

Kevin Killian / NEEDLES AND PINS

*"why even the old get qualms
age spares no one the heebie-jeebies"*

a shrouded hooded boy brought me
the Hooded Terror of foreskin
I kind of remember the swing
dimly as through a veil of flesh
the core of pure ivory
hooded curved tusk of ivory

Sickle held high in threat
the white sheeted wet figure
of a man, or a wet boy
light under water, light
from an inner source
strikes a curved silver blade

the marvelous scimitar boy
pouring tea from an uncut cock
with the sheets lifted
high to show this tea set
a sea of liquid ivory
very threatening to the young

Turn back, back
the blade of silver guillotine
that cut my head in numb
tumble to his feet,
to eat out the ivory light
from a magnificent *furore*

SUSPIRIA

I know when he began to dance with me
cranberries started to burn in pocket—
I smelled red smoke of sugar under my
feet, sugarfoot, a boy worth burning for—

and into his pants I'd push my white hands,
deeper into the sweeter red currant
in a darkened cell until he was done;
then into a lit cell, where i was king

if music played we sat down fast, out, down
into the red fruit mashed in my lap like
Turkey. Musical chairs with the pilgrims
who came here on the rock to fuck him good

Oh Bill, if you were living at this hour
I'd put little socks on your two bare feet
and spoon this dressing into your wet throat
till you choked and spat all over my bib

I'd give you such a gift of red white meat
you wouldn't be able to sit for a week
unless to eat at the mantelpiece with clock,
bawling pilgrims thrusting your ass with fire

ferret teeth in the breast of a red bird

I would call it to your memory now
that a phantasmal fog of love had enthralled me to you

then, but not only then, in these my words
the tear in the fabric, now, the drop of blood.