



The Gay  
Gays

AMUSING  
BUSINESS  
AND then some

*poems*  
*by*  
*freddie greenfield*

PS  
3557  
A3835  
108

To Mothuh

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

7	Introduction	45	I MEAN PHILLY
9	a proper gander	46	WHEN ALL THE SINS WERE ORIGINAL
10	i sd mister	47	sober drunks drank PEPSI COLA
11	FREDDIE'S PLACE	48	FEARS AND TRFF OHS AND A AHS
12	Dear Me:	49	and tell the producer I want more money
13	got so smart it went to his head or FRED FRED PEED IN BED?	50	LOOK! LOOK! QUICK IT'S GRETA
14	*OH YES HONEY**IT'S THEE AMUSEMENT BUSINESS *	51	AH BARUCH ATOY ADENNOI
15	DONTYAH DONTYAH KNOW WHAT I MEAN	52	that's what Dad always said
16	poetry poetry poetry	53	Mom always said
17	no no she sd	54	jesus christ sucked your ass congressman carter sd
18	i sd	56	YOU KNOW, "BOBBY" KING
19	the goof the baritone player and i	57	"FOR JW WITH LOVE"
20	POETS ON COMMERCIAL STREET?	58	Steve's blue painter
21	COLLECTIVE FAGGOTS	59	Fort Bragg, Carnival queens and Macon, Georgia
22	"money honey"	60	I MEAN PLAY TILL YOU WIN
23	HOME BREW	61	"AN OLD QUARRY"
24	yes I was too young to stay put . . .	62	YOU KNOW ALL THAT BUNK ABOUT THE HILL DAY
25	or	63	ONE AFTER BIRTH CAN BE QUITE DIGESTIBLE
26	OF COURSE THE KID THOT SHE KNEW WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT	64	there's no business like show business
27	Oh God Forbid Your Son Is Married To A Black Fairy	65	HOPPING TRICKS SURE DO BOUNCE
28	I WAS THE MASSEUR	66	HO HUM/SPINACH ANYONE/
29	on a roll	68	*SCHOOLBOYS SCHOOLBOYS DEAR OLD GOLDEN RULE BOYS*
30	Dear Salvatore	69	A HORATIA ALGER STORY
31	THE ROLLING HILLS	70	Dear Charles:
32	HE WAS A SWEATER		
33	SAY ISN'T THAT AND LOOK WHAT HE'S WITH		
35	NOW I ONCE HAD A MAN JACK		
36	"TERRIBLY NICE"		
37	a glory hole tht was boring		
38	"GETTIN THE CHAIR"		
39	full of despair		
40	to parley vous do		
41	sd he wants his money back		
42	LISTEN DON'T DO ME NO FAVORS		
43	POOR ME WEAK KNEED		
44	TRIAL ERROR TERROR		

## Introduction

"in your hands, now!" BY FREDDIE!

take a proper gander... with a Boston accent... incidental  
to a complete understanding of american isms this last quarter  
of the twentieth century...

tain't all a goose layin' golden eggs — the american dream  
of genius... an ex-con con artist barks in his carnival midway  
manor... but, it is money, honey... that's the name of the game...  
even though poets don't measure profits in dollar bills... I mean  
poetry's royalty — greyhound tearoom gloryhole fun/d-  
a-mental case... history... in the making...

be-bop and gospel... he brews titillating infusions... verities  
out of the confusions of american heritage... circumcised jew  
uncircumcised... regenerated foreskin... at forty six... odd sense...  
a pound of poetry...

Mis conceptions didn't get this poet... "Pie in your eye!"  
he roared to precisians with gelding knives... "Apples aptly ap-  
plied..." he laughed upsetting their cart... "The game is fixed!  
You cannot win!" and he threw all of the apples at the guards  
with physician degrees gambling at the foot of the cross...

a rowdy-dowdy... "How'd he do it?" asks Doctor Aday as Freddie  
deals him in...

read all about it! it's just that a muse meant business  
and Greenfield knew it... "And then some..." the poet laughs...

but you don't have to play the game... not at all... don't do  
yourself no favors... there are free rides everywhere you look...  
but the payoff aint the same... MONEY HONEY... "Play 'til ya win!  
Play 'til ya grin!"

with love

Ralph Kunkel

it all depends how you look at things/  
i mean take a proper gander/it aint all  
a goose laying golden eggs/baby i mean  
yah gotta hop scotch around/i mean yah  
play one good spot and three blanks/  
santurce puerto rico/cough syrup and  
paregoric/can't even understand the  
writing on the shit house walls/an  
american from the states had the drag  
show on the midway/glass pitch/  
sending reconditioned slot machines  
to brazil/comprende/  
tin house swamps no welfare/  
armories and night baseball/parochial  
schools for the rich/fly in their eyes/  
a beggars cup for the rest/  
i mean take a proper gander/

i sd mister here's a drill go bore a glory

i sd mister here's a drill go bore a glory  
hole willya/he sd what ws that/i sd i'm not  
in the money selling business/i sd win win  
yah win/next time yah get a big one/what's  
that again he sd/i sd shmock on the guessing/  
it's a game mister that's all just a game/race  
track odds/smell my touchas/i mean go call a  
cop/he sd you carnival people sure talk funny/  
i sd read the papers lately/



## FREDDIE'S PLACE

WE GAY MEET DARTING TONGUES  
OVER SHOULDER TRYST

NECKS

TWIST EYE NODS

BASKET BUT GE

OF GROWING HAND RUBS

DESIGN

BALANCE HAY WIRE TIGHT ROPE

SHOCK TALK NICE DAY HAR I

LOVE YOUR OUTLINE

BETWEEN LEGS

MY

PLACE TO GO

I'D JUST LOVE TO

SWARM YOUR BUZZ WITH A LONG AND  
YEARN

DOWN

MY

THROAT

Dear Me:

My right foot from my left am I supposed to know that you and me making whoopee could be. Yeah ooh and the music is genderless.

Why a theme, why not a theme, why order, why not order. Did'nt someone say there was order in disorder? I'm sure they have, quite sure, positive, without a doubt. Can you evoke emotion to be bop and masturbate to all the changes. Not likely if you listen, if you don't look what your missing when not listening. Ho hum sucks his thumb.

Basic patterns man, grand designs, one note phrases, two note phrases, you have to do it in fact when I set it up for high schools I considered the psychological advantages. That is if I were let loose in their little boys room you could watch me wail then, boy could I, I can say that again, wail then, boy could I.

Of course there is unity in disunity, did'nt someone say that. Of course they did, sure they did, no doubt without missing a beat. If a bass player choked on his own line would you call the police. No no it would be cut and dry, although you can't nail it down or pin it down either. This is jazz and the essence of it.

