

## **A MOTHER KNOWS**

By John Dixon

As a Mother

I know my instincts are infallible.

For example

I know without even asking him

That my youngest son is gay.

But to put everyone else's mind to rest

I asked those two out-queens in the local Deli

To switch their gaydar on.

'No way,' they shrieked, 'is *he* gay!

Why ever should you think *he* was?

*He's* as straight as it's possible to be.'

They proved right, as it turned out.

I cannot thank them for it.

A Mother's intuition has been usurped.

## CLASTIC

When the Gay Icon  
turned out to be gay herself  
her pedestal began to crack.  
'She was never "For Us"; just "Of Us".'  
'Never someone from the other side  
who'd tried to make contact.'  
'And she lied about her motivation.  
Her tears on our behalf were "croc".'  
'What fools we were to be taken in.'  
'And frankly, her talent was always wafer thin.'

The icon herself, once having come out  
tried desperately to go back in.  
'The World won't let her.'  
'Who'd want to be caught on film with 'er?'  
She was soon declared bankrupt.  
But worse than that  
pronounced  
'Still alive'  
after several attempts at suicide.

## **RISK-TAKING**

'Brainy, aren't you?' he said.

It was the books that did it.  
Not neatly stacked like ornaments  
But open, marked and underlined.

'Don't have much time – for books,' he said.

I wish he hadn't said that.  
He doesn't have to justify himself to me.  
I crave him for what he is – my opposite.

'I like a good murder story, though.'

'Oh, so do I,' I lied.

'Got one to give me?'

'I'm afraid not, no.'

It was clear he wanted money.  
He thinks books mean riches.  
And so they do. The wealth of knowledge.  
Not that I've learned much  
To take such risks as these.

## **THAT'S ALL THE THANKS YOU GET?**

She claimed the scaffolders had wolf-whistled  
as she walked past in her summer dress.

I must admit  
she did go on a bit.  
How she felt abused, unclean,  
As if she'd been penetrated, covered in shit.

We all sympathized and said,  
'Don't take it so to heart.  
They're too high up to pose a threat.'  
'That's not the point,' she snapped, 'as well you know.'

We were not sure we did,  
but still felt bound to avenge the slight.

So,  
one sunny day  
when the scaffolders had their shirts off  
(nice little numbers, some of them)  
a group of us dolled up  
and trolled and minced along the pavement  
keeping out of range of projectiles.  
We wolf-whistled, blew kisses and gestured wanks.  
Not much they could do.  
None of them ventured down.

Late that evening  
we told her what we'd done.  
'That's not the point,' she cried.  
'You just don't understand.  
Anyway ... You secretly fancy them.  
And make allowances.

## **THE RIZLA GAME**

You don't have to smoke  
to play the Rizla Game.  
Just ask questions to find the name  
Of who people think you are.

My first question is to myself.  
'Do I really want to play?'

But come my turn, I play along  
not sure I particularly want to know  
which role model  
I'm supposed to resemble.

That childhood taunt still rankles  
'Why can't you be like other boys?'

Whomever they have scarified across my brow  
will lose out in my estimation.  
Even a hero of my own choosing  
will be diminished.  
I'll have to look for some other god.  
One, they'll never guess.

You don't have to smoke  
to play the Rizla Game.  
You don't have to play  
the Rizla Game to smoke.

**RIPE**

Put the green tomatoes in a bowl  
Along with one ripe tomato.  
Store in the dark.  
The green tomatoes will soon ripen.

This is what happened  
when the curate took the choirboys  
into the crypt.

**FAG HAG**

We were all so thrilled  
when Miss Hepzi made the grade  
and became a mega star.

'I'll never forget you all,' she cried  
As she topped the ladder of fame.  
And nor she did  
And when she came  
to write the story of Her Life  
she called it  
'All my friends are Homo.'  
'What a bitch,' we cried.  
'What a piece of shite!'  
'That's all the thanks we get?'

And we scuttled out of her limelight.

## **CREATION**

It was a good year for apples  
the year the Eve was born.  
And being born of Adam  
out one of his ribs  
There was nothing to eat but apples.  
She's have starved to death if she'd  
sucked on one of his skimpy nipples.

'You must tell me one day,' she said  
'what yours are for.  
Mine I hope will grow twice as big  
And serve some useful purpose.'

And until that time  
They both bit and chewed on apples.

## **UNTITLED**

Some farm animals are naturally ungainly  
or plumped out of shape by steroids  
hind legs not strong enough to aim a fuck.  
They need a human hand to slither in the cock.  
That job went to the Apprentice Boy. He was always laughing  
even when the poor animal broke its legs and had to be put down.

The Apprentice Boy himself never had  
any trouble slithering in his cock  
well, at least, not into me.  
What he got up to in the sheds and stables  
when I wasn't there  
I wouldn't know.

## **TABLE-TOP DINING**

He's good about the slap.  
Almost anything goes.  
Treacle, molasses, lemon curd.  
Honey has to be runny  
and peanut butter smooth.  
Pips get under his foreskin.

For my part  
I'm not fussy about the product.  
Double Devon, Cornish clotted, Normandy butter.  
But please not skimmed.  
Or separating.  
And – no way – whey!

Luckily my pantry's well-stocked  
And his balls refill as quick as a toilet cistern.

## **MISTER VIAGRA**

He grabbed my dick so tightly  
you could still see  
the finger indentations  
for several days.

It that had been my throat  
I'd've been a goner.

That thought keeps coming back.  
If he'd grabbed me by the throat  
My whole body would have gone limp  
in minutes.

As it was, he grabbed me by the dick  
And that stayed granite hard  
for weeks.



**TWO HAIKU**

## THEN &amp; NOW

My snake needs charming.  
Years ago an Arab boy  
would have done the trick.

I knew from his glance  
as he pushed me off the roof  
he was one of us.

**OTHER HAIKU**

Troy? Worth fighting for?  
Were Helen of Troy a boy  
Still not worth a scrap.

Twenty years later  
The heart carved on the tree trunk  
Resembles a knob.