



LOVE'S SWEET SWEET SONG

Place: Dublin

Time: Present, June 16, Bloomsday

Characters: Charles McGintry

Patrick Feeney aka Patsy Rose Kathleen ni Houlihan

Glossary:

Kathleen ni Houlihan: the symbolic Kathleen ni Houlihan is the personification of “Ireland” itself. The first bank note printed by the new Irish Free State in 1922 carried her image. She is the spirit of suffering or martyrdom often required for Irish independence. William Butler Yeats, the patron poet of Ireland’s rural west, wrote a play, *Cathleen ni Houlihan*, inspiring young males to lay down their lives for a free Ireland.

Bloomsday: June 16, celebrated annually in Dublin, was created by James Joyce in his novel, *Ulysses*, describing a day in the life of Dublin, June 16, through its character, Leopold Bloom.

James Joyce: one of Ireland’s most influential writers; his classic *Ulysses* introduced the Irish storytelling tradition of stream-of-consciousness to the world. As a young man, Joyce worked as a projectionist in Dublin, and some say his disjointed viewing of movies spurred his streaming style. Joyce, with his wife, Nora, left Ireland an emigrant for Paris. Also of note, Joyce’s novel, *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. *Ulysses* was banned as obscene in the United States until the famous Supreme Court decision of 1933 that freed up speech in print for writers. *Ulysses* was banned in Ireland until the 1960s.

IRA: Irish Republican Army

Fenian: a member of an Irish revolutionary organization founded in New York in 1858 with the goal of establishing an Irish Republic free of Great Britain. In early Irish myth and history, a Fenian was a member of the Fianna, a band of warriors similar to King Arthur’s knights.

Papist: Catholic, loyal to the Papacy in Rome

Orange Man: a Protestant, a Prody, with ties back to William of Orange who completed England’s conquest of the Irish at the Battle of the Boyne in 1690 when the most elemental freedoms were denied the Irish by the British.

Gerry Adams: a bearded leader of the Irish Peace Process

KELVIN BELIELE

LOVE'S SWEET SWEET SONG

Near-empty streets, rainy sultry day, small raindrops dotting the Dublin sidewalks in late afternoon. Charles McGintry saw her as she scurried out of a beauty shop door into the June rain. Down the street, walkin' toward him, a sight she was, moving against the flood of pedestrians parting like the Red Sea before her movin' quickly, slyly, twitch twitch wiggle wiggle, tight skirt slim hips beneath umbrella swaying sashaying like a vision appearing in the blue exhaust of traffic stalled along the twitch wiggle quay promenading toward O'Connell Street Bridge.

Another silly drag queen, like all the others, but no! She's different, not as dusty and tired and old-while-young, not just another drag, he knew, felt it inside, inside his heart inside his rising hard, nearly busting his balls with her presence, her aura, her allure. Gotta have her, know her, love her at first sight. O cunning queen! Stunning queer! What a beauty, such a cutie! Nipples probably hard and hot, he thought, steamy like this weather ready for his lovin'—pretty pristine and prissy sweet sissy looking over her shoulder smiling wettin' lips with tongue red and ready checking licking light lip gloss on her pretty teeth—and her hard too, hard and throbbing already drippin', sticky, and clear.

Charles took another drag and tossed his cigarette to the ground—ground it out on the wet steamy concrete, needing a tight bum a warm body hot toddy toddling, across the bridge now he followed her over the Liffey grey day, lifeless skiff

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floating by on black water, her without so much as looking in the glass doors as she passed the losers in MacDonal'd's. He stuffed his fists into his jacket pockets—never wanted a queen before—but this one, girlcock inside sweet smelling perfumed panties, no jock strap, no boxers, no Y-fronts, lace and frills, and hot throbbing meat.

His cock quivered, inching down his left thigh, leaking onto the denim of his jeans. He reached into his pocket, stroking his penis, feeling the squishy loose foreskin, he squeezed, feeling the hood slip over his cockhead, popping it back slipping it over popping it back. She is so pretty, so red and fair and so fuckin' Dublin Irish, freckled and pale—not like him, black Irish—so fuckin' hot—better than the men he was just after leavin' in the boring boozing snoozing bar behind him. What the hell did they know about leather or sex, those drunken lazy vinyl/plastic/naughahyde stand-and-pose sloughs?

