

Alex Gildzen

Disco Naps & Odd Nods: the politix of sex

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Locofo Chaps is dedicated to publishing politicallyoriented poetry.

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from the 1960s

IN SILENCE, IN SPRING

Starting again not sure if May might bring snow I cuddle in the corner of your eye hiding from the wind.

from the 1970s

THE SEARCH FOR MUSK

It's the hankering that drives us the memory of tongues

in a room that remains the same we repeat the scenario shut off another kind of moon

fingers find jungles for fainted eyes to rest in sweat collects in culs-de-sac ragtime lullables rock us

yet we snort the wet night grunting after the ox biting into flesh

the taste of ourselves always shocks

from the 1980s

SWIMMERS OUT OF WATER

a tyke astairing across living room decades before his first tux

I still dance by

myself

or with an

unwilling Tobias

who unlike an

earlier cat

takes no

pleasure in my recreation

of Nureyev's

tango with Dowell

the last time I

remember

dancing with

another man

was two years

ago in a cellar

off Via Veneto

I was d	runk	again
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(from a novel begun in 1977 & abandond in 1978)

The two fingers of gin in Boyd's glass refracted the silver blue shimmer of the revolving globe above the dance floor turning it into the hideous drink that had been the Fire Island favorite a few seasons back. But the blue water didn't last as long as the song. Boyd steadied himself against the bar. It was the summer of disco and young men dipped and dove across the slick floor like swimmers out of water.

he invitd me to a dance I didn't know at an Akron bar near where Hart Crane sold chocolates

the tyke taught to lead in school tried to follow

dancing with Jean-Claude at
Stonewall
Ned at the Firehouse
Jay at Studio One
Ira at 12 West
Gerald at A House
Steven at Parade
Thomas at Les

those 1001 nites we dancd & drank away
I want back
& the boys who thrashd beside me

Jardins

from the 1990s

NIJINSKY'S UNDERWEAR

threads that held him slide across my lips burning me with the fire in his leap

sniffing the ash keeps the dance alive

from the 2000s

there are men
we meet in the nite
who shine like gems
then are gone forever

as I grow gray
memory makes
a bracelet of them
which I wear to bed
so that their shining
brings dreams

from the 2010s

naked by pool
as birds chatter morningsong
& dark sky lightens
I walk to edge
to watch reflections of palms
gyrate like druggd gogo boys

waiting for sun to burst
I release my biography from exile
every wrinkle on my face
is a poem
& every spot
memory of an ecstasy

wank in Ian's car on King's Rd shag in front of Chicago fireplace knife in Manhattan nite & too many kisses to catalog

this is bliss to remember mouth of dancer long dead vibrant as yesterday's

nibbling of a piercd ear

all my men
assemble to guide
this pen across this pad
all my lads
lead me to leap
that comes next



(photo by Tony Mataras)

Poems by Alex Gildzen have been appearing in magazines for nearly a half century. His major collections have come from two publishers. North Atlantic Books issued The Year Book (1974) and The Avalanche of Time (1986). Otoliths published It's All a Movie (2007) and The Arrow That Is Hollywood Pierces the Soul That Is Me (2011).

Locofo Chaps

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