Why not turn the world on, why not turn the world on, why harmony, why not harmony, did'nt someone say that...

Me on drums, Freddie Greenfield on paper/

got so smart it went to his head or  
**FRED FRED PEED IN BED?**

fucken asshole/boy/god damn auto/mobile  
my brother ronald made a coat hanger fish/  
which swung lazily/  
and he slowly/patiently perfects/uh/  
cooking speed/  
takes an overdose of cops and robbers/  
two hundred green bills were his legacy to  
brother fred/  
fred fred peed in bed/got so smart it went  
to his head/  
fucken asshole/boy/god damn auto/mobile/

\*\*\*\*\*

**FRED FRED PEED IN BED? GOT SO SMART IT WENT TO HIS HEAD?**

how to swing a fish  
and so this guy i knew useta practice with fifty  
two cards  
dealt from the bottom of the sea  
and the sharks fin was covered with parasitic leaches  
urchins  
searching in torn out suede coat pocket linings for  
the streets gold that russian jewish immigrants thot  
cobblestones were made of  
so my grandmother saved balls of tin foil and wiped  
between arthritic legs with apple wrappers and pear  
wrappers too i suppose/



**\*OH YES HONEY\*\*IT'S THEE AMUSEMENT BUSINESS\***

and all the tight lies the book worms eat  
ting a ling the gay asian bell ringer flew  
in the face of adversity  
the affluent tourist strapped to a bell & howell  
shutters & blinking eye lashes  
you'll get forty across thee ass if you meet the  
right key chain in a leather bar  
now let me see  
what side is it that you wear your yellow hankie  
pankie  
three darts for a dollar  
a nervous coney island carny with cerebral palsy  
drooling spit bubbles from his lips buys twenty  
dollar blow jobs from incapacitated whores  
the other one on my left  
not quite drunk yet  
cursing his luck  
hands secretly gloating locked to pockets stuffed  
with american express travelers checks declares himself  
insolvent  
oi vey and i was in the middle  
yelling  
mister mister let me showyah how to win a big one//



**DONTYAH DONTYAH KNOW WHAT I MEAN**

take a burlap bag and drop it down  
the chimney  
know what i mean  
tie it up with a long rope  
know what i mean  
a couple of bricks to weigh it down  
know what i mean  
wrap a window screen around it too  
know what i mean  
and the generals daughter miss lee  
gotta job washing dishes in a gay bar  
for three fifty an hour nights and what  
the hell were all those pictures of twelve  
year olders sitting on top of chimneys  
with feather dusters and naive cruising leers  
at the turn of the century doing up there  
anyway  
know what i mean  
dontyah dontyah know what i mean

poetry poetry poetry

allah allah hiroshima  
i cant stop  
yee gods  
allah allah hiroshima  
poetry poetry poetry  
allah allah hiroshima  
help me help me  
poetry poetry poetry  
in my ears  
out of my mouth  
off my fingertips  
hammering hammering  
away  
poetry poetry poetry  
allah allah hiroshima  
help me help me  
help me . . .  
it must be the caffeine

no no she sd

where's yr dog no no she sd  
where's the dog  
home in a warm house  
a faggot all male queer gay  
collective amid jars of honey  
brown rice and canned tuna fish  
a few blocks from thee old fortress  
on the top of the hill  
walls are down  
swinging gates are gone  
unknown queens are still in bed  
battle axes under the covers  
waiting to rise in the dawns early  
light  
she had five puppies  
no no six i think  
i'm told she ate one after birth  
also there umbilical cords  
one just passed her final exams  
and washes dishes for the mafiosa  
two others clean up the church  
i write poetry collect welfare worry  
about a stopped up chimney sleep  
read jerk off and occasionally suck  
cocks and lick the dogs tongue//

i sd

the joints all have a gaff/the streets are all  
goddam carnival midways/idiots catch the ring on  
a telephone pole/concessionaires sell stale piss  
and draught beer/fred greenfield falls in love  
with a bending tree/an indian canoe/a fuck buck  
flash rogers gordon gun/perils of pauline as  
subway smoke/in july it gets hot waiting for  
them to fix malfunctioning electric wire/  
we tied miss danger to the third rail but  
she wouldn't stay put/sd the junks been  
diluted/squirming worms hold leather straps  
read newsprint shift feet/talk/less death  
to all germs/i mean thats what the headline  
sd/strung miss danger to a crossbeam/seems  
she swung loose in B-flat to an old ballad/  
life comes life goes/i sd thar she blows/  
what ws tht/i sd play till you win mister/  
i sd its only money kid/i did say ring around  
the rosy did'nt i/i mean its my ball and chain/  
i sd play till you win again kid/i mean old  
farts land on their feet mister/say tht again/  
i sd cant you hear on the way in/i mean one of  
these tickets/you know free game and all that  
rot old boy//

the goof the baritone player and i

and on 42nd street all the baskets  
ablaze w/neon lights/  
mark it talk/  
taking stock/  
brokers all hustling/  
you take a proper position/  
take a free one home/  
you're young you fall in love/  
it takes seven years to uncoil  
all those knots/  
XX  
six feet long dancing black  
snake in drag/white caps of  
hope i nod/in a wicker basket  
on the hot water pipes/the goof  
the baritone player and i wait/  
i see the poet occasionally and me  
and his group danced all night  
after hours/and i ws supposed to  
call and never did find my copy  
of measure/and thee artist in  
pastels is selling mail order  
books/  
XX

## **POETS ON COMMERCIAL STREET?**

Poets on commercial street? Read but don't  
illustrate? Posters openly displaying sex  
play? In night clubs and drinking bars? Oh  
heaven forbid!! You're violating private  
property. Whiskey wine and cognac.  
Cruising restricted to the urinals of course.  
I mean this is a place of business dearie.  
We deal in staggers and alcoholic haze.  
We produce imaginative erections.  
Dearie this is fantasy land. This is where  
it all begins some say. Water sports, B & D,  
S & M, scat be off or what have you. Poetry  
and illustrative posters on commercial street?  
Good heavens!\$ God forbid!! Billy clubs and  
harness cops. Public tea room control. Badges  
dominate you gay crotch honey. Sex orgies  
restricted to locked bedrooms dearie. Oh uh on  
uh commercial street.

