

Cursed History, Part I

Laughing Child

Back and forth,
between that which came before
and there to where it leads,
and a home video, 1999,
that caught a moment in between:

Back and forth...
a boy with blond curls runs to the dark corner
of an unfinished basement in a new home
to fetch a soccer ball
then returns to the light, bouncing
with excited screams, and drops it.

Back and forth...
his father, off-screen, kicks the ball back
and the routine repeats. "Little mister!" he says,
in love, a phrase of relief, from the chaos
of accelerating biology.

Back and forth...
This is the history of me.
From the sins that came before
to the shadows to where they lead
a boy with blond curls ran back and forth,
suspended in time, temporarily free.

Back and forth...
back and forth...
back...

Biological

The history of man is written in rivers and deltas.

Bill who beat his wife: the man my mother labeled
as biological, less father, than warfare,
as his hate flows through her veins, carrying the curse
of drunken pain. He soaks in me, a river of bourbon down muddy throat,
a man who stained his reeds with cancerous growth,
a perversion on the natural flow, as when the laws of physics
become tainted, when the dirt stains mean,
acidic chyme returned upstream,
a perversion that lingers in the corners of me.
It culminated in two crashing throes:
the screams of birth, my mother me,
and three months later, the death of the physicist,
the warman I never knew, but will always be.

Then there was Tom who never belonged,
who divorced his wife and half his children,
they locked their doors and dodged his calls...
a man who was always hurting. I see his river
in my darkest days, a river of blood that controls my brain,
fraying every friendship with emotional decay,
an invisible toxin that fills my veins, erodes
my cells until basin becomes wasteland.

The suffering of man is written in rivers and deltas,
polluted water on an endless journey, crashing
carelessly into rock and other, collecting sediment
and carving canyons of discarded memories.

My rivers crashed and left a defect,
my waters are sludge of groaning abject,
rivers of cum that grew into blood,
fear, decaying skin, and a head,
filled with the sediment, the will
of the accursed dead.

Loner

and forth...

No man is an island unto himself,
unless that man began a weed,
a plant just as pretty, but lacking
need, unless as a child he was a
fault, an uncrossable gap between two plates,
his only connection in the form of collision,
the sounds of his social interaction the
scraping of rock on rock, growing him into
mountains and islands,
and all those landforms who stand alone.

I was alone.

One night the boy with blond curls
ran into the dark corners of a basement
in search of a soccer ball, and when he returned,
he was alone...

out of place, I was a weed,
growing from a broken
seed, every group I was planted in
was anxious to uproot me, and I was anxious
they'd never see my bulb in spring,
the bloom I knew inside I was harboring

...We were alone, he
as the basement shadows lit up
with the disgusted eyes of children
at a middle school lunch table
when he had nowhere to sit,
a glare which said he wasn't welcome there, and I,
as that distaste echoes in my skull, like breeze in a cave,
reminding me every day I'm hated...

I am a cave, completely hollow,
filled with secrets few will
know, I stretch to unthinkable depths
and every step taken in my history still echoes
through me. I feel the cold drip fear
that puddled in that child, the water
which formed my walls and which

I learned to thirst for in the lack of sunlight

...We are alone.

He as the giggles of his father are replaced
with the pitiful amusement of a classroom laughing,
at the boy who was always left without a partner,
and the teacher's words, "It's okay,
some people are loners."

And I as I realize her words were right,
as every man I love I fear won't pick me...

I was fault, I am abomination,
fish-lipped, fat, gay, unclean, and unsure
of how to speak to others,
their words were the friction of earth,
their scornful disgust an earthquake,
the scrape of their names to my bones
was the creation of an island,
desolate, a man of weeds and wilted
freezing feelings, but then,
when I heard their contempt of me,
I didn't know what I'd ultimately be

...We will be alone,

the boy without friends, the boy who got bullied,
and the man with no home, the distant island.

Pederast

One day the boy with blond curls ventured into the depths of his basement and the shadows swallowed him. Trapped in their entrails he found what looked like bones, but heavier, as they held poison like marrow. In the absence of light, as the boy began to grow, he could no longer tell the difference between the remains of beasts who came before and the cells he called his own. And thus the darkness became his blueprint.

Can you hear it?

