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ADRIAN STANFORD



The Good
Guy Jobs

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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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

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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

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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, unprovoked; 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 consciousness 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 chauffered 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 — lena horne 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 civ-
ilization 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 vengence, and sinister lullabys 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

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

for rock hudson

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

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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

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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 dispairing 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 natures 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) lanquid 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 smooth 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 Good
Gay Boys

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