

THE COMPULSIVE ILLUSION
CRINO-PHILADELPHIC POEMS

by

Anthony Weir

Love is
Soup Dream
Life is
Dream Soup

A RED HERRING

Urinals are strange places
where men stand like itinerant sweet-
peas against temporary trellises
and fumble.

Men are lucky:
they can stand while they piss
and play cards, or violas
- or kiss.

When I was a child
high toilet-walls
were greenly-defiled
by years of competitions:
boys
raising litre by metre.

Men are lucky:
they can stand while they piss
and angle for strange fish

like Saint Peter.

(from Cinema of the Blind)

**LIMERICK IS NEARLY AS UNPLEASANT
AS DUBLIN**

A Lesbian princess from Dallas
took a gay porno-star to her palace.
She picked up a knife
and he ran for his life
because he didn't want to learn
about the Eighty Eight Ecstasies
that might be entered
without a phallus...

PINK DOLLAR POEM

Mata Cheney
the Manatee-milk cheese-
maker sells her product
in small quantities
to Washington D.C.'s
smartest of the smart
at a price to make
a boxer weak at the knees.

Her ex-husband, Fury
(big, black and uncut - and
I'm not talking hair or fingernails),
sends his personal
product in small quantities
at unmentionable
prices to queer
guys on the Keys.

It's *horses for courses*.
Now that they've got
together again
for business
reasons, they're jointly
happy with their cornered
markets and their
sources.

(from *Work in Progress*)

FOREST SONG

The darkness is
The darkness is good
The forest is good
to its people

In the forest *I AM*
Outside the forest I'm *TO DO*

I am naked
standing by a pool
while the moon admires its full
reflection in the full water

The monkeys have stopped screaming
where I passed by
in my moonskin

And everything is quiet as the moon
as the moon and I make love
and I make moon-milk in moonlight

All quiet but for the sound
of moon-scattering water I dive into
after little monkey-cries
of fitness.

(adapted from three early poems)

DEEP DOWN

Everybody really knows that only animal
satisfactions satisfy
the animals we are
(in air-conditioned halls,
tax-forms, names, clothes, cutlery)
- and this is why
- I'm nuzzling your [balls](#)
- while listening to Schubert
- and drinking Château
Coutet-à-Barsac.

(from Cinema of the Blind)

TRINITY-INFANTASY

Your solid, hairy body was for an hour the father
I the skinny bastard never had
 (firm as a rock
 my only god your cock).
Your unmanifested mind was the son
I might have fumble-foisted as a lad
 upon the girl I might have loved
 if girls had thought me fun.
The holy spirit of our hearts' communion
 might have snuggled in our hugs
 and in our waking up together
 holding hands, and in our cuddles
sliding back to sleep, and as we woke again
 to celebrate our muddles.

(adapted from a version in *Dispatches from the War...*)

PERFECT CIRCLE

I wish that I could lick
 my prick
 as beasts can,
For then (with luck)
I wouldn't want to fuck
 or stick
 it into anything
And I would be content to suck
 myself, and pause
Complete as circle of serpent
 with tail in its jaws.

(from *Cinema of the Blind*)

FORESKIN DELIGHT

(*A pity it can't be cut and let to grow again
like fingernails*)

When I have had great sex
my cock does not get cheesy.
 Love makes
 "personal hygiene"
 deliciously easy.

Control birth

Combat normality.
We are as sperm
swimming in
the rectum of reality.

Glory be to theft and kisses
Glory be to breath
Glory be to slugs and beetles
Glory be to death.

Buried down deep or sitting above
The relation of pebble to earth
(which it was and will become)
is true love.

Mind activates awareness
Insight transcends mind
Wisdom's a puddle, decess is catharsis
We are most serious when we
wipe our arses.

(from *Dispatches from the War...*)

CRINOPHILY RUE DE LA PETITE TRUANDERIE

I would like a lover
who looks like my teddybear
who will ask me to do
what I want to do
and travel with me
to the inner and the outer.

As for sex
I have no preference -
but not many women look like my
teddybear,
though I saw a splendidly
hirsute lady in Paris.