## **COLLECTIVE FAGGOTS**

You take the working class honey BABIES  
AND they're starving dear  
Really OH  
and what the hell category do you fall  
UNDER  
poetry AND a dollar bill hamburger celery  
cheese a keg of beer stuffed egg AND  
costumes SATURDAY NIGHT TILL FIVE SUNDAY  
MORNING  
spread the word you tell me for a dollar  
bill FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM YOU MEAN  
politically speaking HE WHINED don't gays  
with small cocks count  
ADAM up and about  
EVE too

“money honey”

carnival flights carnival sights/  
so i gigged the mark for a half a  
yard nd he ws off looking for a  
cop/  
his joint too if he wld have askt  
me/  
double talk nd a row of balls you  
have mister asking for your money  
back/  
oi gevalt on the mamie shvoren/  
huh huh wadya say/  
i sd my cock gets hard abt eleven  
or whenever we slough or it rains/  
i mean yah gotta win a little money/  
i mean we're all whores turning a trick/  
i sd take it out mister/  
your cock not your money/honey//

**MONEY-  
MAKING  
MACHINES.**

## HOME BREW

Sister is nasty Brother is gay THRU two husbands and  
numerous boy friends REFRIGERATOR FULL latest stuffed  
furniture A TEN DOLLAR OFFERING FROM MOTHER TO PATERS  
PALM it'll make a wonderful gift FOR THE DOG IF YOU  
insist  
IF YOU INSIST  
only if you insist SHE EATS PAPER STEAKS AND CHOPS you  
know  
BEWARE THE PRICE OF A GREEK GIFT bearing paper palms  
ONE WAS A REFUGEE the other one from CUBA a patient on  
MIAMI BEACH a waiter i mean I DO HATE ERASURES you know

yes I was too young to stay put . . .

Large no coffee with sugar and a corn muffin  
YOU wanna bet you wanna bet then put your  
MOUTH  
WHERE

your money is at the forum from los angeles  
that GREEK women fight promoter  
THE MEXICAN GOLDEN BOY "with the left hook"  
so I bussed dishes and lived with I forget  
HIS name on VERMONT from SEATTLE with a big  
PRICK oh a very big PRICK with protruding TEETH  
and it was nice and he was nice and I was nice  
but I was too YOUNG YOUNG YOUNG  
TO STAY PUT TO STAY PUT TO STAY PUT  
yes I was too young to stay put . . .

or

yr free over 21 and not in jail  
so what do you want anyway  
the guy came and fixed the chimney  
did'nt he and yr a registered voter  
besides  
and it's not probable but you cld  
become president some day  
or you cld become a red cap and shoot  
dope in between the baggage cars  
or be writer of poetry and stagger  
all over the page between shock treatments  
and mental hospital incarcerations  
or become an auditor for the scientology institute  
or reawaken collapsed veins that have finally struggled  
back to the surface of yr skin

## **OF COURSE THE KID THOT SHE KNEW WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT**

got her hooked on to the het word called love in  
western countries  
got her addicted to golden shower shampoos with mixed  
emotions  
so the stuff that hit the fan used to gush out of his  
mouth  
got her a room in a house near a highway truck stop  
to help pay the rent on his forty foot camper  
of course the kid thot she knew what it was all about  
until she met a lesbian named sweet sue  
ah the angel the angel  
the fallen angel the grand parents swore  
baptist ministers were in vogue  
holy rollers were pitching  
tents up and down the highway  
gosh dern almighty they're having a child  
how could that be  
a forty foot camper  
gender unknown/

**Oh God Forbid**

**Oh God Forbid  
Oh God Forbid  
Oh God Forbid  
Your Son  
Your Son  
Your Son  
Is Married  
Is Married  
Is Married  
To A  
To A  
To A  
Black Fairy  
Black Fairy  
Black Fairy**

**Oh God Forbid Your Son Is Married  
To A Black Fairy**

## **I WAS THE MASSEUR**

Of course the jews are still playing  
GREEK RUMMY at the SYRIAN CLUB  
AND LOVING EVERY MINUTE  
war war GREEK LUBRICANTS are being used  
to oil their palms or two fingers smear  
it around and around the hole thru the  
sugar bowl guess who guess who  
twas a dirty jew playing CHEMIN DE FER  
IN a hotel IN south beach on the second  
floor mezzanine while MISS HUSH my lover  
who would'nt shut up worked as an oil boy  
IN the solarium of the WHITE HOUSE and Max  
Bricker a shvuntz who owned a bar in D.C. got  
beat for two big ones and a false cut years ago  
I should know I WAS THE MASSEUR by the bookmaker  
David Bloom now deceased and complaining I should  
say I WAS THE MASSEUR and that girl told me in  
the bathtub that Walter Winchell was a fifty dollar  
trick at the RONEY PLAZA now deceased  
I should know should'nt I I WAS THE MASSEUR

## **on a roll**

urine and ammonia doorway stinks  
mangled puke and caked alcoholic  
blood splitting headaches is a taste  
of nineteen fifty poetry elvis  
cracked rock screech tight guts and  
black belts  
korea cocaine amphetamines goof balls  
and horse talk . . .  
saint marks hot steamed cock on east  
eighth street  
dreams of money scores  
of an ounce of east side shmeck  
jewish heroin . . .  
kosher pickles all beef hot dogs  
hard salami chopped liver mayonnaise  
lettuce and liverwurst . . .



Dear Sal:

The healing arts. A time honored profession. And on and on it goes. Dudley White the heart specialist dead said. "A little jog never hurt no one." Certainly all those Frenchmen can't be wrong. With whose help did Jean Cocteau kick his opium habit. And Picasso not so secretly wanted to write poetry. So go ahead my dear Salvatore, it's not too late, enter a medical factory. Suture! Suture nurse! Does it. Does it. Suit you i mean.

My son the doctor. My boy you mean, the doctor. My son, you mean the doctor. Happy lilt, ashcan guilt.

Dear Sis uh er Salvatore:

The pills they have, you wouldn't believe. One to make you laugh. One to make you cry. One to make you sad. One to make you glad. "Physician heal thy self," are you kidding, after 8 years three months and nine days of medical school and untold wealth splurged on tuition fees. You get an occupational disease called shingles. Visiting hours 2 to 4, evenings 6 to 8, men only.

So Sis, I mean uh er Salvatore, Sharpe & Dome has a pill called Trilafon (trade name) which implies try laughing. They have another called compazine (trade name) that implies composure and for best results they're taken together. Ideally, if they do the job, you're supposed to walk around composing laughter.

