

THEBES

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stanzas by
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I wouldn't want to eat the men of Thebes
although I'd gladly be an ancient Sphinx
and thumb my tail at all the trim ephebes
effete youths and naïve, not hard to jinx.
They would "like" my posts, click my broken links
and when their browsers on my riddles be
I'd double-click and clear their history.

But what would make the better metaphor?
My penis is a pen that writes this poem
or is it like a sheet of toilet paper
which I can use to clean my dirty bum?
Is poetry shit or is it more like come?
Well, how I do it, you won't have to choose
because I'll douche your ass out with my splooge.

Doctor, what does it say of my psyche
that my handkerchief looks like inkblots?
I perceive that my mom doesn't love me
in these crusts and these incestuous snots
in these Rorschachs of globulous dots.
I would guess it's a sexual problem:
my nose hasn't been blown in months.

Besides the things that normal people like
I wish that I could learn a special fetish
sucking toes and noses, beating tykes
only ever eating organic lettuce
and saying everything like it's the Kaddish
but I have left perversity neglected
and all my weirdness is affected.

I guess it might be time for me to come
seeing as how you keep on begging me
to sign my autograph inside your bum
but if you tell me once more, naggingly
I might not give it to you anally.
Whatever you want there's time to take it out
and shut you up by writing in your mouth.

Sometimes I think I might not have enough of anything but there's no way to tell with certain things like houses or with love the game is to buy low and then to sell to try to make a heaven out of hell. You add some value, then make the flip getting out before the market dip.

If I would put my head inside the oven
and come out leavened like a loaf of bread
or baked warm like a buttered berry muffin
or a chocolate Bundt cake for my head
then I might feel quite happy being dead
as long as they will serve me as they should
with coffee, whipped cream, à la mode.

I, too, have read Walter Benjamin
and caroused with that crowd of Frankfurt School types
good for a laugh and drink, they know what you mean
when you question cartoons, mass trends, and hypes
and turn a stern eye on the Hollywood lights.
I agree that they're "cool," with a biker-gang aura
but I'd rather stay home and play Doctor with "Dora."

Putting together the new furniture
has got me feeling suicidal.
It's not that I dislike this armoire
but I'm freaked out by the instruction manual.
I take myself for a kind of Daniel,
a real reader of dreams, not like this Ikea cartoon
hairless, tip-toed, his speech a balloon.

Someday, they will all tell lies about you first the closed casket, afterward brisket coleslaw and compliments, which no doubt you do deserve, and why should anyone risk it to tell the whole tale of how you wished it had been different, how you weren't really living. Anyway at least you're happy now "up in heaven."

I might have thought his sphincter were a sphinx
between his cheeks a gem set in the middle
that rides and writhes until you pop its jinx
a mythic tempter, magic ruby, it'll
go on eating till you solve its riddle
whose name's an enigma no one say can
except the King who knows the answer: "Man."

The garbage man throws garbage like a discus.
Caesar in his bathrobe grabs the news.
Chariot comes riding through the circus
a bum with cart of cans to trade for booze
and I sit waiting for my antique Muse.
She sits and sips her morning Earl Grey tea
yawns and stirs the sugar contemptuously.

I wish that I could go from rags to riches
but I can't find a market for my rags.
They say that I've grown too big for my britches
but it's all flab, butt fat and belly sags
loaded down with drooping fleshy bags.
But if you're selling love, then I would buy it
no heart's too broke that I won't try it.

We're lucky that our screwing ends in climax
or else I don't know how we'd know we're done.
Perhaps a timer set before we have sex
alerting with its beeps that you've had fun
like Times Square ticker-tape when wars are won.
Of course, your partner could just tell you, "Dear, enough!"
But how to end my sessions of self-love?

If I could write my whole life down on post-its
those neon-yellow little sticky squares
I'd "post" them on the "sites" that score the most hits
on other people's backs and derrieres
that way they'd have to carry all my cares
relieve me of my problems with these packets
pressed to strangers' shirts and pretty jackets.

I could never love a man in sweatpants
nor for that matter wear them myself.
If that's how you roll, then sorry, fat chance
Mister Fat Ass your bad taste and bad health
can't be countered by whatever love or wealth
because it'd remind me too much of my ex
so next time I'm marrying a man in spandex.

