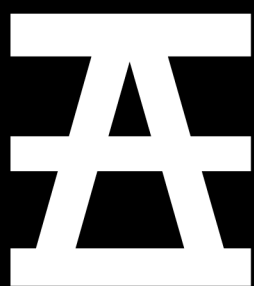


**A M A**  
**PORNOGRAPHIC**  
**TEUR**



**ETHAN LESLEY**

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Life In The Infinite

Blue Milk

The Green Sun

Amateur Pornographic

Smile Less (1/2)

Miles And Miles of Happy (2/2)

Boleyne Bard

Burgundahlia

# **AMATEUR PORNOGRAPHIC**

by Ethan Lesley  
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# índice : Amateur Pornographic

## **Sex Sells**

Hello, Stranger

**Take Me Where You Lay**

**Expert Cruiser**

Music To Fuck Boys To

**Foreign To My Bed**

I Like My Bottoms Freaky

He Looks Dirty And I Like It

**Vinyl Player, Slayer, Slayer**

## **Ribaldria**

**Holding Hands With Someone You Don't Love**

That To Present That Which I Can Do

*sex break*

*tmesis*

Licentiate

Holding Hands With The Love You Lost

**Ribaldria Dos**

POWERFUCKERS

Barrier of Cool

Raw Fuck Routine

**Prosperio**

**Keyfabe**

**Islands**

**bianco e nero**

Something Else

**I Like His Way of Things**

*To my lovely pen pal for some o'  
2017, Mr. Neverland:*

*I hope you find happiness.*

*Now, go  
Light a cigarette or two.*

*To D., V., A., T., R.,  
...I hope y'all're making someone  
miserable right now.*

*Screw you all!*

*E OUT!*

# *Sex Sells*

You said

Sex sells like sea shells on shore, and whoa, that is just some bad writing

Then I noticed,

“Oh dearest, you’re horny, and I think I’m gonna be a thousandnaire because you’re buying deep into my shit”

I wonder

If there’s going to be more to this

Than shirtless insta-perfections and thighs sparkling like the Pacific, you want

That Amateur Pornographic

And shut me when I talk, talk, talk humanitar– HUSH!

Talk, talk, talk human– HUSH!

You only listen to your crudest

Tendencies

Can we really be that low?

Are we anti-Romantics?

Gnaw this, right here, you sophomoric

Pricks-ces

We’re not gonna be serving ourselves in a platter for your hard ons

“This brand be like a cry for help!”

So confused in what it should and shouldn’t be

I’m just interested in making more money

Maybe I should hit Enter more?

Maybe.

There.

Is

That

Better?

More

Relatable?

Tenable? Attainable?

You shouldn’t have to take your clothes off every five minutes in front of the flash machine for attention. You can build your follower via depth and irony. Perhaps people are also into the philosophical? Give them a chance. Or should I not pivot from the main selling point? See? I’m even doing prose now.



“Who said you couldn’t be woke and pretty at the same time?”  
Oh, please... Oh, please!  
I laugh with my favorite line: Must be some good kush ya smokin’.  
Is it good? Tell me when it’s burning enough.  
You’re a little fake-depressed, so I guess we can make this work.  
Dismiss it, dear Bored Cicada.  
I wink and you’d fall to the ground, gasping for more skin.  
Skin, skin, skin.  
Leave me out of your two twelves and sixes turn thirteens.

won’t your hands want to cartograph some hips?  
bet you do, so let me introduce you to ‘nother  
world, with much more  
peculiar

put your arms ‘round me, digital, slow, recite this, you’re a fun vampire and,  
lately, I’m your anarchist, pacifist, Roman bliss, ‘lygamist, bound by social  
contracts but bet barely respecting this

You wreckless  
Grave diggers, and bored-mental  
Sentimentalists

“Boy, you want me, and I think ya keep making me prose mis’  
‘cause you’re buying this shit in shovels”; rhyme wrong like uno, dos, tryst

I might as well monetize. Because,  
I want to make stash out of your love  
You blind  
Rats!

Lay off the meds  
Lay off the booze  
Now we have this introduction out of the  
Way

# *Hello, Stranger*

Hello, New Mark  
Hello, New Michael  
Hello, New Mitchell  
What's your name this time?  
What do you like?  
Where do you live?

What do you think of my clothes?  
Of my name?  
Would you like me to change again?

Should I be someone else?  
Someone more likeable?  
Someone more relatable?