(from *Dispatches from the War against the World*)

ESCAPE FROM THE MUSÉE D'ORSAY

Tired and sick at heart
I stole fifty-eight postcards and fled
the marble show-prison for innocent paintings.
They shouldn't be there
(more than half-dead)
in that vandalised railway-station
and we shouldn't be here in the world,
in cold latitudes, breeding
and stealing our heat and our food
from the poor and the beasts,
and producing more and more stuff
getting colder and colder while we turn
the heat higher and higher,
and build prisons even for paintings -
as if their hideous, torturing frames were not enough!

After dinner alone in the flat
I went to the quays at the Place Stalingrad
where men prowl and skulk
(and one or two chat)
and, under a culvert, eager and jostling
like dogs round a bitch, watch a man merely suck
another man off, without joy.

We shouldn't be here.
breeding and seizing and seeking
what we can't find, what we destroy.

I returned, talkative in a taxi.
with a man whose snug body was thatched
with grey hair, and we romped and we laughed
and drank home-made Calvados
and by rapturous accident came almost together,
and cuddled and talked about landscape
and Romanesque churches.
I saw him once more.

We shouldn't be here
among breeders and buyers,
unloving liars,
employers, employees of fear.

(from *Dispatches from the War...*)

THE APOTHEOSIS OF PÆDOPHILIA
What a limp and unattractive word 'attractive' is.

From soft and wrinkling, purple-centred pinks
Filaments have wept their viscid
Tears of power:
The wonderful old Verlaine sucks
Young Rimbaud in a bramble-bower.

(from *Book Disease*)

TOURIST IN ELYSIUM

Take me to all
your lovely Parts
that I may drool
with holy love

and blessed,
undressed,

connect by
magical
connecting-tool
to all the zest
within our hearts.

EPIPHANY

[Eochu, Lord of the Underworld](#)

Gun-barrel
Slung between powerful things
Marvel
Fixing my humble and envious eyes
Slides out of its stock
Veins standing out, thick
As a man's arm:
Authority
Long and splendid and black
Extends towards the ground,
Then, with a casual, masterful
Flick, slaps a taut belly
Swings down again
And slowly slips back
Into thigh-portal
Leaving me trembling and awed
By unconscious display
Of his superhumanity.

RELIGION

God locked in his churches
The Mother of God in glass boxes
Believers in toilets
Every beast behind walls:
Christ the desecrator
The Great Divider –
And Satan the one with the [balls](#).

Enduring as rock
the only true god is [cock](#).

(from *Cinema of the Blind*)

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shades from Stallion Black to
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(from *Fearful Symmetry*)

OUTLINE OF A BOOK

*BEYOND ORGASM:
The Man to Man Guide
to Soft Willy Sex:
Sensual cuddles and
Non-Penetrative Fulfilment.*

C O N T E N T S

Affection without False Expectation
Sensual Deprivations of Childhood
Therapeutic Holosensuality:
Fighting the stereotypes
Enjoyment without Ownership
Giving Energy rather than
Receiving Frustration
Flow versus Compulsion,
Respect versus 'Love'
Opening up to the Spirituality
Of "Casual Sex"

Helpful Plants and Natural Allies
Champagne and Soft Ceremonies
Hug Therapy and *Peacemaking Amongst Primates*
Sexy Soups and Orgasmic Puddings
Awakening Nipple Awareness
Armpits and Ecstasy
Helter-Skeltering the Kundalini
Pissing and The Shaman's Path
Threesomes, Fivesomes and
Cuddle Buddy Networks
The Magic of Extremities:
Feet, Fingers and Scalp
Avoiding Prosecution
The Sensual Underground
Spiritual Revolution

(from *Fearful Symmetry*)

for Malcolm

NEVER ADVERTISED

The post of God
has been vacant for the past
umpteenth million years. Only
the most driven lunatics need apply
for the job in the depth of the sky.

But I'm happy to inform you that, whatever befalls,
you have been successful in your application
for the plum but temporary post
of squeezer of my humble balls.

BUBBLES AND SQUEAKS

Love is as deeply shocking
an experience as
Standing naked in icy rain.
The taste of your trust in me
while I sip you
is remarkably like champagne.

HAIKU
Canada 1998

Nudist weekend camp.
The cook's hairy belly
tastes of sundry juices.

In the sauna
water drips on an old snakeskin
and my older foreskin.

