



Black Vaseline

And other poems



shane allison

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Buffalo, NY USA

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Tom Cruise Never Sucked My Cock

(A Fantasy)

That's not the way it went down.
I performed oral sex on him
in the bathroom on the set of my movie "The Cockpit Club".
We met through a mutual friend

I performed oral sex on Tom Cruise
And getting him off was a mission impossible.
We met at a party Rebecca Demornay was throwing.
He was standing in her living room drinking white champagne.

Getting him off was a mission impossible
As his cock flossed my teeth.
He looked good as shit standing in Rebecca's living room, lips sipping
champagne.
He noticed me smiling at him over Cuba Gooding Jr's shoulder.

His cock flossed my teeth
And I didn't care about the whereabouts of Nicole.
He saw me smiling at him as I was talking to Cuba Gooding Jr.
Who is actually taller in person.

I think Nicole was in the other room
Talking to Julianne Moore
Who is also very tall in person.
He's nothing like the characters he play in his movies.

Nicole was out on the deck talking to Julianne Moore I think.
Tom smelled sweeter than a cosmetics counter in his Armani suit
And he's nothing like the characters he play in his movies.
He slipped me a phone number the rest of the world doesn't know about

smelling like a cosmetics counter.
He was growing a beard; I wanted to touch him
While he slipped his confidential number in my shirt pocket.
He kissed me in the toilet, on the set of my new movie, "The Cockpit Club."

Scott and John Plan to Blow Up the Jenny Jones Show

"Come to me.
"I have the tool for you,m" he wrote
in a note convened on a coffee table

in a newly furnished trailer.
John grinds his teeth.
Face shade to an angry red behind

made up smiles
Scott goes for a hug,
John pulls away.

The audience cheer.
Women think it's sweet.
John remains intact.

He keeps it together under fluorescent lights,
in front of 90 million nosey eyes.
Before the lights flickered,

before the cameras rolled
& murder took place,
John and Scott have a few drinks on hotel tab.

They go to dinner on Jenny's platinum card.
Take that bitch's BMW for a moonlit stroll down
the highways and byways of Chicago.

"I'm straight and into girls."
he says, as he breaks into Scott's home
loading three bullets into his chest.

Smoke levitating from the wounds like ghosts.
Scott pulls himself to the cordless telephone.
He coughs up blood.

Scott calls his mother.
She holds her dead son in her arms.

Her nightmares are like movies that never end.
She wants to wake up to him cooking bacon and eggs.
Kiss him off to school.

John drops his gun in a nearby dumpster.
He watches Wheel of Fortune until the cops arrive.
Feeds dog, calls sick grandmother

before the handcuffs,
before the interrogations,
before a legal pad confession.

"I'm going away for a while grandma," he yells.
She's deaf in one ear.
John could never hurt a fly.

His mother mortgages her house
for expensive lawyers.
Pawns coin collection for bail.

John is a good boy.
John is a good, clean All- American boy
who takes out the trash

and eats his vegetables.
John is sentenced to life in prison
without the possibility of parole.

A Poem for Leonardo DiCaprio

I fell for you like a suicide victim
After seeing you in This Boy's Life.
Robert Deniro played your asshole stepfather
Slapping you in the back of the head, beating the shit out of you
Over an empty mustard jar. He made you go out on paper routes.

Forced you to trade in that Buddy Holly haircut & parched leather
Jacket for a Boy Scout uniform.
You played the son he never had in a house full of girls.
Ellen Barkin was your single mom
Who just wanted a husband & a home to hang her wet pantyhose.

I thought your performance was riveting
As I sat in the worst movie theater in my hometown watching you portray poet
/writer Jim Carroll in The Basketball Diaries.
You were as skinny as Kate Moss.
Lorraine Bracco, who was your mother, said you would grow up to be a bum.

You & Mark Wahlberg were lost boys kicking up the shit of the city.
Homosexual undertones stuffed in the pockets of your Catholic school
blazers.
In the subway scene where you let that old guy blow you
So you could get money to support your habit,
I know what you were feeling. I was right there with you man.

I knew then your face would be on the covers of Tiger Beat, Seventeen,
Young and
Modern. You were about to become a fold-out poster on every teenage girl's
wall.
You should have been nominated for an Academy Award
When you played Arnie, a mentally challenged kid in What's Eating Gilbert
Grape.
Johnny Depp didn't have nothing on you.

