

Tomorrow on TV Talk: Consenting Adults Who Wear Leather

5 or 6 times a day I strip myself
to check if under my cruising clothes
I'm still in 1 piece, pulling on/off
socks & jocks
shirts & shorts
leather & Levi's
boots & suits & ties.
Located mainly in my head,
on top the clothespile,
I unclench my fist
to make a hard hand
to oil my
belly & balls
pecs & pecker
thighs & feet & ass.
I check with good reason:
once some cannibal doctor
took my tonsils
and, worse, my 4skin,
but he can keep—the fuck!—his rubber
gloves
off my goddam gonads.
And off my head: through it
I breathe think taste talk rim hear see
smoke lick eat & suck.
My head suffers no failure
of perversatility.
For instance, you hire me
to suck your hairy pecs
to light wooden matches

to blow them out
to lay them hot on your wet nipples
to hear the steam pop
to hear you scream.
I know you're in there somewhere
inside your cotton clothes
inside your leather clothes
inside your rubber clothes
inside your athletic clothes
inside your burning body
inside your fantasizing head
inside the 40 bucks you pay me.
Man!
I laughed
the day I found out
you and I
were the people
we'd been warned about.