After the sauna
night-breeze on our nipples.
The Northern Lights.

Falling leaves wantonly drift
into motley orgies.

Friendless and
magnificent above McDonald's
the harvest moon.

Hoar-frost on the hair
upon the chests of the
magic-mushroom gatherers.

We look beautiful
especially if we are naked
when moongazing.

Was I nuzzling his nuts
or did I fall into the love-nest
of the Buddha ?

The night so dark and intimate
that I could stroke the stars.

Dark undergrowth.
Pubic hair in moonlight
and a Roman Candle to be lit.

Naked in the autumn dew
astride a naked man
upon the leaf-clothed earth.

Cradling his liveness
and the ground also well-kissed
by gentle leaves.

In my autumn [groin](#)
mist and rain and river
are indistinguishable.

Sunset. Flesh-coloured
clouds. Exquisite solitude
before the long night.

Grey November day.
No love-letter lies
sodden on the path.

Cobwebs in fog.
I can't tell my end
from my beginning.

Swirling fog. Although
he promised, the man I lay with
never visited.

A LESSON THAT NOBODY TEACHES

How cheapjack is ejaculation!
How frictionful is penetration!
Male orgasm
depends not on spasm
but on artistic calibration.

**RAISON D'ETRE,
FAÇON A MOI (Ætatis XL)**

I wished as a child to be black
like Epaminondas in my story-book,
and grow up bearded and hairy and wear
a gold ring in my ear like a pirate,
and have a tattoo,
and be fluid
in specie and gender
sometimes man
sometimes beast
shapeshifting.

I'm a befriender
of cripples and dwarves
and people who, like my
teddy-bear,
look a bit crumpled
and louche
and don't have two eyes the same.

The Jungle Book
confirmed what I knew:
that beasts are benign.
I like hugging dogs
(beggars and dogs
are eager to greet me).
Cats' faces amuse me.
I could be pander
to stallions and bears,
to Ogres and prophets;
I like to be tender.
I like kissing mouths
surrounded by hairs.

(from *Dispatches from the War...*)

Facing each other in ritual and actual equality, in proud and helpless trust, grasping each other's balls while our beards intertwine in a ten-minute kiss, my middle finger pressing the perineal root of his cock, massaging his feet with my hands and then my hard-on, running my tongue along the undergrowth of his arsecrack which tastes of wine made from Négrette and Garnacha grapes, kissing the pearly tip of his cock like a humming-bird, rubbing my soft-on in the luxuriant growth of his beard, he seemed for the moment my only reason for existing as the fountain rose from my balls and rushed up through my electric nipples and up to the top of my head, flushing my brain, and cascading down again to bathe my balls in peace and love and lightness and depth and soaringness, both of us performing the One True Rite while witnessing a wonderful mystery. Yet a body is only a body, while the heart yearns for a heart to inhabit.

**"THE SCENT OF THESE ARMPITS
IS AN AROMA FINER THAN PRAYER"
- Walt Whitman**

I dreamed.
I woke in tenderness.
I dreamed of tenderness
as a ripe plum squirting
down my beard – tenderness
that turned to tide
which flowed through both of us
and in which we floated
through our cuddle-space
wherein our snug adhesion
the unseen ballet of our tongues
the breath shared by each other's lungs
were part of an epiphanic lace
of delicate and gorgeous things
that we in sacred, shared
humility presented to each other
as sweet kings –
and the smiling
exuberantly-bearded sun
was his
life-giving face.

ONLY HALF A DOZEN TIMES THE GLAMOUR

Beyond the marzipan
of mere sex, mere poetry
and in the mystic intestine of
non-penetration -
beyond the utilitarian transport
of mere drugs -
my mere and dreary consciousness
briefly gloried in the hairy
vegetable glamour of his hugs.

HAIKU SEQUENCE

June evening - the sweat
delicious beneath the hairs
of his peach-buttocks.

Just looking at him
made my nipples turn into
tiny volcanoes.

Our tongues like two
flat-fish mating in the cave
of two mouths.

My nose between his legs.
Eyes open, I'm in the
Garden of Eden.

Just when I'm about
to faint with passion he
revived me with god-milk.

Amphisbæna:
making love is not an act
- but an animal.

Summer evening: hugs,
champagne - and his pearly seed
in my tangled beard.

