

I seek  
the perfect solitude of  
having a jail full of  
naked men to throw  
into the sea  
one at a time  
or to retain one  
for sleepless nights,  
spontaneous pummelling.

I must find a way  
to fuck you that  
begins and ends  
with the words  
*yes, sir.*

To love: to promise  
a prisoner that you will be even  
worse to him  
tomorrow.  
To say it mellifluously.

You can  
encompass all of a man's  
sperm  
through electric shock  
and cattle prod.  
Sometimes during initiations  
in Kansas, naked 18-year-olds  
are taken from the locker rooms,  
stuffed into Volkswagens  
and driven into cornfields  
for good old-fashioned  
gang rapes.  
Even the Mafia is erotic:  
to be in a  
sauna with  
your father and  
to be asked  
how you want a  
specific man destroyed.  
In or out of his underwear.

III  
Orders:

Order a wife to go down  
on her son in front of her son's teachers.  
Order a mother to masturbate  
her baby in front of her mother.  
Order a mother to castrate her  
political teenage son with a  
potato knife.  
Order mothers to stick sharpened  
pencils up your daughters' asses.  
Order that all communication be  
translated into sexual terms.  
Order that all men must be fucked  
ten times a day by their fathers.  
Order that all pain be suspected  
of having sexual origin.  
Order that all shitting be done  
in open-air theaters with Greek choruses.

Build  
museums of mutilated  
freaks to demonstrate  
the male sensibility.

Reward civil artists  
for humiliation captured  
in rococo  
and Baroque.

Panorama of problems.  
Panorama of naked men.  
Whether to starve them  
before you humiliate them  
or humiliate them  
before you starve them.  
Generals,  
consult management experts.

"M.Literatics"  
Charles Ortlieb  
The Sun of the  
Male Muse  
Ed. Ian Young  
1983