

# Saturday, 1AM

*by* XXXX

Tonight, as I ate stale fries in the car,  
after getting back home,  
my seatbelt still around me,  
struggling to keep me in place,  
I realized that perhaps my fantasies  
of you finishing in my mouth  
after you've brushed yourself against me  
with inhuman vigorousness  
are flawed insofar as they are purely  
and only that: Masturbatory imaginings,  
the eroticism of which stems from  
a vacuous distance asking  
to be traversed bearing bones  
that know you by name,  
that are meant to cling to you like armor.  
In my dreams I wear the body of beautiful boys  
whose only past time is ensuring  
the persistence of my pleasure—  
you are King among them,  
a garland of lilies around your neck,  
a crown of carnations around your head.  
Yet, tonight, as I ate stale fries in the car,  
I realized that the Kingdom of my Dreams,  
which you rule with majestic temptation,  
is unreachable except by sleep or myth.

