

The Man Who Suckled Elvis

by Daniel Passamaneck

The man who suckled Elvis
never spoke a word about it
Fate brought them together
and respect made him a silent partner.
The King had gained some extra weight,
his come-back starting to lose steam
He was a giant of a man
who came down to the hotel kitchen -
Gaylord Opryland, the finest
Nashville had or has to offer -
It was four am, the place
was dark and dead and Elvis wanted porkchops
drunk and wasted, speedy, weaving
An appetite in rayon slacks
The man was given marching orders
shambled up and said to Elvis
Sir we're just fresh out of porkchops
couldn't find a single one
but we'd be proud to serve you steak
Elvis gazed toward the man
his wine-dark eyes filled up with tears
leaned up against him and he wept
The kitchen was evacuated
no one wanted to bear witness
to this grand emasculation
Elvis and the man alone
amid the shadowed pantry shelves
the man was blessed with sagging pecs
his bitchtits a humiliation

Elvis, weeping, held him close
his face pressed tight against the rayon
He breathed his sobs upon the breast
that burgeoned near his famous lips
familiar, ample, warm with comfort
his mouth sought out the veiled nipple
The man did not know what to do
so he just stood, his arms extended
awkwardly
not daring to disturb the King
who held him, sobbing on his breast,
and nursed right through his bleachbright shirt.
This went on for several minutes.
When at last it stopped, the King just
sat, his head turned to the side,
his ear against the soggy spot
transparent on the man's white blouse.
Then Elvis hove a mighty sigh,
he cleared his throat
and told the man, "I don't
much want that porkchop now."
With that, he left the darkened room.
Neither of them ever mentioned
what the two of them had shared
to anybody anywhere.
In fact, I made the whole thing up.