It's nice meeting you  
Small town, ain't?  
No. It is not.  
But I still want to paint it that way  
Think of it that way  
I feel like this is fate  
I hope you feel that, too

I have to re-learn you  
The whole value of you  
Your quirks  
The things you want and those you hate  
Until you choose to leave  
I know you'd want to  
I can see your feet halfway through the door already  
even if you don't know it yet

I guess the real problem with us is that we no longer see people as people  
but as mere extension of ideas and standards of who they should be  
and what they need to become

But I have no metaphors that will hold you,  
the essence of you,  
the memories of you  
Your life is not a long quest about finding me

Nor's my existence about keeping you

We don't live in a rom-com but, god, our lives sure as hell are funny  
Like long-winding punchlines, unwelcome revelations  
and an abbreviation  
wouldn't even come close to who you are  
and what you deserve

What you want from me are things I cannot give  
And you demand patience which I do not have  
Neither existing to give those things to the other  
but I sure would like to try

# *Take Me Where You Lay*

Buff top. Cisgender. Take me to where you lay.

I would never introduce you to my sanctuary  
my bed is basilica

My mind registering the fake name you gave me as you pry into the  
movements in my eyes  
You'll never catch me lie  
I'm way too trained

"You should be thankful I decided to look your way,  
"waste my time your way,  
"grateful I gave you this time of day  
"blah blah. I walk on water.

Send me photos from your youth  
back when the vibrance hasn't been purged out of your skin. Yet.  
Let me see  
how you see yourself  
because that's how I'll peel into your skin as I  
frame your tight body  
mile to mile  
in our shared darkness  
like your favorite annexatives

I'm here to take from you, take away from you  
quick, clean, easy, scott-free  
through rough gags and torn-up cloth bounds,  
with just the right amount of dirty

why do you respond more to my hostility  
than you do to softness?  
do you hate yourself?  
as much as I: 1.) hate you, 2.) hate me

do you hate me?

You could be my two-hundredth but I can pretend you're my first if that gets  
you off  
Honey, I'd hold you close to my pecs and brush your hair and make you moan

while you pretend like you've never done that before

Serra v Saffron

One day mirth-faced hobbit. Another, violin-smashing stage wraith.

A little Bernard punching through walls

Mind not shutting up when poppy-drunk

trying to zone out from myself

I like you

more specifically, the fluidity of your pretense

pretending we're into each other

has never been this rewarding

I hate you

you deserve to be flip-fucked, bad

and hard

and rough

while I suppress my insides from laughing

that's what you want, right?

Two can play this game

'yan ang gusto mo e

'yan ang bagay sayo e

Thanks for the cruise

Let me just clothe myself in under ten seconds

And be as far away as fast as possible

You can watch me walk from your door and through the halls

and I'll never look back

## *Expert Cruiser*

Tonight, I'm going to bed with someone without a face  
that's okay; I bet he understands why

Start our game meters of a crowd in between  
to bed, to his Gaia drying on my pecs  
him licking off the pool he made from my right nipple

Call each other 'baby' because we couldn't be bothered with names  
put my weight on his body,  
kiss his name, gently, messily,  
grab his ass cheek as I put it inside

I've always felt that there was something divine  
the thought of two bodies becoming one  
without history; greed and malice all but left behind  
he purifies me from years I've spent in awful solitary  
the same way I  
take away his fears, wanting his demons, as he  
devours all that was mine

# *Music To Fuck Boys To*

Separate man  
from work  
You're asking for  
a world of hurt from him

His ass on my mind. Ass on my  
mind for days.  
I love that one who rides dick like he's some sort of ambassador to it.

the sky reeks of purple; deadly infatuation  
All my hurried acrophobics on tilt ropes and skewered two-sixties  
i do not ask for mere sympathy that does not act  
To push blood according, transgressor, interpreter, intermediaries  
because those pounds are not enough  
Breathe to me more sessions

honey, why are you asking for a world of hurt?  
Do you not love yourself?  
you sink into tub, a love jar devoid

## Verse 1

You saw me, drinking black Russians, alone in a bar  
bought me whiskey, double, and asked for my name  
As luck would have it, couldn't even tell you  
how many times I've lost at this one game  
-I still play to win, anyway

## Refrain

got to know each other, your lies serpent into mine  
Surface tension, an earthquake in our buckled  
seats  
Slowly descension into characters  
committed. pausing only just to assert  
-Do as you're told. Ask if you're asked.