He could tell by lookin'—the one herself in front of him walking slowly in her high heels, short tight skirt, flipping her red hair as she strutted thick high strong freckled calves inside their sheer nylons, sheer lust for sheer nylons. Carrying a condom in his hip pocket, fingers digging for the plastic packet to be certain the latex was still safe there, fresh, bought just this morning in a shop on Bloomsday, national holiday for this proud confused country that should be one with the North, and the North free, and not chopped up like all of the old empire. Fuck Britannia! May she and all her patriots burn in hell, all the fuckin' ships and all the shitty lords and dukes and whatever the fuck all the damned bloody aristocracy called themselves now rulin' nothin' and turnin' themselves to business and adultery and heroin.

Patrick Feeney aka Patsy aka Rose aka Kathleen ni Houlihan in the heart of Dublin looked back over his own her own shoulder once twice thrice still smiling, after a long week of standing all day everyday in that hair salon, beauty parlor, dream palace, catering to the whims of rich vain women wanting a miracle worker, combing curling, cutting, permanent waves and dyes and—needing a break, wanting this man who followed. Big burly leather-jacketed tight denim jeans, tight cotton undershirt, white see-through, transparent from the humid wet drippy Dublin day, showing off his thick forest of black chest hair lookin' almost like an American, tan

and muscled and hair perfect and smiling like an American tourist, how the hell did they get their teeth so white, so very white, and perfect, perfect Americans, always suspected those Americans and their perfection, and their bed-head tourist-lady hair and their slavery and sodomy laws. What kind of democracy was that? Anglophiles, that's all Americans are. Want their independence and then they kiss the asses of their oppressors, slaves bottoming out to the owners that once ruled them, paying money to tour Buckingham Palace. Well, to America, Kiss My Royal Irish Ass, and not the sweet good kind of ass-kissing either, eat my shit, America, standing by in Heathrow watching us on CNN get killed by the Brits and their cruel laws.

Patsy looked back at the intense man following her. He's rugged Irish enough for me to want: a bit of the spit of Gerry Adams. I can tell by the way he walks, the way he looks around him, a Protestant, proddy. Come to that little bridge when we cross it, just like that bridge both of us just crossed cruised walked followed. She had this one snagged, like a big fish she'd pulled from the river, she had known, standing on the bridge, she had her a big one, and he was all hers. She could tell that he was in for the long haul, at least twice around the clock, stuck and struck, and it was likewise, him wanting and needing and her wanting to be needed and wanted and needing to be wanting.

Charles McGintry walked faster as he followed her. He was a bona-fide man, leather, top, Protestant, not going after some queen, some friggin' Papist queen! He watched her cross herself as she passed a Catholic church. A Roman red queen—not an orange but a green queen Catholic crucifix fixed in crux of her bosom between her boygirl breasts small hard and real, god dammit, who was the traitor here? Where did the loyalty belong? Enemies. But the peace accord—didn't that apply to Northern Ireland, part of the bleedin' dyin' Empire, vanished colonies India Africa the United States Ireland all once property of their insane majesties the fat victorian bitch in love with the dead idiot and QE2 and her crew who couldn't even control that rebel princess they just threw away until she drove into that tunnel that summer night in Paris.

This boygirl, he smiled at her, in a dripping blind alley, against the brown-red bricks, reaching for her, leaf-green air,

pressing himself close, wet twilight, mouth to mouth, this one was here alive, hot and hard and ready, like a fucking furnace. Even in a dress and makeup, smelling like sex and roses, such a hot man! Catholic and Fenian, by God, this boygirl hand on my knob freeing the Irish kick ass from British rule is only half the troubles! Her tongue in the red brick leaf green wet twilight mixing into the fight gays, homosexuals, bisexuals, drags, TVs, all oppressed just like the Irish. She and her kind, my kind, the mixed army, men with men, and then some, quite some, queers fighting all the lies of all the oppressors while sucking the brass off a Dublin door knob.

Coupled, they stumbled, ran together, slipped and slid in the rain, grabbing at each other, laughing, taking shortcuts through alleys, romping young spinning past fliers posters billets newspapers and zines, racks of post-Armagh massacre rallies, for the future hope of Ireland, united in peace, beyond color or religion or baptism or communion or confession or gender, leaving all definition dogma disaster behind them, they ran down alleys, crossing town quickly, hornily, readily, silly as lovers, in slow motion, spilling at last into an apartment on Eccles Street—a poster of Gerry Adams above the couch, on the floor young laughter beneath his stern bearded face. Charles decided that Adams was not bad to look at, not bad for a Catholic and the Catholic on the floor beside him. Maybe she killed his brother.

—Did yeh?

—Did I what? She giggled at him.

