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**ADRIAN STANFORD**



*The God  
Gay Pals*

***Adrian Stanford***

# **Black & Queer**



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This book is dedicated to:

**Salvatore Farinella**

**Charley Shively**

**Jim Kepner**

**Don Slater**

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*this is the document of dreams  
the bloodless elan robed in flesh of words  
the testament of mind heavy with fate  
the dust of thought conversant with the soul*

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

nénia per voci taciute	5
in the darkness, fuck me now	6
the lesbians	7
PSALM FOR THE GHETTO	8
yeah baby	9
tell bette davis that i love her	10
henry minor	11
so love was not to come	12
psalm of the visionary	13
remembrance of rittenhouse square	15
acid test	16
is not the coolness of this day	17
question at sunset & vine	18
are you mine	19
you lost the hand made comb	20
i shall meet you by the sea	21
black & queer	22
this is of cities sullen in the rain	23
sanctuary	24
dream	25
sacrifice	26
we miss the true significance	27
to be spoken softly in these days	28
STATEMENT	29
portrait of emory	30
the negro leader	31
tell the delawares and the cherokee	32
wait in some undiscovered corner	33
tina turner	34
i love much	35

**nenia per voci taciute**

italian days. strains of mandolins,  
cold black hair and olive burnished skin,  
lips a savage pink, eyes full of fire,  
the heat between two thighs, seat of my desire —  
italian days.

italian days : the glow of afternoon,  
south philly nights, spent silent in my room,  
the silence of our touching, the silence of our cries,  
as we in ravished splendor screamed our un/spoken sighs.  
sweet italian days.

italian days — love, now gone away,  
women in black dresses at mass to pray.  
they sing in hushed voices, respectful of my gloom,  
while i sit in sadness, remembering in my room :  
old, italian days.

in the darkness, fuck me now.  
speak not, for the rustling of white linen  
will make music,  
and the occasional zooming of cars  
below, will add to the rhapsody.  
and as silence, deep and pregnant, settles  
in our ears, ( taking us beyond lust's ocean roar )  
we will drift on our minds eternal sea.  
falling stars will be our witness. the wetness  
of my loins proclaim the rite.  
i am pinioned in your arms. silent, and hard breathing.  
each breath creating galaxies; where un-named  
children call me god —  
and shout in their private gloom, as i do :  
fuck me now.

*for donald thomas williams*

**the lesbians**

they were like the dawn (some infinitesimal part)  
captured in the blackness of night  
breast to breast clinging, their mouths  
red ruby jewels, on skin alabaster white

*for pat hill*

## PSALM FOR THE GHETTO

let there be planted the seeds for an intellectual,  
moral and social revolution out of which a new culture can be formed; out of  
which a new civilization can be fashioned; out of which a new world can be  
hewn; wherein the black man can walk confidently and unafraid in that truth  
and that light which is freedom.

let there be issued no call for violence, unpro-  
voked; but let the black man be admonished and prepared to confront every  
incident of force with greater force. to do so at his own discretion, in his  
elected manner and on his chosen ground.

let there be emblazoned upon the inmost conscious-  
ness of the black man a preference for death in the cause of liberty and  
equality, rather than life in the toils of tyranny and racial servitude.

let black folk everywhere be clothed with a flesh  
that will not tolerate oppression, an intelligence that will not countenance  
injustice and a spirit that will not suffer degradation.

let there be prepared the means by which the black  
man can convince himself that he must and shall be free.

let this be the black man's offering of love. let  
it be proffered in the glad conviction that the black man will survive,  
gloriously.

yeah baby

i've had them roll up in chauffeured limousines,  
swing open the door and beg "please get in".

i've been approached, followed, waited for, hung onto,  
and groped by all those staid white queens that  
don't like *colored boys*.

and certain nigger fags ( who don't want nothin but blonde  
hair around the cocks they suck ), have more than once pushed  
their fat asses my way !

you think all this has gone to my head; made me some kind  
of valentino — lina horn queen bitch ? ( yeah baby ! )

tell bette davis that i love her ! write it on  
the finest paper, in a bold, commanding hand.  
tell her she is the greatest actress this civilization  
ever produced. BERNHARDT ? GARBO ? HAYES ?  
fuck them all ! next to her they're not worth a damn.