## First chorus

annexate into Basillica  
While walls tell me nothing, frames, stories, dust  
don't matter; dim the lights, and your soft kiss  
Are all I ever asked for, all I need

–i see the mold collecting around furniture that's no longer there  
–One less of a home–

#### Verse 2

nights imagining in my room, the slutty pizza delivery guy trope, and those  
Thirteen hours of blurred vision, a canister, and your moans  
show curtains, talks of what we have lost  
Enough to carry just two weeks alone  
–so another two weeks alone

#### Second chorus

We're halfway through our lifespan, and I want  
to hold you like you were mine. I was yours  
I know your ticks by now, studied you well  
all those positions we've counted, so experiment for more  
Entries for a chart, the climbing of stairs

#### Bridge

actually, they all look the same to me  
Boring men with mouths to feed  
i'm a polished cylindrical liar, eye movements, trained  
Attentive. All you had to do was ask.  
i'll take and get-away, scott-free  
–The vines that used to buzz feel darkened with people walking by,  
i no longer look to my sides

#### Final

Most of my days are quiet, and quiet, and quiet,  
and quiet.  
–I see the mold collecting around furniture in my apartment,  
time to burglar my way around and shop for a new book, the one we call

Sodomysochism



# *I Like My Bottoms Freaky*

“The scars you’ll give me tonight will be my badges of honor”  
O, but how clichéd are we?  
My I-could-get-used-to-thises and I-couldn’t-live-without-it-anymores

I like my bottoms freaky  
Assured and calm, calculatedly  
Impatient

This must be how the moon felt the first time  
It fell into Earth’s  
Orbit

His coy, his perfectly-timed denies  
The moment I reach for his hand  
Tease me six under violent skies  
Is when I give up all command

Granted all he could offer,  
I’d be a fool to not comply  
He kept all his fireworks under woolen cloth  
Gray in the morning

Where underneath all layers, jockstraps, waiting to be stained  
I want to discover all that I am with his unwrapping  
Of all that could become

Us two pick him up, he’s like goddamn paperweight  
Binded dreams together  
Two tops, a high five

I’m not much into prayer, but  
His mouth on me  
Is the closest I’ve been with the gods

My tongue is auburn for he  
Would not stop biting them  
He teases me with his curves in

Darkness  
Like grasp, like prison, where he, ruler, he, king

I, tenant

Hand-cuff carrying warden who pleasures me  
I am captive, I am brokered  
Into whistling of poppy smokes, he's heroic-bound  
Stretched on the floor like dollhouse undone

He is mine to play with  
Mine to toy  
Mine till the sunrise  
Mine to the beyond

"Fuck me," he said  
And fuck him, I did  
Every move I made, needed to ask first

I am under his spell  
I stop, slow down on his command,  
He is the dominant one who could take me for weeks  
Break me in secs

He lights my cigarettes the way he  
Callous into gloriatics  
Sexy light Anubis-hands, cold to the touch, warm to the bone

I freeze, unable to decide  
Which of memory of limbs I want  
To take home next  
I could take a tower to his soul

Thing is, I truly have not known  
All these proverbs of just until he  
Sang them into my lips

.  
..  
...

I beam,  
"You don't get to pick me up anytime you're feeling singly"

But of course,  
He did

# *Foreign To My Bed*

I find myself talking to you when you're not there  
holding blankets closer to me and imagine your arms instead

I am trash. Is that why you want me?  
I find you at my door, three in the morning, telling me how much you're into  
seeding  
and hope I'm down; well, honey, you don't have to tell me  
'cause you know, you know, you know, you know  
I like my bottoms freaky

Pretend with me for a minute  
At least try to appear like you don't want to go  
Kiss me in the mouth like you're trying to take my soul to go with you

Moan for me  
We'll share the weight of our individual loneliness together  
and – clearly – apart  
Pretend with me  
for just a minute  
plant your flags into my skull

I don't think I've ever truly written about love  
I only want your filth  
Come join the long line of exes who left me because I like fucking way too  
much

# *He Looks Dirty And I Like It*

He looks dirty, and I like it  
The dead end dirt road  
A talkative spinster spinning out of their discontent

I'm your favorite annexative  
I'm the pill you'd be poppin'  
I'll unfold you careful with hands, like umbrella

Thrown into ground, wet and dirty  
When I'm done, we're done  
My appetite screams names licked onto his body

Don't weaponize my fondness for you, I think  
You might be one of my favorite strangers  
Strangefold, kinks bleed into pages, I write

Stories set on your legs apart  
Let me sing our ballads to them,  
and you can praise since you praise

He looks dirty, and I like it, and I'd leave it so-so  
Guten nacht, sweet tapir  
Wordsmith bummer, I bum me out, and you do you, wherewithal

Me and my downpouring o' thunderstorms  
And racehorses dying in fields oranger  
I am endangered, as karma becometh, karma befalleth

Always looking for that intimacy  
We're missing, we're missing, always missing  
Watch me reset my days without the lore of all that was you

