

THIS IS CALLED A WHOLE LOT OF SHIT'S BEEN SAID
ABOUT THOSE FAGGOT NOT REALLY BLUE BLUES AGAIN

okay man up against the wall
stop worrying about whether
those pants are going to fall
didn't i tell you
i was going to give it to you all
oh yes
what was that you say
perhaps not meant to reach the light of day
come on a bit harder yes
i can almost hear
another one of those faggots
posing as a seer

how come those cats always got something to say?
how come these guys always looking
in my eyes?
man let me tell you first off
i'm straight dig it
i ain't jerking you off
if you want to do your thing it ain't with me
faggot

okay you said it man now relax and be at ease
and let me see what i can do
on my knees and you say
that's right faggot that's where you belong
and i say yes master
you can do no wrong
oh yeah you little faggots down on your knees
gonna take you and open up your seams
and i say yes baby yes
don't let this be a dream
that's it beg for it faggot tell me pretty please
yes don't leave me now don't
be a tease

look man you don't understand you see
me i ain't looking to fuck with you
no shit i go one way baby
and only one way
you hear now you hear it well
you feel now you feel it well
so now you can feel the ground
that i'm walking on

cause you are the ground
that i'm walking on
cause you are a faggot
and i am a man
can't you see what i am?

okay man i must give it to you straight
it's you faggots that i'm
supposed to hate
they tell me you're not like the rest
that you think you're always the best
and that you can lay everybody
in jest
and you act as if you're the
only ones with a quest

now i was taught to hate the black
but you see i was rehabilitated
back when this whole love your friendly nigger campaign
got begun down there under that Mississippi sun
now i used to be able to smell me a jew
by the look in their eye and the way they chew
but then this cat came on to say
that you gotta learn to let them
have their day
cause they would help rid the neighborhood
of the junkie which was causing all this flunkie
about the puerto ricans on welfare playing their radios too high
and the big fat guinea with a cigar
telling his lie
to the cop & the priest & mothers & teachers & brokers &
saloonkeepers & judges & bailbondsmen & truckdrivers
yes even those that get their cocks sucked
every now and then when they're horny
& the mechanics & the shoeshine boys & the salesladies
& social workers & computer technicians & the civil
service employees
that when it all comes down to
the very end
you'll always have the faggots to push around

now we ain't looking to put you down man
but you mind if we have a poke around
matter of fact shitheads move over
we're gonna take a look under that ground
you always found so safe and sound
to push faggots around

we're gonna take a look under and beyond
we'll take a skate on this slippery pond
what is a man?
do you get it like a tan?
what is masculine?
do you buy it
like a bottle of gin?

see man there you go being wise ass to hide the tears
talk straight buddy tell it like it is

so here it was and is and always will be
time to open your eyes
and time to use them to see
is there any difference between you and me
because of what i do sexually

i was trying to be polite half-heartedly
and you can be sure intentionally
why does it make you think different of me
if i said i wanted to eat your cunt
out better than it has ever been eaten
before
and fuck you and fuck you and fuck you
till you die or cry or sigh

or
if i said hey man
i want to suck your cock like it has never
ever ever ever been sucked
and turn you over and fuck you like you never dreamed
anyone could even want to fuck
someone so nice and so hard and so tender and so hot . . .
so fucking hot.

at the risk of this being taken as an apologia
we'll offer some points of interest
on an intellectual via
hoping to unburden you of your heavy load
which you've told everyone
is mine to bear
which you've told everyone they must share
with your systems of universal morality
collective codes of normality
and your proud claim to rationality

mythical taboos created to help populate
standardized objects of desire to propagate
and the necessary vulgar vengeance to vindicate
so that after a time
it would all rhyme to fit
 with the concept of a man
where he is portrayed as a lamb
whilst the shepherds are free to do as they please
 of course

once become perverted and perversion no longer exists
once live out your true nature and no repressions persist

does it make you think different of me
if i say i eat meat and fish on three days a week
and vegetables the rest of the time
or if i say i eat only grains
 perhaps
you'd call me eccentric or a bit strange
we call some vegetarians some fruitarians some humanitarians
some are librarians some are bavarians some are aquarians
you make love to a woman you are called normal
 and responsible and manly and respectable
and well-adjusted
 notice the mildness of the language
in each of the above cases
for now it is time to hear those words
 that leave their traces smeared across
 our walls
and subway cars and highway signs and all the billions
 of minds
cause if you make love to a man
or even think about it or imagine it
you're a fucking pervert
 a filthy faggot a dirty degenerate a
sleazy prissy ass licking scum sucking cocksucker or
the more polite
less offensive homosexual
or the now very acceptable gay
which is to say hooray now we can be spoke about
 intelligently
discussed at the proper bourgeois time in the improper place
like the census taker assigned to investigate the cause
for these continuing uncomfortable feelings
 in the most of mankind's guts
when they are confronted with this question
about a man not being a man cause he wanted to make a man
feel like a man
 which is what any man with any feelings
 of a man
would understand