See you in surgery

Freddie

## THE ROYAL HILLS

rolling frills  
oh count tessa how sweet  
two lambs for dinner  
season the two queens dear  
laurie how divine your arab  
white charger  
and gillie honey wherever have  
you left your students/

afghan trout pet faggots  
sterling crested tea room service  
gold green copper leaf drag among the  
sycamores  
it's  
moonlight  
in  
vermont/

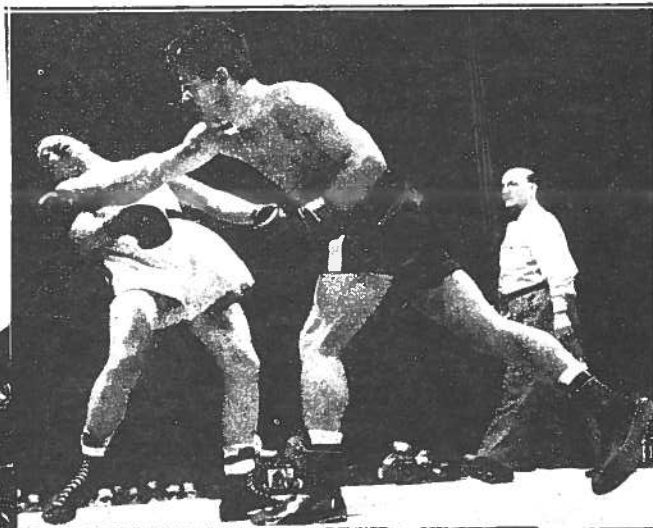
## HE WAS A SWEATER

he sd i'd like to bed you  
now the guy with the program  
had just come from the dogs/  
i knew it would win/i should have  
played the two dog but you  
know what happened/john sd  
he ws a sweater/where in the  
steam room i asked/he sd you know  
who/rocky ws in front of me at  
the ten dollar window and he kept  
buying double tickets on the one/  
you know he ws hairy too and i  
typed a paper for him in my  
living room oh and that too in  
my living room/ a sweater ink  
paper and cock/so i bet the one  
dog/oh i knew the two would win/  
in the steam room at "L" street/he  
sweated there too//

## SAY ISN'T THAT AND LOOK WHAT HE'S WITH

Well I never BUT I SUPPOSE if you had hers  
You know what they say WELL NEVER MIND it's  
common knowledge He does look good tho And  
they say she just finished a new one  
But look close near the eyes You see what  
I mean  
Not me honey  
Not for all the rice in CHINA

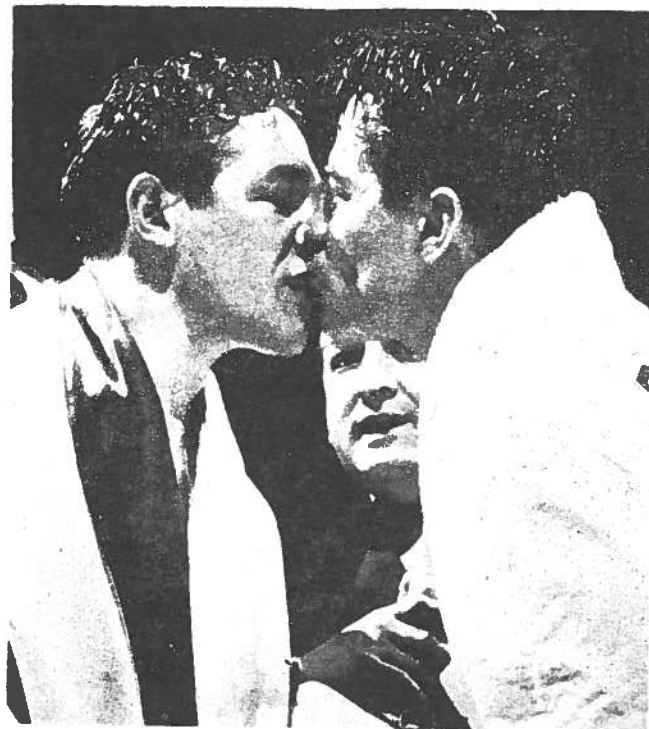
# SMACK!



The scowling face of Jack Dempsey. This is how he looked when he went into action.

## NOW I ONCE HAD A MAN JACK

now i once had a man jack  
 say he used to pee yellow  
 on virgin white snow  
 now i once had a man jack  
 wiped his ass with poison  
 ivy  
 hog tied his cock to a hares  
 tail  
 now i once had a man jack  
 spread his cheeks for every  
 muleskinner this side of thee  
 adirondacks  
 now i once had a man jack  
 say pearl harbors useta come  
 out of thee end of his prick  
 now i once  
 had a man  
 jack//



**"TERRIBLY NICE"**

Terribly nice awful good of you  
I do say you ooze joy for one thing  
A damp cloth you don't have to be I mean  
after all no need walking around as a wet  
towel

Your meticulous ardor for love A mind cloaked  
in daggers DEAR ME dear me Do you get the point  
YOU DO fit in sweetly YOU KNOW  
Terribly nice awful good of you

**They can't  
keep their  
hands off it!**  
Location testing has proven  
the tremendous adult appeal  
of our highly successful 25c  
operation

a glory hole tht was boring

i mean i have yet to sit next to a glory hole  
tht ws boring/  
dribble prick senile dutchman drooling whiskey  
and cigarette tricks/twenty dollar blow jobs/  
minds a blank/cocks in heaven/defends nixon yet/  
what the fuck am i doing in the motherflucking  
carnival business/  
i mean anyways///

## **“GETTING THE CHAIR”**

It's not all that exciting really  
pretty much like one of those electric-  
shocks I got a while back  
The time the needle feeding me the  
sodium amytol came out of a bad vein  
a bum trip  
A steel bolt of lightning shoots thru your  
temples and you don't have time for prayers  
even if you think you're a liberated faggot and  
are smart and know it all  
from soup to nuts  
wearing your college emblem and striped tie

So the kinfolks I guess gathered near the front  
desk  
Mom dad and the kids you know  
brothers and sisters  
Florida cracker torn overalls and blue jeans  
Ah what the hell  
cops and keepers  
judges and preachers  
losers and weepers I mean I was doing my own  
time//

full of despair

so they all swinging dad  
and me in my  
solitude  
and i sit in my chair  
full of despair  
and me  
in  
my  
solitude  
so they all swinging dad  
and i jam in my chair  
and me  
in  
my  
solitude  
so they all swinging dad  
and  
i  
jam  
in  
my  
chair/yeah//

to parley vous do

cock will doodle a penetrating ass  
even if it's a street poem/  
dogs wandering lust  
torn between its species and  
the human bone of contention and  
is that a good choice of communication  
to parley vous do something to me  
stop writing  
are you kidding  
the poet laughs  
out of shock treatment dreams  
chemical lobotomies performed by academic  
prison guards with physician degrees  
doctor of philosophical armchair dreams  
cock will doodle a penetrating ass  
even if it's a street poem//

sd he wants his money back

i sd what did he say/  
sd he wants his  
money back/  
i sd whats in back/  
no no sd he wants  
his money back/  
i sd around what track/  
listen buddy the guys  
hard of hearing/  
did ya hear i mean  
deaf/and i understand  
lifes a game of  
chance/  
i sd what/  
i sd what what///