# *Vinyl Player, Slayer, Slayer*

Vinyl player, slayer, slayer  
What kind of crazy would ye have to be  
To choose me  
And plant your ankles  
Knowing full well o' my faults  
O' indecencies  
Sins, kinks, cylindric' mistakes  
You, submissive little bed clown  
I, minstrel singing, playing  
Lute of Desire... yet  
You are such a complicated person... yet  
You are only as attractive as emotions kept in check

My hands are rough like iron trade  
Beater, soft and jousting  
We are battlefield full of  
Stallions, neither dead nor dying  
I will not always want to seep like teeth sunk and soul attached  
I might rim then dash fast as hopes you had as a child  
In hopes you'd run in forwards  
Towards, and not in opposition  
Such cowards with no direction

You look like every bottom I've hath hath before  
You are not like every bottom I've hath hath before

I'm your beach house baby  
Stay with me and plant yourself into fantasy  
Sweet pine, a sweeter cackleberry  
Roses on your cheek, dripping off my cum, you taketh, you take it  
Lik e defragmented bones listening  
To twilight of the tundra god, push the button marked 'Repeat!'

You won't have with nobody what you've had with me  
You will have with everybody what you've had with me

(Come take the disco lights to me. 'Cause I ain't going to you. No, I'm not going to you, or anybody else in your head. Dial me up. Don't make me wait. Don't make me slum. Don't make me barter. Don't make me haggle.)

Care explain why  
Your soul is hard at the sign of defeat?  
You are intimately pervasive, agnostic to your barren cores  
Wriggle at the thought  
Of hurrying t'wards my door

Ç'est la vie, turego durio angkenaszt  
Dzu' tuere yrivhuone, da twar'fa nyat fabwar

I refuse  
Every threesome where I'm not  
Lying in the middle  
Being worshipped for hours  
Fucking your mouth at the midst of this fine here work  
Load

# *Ribaldria*

I like my silverine boys  
The dangerous pack,  
The worker bee,  
My Mr. Neverland

Your  
Name  
Is my trigger word  
Go ahead and pull  
You're my favorite annexative  
Come and take over me

Because I like it when you grab my  
Hair just the right amount of rough  
Excited when you tie my wrists with yours  
And put my legs up, and work that pretty thing you call your  
Mouth

...As if I'm ever going to fight back when I requested for it

Monday fucks with you are the bestest  
When our thoughts are running wild  
And the world, ever slow

I'm in love with that man with the Sean Zevran charm  
Wise beyond his years, eyes screaming with wanderlust but he'll never leave me  
alone by his bedside  
1-800-blow-me-by-the-beach, least he can do  
A wink and I'm hard on edges tossed through the air

Every misunderstood man is somebody's prince, darling, King with the capital  
Kei  
And I am living for a beauty that begs but never needs

Like pillows we don't want in the way  
We're in luck  
While you're fluttered and telling  
Me all 'bout your day

I like my silverine boys

The dangerous pack,  
The worker bee,  
And you are my favorite,  
Mr. Neverland

I get a rush when I'm breaking hearts  
You need to tell me you love me, everyday  
And if you don't, I'm going to pry it out from you, I swear it  
Till my very last play



# *Holding Hands With Someone You Don't Love*

How could you tell me I'm beautiful and not mean it?  
I guess lying is easy, pretending convenient  
when you don't really care for its  
target

What I want from you is something you cannot give  
and what you ask from me is patience which I do not have

Your love, a poorly done falsetto  
and my heart deafened by your  
silence.

You try to hold me as I retreat  
Lying beside me but my body wants you to leave  
I distance my back from your chest and ignore  
how comforting your arms are around not just my naked skin but my naked  
being  
Could you not make me the villain even when I am?  
Could you not throw it in my face?  
In my mind, I try to compose that carefully worded sentence  
which you already have an excuse to anyway  
You've made up your mind anyway  
Before I even spoke  
Before I even try to clumsily explain myself  
and fail  
You try to crush out from my insides what I don't mean  
and succeed  
but who's to gain?  
and who's to win?  
There are no winners here

We don't owe each other nothing, love  
You were here because for a time you knew you wanted to stay  
And you'll go when there's no choice left but to run  
To love and stay aren't games of debt collection  
But at least  
look back at me wistfully  
as you walk  
That'd be kind.