you see man like man i'm telling you man dig it man
cool man & jive man & hip man & wild man & wise man &
 fool man
everyman yes everyman
wants to feel like a man
wants to feel like a superman now you're talking
because you're gonna find that no matter how kind
 when it comes to the grind
you have to force yourself down the other guy's throat
with logic with eloquence with your cock
which is you mr.
the one cowering over there feeling uncomfortable
about the change in air and the change in pace
can't understand what's gotten into this race
 who ever heard
of a faggot pushing me around?

i won't push you around
only down on your knees
the ones you use to pray
the ones you're gonna use today
as i fuck you where you breathe
 yes
right in the mouth that gave seed
 yes
right down the throat that bends like a reed
 yes
down into your stomach so you cough and gasp
and vomit forth from this throat and this mouth
that i'm fucking right now
you like it yes nice yes what's that i hear man
keep quiet and suck it
and baby
begin to drop your snear

come on come on and look me in the eye
i want you to see every sigh
i'm gonna make you see every lie
 come on come on and look at me

i look at you and if i like you i say proudly
and in a non-falsetto voice
non-squeaky non-wavering voice i want to suck you
i want to fuck you
i want to piss on you and then lick it up
i want you to be my master and then my slave
i want to whip your ass 'till it turns dark red
i want to fist fuck you with my head

i can do anything to anybody anyhow anytime
and i still feel like a man all of the time

which brings us to hey man gotta dime
so i can go into that men's room and commit a crime
cause how many of you guys have said
that i don't mind these gay cats
but man
you can't even go into a bathroom to take a piss anymore

well maybe he was looking to turn you on
or needed someone to come on
do you good to be appreciated
even if you don't want to be masticated
and when was the last time you complained
about a beautiful free woman who was looking to get into
your pants

okay okay we'll hear you out
hoping we've put a whole lot of bullshit to rout
you say this guy never talks about loving me
he seems only interested in my crotch
so he can take his gun and make a notch
how about taking me for real
how about you trying to really feel
me inside my hands my head
my heart my humanity

you talk so freely of my cock
you talk so wildly of my ass
you talk so strangely about hidden fantasies
you speak so seldom about my heart
welcome me as friend as companion first
then perhaps as lover perhaps not

and i say lessons are had in learning
teaching i'll be taught
teach me what you know
i'll gladly learn
let me teach you what i know
you'll be happy to learn
together we'll both be better for it
do me and i'll do you

it was your condemnation that caused the separation
which led to the fear the mention
of which you hate to hear
but like it or not
being the victim is a past and bygone symptom

it's your thinking about me that causes me to act
in ways that seem to you strange
it was your pre-conceived notions
that forced me to this range where
hopefully we've let it all hang out
fly out cry out and try out
after the fists come the handshakes
so next time you're walking
and i seem to be stalking
and i look at you and smile and get off on you
either look back or not
but feel good someone dug you

when he looks you in the eye and seems to say he wants
you to fuck him
and then he'll do something nice for you and fuck you back
smile
and we'll all feel a lot happier
and soon we'll find there are no differences
there are no distances
there are only people . . .

Emilio Cubeiro

A JOURNEY TO THE EAST

I heard you're back from the East, my friend,
You were gone for almost three years
I met Butchie down at the unemployment office
And he said you had some laughs and some tears
That your ribs were showing and your ass got a little thin
And the wrinkles around your eyes made you look beyond
your years

He said you said to say hello to me
And that the reason you couldn't write
was that you had a bad case of hemorrhoids
But you thought of me applying Preparation H to them
And that if I were there you wouldn't have had the
hemorrhoids to begin with
Because you till feel I was the best fuck you ever had
Fall or Spring Summer or Winter South or North West
or East

He traced your journey for me on your own Hallwag map
How you hitch-hiked from Amsterdam to Munich
There boarded the Orient Express after seeing a
Donald Siegel movie and eating *sauerbraten* on
Liebenstrasse
About the three-day train ride to Istanbul thru Austria
Yugoslavia Bulgaria and Greece
And about the four American dollars the Bulgarian custom
official demanded for the visa to transit his
country
And how you got pissed off and told him he shouldn't charge
you because you were a communist and an anarchist
who believed in the brotherhood of all men
be they workers or not and that money
was only for the capitalists
But that the Bulgarian custom official said that he didn't
understand
Even though you had the Roumanian conductor who you blew
the night before in an empty First Class *couchette*
translate it into Bulgarian
And that you paid the four American dollars anyway
He said you and the Finnish chick you were traveling with
got raped by five Turkish soldiers on the train
from Istanbul to Ezereum
And that while the chick had to be treated for shock

