

Dear America, It's Me, Eleanor

You've so twisted
The ethos of my life.
I know now I was ahead.

Indeed, I was a
Straight-from-the-shoulder woman:
Intelligent and diplomatic.

I never needed a man's
Critical eye to guide me.
But I married FDR
To get some shit done.

The niceties of betrothal,
Yet, I lived like a conspirator.

I can say this now, America:

I was a lesbian.
An old dike in
Orthopedics and pearls.

Just so you know,
My first ladyship was no cinch.
The provincial hostelry of
That White House.

I had to say,
"De-ah" a lot
In front of socialites
And the press.

But in the early years,
Until her disappearance,
There was a lovely gal pilot
In my hip pocket.
A dapper "Molly" in slacks,
On an exciting crusade of her own,
Hiding true historionics
In a two-seat plane.

With strictest confidence,
I got kisses from
The suave, the debonair
The Astaire-of-the-air.

A sin or a sign?
We were muffled nymphomaniacs,
A time or two, too.

Restricted best friends
Not on our best behavior.
In snatches of conversation,
We found tender release.

FDR eyed me coldly.
He knew all along,
But she and I just grew gayer,
Away from the clumsy chair.

There I said it, America.
Fifty-plus years after I left.

No apologies from me.
No more chastity.
My love went down in the ocean
With all the other fish.
Of history.

--A mashup using words found in Patrick Dennis' Auntie Mame

A Letter to the Mr. Savage

Dear Mr. Savage,
I am writing you this letter today,
Defiant, not afraid,
To speak candid, if I may.

My only son,
An ill-natured boy,
Handsome nor tolerable
So he thought.

Alone, quite alone.
Such uneasiness he gave.
Alternative, queer-mannered,
Expressions he made.

An unsocial taciturn,
Overthrown by boys.
Violent and vexed
Slighted, no friends.

His misery led him
To self-inflicted pain.
Unhappy in his head
The last note read.

I found my son
Not yet thirteen,
Dead in the closet
He killed his gaiety.

You see, Mr. Savage
Your éclat of a proverb
"It gets better"
To me is absurd.

It gets *bitter*, I feel.
No honor, all shame.
Your consolation considered.
May you enjoy your fame.

--a mashup of Jane Austen's Pride and Prejudice

The Golden Girls

In the kitchen,
A sort of sitting room,
Around a round table
Four perch, express, vindicate.

Take One:
Dorothy wears shoulder padding
And serves cold brusquerie
In her suave handsome tone.

Take Two:
Rose wonders naïve,
Philosophically reflects,
She talks about home.

Take Three:
Inexhaustible, Southern Blanche
Her notions and scruples
Give luster to cheap sex.

Take Four:
Gray-old Sophia
Hawks honesty, devastation
From her shady experience.

It's a queer show, right?
We watch it
Like we are looking
In a mirror.

We know how families
Sometimes have to be chosen,
Constructed from love.
Alone --when blood and biology deceit.

Golden and gay,
Like girls we dish,
A touch of taunts,
A slice of cheese-cake

--a mashup of George Eliot's Middlemarch

He Him Hung

Lonely night. lonely place.
Supper without eating.

He, him, hung:
A hot trick in my room.

Staring into his
Mischievous eyes, max teeth.
He smelled good.
I made him king.

Roar, a rumpus.
Gnashed and rolled.

I grew frightened.
“Please don’t,”
I cried, “No! No!”

Claws up, I tumbled
Across the far room.

Be still.
Wanted, waiting
To be over.

Love, I love.
He, him, hung.
Into the terrible night

Another
Supper without eating.

--a mashup of Maurice Sendak's Where the Wild Things Are

An 11-Inch Dick

An 11-inch dick
Is always a top.
It finds pig-boys,
Pink assholes to breed.

Some swollen prostate,
A day-long fuck,
You yell, you moan,
And you scream.

An 11-inch dick,
Fingered and sucked,
Gets bigger, better
At the boy bar.

It's no secret, either,
Spiteful and sore,
At a dirty bathhouse,
Ejaculate whores.

My 11-inch dick,
The real humdinger.
Yet, right from wrong,
It doesn't now know.

Hates Christians, Women,
--it's way too bugged
By the Bible of a
Bad Mormon.

11-inch dicks
Are born that way.
They're lucky, fast,
With a hard-on.

The only love known
While beating, sweating,
Is their own ecstasy,
Laid and soon gone.

--a mashup of Tom Spanbauer's The Man Who Fell in Love With The Moon