I fell for you like a star-crossed lover when you were in a pop-culture
version of Romeo + Juliet. But I hated your guts when you drank poison for Claire Danes.
Didn't like you so much in The Titanic. You should have let Kate Winslet
drown.
Nothing's been the same since that movie.
There's no room for me in your harem of teenaged girls armed w/ autograph
books,

Blinded by your heartthrob stardust.
I can't get past the gate of bodyguards.
You're too busy doing talk shows & photo shoots to take my calls,
To answer my letters. You're a damn movie star. Instead of feeling all
gooey inside,
I'm all grossed out & fed up. Now I have moved on to a new actor to watch:
Russell Crowe.

Searching for Allen Ginsberg

I search for you in the stalls of university bathrooms.
You appear in dreams, buck naked between my ominous thighs.
Your beatnik lips around cock.
I want your moonlit ass beneath my covers.
Sit on my face oh beautiful Jew of Naomi's womb,
of San Francisco.
Rise from the Sands of Budapest.

I search for you in piss porcelain urinals of shopping malls.
Are you the security guard who warned me,
who teased with cock and balls,
who tried to strangle me with night stick?
Are you the lesbian who took off the handcuffs
and asked, "What if he had given you a blowjob?"

I look for you Allen, when boys kicked my ass, called me fag
on junior high basketball courts.
I search for you at age 12 when I discovered the wonders
of masturbation in Aunt Tillie's bedroom,
in front of a black and white Zenith.

I needed you in baptist churches as my father's shoes pinched my feet.

I want to tell you about the first time I tasted semen.
His name was George.

I search for you in the eyes of Michael
who I thought could tell my future in that white boy gism.

I search for you on filthy, stink shit mattresses of window tinted vans.
Where were you when Jack kissed me in a game of Truth or Dare,
when Nick stood me up at the movies and never opened my love letters?
I thought you were the naked adonis in that yellow
Corolla at Tom Brown Park.

I search for you Allen on the floor of a bipolar bisexual who shit on my
dick while being screwed in a recreational park.

I searched for you in Ben's windshield,
in the ocean blue of Robert's eyes.
I search for you in governmental crotches of sugar daddies.
I search for you in gay porn magazines,
in the voices of guys who want to lick my butt.

I thought you were Dennis, the Spanish
teacher assistant who licked my ears, rubbed my hands with lotion,
begged me to stay the night.

I search for you beneath shirts of frat boys,
in the bathroom mirror of John's apartment
before he left me for a red head from Boston.

Is that you Allen darling in the produce section
in A Supermarket, in California;
Squeezing apples ripe as my nipples?

Wish I was there as you read your poetry
on the sunshine steps of Florida State University
when Reagan wouldn't say the word AIDS in public-
when you shot poetic loads in the beards of conservatives.

I search for you in smoke-filled San Francisco coffee houses.
In Jack Keroauc's liquor cabinet.
Have naked lunch on William Burrough's Patio.

You were kicked out of Cuba for finding Che Guevera cute.
I search for you in the tearooms of Columbia University,
in the concert hall as you sang a duet with Bob Dylan.

I search for you through the concrete jungle of America.
I Howl for you. I will read the Kaddish for a hand job.

Are you in my room naked and sweaty?
Did you find my strawberry flavored condoms?
Is your penis stuffed and ready for a black man's mouth?

I search for you in the face of my father, in the womb of my mother.
I search for you in City Lights Bookstore, bus stop lobbies.

Come to me Allen. My door is wide-opened for you tonight.
come and crawl like a spider beneath my covers
and give me head oh hotjew based in New York.

I'm a fairy girl in distress. A black guy white guys don't want.

I want to shake your hand with Cosmopolitan Greetings.
Let's talk over eggs and grits.
Let's write poems and smoke pot.
Leave a message if I'm not home.
Where you at? Your face is plastered on telephone poles,
asking, Have you seen this man?

Where the hell are you cuz I've been worried sick.

Jesus Gave Me a Blowjob

in the front seat of my car.
It was a miracle.
He was beautiful.
I shot a load in his almighty beard.

Slipped my phone number
in his crown of thorns.
His head fit like latex gloves
between my legs.

"I'll call you later," he said.
I can tell he's not the type to forget faces.
He actually calls the next morning.

"Last night was great.
I want to see you again
over breakfast."

He asked how my day was
and if I got the green boots I wanted.
"If you need anything at all don't hesitate to call," he said.
This was very generous of Jesus.

He asked if my mother
was still being a pain in the ass and
if my father knows I'm happy,
healthy & making money.