# *That To Present That Which I Can Do*

Of that to present that which I can do  
You choose as you ache in middle of May  
Of that to ascend lest niche may 'ere blue

Spoke with tenders, you sling, but shot the moon  
Am welded to stars appearing in day  
Of that to present that which I can do

Sore-eyed corners from barriers of your cool  
Discarded at seas, haggled for their stay  
Of that to ascend lest niche may 'ere blue

Rally'ng whispers which dim just 'round our noon  
Boom goes the dynamo, bang in yer fray  
Of that to present that which I can do

Little soldiers, foot pedals, do they fool  
To the loon but you, wise, king-like to say  
Of that to ascend lest niche may 'ere blue

Chatt'd up gimlets sacrificed with the goon  
Sad to see you give up just so they'd stay  
Of that to present that which I can do  
Of that to ascend lest niche may 'ere blue

*I hate noon TV  
They turn my sexuality  
Into a joke*

*let me save you  
the time of cumming up  
with the accurate succinct  
review:  
“It’s sad and sexual”*

# *Licentiate*

long, nice ice baths, and  
antidepressants, works of  
Art

a facade of slutty sleuths

what a fuck boy  
poet!

going to cap the data with all these  
doctor porn

# *Ribaldria Dos*

Dark room, blue lights, yours  
Into me,  
A single soul at work. Marooned into  
Red skirts, heaved kiss and tracks lain in  
Dirt.

People say stuff like this. I understand  
People do things to me, lest I want to be loved,– No!... I demand.

But I want to build a home in you,  
I swear I could fake sincerity even without a bullet readying to my eye.

Don't damage me by I-need-yous unmeant, just  
Make me feel good with your hands and mouth that's better served  
Shut. Don't fuckin' bum me out. I know  
It's easy to pretend.  
So, so easy.  
So pretend.

Emotions are the biggest turn off.  
I do this to myself. I am Supremo. Unadulterated  
Mood Killer.  
Just went from Still Into You to Not Ready To Make Nice, and of course I'm so,  
so sway-able. Goddamn blizzard of buzzkill.  
'Why do I keep fucking it up and sleeping with randos to forget him?'  
Ride and rodents.  
Cold and serpentine.

I tried.  
At least I tried  
to extort another drink from you.  
Words are consolations.  
Doesn't make me feel better, but least I know now, don't I?  
Neck-deep in disappointment, I asked  
For, recompense,  
Recommence, muddling into territorial fire, abyssed periodicals and forked-  
tongue to boot.

He's got  
A beautiful body wasted

On an ugly soul  
What can I say?  
'Nother fish metaphor in a  
Poem. Autumn love, we've been over this. I've been over you  
A million times,  
So what are we even doing here? Why are we still missing each other? I don't  
know the ends of how much I need and miss and yearn and ache  
For you slouched over the couch, ass presented.

You do that a lot.  
You push people.  
You push people.  
You push people.

And then you turn into  
The sun underwater  
Simply because they  
Left?

Get your shit together. This is all on  
You.  
It all falls down on your inability to let somebody else appreciate you for who  
you are.

I think you better  
–Nay– best leave  
Before you ruin a new-somebody's life.

Autumn boy, every song in this shuffle  
Is dripping with your name. You are that There Is No Better Love. Do you  
Feel  
The lips, inviting:

Come build a home in between my legs.

# *Holding Hands With The Love You Lost*

I used to nestle my arms 'round him  
Bigger spoon, I am  
Draped warmth, wrath to slender  
Consumed breath, morning skies, blankets, cold-ass weather

The bettered days lost  
Arranged for hearts beating  
Like symphony in full triumph  
Had him in a way no man would ever thumbtack me secure in place

In worlds of another  
Every verbiage romantic  
Words and movement exact

Tiptoeed whirlers  
Dovetailing tongues  
Feet, back to back

There are no metaphors I have that can hold you  
The essence of you, the lightness in you  
The memory that I will keep, and continue

You are my muse  
And you will follow to be  
The reason why I slant and sing with such heartbreak

Such doom  
Such sanguinity  
Such braver-droze

Because you've made me feel more alive in your bedroom than all the decades  
I've spent  
Traipsing one galaxy to another  
You are the one-worded poem

I bleed to myself  
The singular prayer  
I recite, day to day to day to night

Every 'brella spent with you, without you



Is chaos to self  
I can feel my innards tumble by the minute

The altitude of intimacy required  
To keeping this beau-filled bank around  
Is overwhelming, so crucially galian

Misconstrue my words  
There is no winning with you  
Had wasn't we- a river swam in sile' but crafted

A versio', memor' o' what I'd like it to be  
And that's what I'm hiding fro'  
To never lie to myself for your fiction, imaginary perfection

In jolly of the upcoming bizarre bazaar  
And that's what I'm looking forward to  
And can't look forward to, lie to myself, lie to myself

Smiling is a foreign concept to me  
I could not stop comparing all these lesser art to your divine  
I could not extract the hex from the walls you painted

Yours is a drag of deed and these dead  
Horses at the tundras, greed  
For it but a two-way salute