—Kill my brother? In Belfast. I seen yeh in Belfast before, right?

—Yeah, yeh seen me in Belfast. The giggle turned to a growl. And in Cork and in Galway and wherever yer randy hardon takes yeh. So, Mr. Proddy, did I kill yer brother? It's a war. What did he look like?

—Like Prince Edward, he snickered, liking this game, role-playing. All this war and religion and bullshit, cowpoo, newspapers and television keeping the war going after all the people on both sides are longsince fuckin' sick and tired of the whole bloody nonsense.

—No, I killed nobody that looks like 'princess' Edwina. She unbuttoned her blouse in the candelit afternoon evening, twilit through the thin curtains, her sweet hot buds like June

rosebuds reaching toward the ceiling and toward his rough calloused huge hands red and chapped but so very kind and willing for a Protestant

—My brother was killed in a bombing a few years back. Charles whispered into Patsy aka Rose's hair. I miss him. I know yeh didn't kill nobody.

—How can yeh be sure?

—I just wanted to tell yeh about him. He was like yeh. Like me. Like us, I mean. When yeh drive wild things inside yeh, pushing, fucking ourselves....We get killed too. Our kind get killed too. We've our own troubles. Never fear mentioning it. Sometimes I need to talk about him.

—So yeh accuse me of killing him? Patrick Feeney kissed Charles McGinty's nose, licking at his moustache. I was with the IRA. Once. Even carried a gun for a while, about an hour, a day, a week. Is it making yeh hard? But never hurt anybody. Killing's crazy. That's why I came south, to get away from all that stupidity. Queers shouldn't have hate. Ain't we had enough of the war inside this war?

Noble she was, this boygirl, a high queen herself riding her high horse her dick her lust, thinking living fucking for Eireann she imagined cuming for the country cuming for the language. Fuckin' Joyce, fuckin' over his Nora, couldn't even learn speak write Irish blaming his own kind for their problems leaving for Paris not waiting to fight or bleed or die, didn't even wait for the Independence like her depending independence from men on men like this fucking beauty of a man beside her.

—Where the fuck was he? Patsy aka Rose asked the man, the big strong cock-lovin' man beside her, this big macho fool ready to plow into her bum and she would turn him over and do the same to his hairy big strong man-ass, toppin' the top's bottom, his calves ankles feet ridin' her strong shoulders.

—Where was who? Charles spoke quietly slowly, his hands roaming drifting over her silken bare flesh, her clothing on the floor, slipping her slip under his nose, inhaling papist roses. His dark eyes burned into her. He looked just like Gerry Adams, that's why she brought him here.

—Where was Mrs. Joyce's boy, James, Easter Monday, 1916? She asked as if it were yesterday and Jimmy Joyce had stolen the public cookie. She turned to him, responding

to his touch, her voice deeper now, becoming a fucking Fenian detective, her cock hard and ready, her hands tough and certain. Patriots died while Joyce drank sea green tea at Les Deux Magots.

—They're all dead. Charles knew his lines. We're here and we want this: flesh to flesh. Joyce was a genius, the greatest writer Ireland ever produced, at least the greatest one who eloped with a mollusk. He held her close, smelling her sweat, her masculine aroma, her lying glands.

—The world's our oyster now, Patsy Rose gasped. Yeh big beautiful man. Eat me, big Orange Man, she sighed silent saying, the pairs of my nipples balls eyes ready for yeh. I'm a needy slut for a big hairy man all man all Protestant, but no bloody Brit! Yeh'll fuck me in the ass or maybe I'll fuck yeh and I'll recite Hail Mary's blessed art thou among women and yer the one I want today and tomorrow, maybe I won't want yeh tomorrow when I wear my jeans and boots, flannel without my make-up mungering stomping manly across town not this girl but a different boy who might not want yeh at all, fickle as any molly girl in and out of bloom, lying around all day I might be, not even rising out of the sheets pillows duvet, and yeh'll serve me breakfast in bed and I won't even want yeh won't even look at yeh.

He growled, burrowed his nose between her legs juicing his mouth with her devotion and faith and energy and lust. He was thinking as his lips teeth tongue worked on her, played with her, praying, thank all the saints and the gods and the angels and the everythings for lust, the great oil of the universe, lust for something, for anything different, that's what oils the universe, motivates all humans, all living creatures. Godbless! What a juicy little piece, better 'n all the leathermen, as thick and long and throbbing as a pulsing heartbeat, veins like purple earthworms fat and squiggly in his mouth, just as strong, macho in her own way, bollocks and a cock, tough little girlcock, boycunt ready for action, acting like a boygirl queenmaster.

