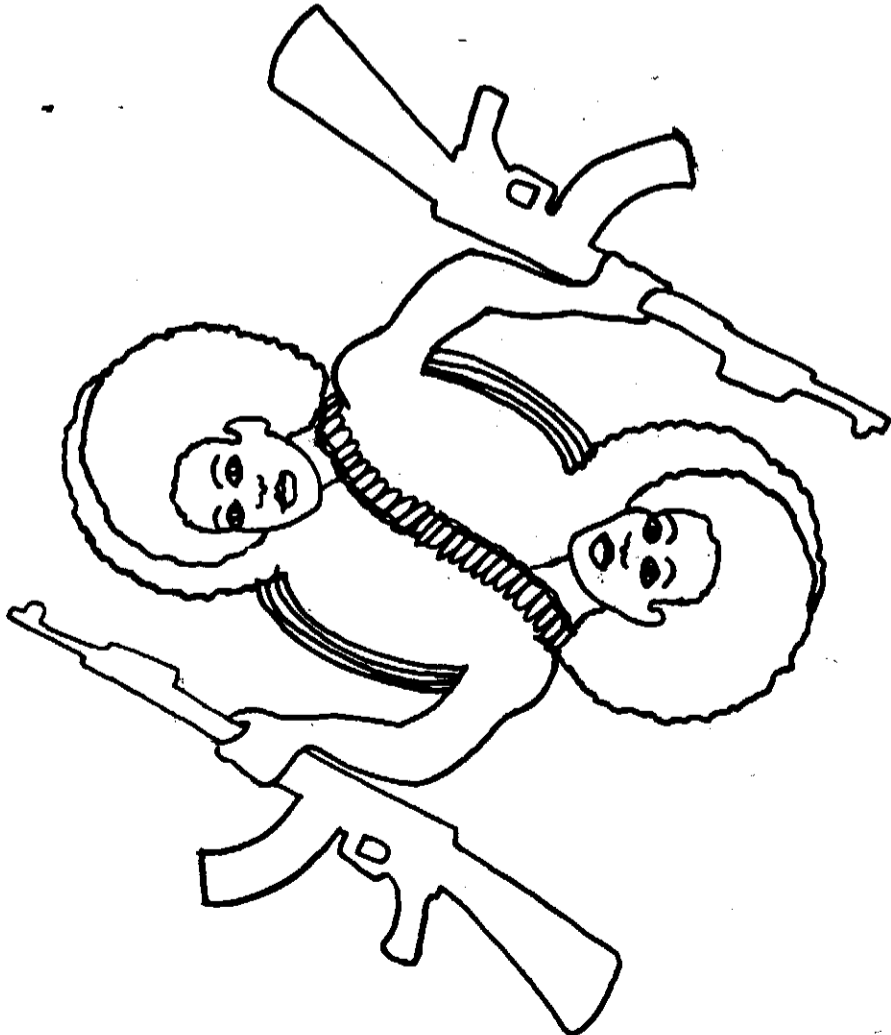
as long as word can entertain such song  
 as cheek on waist, sinking, like the sun.

milani  
 05  
 31  
 70

I never dreamt that I was the American Dream.  
 I was born and so it happened,  
 my parents were the earth and the sky.  
 Every day the sun goes down,  
 it is the sweet orgasm of the day  
 when the day sighs in the voice of dusk  
 and surrenders to the gentle night.

Even when it rains and I can not see the golden  
 texture of the sunset, I know that there  
 is the dusk, somewhere beyond the distant hills  
 and I was born and was never meant to be the  
 American Dream  
 and my parents were the earth and the sky  
 who did not wish their son to die for the myth  
 of the American Dream.

3rd World Gays



U N I T E

U N I T E

In Revolution

join us at Alternate U. on friday nights

MACHISMO

Latino homosexual:  
destruye la mentira  
del machismo!!

Unete a tus hermanas y  
hermanas LOS VIERNES A

LAS 7.30 p.m. En  
124 'N 23 RD ST. 3RD floor

3rd world gay Revolution