Give it more time  
It'll all be gone  
...I think

(Too many mistakes done in under the spell of a month, miss him every day  
but don't nobody care highly to move)

Stalemate, then  
Impasse, then  
You daddydoer

Stalemate, then  
Impasse, then  
You raptured gazelle

# ***POWERFUCKERS***

My room is the world according to me

Clumsy little fucker, ignites my loins,  
I can pluck his eyes out, submergers into  
Honey, and ants  
Tried a conscience until dry, so why, tell me, you terrible liar  
You keep your engines tight, ignite, and I'm going to force it open for fun  
(But with your consent, of course, you have to say 'yes', firstly with wetted  
mouth)

Laser installations, queer plastic guns.  
Race me to my tenfolds, ride longer than that  
His mouth never tiring, ate fireworks'forehand

I love a man with a naked regalia  
His charm was unassailable, but nothing's definite

Why would I give my heart to someone who's appendix ain't golden?  
There are castles in my mind  
Pachycephaloids

Why do you keep giving your breath away?  
But I take them as they come  
Him, a well-oiled sex machine thrown against lilacs  
His beauty in contrast with the rest of the world  
Like collapser in the busy street  
Monster out of place

There is nothing more boring than a guy who talks without calculation  
And that lack of tact some times spinning, hardening the hostile

Lotion and lube  
A mix

He hitch-hiked his way into heaven and drove stick real handsome, too

I miss that boy who rides dick so good, it's almost like art

'Where is he?'

“You are so beautiful, baby, you make my eyes hurt”  
My god, do they hurt when I  
Don't see  
Inside of your fresh  
Peach,  
Torn by oak  
Battered by pound

Through hoops and hurdles and pulley wagons  
You dizzy me with your breath, tectonic  
The rift, as gruse  
As shift from dreams, the Everlaster  
By At The Moments  
Fell into open  
Sky and Lava  
A kiss I've never known before

To all the misfits who swallow, I salute  
We shed babies by the thousands, a blessed  
Recurrence  
And seeders and breeders, I am  
Tenable spined in face  
Of bots present, the turquoise figurine  
Facial heated ground  
Hole unto heaven

# *Barrier of Cool*

Let me fix you up with my arms as wooden walls in summer  
Legs spread like pasture on a boomer's honeyday

That's the problem with being used  
To playing pieces black, I'm always waiting

.  
..  
...

The usual back of my head, chatter,  
"I deserve his love."  
"I deserve his love."  
"I deserve..."  
"Nothing."

To stallions, worlds are for  
I am slugged un many a valley  
I could get used to these barrels of you  
Intoxicate me with your Valentine smell, your violets, and violin sounds

But my dearest Neverland in the Neverworlds

All my headcanons hath been confirmed  
O, me and my headcanons, me and my headcanons  
Of you  
And of me  
And of you and me and the grass beneath our boats, they cruise and we  
Will never be scared again of becoming blind

You distill me  
Blessed is the man who wraps his daisies around your lips

.  
..  
...

Why can't I act around  
Dove calm as moonlit outdoors?  
My usual mumbling behest, but nothing, but forsaken pillager un stokes

I have come tumbled into ruins-like  
Sea sides, bikes,  
And stove

Embreiğ, let all go  
Embreiğ, embrace  
Like barnyard gateskeepers turned arsonists, act  
As nothing else – Apis – mattered to moi  
I am drum beat, beaded, sonic, left sound rung  
De-escalates sparrow madden, entra: tavissia vhi valtur

No! You are but  
A minor god so easy  
To appease, so appease  
Be swell, thine queerdom cum

We are home now  
We are home

This is our rural escape,  
Let the birds  
Chirp as we make  
Love in cherry noons

.  
..  
...

How does it feel to be that beautiful? I swear, all my green suns couldn't light  
up against all your  
Barriers of cool

# *Raw Fuck Routine*

I dream to be  
One of the greatest gentlemen, but I am  
So lowly

So lowly  
My only company  
Are truckers who love being drilled into,  
–I have no complaints, I love that sort of  
Monday soul,  
A topper to pill

I rise to check the mail,  
Love letters from the lost  
And the bored  
And the hungry-mouthed  
Seraphim, ala bottled and boiled  
–I cannot argue, I am powerless to  
The noisy trapeze

“but also, if he wanted you, he’d text you in the morning and it won’t be ‘hi...’  
or ‘sup’ or ‘wanna fuck?’  
you’d take him on a date, he’d drive you to the mall”

Damn! I give good advice, but never to myself  
I am worldly sage, Anti, injected with same dose  
Of hedonism claimed to myself I hate  
–But I cannot clamor, all the sleepy bits of the world onto beds to scrape my  
arms  
Just in time to clip nails, just to be safe  
From self-committed  
Harm