It's as far as my success is away
the broken-down double-wide from which I hail
fagged out and ruined, I errant prodigal
small-town boy done good, American magical.
Can't go home yet while still in between
average and middle-class in a world of extreme.

I only have five seconds and two minutes
to diffuse this bomb or it will kill us all
don't know which wire to cut what connects
with what or which or how to make the call
that saves the world and has me get the girl
fortunately the code is always the same
follow the plot and you'll have won the game.

Some days our stars (the Kankedorts) don't come
and then we all just sit around on set
until someone sends the Best Boy to their home
a scruffy old mansion of Elvis velvet
bought with bad dreams and credit-card debt.
They're all just sitting there, a real sight to see
reality stars all watching themselves on T.V.

These days the old clichés have lost their shock
shit and incest for example, Nazis
and the same old word-salad and melting clock.
Now it's not enough to josh the bourgeoisie
with elephant-dung controversy.
So, slake your weirdness from the Normal Stream
drink deep the Lethe that is my mundane dream.

Well, I taped over the kids' recital vid.
Honey, I'm sorry. I know you had
saved it from destruction, kept it hid
in the T.V. stand, where your dad
before he died left all those bad
fuses and empty Liebfraumilch bottles.
I just didn't want to miss Next Top Models.

Today is the day we go to Ikea
from sleepy Manhattan on the ferry
lovely city view, I think I see a
hummingbird in haze but don't tarry
to gaze here we cross the river carried
to the promised Elysian future
of waiting discount Bauhaus paramour.

The only things in life worth protesting are love and death, natural processes whose opposition warrants noticing by nobody, anyway. It's not the Boss's biz to interfere here, change what was and is and will be. He doesn't get swayed by chants, marches or civil disobedience.

Daily I declare The City of God
reading Augustine while taking a dump
I sit on my throne, this shitty abode
my apartment's civitate hominum.
Let it out, skim a chapter, clean my bum.
This is the way that I make the world home
perfect and tidy as cloacal Rome.

I'm ready to say Good-Bye to All That
soon as you are. Drop the gun, no one gets hurt
we'll tend the rabbits and live off the fat
fantastically fled from gay old New York.
Not that I don't enjoy bustle and work
but maybe it's some kind of Case of the Mondays
or a good, old-fashioned contemptus mundi.

Porn eroticizes power dynamics
like no other, enshrines inequalities.
Maybe bukkake is a matter of ethics
and fisting filled with ideologies
and sex oppressive say the critics.
For me, child of an angry God, I
just want to get some ass before I die.

I like to call my boyfriend's ass his cunt
boypussy or bitchhole: "Spread it, whore!"
I make him beg for daddy's dick, my nut
busting up his rectum and I pour
into him my stuff, till I roar
to write my name with ink of come
my pen a withered word without a home.

The missionaries say I'm a savage
whose soul's in need of saving, a heinous
imperialist, unearned white privilege
making me definitionally racist
and wanting to fuck makes me a sadist
but I go to "cultural studies" to do penance
post-colonialism a life-long sentence.

Instead I sit and count upon my fingers
masturbating? or being a mystic?
I feel the void within the void. It lingers
towards the Second Coming. Make no mistake—
there is a pause when I ejaculate
between each jet of jizz, a certain climax
within the climax, which Divinity hijacks.

In English literature, he's the master
the foremost maker of pretty letters
my lord and master Geoffrey Chaucer
who is of verse the only and only father.
You may have that title, little Jeffy
but let us both be clear that I'm your daddy.

The Oedipal Blackmail of Race Relations
is holding our poor president hostage.
He can't be our dad, because black men are "sons"
like my block's old dudes who, despite my age
always call me "sir," an infantilizing exchange
that keeps them from being very good fathers
and keeps Obama from spanking the Boehners.

My taste is none too sophisticated
I prefer Sigmund Freud to Jacques Lacan
and my feminist leanings are dated
at first or second wave, not complicated
but get the job done. Other likes include: tans
runny eggs, sunny days, getting blown
and any one or thing the color brown.

I see mating seals in Central Park Zoo
and a hunk of Berlin Wall by MoMA
Mister Historicity is making the rounds
marking the 80s with Kaposi's Sarcoma
the domus doomed, now freed in DOMA
but stored up on his three and a half inch
floppy disk to keep it crisp.