All night we lay
snugly together
like two hairy spoons.

(insert tongue according to taste)

This poem is a kiss -
each line a lip...

WAR AGAINST CIRCUMCISION

The human generative-penetrative
organ has more variations
than the human face.
Some totalitarian societies and cultures
rigorously amputate all penile personality
by circumcision.
Is it an accident that the USA and Israel
and Muslim nations
are in a state of continual war
(especially against their own populations) ?

SEASON'S GREETINGS

2001

Autumn last year
was wonderful. You came here
when leaves were gold.
The nights were cold
and cuddly
when you came here.
I toasted you with toasty-tasting bubbly.

And now it's Spring
life's quite a different thing.
It's still cold
and I feel old, bereft
and grimly sorrowing.
I feel that what I feel
is hardly real...

Sensual
love is a self-inflicted theft

2002

And there came yet another Spring.
My life at sixty turned into a strangely-gorgeous thing.
The nights were cold
but I did not feel old, bereft
or grimly sorrowing -
though always I feel that what I feel
is hardly real

and, floating in the bubbles and the cuddles,
I almost forgot the feelings of self-inflicted theft.
But now I know that love is neither theft nor madness
when it's expressed by abstinence and absence.

THE INDESCRIBABLE

The intimacy:
so rich and thick
that we cut it like cake
and ate it
walking on water.

We thanked each other and rejoiced at
O! the marvellous therapy of it.

I was atom and ocean
flowing through your hairy tenderness,
the seascape of your bearded beauty
far from the shallowness of men.

"Love"

says little of spirit to spirit
and being turned inside-out,
nor of the umbilical intensity
of re-uniting with prehistory.

That little raped, paraded word
does not describe baptismal filaments of moonlight
winding through our beards,
nor the twin tides surging
from brains to groins to brains,
nor of immersion
in the roiling, glorious, frightening
inner sea of mutuality.

TEXT-MESSAGE TO HIS HAIRINESS

When we snuggle-hug and kiss and heal
and seem to merge
what we are and share and feel
are wonderfully beyond my words.

HORTUS DELICLIARUM

Unemployability is Religious Vocation

I, a priest of egregiousness
cursing miserable wisdom
met the Buddha of Hairiness
as we loafed together in saintliness
in the Garden of Togetherness.

Some claim to have heard the Spirit
even to have seen the Spirit - but I have
smelt the Spirit in the Garden of Togetherness.
Spirit is smell of connection,
genderless but not sexless
odour of earth, beyond tired, trite
worlds of words.

I said to the Buddha of Hairiness:
The only people who know wisdom
are those who have never imagined
that wisdom existed - and those who have not
succumbed to consciousness
but conquered it.

He showed me twins floating
silently, helplessly
in a womb beyond world,
and one was the Buddha of Hairiness
and the other was the melancholy priest.
This was the answer:

Flow beyond language, the barrage of consciousness,
flow is in smell and (naturally) in noses.
Flow is a nose as well as a smell,
and flow is breath, and stone, and death,
and orgasm needs neither friction nor fountain -
and enlightenment is a cell.

POEM OF LOST LOVE

Around him
time, space and the forest blurred.
Below the dark pelt of his belly
and between the spread
hairiness of his thighs
on the damp, mushroomy earth
there was humid quivering.
I was a plant
and I was shivering.

That mushroom made me bloom.
As I flew into the eyes that seemed like nests of love,
and through a snowstorm, and through a creamy room,
and through my flesh my whole awareness
was in bloom and shivering
like a solitary bedewed foxglove.

SENRYU

Touching the nipples
of the man in the mirror:
wistful ecstasy.

FEELING TERRIBLE

After mere ejaculation:
the rapid re-uptake of a
minimal release of Serotonin.