Who am I to give advice ‘bout love?  
I’ve never known love.  
I’ve never board beyond my greedy self.  
–But I’ll fuck my way into cities, anyway  
Until I run out of legs to de-pant  
Such a candid view from the top of this obelisk pigsty  
So genuinely lowly, yet never without hands nor tongues to milk me

# *Prosperio*

You just need one  
A hand to hold in the movies  
And read for you till you're asleep  
A self-possessed, constantly validating, never-insecure, would-take-your-shittiest-days kind of  
Once-enigma  
Who kept word to share Chardonnays with  
You just need one  
Who'd allow you to have bad days, because that's what friends should do  
They don't leave when you're in  
Emergency rooms  
And doctors, nurses, receptionists, and parents, hurrying  
Hospital to hospital, asking if they have your blood type

You just need one  
You just need one  
So why do we hurt us by the batch?  
Have you not been made sick  
Of the rotary in-dials?  
Of people who'd just tap another  
Web neighbore  
When you're poured into  
Work and the personal?

You just need one  
And then another drink with a stranger  
And a couple with groupies that aren't  
As innocent,  
Lush behinds that which could be plowed with tools, you're right  
Another mouth to feed. A different kind to seed. You're right. You're always,  
always  
Right

You just need one  
Take two, then  
Whore hath no self-respect  
Whore hath no obligation to anyone but whoreself  
Whore hath buried no rooms while careful  
And conscious in the art of milking tears by the bucket

You just need one  
But, no, after him, you find somebody else  
Within two hours, even  
Do you enjoy getting fucked and fucking in return so much  
That you don't even feel the hands that differ on the next time?

For all the unnames I have met  
For all the cheaters I had cheated with  
For all the unavailables I made cum in beds  
Saved later to be shared with the six o'clock babes  
Who are tired from jobs  
I salute you with this  
Drink I'm sharing  
Another fake-name-giving bachelor, bachelorette

I wasn't much of a looking-for kind when I was growing up  
I wore that aromantic lipstick in silence like robotically beautiful queer  
So what happened to me? Perhaps, I changed  
With access to all these  
Half-day availabilities

But you just need one  
You just need you  
I just need me  
Whores needing whores, sluts needing sluts, cunts needing cunts  
Don't nobody need another anymore, because when they start to  
I disintegrate  
As the man I didn't know I was  
Or the man that I'm sure I am

Why did you make them feel so easily replaceable?  
Couldn't you just be quiet about it  
As I have?  
And kiss me like you never been entered by another while I was gone?

Unseal  
My grand-grandparents' remains  
And bring them back to me with the shovel

I have never felt safer  
Than as the child overlooked  
By towers that pose to them



# *Kayfabe*

beware of men whose lips taste like honey  
he charges like tempest,  
hollows the ground beneath him

I have been  
inside you and you taste  
like disaster, your lip

balm of lonely  
salted by the yanked before me  
who do you care for? do you sing against

basic human frailty  
building diets in names of others  
none will ever be as spotless as imagined

should have learned  
not to fall for boys  
who hold knives behind their backs

but for men who brings you  
mountains of dark cocoa  
you cry into house arrest

kisses expedient  
fools are ones who tried to play the player  
nobody ever draws when they needed to

look at that shirt, he  
wears, it  
changes

color with its  
wearer  
current master

mirrors the incumbent  
salacious birth mark  
Baby, you are bad for me

crazy for me.  
you can't just hashtag that kind of caress  
mouth like saxophone, biceps, throne

chain-smokes after a long, long way fuck from home  
sunk into silk, stain to my teeth  
I enjoy seeing him cum like money on stash

it's easy for me to play the ditzy  
the serene un-suspect-ion  
I'm basically running a scam of the hearts here

beware the boy who tastes like honey  
he leaves such dreadful  
aftertaste

how does one  
solicit such rage?  
through sugar houses? petaled aisles, and save-the-dates?

One loves when One is ready  
Two promise and never depart  
or try, You take

the name of the other, Your wholeness  
cut in half  
and you merge

with the infinite unknown., the galaxy beyond you  
You receive the letter from his lawyer  
You cry yourself against insomnia and wonder

where it all went wrong  
where it all went wrong  
had you always been so wrong?

# *Islands*

Sing to me some of your best sleeper hits  
I have a malleable personality...  
...and in my strongest, I would eclipse everyone,  
All these rooms occupied by a singular tenant, a giant  
paroxysmic Mammon snug in his trousers.  
I sew pajamas made out of people's hearts.

we talk and solder in the form of bonds and treaties  
You are a treasurer of pain, nonetheless, and nothing more  
than a questioning thug delivered into proviso, caveats.  
I already got what I came for. My ears no longer work.