#### henry minor

the nobility of his face pressages the lineage of kings. seeing him  
is to behold african idols, dark and triumphant, glistening quietly  
within the confines of his skin.

times mood breaks upon him like waves upon some ravished shore and  
he is left, his mind bleeding, with the commingled knowings of past,  
present, and future.

see, even a magnificent smile cannot hide the shadow of his archaic  
being, as he stands immured in sadness, observing all that is of  
this vanquished time.

brown lips, speak. pearl white teeth let pass some particle of wisdom  
for those of us who recognize and believe, but naught comes.

when the lion rules the sky, search deep the recesses of uncharted  
jungles. there is a temple with his likeness on it; and offerings  
are still proffered by a sacred few.

oh, could you but hear their chanting you would think of makeba or  
yma sumac and know that in the fastness of that green and secret re-  
treat, a god is given his due.

so love was not to come  
he shuddered at the finality of the thought  
then put away his years of seeking  
and went walking in the rain

## psalm of the visionary

from the quarry of my mind i carried naked through the streets  
such burdensome stones as were necessary to build a temple in honor  
of lena horne.

and when the work was done and my mental state adjusted to the  
heights of her sublimable plane, i washed and oiled myself and  
donned the robe of chastity; then went inside and called her name.

i could hear crowds singing and the rhythmic sound of marching  
feet. see the white-eyes stone and kill the proud young who dared  
to dream of equality.

i heard plantation songs, the cracking of whips (the wet tear-  
ing sounds they made pulling flesh from the bone).

i smelled the scent of the breeding houses; listened to the  
lustful gurgles of horse-cocked crackers who rammed black virgins in-  
to unconsciousness and pregnancy.

i fell upon my knees and in a loud voice spoke the incantation,  
“fuck martin luther coon, fuck martin luther coon”.

jasmine blossoms began to fall. a feeling of strength and beauty  
enveloped me; i knew she was there.

i turned and saw her, ran to her, kissed her feet and called  
her many sacred names — putting to her all the un-answered questions  
i longed to know.



her face became a kaliedoscope of suffering. huge tears swelled  
in her eyes. she moaned and beat her breast and inflicted upon my  
ears one screaming word : NEGRO ! NEGRO ! NEGRO !  
then she began to fade.

the temple shook. all grew black. something wet fell on me, it  
had the odor of vomit and manure; i screamed and tried to run, but  
my feet would not move.

i heard singing again — gospel songs of vengeance, and sinister  
lullabyes for the redemption of desecrated black skin.

light glimmered in the temple. i found myself crying, wailing  
her name, but lena horne had gone.

it was cold outside. i gathered my robe about me. The moon,  
moved and far away, was paying court to the greying clouds.

i started down the road to home, my lantern casting shadows on  
the path. —

and as i walked, i sang of stormy weather, alone, but somewhat  
wiser in the night.

#### rememberance of rittenhouse square

black sarah ruled.

and we of lesser divinity paid homage to her  
with our pansy smiles.

we breathed magnolia air, dreaming other visions  
through the velvet of our mascara lashes ;  
and blessed ourselves with water from the shallow pond,  
and kissed each handsome boy as he passed by.

the low hung moon brought expectation to our hearts.

we chattered endlessly: mingling within, without,  
seeking happiness, finding nothing

but the sad green beauty of the tree's.

our priestess has another temple now,  
and we the keepers of this sacred ground

have been raped, our harpstrings broken,

we sing no more —

ah, good queen sarah, why did you never speak of reality ?