That dream again: at gunpoint got me held
and told I must grow up now. Do it! Stat!
A scene that frankly gets me half-way hard
and yet it panics me, I don't know what
all my life so far is driving at.
My "Works Cited" page wearies me
and what's not listed bibliographically.

My prepuce puckers like a sphincter.
Foreskin is man's labia, so they say.
I'm not sure how they're linked or
what's more disturbing to me today
with legs between legs of writing desk, chair
holding my bum in the same old way.
Rather than onanism I abuse my hand
outsourcing Love to the tip of my pen.

Sit on the floor with paste and scissors
and tell myself, "It's a better thing I do"
than make the world a better place, you buzzards
and bastards of charity, I know you
with over-grown conscience and peer review
can't kill a flea unless it represents
a fatal flaw or fruit of ancient sin.

I don't think I can use a public toilet
not to do what I'm about to do
Not that I'm snobby but when you hurl it
like I will you like a private spew
not throwing up out in the public view
but secret because believe me ya
want to keep hidden your bulimia.

I don't regret that I have killed your dog
I do however wish that he weren't dead
so I could do it over and not flog
him this time, pull his nails and claim his head
but I'd use other methods instead.
Well, can't relive the past. What's done's done.
Life's too short to ever judge anyone.

Cathected to power? Well, maybe a little.
I don't mind watching these intern squirts
flay themselves alive on the Xerox griddle
scanning themselves blind, but it actually hurts
me, too, in a way, like I'm Mr. Kurtz
just a misunderstood explorer
lost in bureaucracy's horror.

I'd like to line up every man I know
all of them mine in a bitch-boy collection
bend them over have them drop trou
(their assholes spread for my caring inspection)
and then probe each one with my seething erection.
And after I bust in every single butt
I would join the line, and all would in me nut.

Life's too short, and so is every dick
if you're to believe what certain people say
size queens who pine for a girthy fix
not satisfied living from day to day
but before sleep each night they pray
Oh, God, Please give me more. Please, more.
But me, I'll go when I'm called. I'm no whore.

I can't believe that I am such a fag
that I enjoy so much the spicy smell
of my own miracle, my hair bag
upon which lies my tender slug, not small
but blind like a squinting cartoon mole.
Poor creature, upon which my manhood depends
rodent of the evening's shadow lands.

Go off wondering because "to err is human."
Heard there's truth, so I will seek it
plugging into the sacred numen
where ambrosial syrup pours like a secret
onto my French Toast to complete the circuit.
Mixed berries and cinnamon, topping
my breakfast psalm with agape of agave frosting.

The doctor asks me to pull down my pants
so he can prod my anus for a bit
on the bed like a prier-dieu mouthing chants
I pray the good Lord, NOT CANCER! while he spits
lube out the bottle and then he splits
me with his finger and engages my farts
and kindly reassures me it's only warts.

The hardest working girl in showbiz
doesn't have to work that hard at all.
She gets up and she fixes breakfast
looks at Page Six pics of last night's ball
and then heads out to do a casting call
and then comes home and sits beside the phone
files her nails and takes her methadone.

I wouldn't say that I'm a feminist
because I love my grandma's roasts too much.
And I'm certainly not an anarchist
because I like schools and hospitals and such.
Maybe you'll argue that I'm out of touch
but I don't think I can join the revolution
until I redeem my Privilege coupon.

It's like a skinny woman bitching that she's fat
we inbred academics in our covens
People of Color, feminists and fags
all of us on about something or Other
like we just broke up with some cheating lover.
For me, I still love Western Civilization.
Sure, he beats me. But I'm very patient.

Sometimes even when you're right you're wrong.
This is about fifty percent of the time.
A good example is how you think Hong Kong
is both a country and a city. A patronym?
China or UK? Either way it doesn't rhyme
and even when your opinions are factual
everyone still thinks you're pretty much an asshole.

Maybe I'm having a midlife crisis
or just pre-marital cold feet
I just lament how I've lost my vices
quit smoking, drinking, cruising, never eat meat
wake early, put down the seat.
You could say that I've cleaned up my act
but still didn't find whatever I lacked.

To begin with, try to play normal
crazier now than ever was before
OCD uptight neurotically formal
can't loosen the anus leave the I's undotted or
take a break without it becoming a chore.
I tick it off after we good-night kiss
and even poetry's on my to-do list.