---

so johnny black  
would show those  
teenagers a  
pocket  
full  
of  
scratch  
and they'd  
lure themselves in bed///

## **LISTEN DON'T DO ME NO FAVORS**

My father always said to me  
What if you needed a favor  
What if  
What if  
Your not even a registered  
Voter  
What if  
What if  
You needed a favor  
You needed a favor  
And I always said  
Listen  
Listen  
Don't do me no favors  
Don't do me no favors

## **POOR ME WEAK KNEED**

The savior Swinging  
censor  
From a tree the branch  
extends hard  
sinewy vein  
Pulsing brain  
lap  
ping  
ping  
over  
over  
bored as all get out  
OUT OUT I SAID THIS VERY  
minute hands  
grobe  
grobe  
THE CENSOR SWINGING  
SAVIOR

## **TRIAL ERROR TERROR**

**TRIAL ERROR TERROR** jails courtrooms

cliches click

indoctrinated at an early age

an established condition of guilt

**KEEP OFF THE GRASS**

**NO TRESPASSING**

**MENS ROOM NO SOLICITATION**

**NO LOITERING NOT MORE THAN NOR LESS THAN**

**FINE**

**IMPRISONMENT**

**BEWARE LIVE WIRE**

**THIRD RAIL NO CROSSING** to the other  
side

**CURB YOUR DOG LEASH LAW**

can't you act like a human being

**SHUT UP QUIET LISTEN** a minute

what's wrong with you

can't you hear

lisp reading

## **I MEAN PHILLY**

Philadelphia special chinese soup almonds and  
chicken livers cruising the Y men/because thts  
the carnival business/black ghetto housing  
project/we took all the money from under their  
mattresses/ next months rent too/local merchants  
refused to extend credit we hear/on the rehash  
fired the show to the very ground/well i mean i  
heard i was'nt there/carnies are'nt very poor in  
the pocket just heads/tails do spin around in thee  
amusement business/flips all over the midway  
joints/need a little dope just to curb my acrobatic  
nature/i mean group sex does'nt work forever//



**WHEN ALL THE SINS WERE ORIGINAL**

you mean when men were men way back  
then

**OPIUM SMOKE BATHTUB GIN sin sin why**

**A CHILD PLAYS**

i'm talking about painted men and tainted  
ladies wallowing in filth **A CITY DUMP** rats  
and mice **ROACHES TOO**

so i cut off this stream of flow and get back  
to the facts **SINGLE SPACE** and the tiny bit of  
powder that i used to empty and dilute with sterile  
water **BOILED IF NEED BE** in a quaint appropriated  
jewish cafeteria spoon near 96th and **BROADWAY** or  
thereabouts

and

**SOME** nights I slept at an **ILLUSTRIOUS** old also quaint  
russian bath on **EAST 8th STREET** making damned sure I  
swallowed more than just words/

and

you mean when men were men way back  
then

**YEAH**

**sober drunks drank PEPSI COLA**

**and the sober drunks drank PEPSI COLA**  
old **R N** sat in the pulpit  
preaching physical fitness  
plumbers were springing leaks  
an inferno raged in the nations capitol  
cloakrooms were hot  
zippers were caught  
heads were patted and thanked alot  
**and the sober drunks drank PEPSI COLA**

## PEARS AND TREE OHS AND AAHS

oh my drag-on-blue-eye-red-roux  
the shadow/  
sequined ball and chain/  
oh to have my drag-on nd on/  
had my pear last night in red  
fired lilac bushes/while one hand  
ws afixed to my bike wheel/  
i let go when he came/  
spokes still glistened in the night/  
sidelong glances at curved handlebars/  
knowing pats on my head/  
twas'nt a pear/  
twas a trio/  
drag-on cigarette burner/  
glowing wrist/  
can i uh bum one mister/  
lighting up a park bench/  
oh wht a drag-on i had last night//  
i mean between gulps///

and tell the producer I want more money

and tell the producer i wnt more money  
and my leading man should have at least  
eight inches/  
you know me honey i sd/it has to be real/  
you know what i mean/i mean you know i'm  
not one of your boot and shoe faggots  
tht got a screen test at the local grey-  
hound/  
i mean this thing between my legs does'nt  
belong to a carnival half and half/  
and my tricks don't have to work for a  
living honey/

**LOOK! LOOK! QUICK IT'S GRETA**

Just to be shown common courtesy  
Let them eat cake  
My public be damned/and besides  
It's been years since I've appeared  
ON the screen  
Look Greta let's not kid ourselves  
You need the money  
And that trench coat My God  
Turned out collar  
Slouched glasses dark hat Good heavens  
Greta  
They're getting wise  
Hip if you must  
Fuckem  
Never again  
Let them eat cake//

**AH BARUCH ATOY ADENOI**

you oughta be shot mother sez auto  
matically  
to the wee laddie  
of he  
brew persuasion  
so the barmitzvah  
came off without a hitch  
ah baruch  
atoy adenoi  
the salted herring ws  
passed around  
the rabbi took his  
stance with a caftan coat a prayer  
shawl a hardon and baggy pants oh  
uh with beard and wheezing breath  
ah baruch atoy adenoi/

in america thee older boy  
ws made to feel so corrupt  
as he shoves it between  
the younger boys legs  
with spit in america  
ah baruch atoy adenoi/

that's what Dad always said

Dad always said If  
he went to jail  
it would'nt be  
for a lousy  
few  
dollars  
yes yes  
that's what Dad always  
said

I always said  
you can go  
you can go  
you can go  
to hell  
to hell  
to hell  
I always said  
you can go to hell