LOVING SAINT ONOUPHRIUS

who lived 40 years in the desert alone and clad only in his own hair

dedicated to Henry Saggir

Kiss the feet

(feel the fur)

Kiss the beard above the feet

(feel the fur)

Part the beard and kiss his knees

(feel the bone)

Part the beard and kiss his balls

(feel the fur)

Feel the lust

(feel the fur)

Part the beard and kiss his belly

(feel the fur)

Rise up and part the beard

and kiss his nipples

(feel the fur)

Lick his armpits

(taste the salt)

Rise further, kiss his neck

(feel the fur)

Feel the lust

(feel the fur)

Kiss his lips

(taste the sadness)

and, avoiding the banalities
of penetration and ejaculation,

weep for all the misery

(kiss the wet fur)

Weep for all the cruelty

and wickedness of Man

(die in the fur)

*(There was also a SAINT JOHN THE HAIRY OF ROSTOV,
one of the "Fools for God" in 16th century Russia,
including the Blessèd Vassily of Moscow and others
who denied themselves clothes even in Winter...)*

SONNET TO THE ARSEHOLE

by Paul Verlaine and Arthur Rimbaud

Dark and wrinkling like a purpled pink
I humbly pant in moss still damp with love
that followed the soft slope to where the buttocks clove
- [white buttocks](#) leading to the puckered eyelet's brink.

Filaments have wept like tears of milk
in the cruel south wind which has driven them back
through clots of red marl, to be lost along the track
where the slope called them with surfaces of silk.

My dream has often kissed this enchanted orifice:
my soul, jealous of carnal intercourse,
has made this its tear-bottle and its nest of sobs.

It is the fig of teasing ecstasy for the flute that calls,
for the tube from which the heavenly praline falls:
feminine Canaan that dew anoints and orbs.

from *[Tide and Undertow: a book of translations](#)* by Anthony Weir, 1975

**The poem above appeared in the enthusiastically-bisexual
Paul Verlaine's collection *Hombres*,
published posthumously in 1904.
Here are some diamantes from that collection:**

"Let us admire that splendid flesh
as if it had intelligence - trembling,
and shy, but valorously fresh..."

"Even when your cock is small
it offers me untold delight.
Between your thighs gold-haired on white
I'm not averse
to see it cozy on your dark ball-
sack - that masculine and well-filled purse..."

"Come, acorn, come, my heart of oak.
Stand firm and poke
Your roll of pale pink silk
Into my hand until it squirts
Its fecund spurts
Of opalescent milk..."

"My lovers come not from the yuppie classes
but from hick neighborhoods, small towns
and from the land:
young guys with aristocratic asses,
hard muscles - and manners none too grand..."

(translations by Anthony Weir)

DUENDES
self-realisation at sixty-one

This is the next-best sex: nobody
used, disappointed, or hurt - and no-one
engendered by my spermless ejaculate.
A rug by the fire, the moon
shining through the window, *Verklärte Nacht* playing,
pictures of hairy men kissing, hairy men squirting:
nobody used, nobody hurt, no misconnection.
Duende of climax

within *duende* of solitude
like the greater *duende* of forest, of river
of peaceful and beautiful place
achingly real and not dependent
on hope or falsehood or people -

only dependent on something like grace...

[*Duende* is the rapture experienced by a Flamenco audience
and the rapturous playing which produces it.]

LOVE POEM FOR MALCOLM

I love you like roast pork loves Burgundy in the mouth
Like a pig loves grapes
I love you like I love landscape or a cosy fire

I admire the landscape and vegetation of your body
I love you like I love my bed and being alone in it
far from your snoring
I love you because you love me in small doses,
because we live apart
and because of your delicious vegetable food
which I lovingly enjoy as I eat with you
and I listen to profound music with you
or I listen to the radio with you.
*Is it a deep or shallow heart
that loves you most when we're apart ?*
I love you as you lick the cream off my beard.
I love you because you are so beautiful and gentle
and considerate and reliable
and because we don't have sex.

Sex is the rocket that doesn't take off
but fizzles into a drain -
and sex is the rocket that shoots to the sky
and dies in the dark of the brain.

**"WHAT GOES BY NAME OF LOVE
IS BANISHMENT" - Samuel Beckett
NOTES FOR A
CRIME PASSIONEL**

1. The love
2. The devastation
3. The bleakness
4. The visit
5. The hatchet
6. The screaming
7. The blood
8. The brains
9. The kisses
10. The dragging
11. The thudding
12. The loading
13. The kissing
14. The driving
15. The stopping
16. The kissing
17. The plastic tube
18. The kissing
19. The Raga
20. The odour
21. The feeling of unfinishedness
22. The dreaming
23. The end.