**acid test**

who sealed the secret deep within the lips of those black lilies  
on the lake of flame ?

speak to me softly in this startled hush of dusk, of  
silver serpents on a crimson tree.

relate of guile and infidelity, of maidenheads bruised in a  
bowl of lust.

i poured white incense at the cloven feet of love !

i saw the dragons couple in the sea !

tell me, nor fear the presence of jocund ghost that seek  
my company —

who carved red ants on the foreheads of the gods ?

who chilled the maggot in the tube of wine ?

is not the coolness of this day  
like your heart unto me ?  
there is a clarity in the chill  
that awakens my pride ( it was dormant long ),  
and forces me to my former self,  
and in that armour, i no longer  
am subject to your ways. —  
see me now, gathering energy  
from this brittle afternoon :  
all grande again, bidding you goodbye.

**question at sunset & vine**

what was the message that the young-in-life lisped  
from a dialectic fraught with death  
when the uncoiling taproots of my fevered brain  
recoiled upon the rock of outworn ideologies  
restive of fables and imperfect dreams  
bewildered by tall cities  
and the mis/used streams of gold

*for rock hudson*

are you mine  
or do i conjure  
from my lonely soul  
these sweet thoughts  
running madly into oblivion  
to find you ( not there )

you lost the hand made comb  
i gave you —  
was that a warning  
from the future wreckage  
of our affair ?  
i have all you ever gave me,  
save the potted gardenias :  
they died from too much care.  
i loved them so ;  
they were sweet and  
delicate ( like you ).

*for jack murray*

i shall meet you by the sea  
and we will learn her mystery  
as she gently laves the shore  
caressing now and evermore  
the out/most regions of the inner land  
with her splendid watery hands

we'll sit and listen carefully  
upon those banks of destiny  
to her stern majestic roar  
that speaks of things she learned before  
when earth was king and she the queen  
and man a species yet unseen

come, join me by the ancient sea  
to praise this daughter of infinity  
as we wander like shifting sand  
two wiser creatures on the land

*for david perez*

**black & queer**

the hate ridden excrement of three hundred and fifty years of "master race" philosophy is not to be flushed from the american white mind by a few half-hearted applications from the "intergration" eye-dropper.

marriages born of expediency seldom ripen into mutual love, and the households of such unions rarely set themselves up as mecca's of conjugal felicity.

this is as true of races as of individuals. fear crowds the corners of the western white man's mind today : fear of a racial future founded on a rotten anti-black past. his beckonings of terror haunted friendliness are grounded in a horrified realization of the effect that follows cause. it requires no superior intellect to see that the white man's pressure promoted equalitarian posturings are as false as they are futile.

we must eschew the trinket laden greeks. in an age of iron monsters sprouting wings, why should our vanity covet their hollow wooden steed ?

this is of cities sullen in the rain  
the great hills of granite canyoned in the mist  
of the fierce exotic cry of soaring stone  
piled by ensanguined hands against the sky  
these are the cairns that bondsmen, scouraged & despised  
raised for the rotting kings of capital  
these are the graves, silent & agonized  
of blossoming brains that prostituted trust

**sanctuary**

all is quiet here,  
each room  
reflections of an opiate dream,  
where sweet odors waft the air  
and stringed instruments  
whisper in the candled gloom,  
the hushed intensity of despairing souls

*for ralph downs*

**dream**

i kissed your eyes  
and felt the faded sorrow of your smile  
touch my heartstrings  
and beguile them into playing another song;  
old, but new to saddened loves ( you and me ).  
then we blushed and walked along  
hearing nothing but our own music.  
it sang of love, like that  
of sappho for her maidens.  
of helen, returned to greece,  
still mourning paris —  
dead at illium across the sea.

