

Stranger, with genitalia greased,  
 whose "brotherly love" can be bought or sold,  
 whose avaricious body disdains the effeminate,  
 I have been waiting for you.  
 Come, unlace my boots; I chose you.

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Henri Cole The Visible Man*To a Prince*

At the sound of your name, I turned my head.  
 How does it feel  
 to meet a man and know he'll acquiesce?

You make no avowals  
 because you cannot keep them;  
 your only worship is that monolith,  
 the patrician past—  
 you, whose nocturnal addiction is flesh,  
 you, with whom I streaked through Rome  
 on a motorino.

I want the external world  
 to continue the interior monologue of who I am:  
 hence, the narrow mattress under me,  
 with sinking springs,  
 symbolizes solitude,  
 instead of my inferior class.  
 Ensnared in your period rooms of white and gold,  
 you couldn't care less. What a pity  
 you cannot kiss yourself.

In the steamroom,  
 where there is no moral order  
 and secret emotions channel themselves  
 toward the idolized body,  
 I could see the back of you,  
 lowering your head to a cock,  
 brown as a speckled egg.

If it's true you're marrying,  
 be kind to her. Public lies sow the seeds  
 of private shame. Yours and hers.

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