He said, "I like men who love
to take it in the ass."
I found out he's been married

for twenty years.
A son in the army.
A daughter with a degree in Advertising,

& children of her own.
Calling him would be a mission impossible.
so I settled for head in the front seat
of a black Celica in the parking lot

of a shopping mall after closing.
The windows up,
the radio turned down like the Levis
around my ankles.

His tongue is a roller coaster
down the track
of my throat in a seedy hotel with HBO

& the Playboy channel.

Come on baby,
Give me some quarters

for the vibrating bed
that sits on olive green shag
carpet that smells like stale piss
owned by a fat,

over weight Mexican
whose English is jagged,
whose hands are tinged with
kerosene from the heater in his

bedroom from around the corner
from the lobby decorated
with a black and white 9 inch t.v.,

orange sofas & wallpaper coming
undone with the glue crack & bulk
falling to the floor.

Where the cock roaches are bigger
than my thumb, & rats live on lobster,
sleeping in queen sized beds.
He plans to leave his wife.

He wants to spend the rest of his life
feeding me grapes in bed
while we watch American Werewolf
in London for the sixth time.

Let's run away together
in your 64 Thunderbird
to Las Vegas

for a quicky wedding
where the justice
of the peace is an

Elvis impersonator.
Bible in one hand,
Fried peanut butter
& banana sandwich in the other.

He said,
"I can't leave my children.
My wife wants things like
it used to be."

Vacations to Busch Gardens
Romantic rendezvous
to Aspen.

Fake orgasms
in a heart shaped bed
of the honey moon suite,

plates of pot roast,
mouth stuffed with
strawberry short cake
on special occasions.

He calls me crying,
sniveling snot.
"I'm sorry, but I can't
see you anymore."

I'm cocooned on the black leather sofa,
knees pulled to chest
and hoping for more true love without its crown of thorns.

George Costanza Doesn't Love Me

You left me with a lap of microwave popcorn
and a 2-hour series finale urge to urinate.
I stare at your bald head & hairy back
wishing I was your shirt 100% cotton;
the lemon yellow stains beneath the pits
of your arms to go with the toupee-
sales ticket still attached from
Susie's Hair Salon & Tanning.

Excuse me George, but can I have your autograph,
Why don't you join me and my parents for pork chops & peas?
We're having Fig Newtons for desert.
Take me to one of your movie premieres.
Introduce me to your wife, kids seven & nine.

I faithfully tune in to 180
episodes of you undressing every blond with your eyes.
You prove your love with heart shaped boxes of chocolates.
Shove 12 dozen roses in my face.
The thorns catch on my eyelids.

Where were you?
I kept calling. Left message after message
Did you receive my letters?
I lingered at the front gate of your mansion
waiting in a Chevy Nova
as your wife slept peacefully
in her cucumber face mask-
as your children drifted
in sugar plum dreams.

Waited for you in a window seat
of Melba's Pit Bar-B-Cue
as you walked through the door
in your red satin pajamas.

You look different without your glasses,
thinner in the blue bath
robe I bought you for Christmas
when we feasted on store-bought turkey.
I basted your body with giblet gravy on the floor
under the kitchen table while your wife
took the kids to her mother's,
when you pretended to be sick.

As you heard her at the front French doors,
the click-clack of heels
on the finest marble flown in from
Italy, you tossed me my shirt and shoes
urging me to exit from the servant entrance.
You shoved me in the bathroom of green aftershave,

clear sticks of under arm deodorant,
trash cans stuffed with maxi-pads
and glow in the dark band-aids.

I fuss with my shirt stained with your star-studded semen.
Tuck underwear in the back pocket of my acid washed
jeans and sprint to my car parked behind your
forest green BMW you bought after box office
blockbuster success of Pretty Woman.

You don't love me George Costanza.
You're ashamed to be seen with a fairy
at the Emmy's.
But you adore me when I'm ass naked
in a hotel room of Red Roof Inn-

when my mouth is gagged with leather
and wrists are bound
by handcuffs you borrowed
off the set of Law and Order.

You tell me I'm the one you love
as your wife's away at another fundraiser
and we lie together on your polar bear rug.
A bowl of uncooked kernels positioned between
our naked bodies.

According to you, I'm the only man you will ever love.

Greg

He likes to get fucked.
I haven't been here in two months.
The drive is long and frankly
I don't have gas for the trip.
He decided to do some Christmas shopping and thought
he would ride out to see what was going on.
Looks like they don't want anyone going through there, he said.
Well, not exactly. They closed it down because of erosion.
You can walk through if you want.
He asks me if I want to walk through.
My instinct of "he's a cop" sets in like gangrene.
I follow him to the other side where families go.
The place where barbecue ribs and pine intertwine.
I follow him back to that place where gay guys go
to escape their wives and screaming kids.
The place where cum trickles
down boulders and soak into beach towels.