A greek isle, Crete, some 600 years BC. The countryside at day held a digestive symphony, a word which then meant harmonious, and indeed, the patter of deer and rabbits in the trees hid within the rustle of blades of grass in the breeze produced from the rocky coast at war with the sea. And below it all, a groan, the inverse of an overtone, the pained cry of nature that preceded the "first democracy" and swallowed it whole. Two millenia later it still vibrates in our bones...

Can you hear it?

It's clearer if you put your ear to the door of the nearby andreion, the hall where men feast. There you can hear the rasp of breath that doesn't belong--a whine not yet deepened by age, a boy in a place of elders, a lone alto in a place of bass. His grunt is not symphony, but it is imitated in an attempt to make it so, by the creak of furniture under duress, the scrape of skin on skin, and deepened moans that do not fit, a lone bass in a song of alto. That boy soon became a man and carried that dissonance with him, only to pass it to his children, a permanent perversion. The groan persists even now, but it slipped from our memories to the shadowy corners of our brains where only bones and secrets live...

Can you hear it?

Eromenos and erastes! The boy with penis between his legs: an older man, "lover", "mentor", in agreement with his object's father, whose permission was given without worry, in fact, a Greek father often felt glee at the thought of his baby becoming so handsome he could be the breed of many of the aristocracy--

Can you hear it!

The stag who bleeds, lying in the dirt of a cold night forest, the foreplay for a rich man's sexual greed, the blades of grass stilled by the silence of the sea, an isle alone, where no one could hear the internal screams of a boy groomed to love because the free men couldn't control their disease, a lurid fever pitch

And we still hear it, it rings between our ears, takes the form of our deepest fears, the fears of parents whose children have a 2 to 11 percent chance of hearing the symphony of

unmentionable things, the sneer of death, of our undoing, of an endless cycle of broken breaking.

The history of men is spoken in sticking their cocks where they don't belong..

I could hear it
through the screen,
with Colt,
him 22, and me 15,
as he saw pictures of parts of me
that should've remained hidden.

Some boys venture into the shadows and never return.
Others come back holding shadows which will never leave.

Predators

But Colt wasn't the only one.
In the shadows of hidden rooms
and abandoned places
and the internet
lurk not only the hungry eyes of beasts
waiting to feed, but entire ecosystems of
rot, civilizations of semi-people
with empty eyes, because inside
something is missing, a defect,
a desire, something is wrong...

Who is predator? And who is prey?
In the pit of the darkest den of lurking fangs
it is impossible to see the beasts who hunt you,
in the frigid, numbing lack of light it is impossible to feel
the pain of their bite, and in the maze they create
to trap you, it becomes impossible to distinguish
from being lost and deciding to stay.

It was in this place the boy passed away,
became phantom trapped in the shadows of a vhs frame.
But though the child died, his body survived,
etched with scars that tell the story
of a mind across human age,
of how the baby who hadn't seen the horrors,
who didn't know the pain, became
the man, sucked dry by suffering,
the hull that remained,
and how he doesn't understand why,
the youth, in between, the boy traversing
the darkness, found a den of monsters
and decided to stay...

So who is predator? And who is prey?
who manipulates, when the boy enrobed in darkness
is poisoned by what he chose to chase.
I knew what I was running after that day.

We were predators:
him, the boy with arm outstretched,
cradling crumbs that reeked
of human flesh and vulnerability,

luring in his monstrous prey to
trap them, to feel their mane.
And me, I knew what I was doing.

I was a man, carrying out the curse
of lustful decay, as I frayed
the trust of my high school girlfriend,
soiled the river of our love
with the blood of a beast
I caught in my web
to satisfy the hunger of a mind untrained,
a mind across human age: baby, youth, adult,
where do he and I separate,
him, the boy-beast lost of light of day,
me, the man-prey infused with his pain,
and us...did we know what we were doing?

We were predators, running, carefree
into the unknown depths of danger,
but we are prey, stuck in fight or flight,
unsure of the true threats that face us,
bearing the wounds of their fangs,
succumbing to their poison, passing away.

Goodbye to the predator
who couldn't have known better,
I'm sorry I can't save you.
But even when the child died,
when his running stopped, his giggles silenced,
the darkness still contained his cries,
an echo which left the confines of the basement,
a groan which touches the ends of time,
quieter, near unfathomable...I can hear it.