You were looking to suck the French doctor who treated her
And then even went out and paid an Armenian hustler
to fuck you behind the counter of his cousin's
butcher shop
And I was half happy for you that you could fulfill
your fantasies
And about how free you were getting about such things

He described in detail your stay in *Kaboul*
How you bought a *kilo* of dynamite shit for about six dollars
And were smoking and eating it all day every day
How the pharmacies sold you shots of morphine for 15c
And because you looked like a freak a little speed and cocaine
to complement the acid and mescaline the hotel
manager was dealing for a buck
And that you spent 24 hours a day in bed on your back
I couldn't help thinking to myself how you changed
since we were last together in Marrakesh when
You spent 24 hours a day in bed on your stomach moaning
More Ali more

It seems at about this time you parted ways with the Finnish
chick who
Having fully recovered was now on her way to New Guinea
With a rich Cambodian dyke who you hustled for a plane ticket
to New Delhi

And upon arriving in India it seems that your spiritual trip
blossomed again I was glad to hear that
And how you found an *ashram* with a very high teacher
And had planned to spend eight months there learning
self-discipline and were doing well
Until that Jewish chick from *Rego Park* caught you and the
high teacher fucking in the outhouse
And proceeded to tell all the students so loudly that
in good taste you left immediately for *Katmandu*

WOW
I must ask you was it different fucking with a spiritual
master

The closest I've come to that trip was licking this
engineer's boots and he making me say

Yes master yes master
We must compare notes on this some time

So Katmandu turned into a repeat of Afghanistan with the
drugs
That you rented an apartment next to a Buddhist temple

But that apparently the spiritual part of your journey
to the East fizzled with your last load in the
now infamous outhouse in *Satchidananda*
And that no matter how high the frequency of the energies
coming from the temple
You were unaffected and continually putting a needle in
your arm and a joint in your face
But you loved the Nepalese what you saw of them
And that if you weren't so run-down you were going to climb
Mount Everest
But you really had a bad case of dysentery . . .
Some people would think you were a god-damned anal compulsive
for Christ's sake

I heard that it was there you decided to burn your passport
As you were a non-entity as far as this world went
And that you met this Czechoslovakian forger who made you
a passport from *Pluto*
as you were not of this *Earth*
Well I'm glad you agree with me now I told you we
were both from *Pluto*
Even though I never did get it straight what happened
at the American Embassy in *Teheran* on your way back
But I guess it worked out being you're here

O he says you gave up being a faggot after this Egyptian
sailor robbed your last First National City
Traveler's Cheque
After you gave him a blow-job in the w.c. of the *Beirut*
airport
And I laughed aloud with that kind of *I-told-you-so* attitude
As I told you it would get back to you
when you claimed our checks were stolen in Rome
a few years ago
And you sold them to that Lebanese money-changer on the street
next to the Vatican museum
So it comes out you got paid back doubly for that my friend
Cause the very same night you did the exchange you got
pickpocketed while doing someone in the Coliseum
the night of the *Libran* full moon Remember
I would have thought you would have at least learned that
much wisdom from your journey to the East
about *Karma*

Well so it seems you only half gave up being a faggot
now that you're back
I hear you're living in the East section of *Flatbush*
Doing a heavy threesome with a guy and a chick
But Butchie did smile and whisper that the guy was
really a stud

And that he just got out of the Navy and that you were all into
a costume number
And that she was only there because he liked to watch her
watching you suck his cock with his sailor suit on
Plus the fact that she had a father who gave her a lot of
bread
as he was the head of the Brooklyn chapter of the
United Teamsters Union
And that since the Republicans were in
and the committee to investigate the sources
of his income was permanently suspended
It seems you have a good thing going and that it may last
for a while

So even though it appears the wisdom you learned in the East
is paying off

I can't help but question to what use you're putting it to
Though I know that it would infuriate you for me to even
think of questioning you

yes I do remember that all very well

As I remember you very well and the times we spent together
and the searches we made together

And I can't make up my mind as to whether you've gotten any
wiser

But I do see you've gotten slicker

Keep on flying my intergalactic hero
my cosmic *bourgeoisie*

Keep on trying you wild wonderful weirdo
and some day you will see.

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