

# Fucking

Jonathan Alexander

Edward Carpenter comes to me in the morning, his cock throbbing democracy:

Take this and eat of it, my life spilled for you. I must admit a trifle indecision,

a momentary blink as I rub some crud from my eye, flicking the remains of the evening

on the floor. But Edward is patient; he's seen it all, or most of what passed for pain and re-

demption a century ago. Times change; people don't. At least that's what he's hoping. People

just want to be free. So he pulls back the cover, gently, and runs a finger along my

briefs, the wrinkles of his hands catching the flesh in its communion with bones,

blood. He offers me his cock. I begin to shrink, but he soothes, breaking iambs:

One man makes you taller; another, small. This one doesn't count the cost, for either

you or me. And this is what he means by democracy. It isn't that simple, someone

will say. But for Ed, I am equal opportunity before I even know what I want to choose