There is an off-switch at the base of this here palette  
and in my throat, rusted spires  
and a furnace. Well-kept, true fed  
I am best laid fly trap, set and cunning  
With defenses that shoot down words, and with legs for days.  
Names have power, and I have  
given it away so careless before to people  
who never dozed off with their head on my lap, my finger twirling their hair.  
I already got what I came for. My mouth is no longer sweet.

No, my poems aren't about you. But I don't blame you for your heart breaking,  
nor me not remembering your name.  
Why? Did you honestly expect me to bend the stars down and retake the  
treasures buried underwater?  
I can breathe the infinite into you, but I probably won't.  
It's not the same as wanting to.  
I am too much, too much my own person; too much for my own good, and  
You are an island so remote.

I already got what I came for. My eyes no longer see  
this beauty in the beholder you keep talking about when I am not beholden.  
All's fun and games until one of us locks the other in a cage, tosses away the  
key,  
and rides a shuttle to the very corner of the continent.  
Your voice burns like arsenic.  
We are not much; not much, if I reckon. Best leave it if we could. I want to go  
home.  
You are an island I want to leave alone.

## *bianco e nero*

He really is as rotten as he said he is. Silly child, you should have listened.  
You should have paid attention when he said he's unavailable.  
You really should have seen the way he played you with ease  
like he played thousands before you  
like aging toys.  
He'll never change. He is not good enough for you the way you  
are not good enough for him.

He called you baby and you fell for it. Silly child, now you're left screaming  
Where are you? Who are you fucking right now? Whose lips are you kissing,  
and if those lips remind you of me,  
I hope I'm better than them. I hope. I hope. I really hope.  
Like I believed I could make you stay.

This is what we do.  
We are experts on sabotage.  
This is what we do.  
We've done this before.

I feel  
more conquest than lover  
with your flag  
planted in  
my territorials, being, mentioning of my name, ears, hands that feel your  
unholding,  
and dizzied contemporary whatifs.  
You buccaneer.  
You've explored and made a map out of my skin and now  
you're off to seas uncharted  
looking for a taste of what you have not dwindled your fingers on yet. I should  
have been enough. I should have done more. Why am I not enough for you?  
Why am I the only one hurting? I regret  
letting you name the skies after me.  
And I hate myself for believing you'd stay.

You should have sunk your fangs into me.  
You should have never let me leave.  
Why did you not ask me to stay?

# *Something Else*

That boy is something else

I actually bothered to dress myself nice  
I actually bothered to impress  
Bothered to lipgloss from taste of lonely mouths  
Just so he couldn't tell

Asked, if you see me for me  
I am classic fudanshi  
Live life like Broad City  
Hurry up, rage towards here, vaccinant, I turn my phone and see

The low-quality men of my town  
I wish I could wash them all away with your brilliance, I am  
Subliminally blinded by  
The best possible mistakes of monuments torn down,  
The Classic Mishap

This is what I do  
If it's good, I destroy  
This is what I do  
I have to hurt so I'm forced to leave

Because every lover after him is as sound as disappointment  
And every day without him, emptied to its feet  
And all the more reasons I can think of to be with him, I'd regret  
What I didn't know about becomes real  
Solid, another Messiah in bed

Scoop me up, there are no battering ram that could hold against  
The full force of the malignant Venus  
Trap set and cunning

Or did I just paint a villain in my head?  
That way, his boot drifts make less noise and an empty bed becomes better  
I should stop and have fun while his clothes are on the floor

An exchange of "His", soft as a baby bird,  
A mosaic of chemicals  
–Ain't that all that this is?

O, he's something else alright, but didn't you come to think of about fifteen  
other guys who made you feel that way when touch  
Felt like an honest confession  
You've always had the fetish for pure cloth

Bulldoze his lily of the valley  
There's nothing wrong with a little pessimism  
The jack of all trades and railroads spun into detail,  
Derail,  
This male version of you as a toddler's dream,  
A castle raised by Scotts, a phoenix cerulean,  
Correction and correlation, and into cemetery fêtes

This boy is something else  
The way he clings onto arms as  
Milks the Earth like a cow  
Nothing short of the Divine

*to all who loved free as a bird  
to all who mourned yet mounted  
and mouthed resilience*

*to those who stuck around,  
to those whose minds raged like steady flame  
and hearts unharnessed*

*to all I philosophized with while we shared cigarettes  
and those walked away from, left naught  
but beeswax*

*I am most grateful.*



***Salamat.***



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