Mom always said

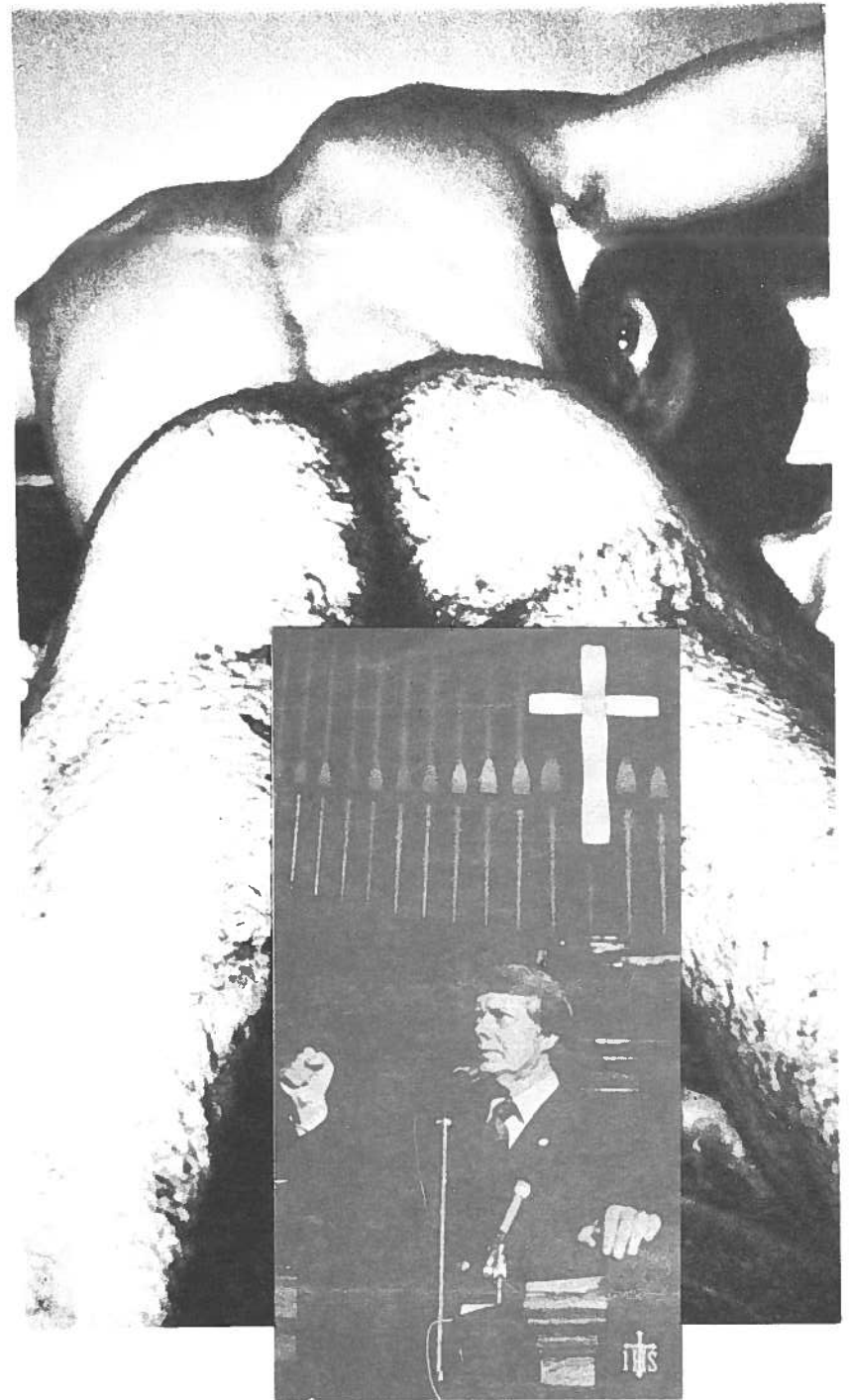
Mom always said  
she was  
she was  
she was  
disgusted with me  
disgusted with me  
disgusted with me  
Mom always said  
she was disgusted with me

chicken gizzards  
and stuffed kishkee  
and stuffed kishkee  
and stuffed kishkee  
Allen Ginsberg  
his father  
kadish  
and stuffed kishkee  
kadish  
and stuffed kishkee  
kadish and stuffed  
kishkee  
kishkee  
kishkee  
and stuffed kadish  
chopped liver mayonnaise  
lettuce and a prayer for  
the dead

jesus christ sucked your ass congressman carter sd

so that mythical congressman carter  
that my friend ralph writes about sd  
a vote for jesus christ is a vote for me  
he always sd that  
he did  
he did  
and once in office he always sd  
jesus christ sucked your ass  
now you suck mine  
he did  
he did  
i swear he did  
and he was always elected  
he was  
he was  
i swear he was/

**the  
sweet smell  
of success  
without refrigeration**



## YOU KNOW, "BOBBY" KING

bobby king never cruised w/o his  
green carnival grease in his kick/  
trade/twenties fifties and cee notes/  
one constant ball ripping and tearing/  
one trick too many bashed his head/i jst  
hope mostly for my own sake tht it was fast  
and painless/  
soldier boys a ride an a blow job and bobbies  
handy 32/  
and we last saw each other in fayetteville near  
fort bragg/the one gay bar/dancing juicing laughing  
groping every pretty thing in sight/flashing tht green  
carnival grease//

## "FOR JW WITH LOVE"

so tell me JW hw you became an elusive  
purple shadow

oh i know about thee in-  
sulation

insecure safety deposit boxes nd bark-  
less leafless wooden shoetrees and all  
thee empty metal coathangers in third  
rate hotels

cruising parks like ritt-  
enhouse square bryant park toilets nd  
there i ws sitting on the cement wall  
in back of the fifth avenue library as  
city field mice darted in short sprints  
amid green vegetation nd tight cocks  
bulging mounds of crotchwatchers

lick-  
ing lips nd no dialogue

where dialogue  
is all tht's needed to turn a trick  
so tell me JW hw you became an elusive  
purple shadow/

**Steve's blue painter**

Blue bitter cynical Steve Jonas way ahead of his  
time on earth  
Tom Balas Steve's blue painter quiet unassuming  
searching for a jewel a red ruby droplet of blood  
rising oh so lazily loose in a syringe to plunge  
back in the earth til it quakes quakes  
opening grooves of invisible golden succulent  
sounds

I mean dear heady sounds  
oh yes  
Tom's ear dear  
Tom's brush moustache and beard

Oh I see Tom's reflection in Steves  
mirror

oh yes  
I do dear/

**Fort Bragg, Carnival queens and Macon, Georgia**

Fort Bragg, Carolina T-shirt artist three point two  
beer, two gay bars, skin flicks, soldier tricks,  
massage parlors, honky tonk neon highway, hotel  
parlor trade, greazy grecian spoons/  
pay-day mid-way the first of the month, only one  
decent tee-room in town/  
A paratrooper came in my bed/  
Carnival queens cruise boisterous jeans/

---

Macon, Georgia, integrated greyhound glory hole  
gay white bar black, in a stupor town, marks spend  
tho/  
Midway jangling my nerves/

