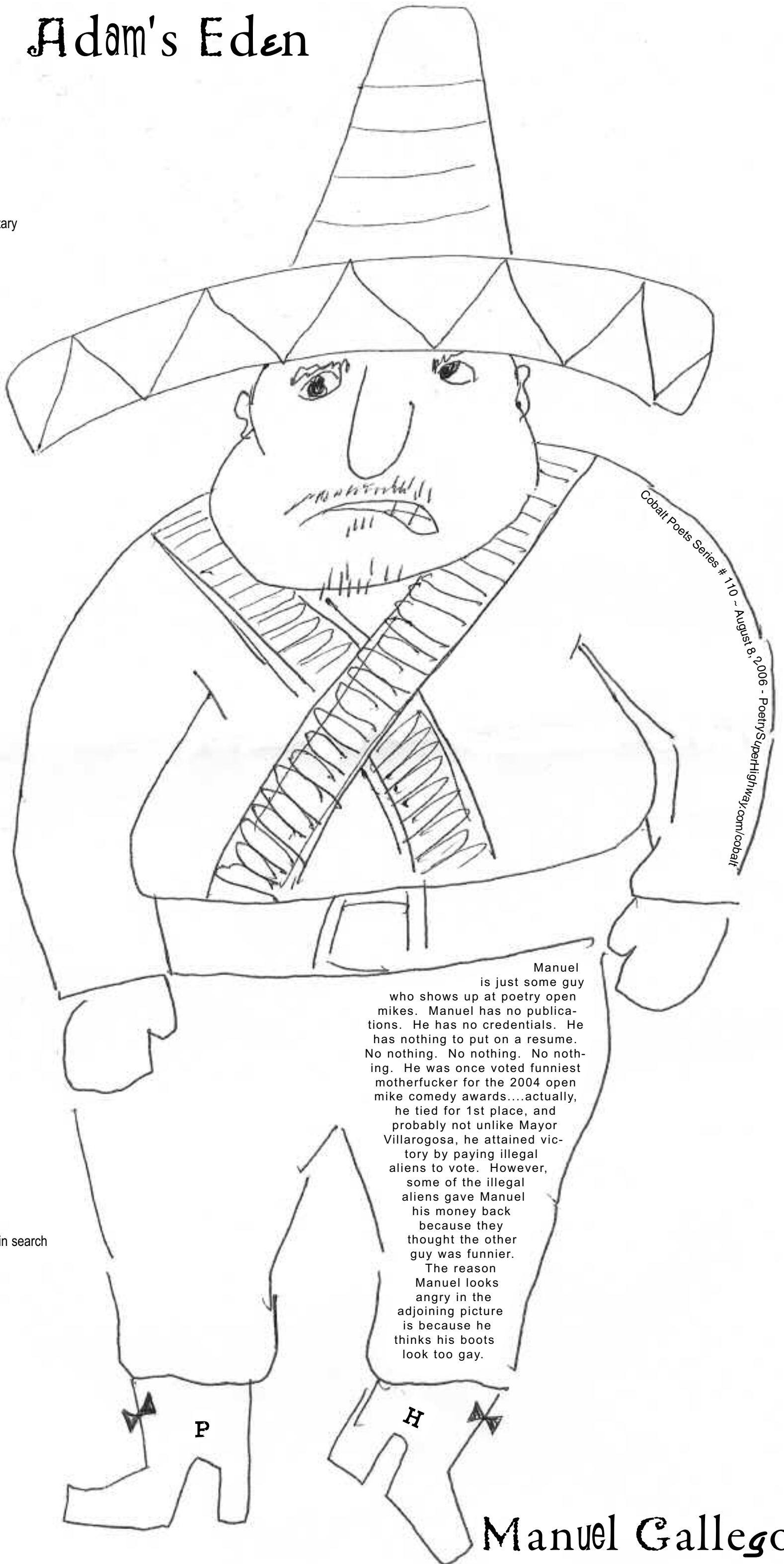


Adam's Eden

your desire of her
is humanities closest rendering
of god's will.
As Her esteem for you
is merely friendship,
your devastation
a foregone conclusion.
She loves another.
you can only purchase fantasy
mocked by their ecstasy
far away She reveals hidden
treasures beneath wet silken
lace.
Nearby you complete the throws of solitary
internment.
Far away She sings songs of her most
private squeals of delight
though not meant for your ears.
As though Her fertile soil heaves forth
in thirst of scalding seed,
though not meant for your
loins.
Her belly to burst of pearl-like
consummation by will of edict
of the Pussyhunter.
Resolve of calculated desperation,
will always prevail.
Meanwhile faceless
men muddle themselves
in wastelands of common morality.
our eyes avert amidst the terror
of our illicit yearnings
we hide truth
like chameleons dancing in
field patterns of their own
image.
Augmenting our helpless ungainly
stride, more truth because
you see, we men of commonality,
have no look.
we mark time counting basketball
scores and political vote tallies.
And a Pussyhunter is beautiful
in a constant state of consummation
with delicate intricate disarming
ripe, Pussycats.
Little Girls love candy.
As a Young Debutant will
slowly open pudding smooth
legs before presence of
a Hunters gaze of eye so addictive
like 2 small beernuts dipped in heroin.
Earthmothers and Goddesses will
objectify Him
as flesh eating predator.
They act like children
in need of bedtime stories
clearly defining Hero and villain.
As They tell likes by light of purgatorial
sun.
But at night, with legs squirming
inside fine silk stockings,
They lie,
on satin sheets
permeated by truth of lilac and sweat
of midsummer night fantasy as Their
fingers dance madly,
and Their only prayer to God is
for more hands to visit those
places They wish touched
by His soft sweet kisses.
They lie in endless moonlit crop-field
rows rhythmically moaning His name,
Sacred Feminines moonlight sonata,
to a Pussyhunter.
Like Gods music.
Like satan's music.
The poets[ahh! the poets], in search
of their own share of Pussy
they will demonize The Hunter,
always within earshot
of a Pussycat.
But on that sobering day
when they discover
cheap poetry will not
unlock Her charms denial
they will be forced to watch
as a Hunter consummates with
The Finest of the herd.
our eyes now dare not avert
as we pitifully, vicariously
attempt to ease the pain of our
swollen frustrations
against jagged old prairie rock,
amidst our own buffonish snorts
and grunts.
goddamn The Pussyhunter.



Manuel is just some guy who shows up at poetry open mikes. Manuel has no publications. He has no credentials. He has nothing to put on a resume. No nothing. No nothing. No nothing. He was once voted funniest motherfucker for the 2004 open mike comedy awards....actually, he tied for 1st place, and probably not unlike Mayor Villarogosa, he attained victory by paying illegal aliens to vote. However, some of the illegal aliens gave Manuel his money back because they thought the other guy was funnier. The reason Manuel looks angry in the adjoining picture is because he thinks his boots look too gay.

Manuel Gallego