He takes out his cock and plays with it.
He's not a cop.
We walk back further for privacy.
I think he's going to
gay bash this black dick queer for three dollars
and my car keys.
He pulls out condom in turquoise colored paper.
Lubricated rubber.
The latex smells stronger than his ass.
He leans against the tree for me.
My dick is not brick hard.
It's like a jigsaw piece that will not fit.
Guide me in dude, play with it a little.
We twist into more positions than a game of Twister.
Neither of us wants to take off our clothes.
Just in case of emergencies.
Just in case we see the face
of a park ranger closing in on two fags in heat.
This isn't going to work. Can I suck you off instead?
I ask him if he sucks.
"No," he says.
Bottoms begging to take it in the ass never do.
Pre-cum drips from his cock like syrup.
I taste a bit in my mouth.
A little never hurts, until the night sweats,
until something forms on leg that's more than
a mosquito bite. His name is Greg.

Black Vaseline

The face of Vaseline when it evaporates
The face of the sun blocked by Vaseline

The face of Mrs. Burton when I smother her with Vaseline
The face of the waterfall when it trickles Vaseline

The face of the giraffe when Vaseline is around its neck
The face of the kitten with its eyes glittering in black Vaseline

The face of the elephant when its trunk is dipped into a suitcase of Vaseline
The face of the farmer when the goat consumes his Vaseline

The face of the exotic dancer when dollar bills wet with Vaseline,
are stuck down into the strap of her g-string

The face of the fire fighter who fights fires with Vaseline
The face of the police officer when he catches the jewel thief with Vaseline

The face of the chicken egg when it's about to be scrambled in Vaseline
The face of the mule when it kicks over a canister of Vaseline

The face of the hamburger smeared with Vaseline
The faces of cats and dogs when it rains Vaseline

Confused faces with Vaseline
The face of the steel tongue licked by Vaseline

The face of a barefoot slipping in a puddle of Vaseline
The face of a family of four sinking in a river of Vaseline

The face of Ivana Trump rolling in Vaseline
The face of someone tasting, what could only be Vaseline, in their milkshake

The face of the lady who threw out the winning bottle of Vaseline
The face of the ballerina getting pushed into Vaseline

The face of the sleepwalker who wakes up in Vaseline
The face of the sergent when he throws Vaseline instead of the grenade

The face of Raquel Welch when she rubs on Vaseline
The face of Vaseline when it is rubbed on Raquel Welch

Nick

Nick wanders around eating guacamole

Nick stands on his head and spits guacomole in the afternoon

Nick cooks soup with guacamole

Nick talks to me about girls and guacamole

Nick talks to himself and says, "Nick, why do you deny the guacamole

Nick thinks about guacamole and starts to cry

Nick is about as strange as guacamole

Nick is a man among guacamole

Nick writes about pixies and guacamole

Nick arrives in the "nick" of time for guacamole

Nick writes in his diary about his day with guacamole

Nick is cranky without his Danish and morning cup of guacamole

Nick saves the world after defeating the guacamole giant

Someone broke into Nick's house and stole every jar of guacamole he owned

And left the furs and jewels

Nick sells guacamole door to door

Nick is bored, so he goes into the kitchen to whip up a batch of guacamole

Nick curls up with guacamole and a good book

Nick wines and dines the bitches and ho's with guacamole

Nick lies on a pillow of guacamole

Nick likes to wear wedding dresses stained with guacamole

Nick likes to dip his fingers and penis in the guacamole

Nick hurls water balloons at me filled with guacamole

Nick wears bobby pins in his hair guacamole-green

Nick's face is so supple thanks to the replenishing affects of guacamole

Nick rubs guacamole on his tummy

Nick makes me so mad I want to spit guacamole

Nick has guacomole in his moustache and I like it

***A*bout the author**

Shane Allison's poems and stories have been published in Open Wide, Zygote in my Coffee, remark, Spent Meat, juked, Shampoo, New Delta Review, Mississippi Review, Oyster Boy Review, Velvet Mafia, Suspect Thoughts and many others. His chapbook, Black Fag is forthcoming and he has a third one in the works from Feel Free Press. His third published story is forthcoming in Best Black Gay Erotica this fall from Cleis Press. He has work forthcoming in Outsider Ink and a number of poetry anthologies.