

Justin Rogers

The Body is a Literary Form

The man I sleep with
Is beautiful because he's a poem
Made up of cleats running the earth
The sun kissing his skin all over
Giving him this supple bronze color
When I make love to him
I make love to all the things
I could never be
Because I can never be
A poem about the golden sun
Or conquests, or reaching for the stars
Like he is

But the world loves poems like him
Nothing is wasted in him
Every part perfectly proportioned
Chiseled like a god out of marble
He is made of a form easier to read
Much more appealing to take in

I, on the other hand
Am a big, fat, novel
Not some flimsy copy of
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
But a full-blown
Don Quixote
What could be said succinctly
Takes me two hundred words
And where a poem inspires people
I feel like I am yelling at windmills

Because I have so much to say
So few people who bother to read me
And even less who understand

But if you flip through my pages
And there are many
You will find they are written
In experiences

Nights spent in bottles of tequila
Trying to make sense of a world
That gives your five-year-old brother
Acute Lymphoblastic Leukemia
And forces you to watch him
Wither away week after week
Until there is nothing left of him
Or brings an incredible woman into your life
Years after you have already figured out
That you are gay
What are you supposed to do with that?

If I could
I would be a sonnet
A poem with more class
Written with a formula in mind
I have met people who are sonnets
They drift coolly into a room
Glass of champagne in their hands
Always in rare form
Like the first spring rain
That always makes you look up
In awe and gratitude
Just happy to see the drops
Fall down all around you and
If you are lucky
All over you

When You Get It Wrong

You're kissing him
And he's kissing you
And you're not kissing me
And I don't smoke
But right now I'm a chimney
Coughing all the while
And the champagne is flowing

Everyone should kiss someone on New Year's Eve
And I think of the twenty-dollar cover fee I paid
The loud music I endured
The time I invested in you
And there you are letting me see you kissing him, ruining it all
I suddenly understand how crimes of passion get committed
Maybe there was something
Maybe there was nothing

It's hard to know what another person feels
Right now I don't want to feel anything
Let champagne and smoke numb me
On the drive home I glare at the back of both your heads
I sleep in the room beside yours
Where I can hear you two fumbling around with each other
I get in my car and drive home
Drunk, I take up two parking spaces
Then lay in a ball in the shower till morning

Here We Go Again

I don't actually like sex.
So how am I always finding myself in this position?
On my back, legs in the air, hands on the back of my thighs--
Just before the knee
On the other side of me,
Doing something I can barely see but definitely feel
Is some other guy thrusting himself between my cheeks.

Mostly he's just looking down at his work
Sometimes he looks at me, my face I mean.
Once he asks how I'm feeling,
But his vacant expression tells me he doesn't really care.
I'm just some new cavity to stick himself in,
Like an eel that finds a vacant cave,
Without having to worry about friends or parents or his girlfriend finding out.

I bring my legs just a little closer together,
Push my trunk a bit higher so he can't see my fading erection.
At the appropriate times I tell him to go faster or harder--
Never so much that he finds out I'm not enjoying it,
That he just can't penetrate my jaded body enough
To get a reaction out of it.
He probably thinks he's the master of any pair of spread legs.
I wonder if maybe his equipment is just too small?
If it's smaller than my own?

Why am I letting myself get nailed by a guy with a piece smaller than mine?
There is a nail file on the nightstand beside me.
I wonder if I could file my nails while I'm just laying here?
He would probably notice.

I tell him to go all out--
The pace and force start to pick up.
I feel something poking a little further in.
He's panting now,
Holding onto and partly leaning on the legs I'm holding up.
He shoots, scores, and flops over on his side exhausted.
I sit up, look him over, chest heaving,

Sweat glistening off his soft white skin, lips parted.

I'd like to know what his lips taste like,
But I lick his other head clean instead.
It's all I'm allowed to do.
I stand up and walk to the shower
I hope he'll be gone before I get his smell off.

Void

There is a hole in the center of us all
Call it joylessness helplessness loneliness
Or plainly what it is: desire
This hole creates these pangs in my heart that make me feel wretched
I try to fill it with things
Like the Mayans throwing precious gold into Xibalba
A place of fear in us
That dark cold silent place
An abyss always threatening to swallow us

So I try to fill the hole like the Mayans
I sacrifice parts of myself to fill my hole
I curb my loneliness by seeking out a new sweetheart
In its most rabid form a person works in a frenzy
Going from person to person, all in a struggle to find fulfillment
But there is no filling this hole
I can try, I can obsess over it
But ultimately the hole is bottomless
It greedily gobbles what is given and demands more

This is why one lover is never enough
And why that one night and all the things done in it
Only leads to wanting more nights with more people
And never toward true satisfaction

I keep searching for some answer
Some cure
But that would just be one more thing for the pit
The real tragedy is knowing the truth of what I am doing
But being too weak to do anything about it

So I get caught up and dragged down by the whirlpool of wanting
A new day a new person another position a different caress
Going down deeper than ever before
And maybe that will make all the difference

I am trapped in a prison
The only nice thing is I can't see the bars.

Queering Cultures

I want to learn Spanish
But not too much
Enough to tell him
"De quiero"
But not enough to know
What he means when he says
"Me encanta estar dentro de ti"

In those moments
When I ride him
My big body undulating up and down
On his tight body in a wave
That keeps going, and going, and going
Back and forth

I sweat, he sweats
He pinches my nipples
I lean forward, dip my head down
Like a deer to water
And lick up his chest, kiss his lips
Then sit up straight, raise my hands over my head
And continue to rise and fall on his pole

His chest heaves, heart beating faster
He throbs, I can feel it inside me
Grabbing my hips, he pushes me back
Down onto blue sheets, looking up at the ceiling
He grunts and I pay attention to him
Nostrils flaring from concentration and labor

I look at his nipples
His flat stomach
That cherubic face
And wonder what turns me on so much
Because, by now, sex is more of the same
I look him over again while he spears me
And I realize
His skin is copper colored

He is Victorious Youth made flesh
His face has no pink cheeks
He doesn't blend in with all the other
Pale bodies I've been under
He stands out
And that excites me

I bite my lip, signal him
He smiles, goes faster, goes deeper
My hands clutch sheets
I've been missing out my whole life
He pushes in and out, in and out, and I can't hold on anymore
He fucks the white out of me
And into me too