Meanwhile I'm horny as a schoolboy
in heat erections every minute
looking for epebes with daddy issues, a toy
or two to play with, ride till I finish
push him off and repeat my sin, it
bugs me how I always feel such conflict
tempted like Jackie was for Johnson.

What I'm trying to say is I'm obsessive
a horndog who wants to be a saint
libido raging and sex juices excessive
precum dripping off my big prick it aint
gonna suck itself bitch but then the faint
hint of guilt gets me soft in my desk chair
I'd get arrested if I didn't sit and write here.

An intergalactic federation
of many different species and planets
loosely united into one space nation
would face an even greater menace
than discontents, rebels, and bandits:
It'd be such a nuisance in a world that huge
pretending to care when you're reading the news.

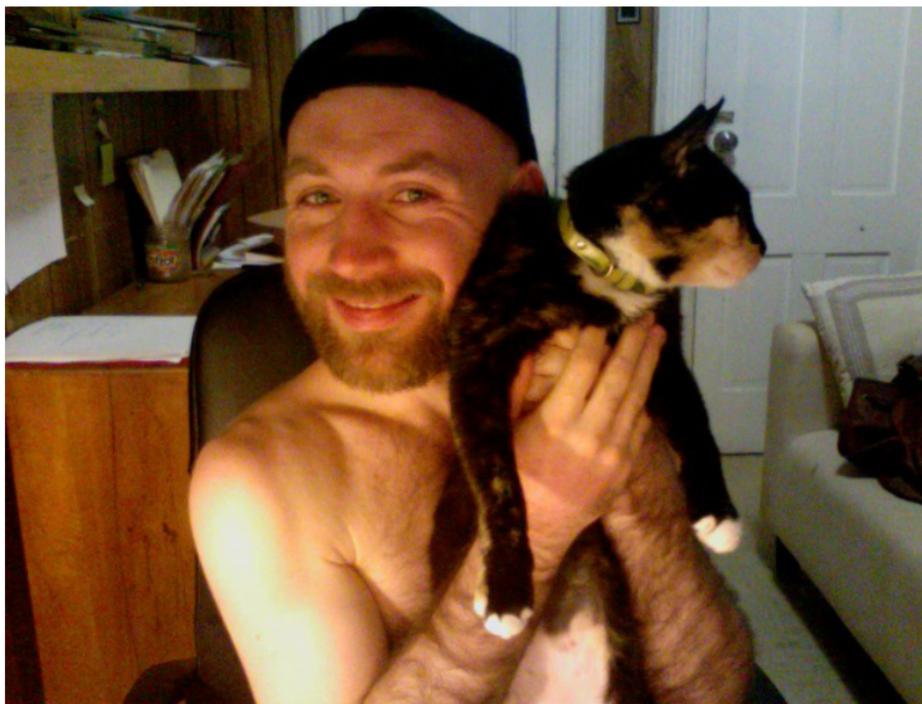
Grandma said that it was for tradition that we would have to have an open casket. She's right. You have to make provision for the souls of the dead, take grief and mask it with ritual, formaldehyde and brisket. We have to keep on going through the motions or else we'd drown in our raging emotions.

Or maybe it's just that grandma's a bitch
telling us what to do, Mrs. Know It All
bossing us around like an old witch
who's been funeral planning since before the Fall.
She has got a lot of gall
acting like this is all in good fun
and how should she know? Not like she's ever lost anyone.

How can you say that about your dear sweet grandma? she's always been so good to you hugging you and giving you Christmas treats. She just thought it'd be a nice thing to do keeping the peace with a prayer or two an old-time ceremony and luncheon even with vegan options for your weirdo cousin.

Foreskin is the penis's Mary Mother
or like Jesus wrapped in His swaddling
it is in technical terms the Other
to the dick's own Self, soul made bodily
like an Incarnation for baby's fondling
sin's sign, the flesh we all are heir to
which you're welcome to pray to if you dare to.

I can see what you're saying, Saint Augustine
about worldly prosperity being vanity
but to some it might sound kind of mean
like Bill O'Reilly or Sean Hannity
who've no regard for our basic humanity.
Just be careful, is all that I'm saying
and double-check to Which God you are praying.



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