*for john pantages*

s a c r i f i c e

had my father known  
when he cast forth his offering  
to the sea of my mother's womb  
what creation their joy would bring  
would he have welcomed the man/she child its birth  
heralding my duality as nature's zenith (in human form)  
and blessed the son he held for all to see  
keeping my sister/self obscured, until  
i understood my second destiny —  
or would he have shuddered at the fate his loins possessed  
and retracting from those clashing thighs,  
let the seeds that bore such strains  
meet their end upon the ground

we miss the true significance  
of our own lives  
to the measure that we are ignorant  
of the full effect of our lives  
upon those of others

*for rose de wolfe*

to be spoken softly in these days

what mockery is this  
this imperialistic harnessing of guiltless men  
to the mouths of cannons  
these men  
caught in the winter lightning of world war  
screaming, clutching torn entrails in wet hands  
vomiting blood-brine in great clots  
dead the wormy penis  
swollen in strange cadaverous last-flung gesture  
of desire

## S T A T E M E N T

if the realm of our magnificence is oblivious to you,  
observe with keener eyes those you taunt and defame  
with such vigorous animosity.  
we have been forced to shame ourselves  
in the restrooms and alleyways of your cities  
because you deny us the privilege of consorting openly  
with our own kind.  
we are creatures of love and dreaming.  
our birthright : a handsome face to kiss away melancholy tears  
and husband the fragility of our incandescent lives.  
at best, we are the phantoms of your would-be dreams.  
at worst, the childishness of forgotten days  
that you discarded,  
for the amber cloak of maturity.



**portrait of emory**

the queen of night steals softly to your side  
and lays a kiss gently on your chest —  
in the darkness relinquishing all her pride  
as she rests her head upon your breast

her cool dark curls, perfumed; make you stir within  
as you stroke the velvet of her amber skin  
and watch the splendor in moon's light  
of ivory flesh against brown; holding fast, holding tight

your hand ( a wanderer on her darkened hills )  
touch places quiet, places trembling still  
then moving abroad this cherished plane  
her nipples with hot kisses your lips do stain

she moans, she whimpers, beseeching you with sighs  
to seek that hidden treasure that lower lies  
and you gallant pilgrim, move on without respite  
and fill your squirming victim to the brim with delight

( quiet now ) languid in your arms  
hot, but peaceful, the splendid lady rests  
while you, still afire from loves harm  
would have another chance at the test

but day shudders into being beyond the granite hills  
calling the dreams of night to hold their season still  
and as the birds begin their morning lullabies  
you drift off to sleep upon her smoothe black thighs

the negro leader must not consider himself  
an isolated phenomenon, wonderful in himself, responsible only to  
himself, and restricted only by such laws as he may be willing  
personally to impose upon himself.  
his particular talent may somewhat translate him in the eyes of the  
world, opening to him avenues of opportunity forbidden his more  
prosaic racial brothers, but categorically he is included in the  
general mire in which the rest of his race wallows; from which he  
himself originally arose.

tell the delawares and the cherokee i have seen their  
faces and am proud to call them kin.  
we are one ! bound  
by those fertile drops of blood that long ago united,  
making me heir to all their misery,  
companion to my own.  
you have lost your land and i have none to give !  
you are herded like cattle / my bonds are invisible, .  
but no less revolting.  
but do not despair. tell the young ones  
there will be a sign :  
a band of black men casting freedom shadows in the sun.

wait in some un/discovered corner  
where no man has profaned  
the sweetness that is love  
and i will come at sun's setting  
to kiss away your fears  
and hold your strong hand  
in my own

*for sonny cozzi*

**tina turner (after hearing her sing)**

a whore in love with life. fucking for the joy of fucking. wild,  
abandoned; purely negro. all the fire, hate, and wisdom ( silenced  
in that long past crossing ) alive in her songs.

her asshole murmurings splashing in honkie faces. resolving them  
to the lesser glory of listening; not able themselves to give forth  
the long hurt, sweet/sad rapture of her throbbing sounds.

her music : always full of resentment and glories long forgotten;  
those yet to come. all black ! all proud ! striving and hoping and  
waiting, waiting .....

rural south or sophisticated philadelphia ( the colored sections ),  
wooly haired bitches getting laid. big black cocks that press on  
and on.

sing you cunt ! empress of black memories, prophetess of what's  
comming —  
you are one of us and in your voice we hear the brown nigger nothings  
that speak of raising hell ( and us all free ).

*new york city :*  
*january 4, 1961 — 3 a.m.*

i love much  
therefore i am greatly despised  
yet as i am hated  
so shall i be adored

The Gay  
Pots

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