**I MEAN PLAY TILL YOU WIN**

**FOUR INCH HEELS  
LEATHER PATCH JACKET  
MARK PIMP  
LOOKS LIKE AN EXCUSE ME  
I WANNA ASKYAH  
MAN BABY  
HONEY BUNCH OF TWENTIES  
INYAH POCKET NO MONEY  
ANYTHING YAH WANT  
NOT HERE TO BEAT YAH  
JUST CHEAT YAH  
MAN BABY HONEY BUNCH  
OF TWENTIES INYAH POCKET**

**“AN OLD QUARRY”**

**an old crack reopened  
right on  
porno booth  
seam  
is it heat that makes  
the cat whine  
a plain donut for the  
dog with a hole  
are'nt you too old  
living with all these  
young faggots  
oh no  
thee heretics burn me  
every night at the stake  
an old antique wood burning  
stove  
four contemporary gas attachments  
older older  
older than red clay bricks  
than mountain rock or  
a kidney pudding shaped  
quarry  
on a hill nearby  
a stones throw away**



**YOU KNOW ALL THAT BUNK ABOUT THE HILL  
DAY/Charlestown Massachusetts 1973**

the cars on the rocket whirl/whipping  
dizzy babies around/and around metal  
clanging an unfamiliar sound/  
screaching daddies out a sight/out a  
space/  
a midway jam mothuh  
sistuh  
brothuh  
tisk tisk  
a yellow casket

**ONE AFTER BIRTH CAN BE QUITE DIGESTIBLE**

glued to the television while braving  
thee elements the poet grows older  
resembling a mother superior among the  
novitiate  
eats meat but sets her trap w/ a golden  
ruler  
chaste vows as she grows bolder  
lies lies roaches and flies  
so buddy sd those lace curtain irish  
who were brought up acrossst the street  
from me in brookline massachusetts have  
a plaque commemorating it and a piece of  
a lot of land in hyannisport on the cape  
that prescott made famous  
so i sd mother when are you going to  
doff yr habits yr eating atrociously and  
w/only one leg left and two blisters on that  
to boot  
i think she sd  
one after birth can be quite digestible/

for jw

there's no business like show business

you may take three giant steps/  
plays a razzle dazzle the other  
one an alibi store agent/knew  
every highway glory hole from  
new york to miami/one stop here  
and one stop there/yah'd think  
he owned the farm/i sd john/  
the town kid yah got in the  
apple dart sure has a big one/  
you should have seen it/got the  
families permission/i mean take  
a young big cock on the road/i  
mean most carnies came out that  
way/i mean the beauties running  
around the million dollar midway/  
i mean look at the gorgeous young  
sweating roughies setting up and  
tearing down/i mean before they're  
weaned away on a bottle of wine/  
and this jiggy old drunk woke up  
on the tailgate of a semi smiling  
there's no business like show  
business/yeah//

## HOPPING TRUCKS SURE DO BOUNCE

That's a lot of glass you carry around in  
love beads saying curly prayers/  
what mirrors have you seen w/silver tinsel/  
let me take a side walk home to blue mothers  
talking their discontent in bitter biles of  
whizz dome/  
did Sir Walter Scott send his cloak out to be  
dry cleaned/  
we all sat around jail waiting for a law to be/  
passing coffee i raised a sulphur match/  
the other boy sniffed hell/  
i still swallow dreams/  
spit licks/  
nose blowing god bless youse/  
learned to wipe my ass at an early age/  
got the jump on most kids in a neat fold/  
even orange wrappers were better than week old  
newspapers/  
it was years ago when fathers had an aversion  
for diapers/  
i stuck my stench in mystic rivers/

## HOPPING TRUCKS SURE DO BOUNCE

Take the A train  
C Concert  
Intro Shortly  
After he starts reading/  
One Chorus Bridge/  
And last eight

**HO HUM/SPINACH ANYONE/**

1)

One legged mother soon to lose another  
dropped down out of a stomach  
that must churn from overworked MENTALITY  
GYMNASTICS KITCHEN STOVES thinks she knows  
her place

LIKE THE OLD LADY IN THE SHOE IN THE  
CUPBOARD while plenty of mice can't be  
bothered running up the OLD GRAND DAD'S  
work clock work clock work clock work  
ORANGE STREETS nd CHESTNUT TREES

I've seen movies nd tell tattle tales

BEAT MY BREAST

RATTLE MY TATTLE have you heard the one about  
THE FOOLS the fools building convenient rooms  
for of all things BOWEL MOVEMENTS nd bragging  
about HEALTHY SHITS

little do they know OH LITTLE DO THEY KNOW

GLORIANA the greatest of fairy QUEENS

patching holes STUFFED with TOILET PAPER

SPIT GOO KUM a friend of mine with that strange

name that sounds a bit of eastern ORIGIN at

one time useta say

HAVE YOU A PLACE TO GO

yes

that's what my friend SPIT GOO KUM useta say

2)

NOT ANY MORE THO blame the commies the politicians  
say THE YELLOW DOGS THE GOLLY WOGS  
don't you dare blame the city municipalities which  
house the pigeon population on its red brick  
grooves

SPIT GOO KUM a shut in THE STREETS ARE'nt safe  
GLORIANA the greatest of fairy QUEENS has disappeared  
with her whole tribe too it seems as I grow older  
BOLDER

GO AHEAD tattle away YOU FILTHY BITCH  
tell them about HO HUM in the next installment/

HO HUM/SPINACH ANYONE/say man that's pretty good/  
I'LL SAY IT AGAIN THEN/ho hum/spinach/anyone/  
the MARK inferred tht poetry wld'nt get hs panel  
TRUCK TUNED as tho dealing with gassers were more  
important than words BIRDS TURDS/  
shit man

say tht's pretty good/THE SHORTEST ROUTE HE TOOK/  
curves w/o vowels

BOWELS/

HO HUM/SPINACH ANYONE//

**\*SCHOOLBOYS SCHOOLBOYS DEAR OLD GOLDEN RULE BOYS\***

celebrating national cheeseburger week by eating  
all american schoolboys/  
pricking cocks with my hebrew tongue/  
licking assholes spreading cheeks with third world  
power sitting on my face i softened another wrought  
iron spear/  
cops on buses/  
black faces white faces/  
all have pink tongues and they pee in arcs of liquid  
gold/  
and waddle in mud molding pies and shit in their  
diapers/  
and suck and fuck but they hide in cellars and under  
back piazzas/  
while the jocks scream football bread n butter/  
how are your smelly red and white cotton sox/  
hot dogs the world series democrats republicans  
liberal social studies/  
images of old aged dinner awards/  
upper middle crass action suits wearing cowhide  
love beads/  
oi vey jesus christ god almighty barooch atoi adenois///