—O yes! She mumbled, she sighed. Patrick aka Patsy aka Rose aka Kathleen said. Tomorrow and the day after that and....

She threw her head back, shoving her hips up and out, down into his throat, the tight, miraculous throat, he taking

her like a priest at Holy Communion, sucking the blood of Christ, mouth-watering, eating the body, her flesh between his fleshy lips, scratchy beard stubble like splinters on the Cross, take me right up to Calvary, and hold me up high and watch. Transfigure me. She spread her thighs, lifting herself like a high queen to meet his hungry need, the need of men, salvific in all the books she'd read and the stories told late night. Finally enemies making friends, burying the past the way he was burying his face in her groin, her panties wet from his tongue, his hands gripping her hips, nails digging into her buttocks, her ass kept firm and tight and full bubbly muscular by weightlifting, shoving her glutes out as she lifted the barbell, high above her head, down to the floor, like this man's head between her legs down to the floor, and he took her cock to the hilt, nose in bush, her man-head deep in his throat, her balls against the unshaved chin, whiskers like pins and needles pricking her prick.

Slowly regally extricating herself from the exquisite heady sweaty encounter, pushing away the greedy hungry ready rutting man.

—Now, she whispered. Onto the bed and yeh'll kiss and suck and I'll be the girly boy and I'll do what I do with a big handsome ruttin' bloke full of jism.

She rose to her feet leading him by the hand to the boudoir, the bedchamber, the pantry of pleasure, the coupling place, a couple of paces away.

He stood in the middle of the room, pants around his ankles, and it was sticking out, not as tall as hers, but equally stiff, wider, blunter, the hood hiding the head, fat, grizzly hood dripping and appetizing, thick enough to fill her up two or three times. After all, they had all afternoon, all the blessed afternoon, and evening and night, and probably tomorrow morning.

—Stay awhile? She ran a finger along his furry belly, flicking the head of his pecker with her fingernail. It bounced, head pulsing, balls rising and falling tripping left over right and right over left. Yeh gotta be anywhere? She wrapped her hand around his shaft.

—I gotta be in that bed with yeh. He pushed her back into the ruffles and lace. I gotta see what yeh want tomorrow. See if yeh can follow through after yeh get what yeh want.

—Tomorrow's what I want. Patrick Patsy Rose Kathleen ni Houlihan stretched out on the bed, smoothing her hands down her sides, to her hose/stockings, her garter belt/suspenders, to her priapic crotch. Tonight's what we have.

Charles looked down at her, spread-eagled on the soft, perfumed sheets. He joined her on his knees between her legs, her pink glowing thigh flesh, her dick erect.

—Who fucks who? He tickled her inner thighs, walking his fingers through her pubic hair, grabbing her shaft in his hand.

—Does it matter?

The two men, Charles McGintry and Patrick Feeney, looked at each other, hot and ready, eager, beyond talk, inextricably connected by history and politics and religion and sex and lust and probably possibly love. Little queen, caresses her hard, manly chest, pumped from her hours at the gym lifting weights, pecs like full round breasts, filling her brassiere, the nipples like little jewels, trophy tits, on the smooth healthy muscles, her pouty lips opening for him, her cock....

The hairy visitor looked at his hosty hostess host. Male vigorous vital boygirl, smooth slick cool pretty hands lotioned and nails lacquered glistening reflecting the candlelight, the moment of first love/lust, thrusting together, panties full and bulging, hard at attention, saluting, deep navel, nipples blushing reaching out to touch somebody's hand lips tongue smiles all around cooing purring the top smiling through his dark heavy beard wet with rain and sweat, the bottom smiling, hard purple head, demanding attention as it salutes pointing at the ceiling at the face poster above it, on her back and yes the scent of roses filled the room from the bush outside the window and lightning flashed yes thunder rolling the bed the mattress fluffing the pillows and he was on top of her, sitting on her manhood, her cock getting bigger as he settled himself onto her lap yes now their faces liplocked and she sighed nails scratching down his yes hairy back and they were together hairless legs lifted kissing lowering the black lace lingerie red roses to match red roses in cheeks on pillow cases, the hairy top murmured the soft bottom responded and they floated into each other yes roses and lace denim and leather, these two together yes into the warm and she glanced at the rosary on the yes and she held this man yes and tighter raising to meet his every yes and yes they sighed deep into her hot throbbing

tomorrow yes and yes.