**A HORATIA ALGER STORY**

round the horn of capes there lived  
the third white hope  
wearing a fur fleece coat  
suffering a harpoon up his ass  
playing tiddlewinks with the penguins  
hockey stick in his igloo a boxing  
glove on his right fist  
didn't know enough to stay out of the  
cold  
drenched his inner tickings with sour  
cream celery and cottage cheese  
well i mean if sheilah graham and doris  
can have talk shows on television and the  
cable isn't hooked up to the south pole as  
yet  
he decides to visit the big city in january  
and celebrate new years at the village turkish bath  
shaving his wirey pubic hair he dons his leather jacket  
and cock ring drag  
gets in touch with a gay boxing manager who books him  
for a six rounder in madison square garden for expense money  
never shows up for the fight  
meets his lover in a subway toilet and i understand they lived  
happily ever after/

Dear Charles:

It's rather hard writing you about the shapes of things to come being stuffed down my throat. Rather pleasant, that man about town, liking my poetry. Did dream about him a few times tho. Had him and me in the middle pin waving flags in my face. According to authorities uniform codes negate climax. Don't say no because it was in black and white and endorsed with official signatures, not forgeries, not uttered, not a crime either just a misdemeanor to keep the hoi poloi toeing the mark, which reminds me of the cops on Mulberry Street in New York's lower east side verging on Chinese town, Kung Fu, Karate and soft Italian Mafiosa cocks which of course has nothing to do with the cop I bought off, creating corruption, with a/it could have been pink, Teddy bear or it is possible he took a green stuffed dog. Don't say no because it was in black and white and endorsed with official signatures. Well anyway it was a young thing wearing glasses and probably a pipe smoker no doubt, it wanting me to violate sacred vows and give him money back that he somehow thot he had misplaced due to my insistent urging that he look in his pocket and see if he had anymore or in his shoe to be sure it wasn't spent foolishly on games people play with their analysts at \$25 an hour. Oh well never mind the details as they're of little importance, come to think of it I believe it was a green stuffed animal of some kind.

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*The Good  
Gay Poet*

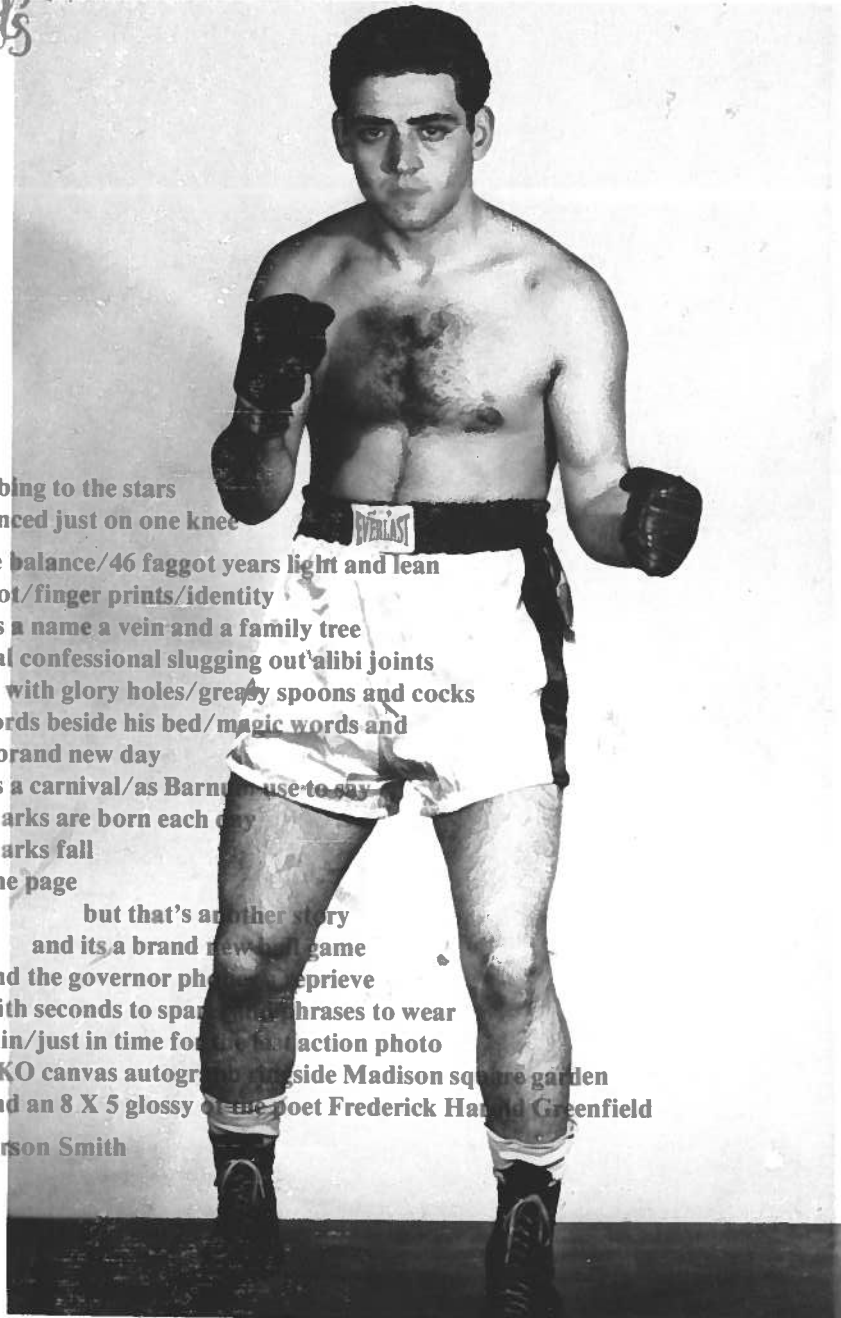
FREDDY GREENFIELD

climbing to the stars  
balanced just on one knee

the delicate balance/46 faggot years light and lean  
the mug shot/finger prints/identity  
the arm has a name a vein and a family tree  
professional confessional slugging out'alibi joints  
truck stops with glory holes/greasy spoons and cocks  
a bag of words beside his bed/magic words and  
voila/its a brand new day  
the world is a carnival/as Barnum use to say  
a million marks are born each day  
a million marks fall  
neatly on the page

but that's another story  
and its a brand new ball game  
and the governor phoned to deprieve  
with seconds to spare and phrases to wear  
thin/just in time for the last action photo  
TKO canvas autographed inside Madison square garden  
and an 8 X 5 glossy of the poet Frederick Harold Greenfield

David Emerson Smith



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