

pop tart

delicately deviant



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“Will you dance
through the storm
that made you cry?”

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'You can tell me anything'
my mother said to my brother and I
'Except that you're queer'.
Words like that leave an indelible impression
On a child who knows they have
special relevance for him.

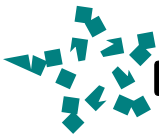
'But you are gay, aren't you?'
I would scream as I
looked at myself in the car mirror.
'No. It can't be true'
The man in the mirror
would angrily reply.

'What do you think of her?'
My friends would ask
As they looked at the girls in *Sports Illustrated*.
'Absolutely nothing'
I would say in a voice so quiet
That only God or the devil could hear.

'If you are faithful, I will cure you'
said my aunt,
masquerading as the Lord.
So I was in the church
every time the doors opened
hoping for my reward.

'You can't turn off
your homosexual attractions'
said a voice of reason in my head.
'In which case, I'll turn off God'.
Not realising that the two
should be reconciled instead.

Because parents will still love you
Even it takes time for them to accept you
And God will be with you
And bring richness and fullness to your life
No matter what those Pharisees might say.



Dear Mum and Dad

Dear Mum & Dad...

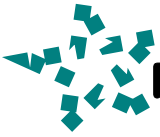
I am writing to tell you something
I have wanted to tell you for a while
I'm... you know.
You probably already knew
From the lack of girlfriends
and dates altogether.
It was probably obvious to you that
I'm... you know.

I am writing to tell you that
It's not about how you raised me
You didn't make me... you know.
You did a great job bringing me up
You gave me self respect
and a respect for others
That pride really helped me
To deal with... you know.

I am writing to tell you
That I kind of knew since I was young
But I didn't know to call it... you know.
I tried to rebel against it
I went to church a lot
and looked for a cure
But there's not a cure
There's nothing wrong with being... you know.

I am writing to tell you
That I tried to say it at home
But the opportunity never really came
And it's hard to say aloud... you know.
I know it will take you time to accept this
But believe me, it's taken me a long time too
I want to talk to you about it
But I'll wait for you to call and say, it's OK that I'm... you know.

Love, J.



Regular guy. Regular Life.

*Don't eat for several days. Maybe a week.
That should do it.*

Not many friends. Like it that way.

*Slap my face 'til it's purple.
Then try to look away.*

Don't like my teachers. Too clever for them.

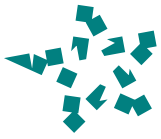
*What about those pills? Or ant poison?
There's no way out from there.*

Steady girlfriends. Three months or so.

*Immerse myself in water. Drown my sorrows.
Did it honestly never cross my mind?*

Not every pot of gold has a rainbow.

Ciao.



Broken

In IT

works hard

one hundred grand

plays hard

big arms

works out

lust

love

smiling eyes

sun shines

whack

closed fist

that's how much he loves me

jealousy

stomach punch

vomit

apologies

because he loves me

sexual

bruises

excuses

cupboard doors

tip toe

egg shells

twisting, punching

scream and yell

broken arm

broken spell

terrified

calm

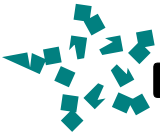
walk away

want to live

another

way

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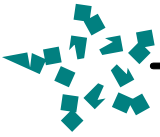
Dishonourable Discharge

Nothing but blood, toil, tears and sweat?
An unlikely version of the events
Of the Second World War.
The number of illegitimate births doubled.
There was a seventy per cent rise
In cases of VD.
That's a lot of sex.
And not just boy girl sex.
In a blackout
Nobody sees what or who you're doing.

"There's an opening for you in the navy"
said the posters.
"Give us a wank"
said the soldiers.
It's not cheating
If it's with another man.
Apparently.

More than three thousand soldiers
Were chucked out of the American army
For their sexual 'abnormality'.
That's a lot of sex.
A lot of boy boy sex.
Imagine that
"We're the toast of the regiment!"

*"They gave me a medal for killing two men
and a discharge for loving one."*



This God of Yours, So Small

**Who is this god of yours, so small,
that he can't abide change?**

**Who is this god of yours, so small,
that he is more concerned by semantics
than war?**

**Who is this god of yours, so small,
that he applauds
when you picket a funeral?**

**Who is this god of yours, so small
that he tells you
you are always right?**

**Who is this god of yours, so small,
that he sides with those
who have hatred in their hearts?**

**Who is this god of yours, so small
that the thing he hates most
is when some people fall in love?**

**How did such an almighty God
become so small, in your eyes,**

**How did you make such an almighty god
so small, that he can't be heard
for your shouting?**



For years and years,
In fact generations
We have come to see perversions
accepted as 'natural' or 'normal'

Fathers no longer know how to be fathers.
Men don't know how to be men.

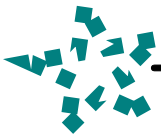
People allow
how others perceive them
to affect their own perception
of their sexuality

They start to give in to wrong thinking
Give in to perversions.

No-one is born gay
Change is possible
if you look to above and
Free yourself from the bondage of sin

Satan knows that if he
can pervert our sexual drive
He can kill and pervert
God's creativity in us

So confess freely
and Satan will have
no ammunition against you
For, can you be gay and Christian?
In a word, no.



Twenty-six

Twenty Six:

So I guess I'll never be:
Tall;
Gorgeously sun-tanned;
Husky voiced;
A porn star.

Twenty Six:

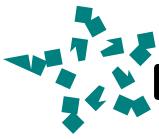
So I guess I'll never:
Join the mile high club;
Swim the channel;
Have a soft spot for a pet;
Wear women's underwear.

Twenty Six:

So I guess I never wanted to:
Be recognised in the street
Keep my clothes on on the beach
Live solely in the real world
Taste a lady's underneaths

Twenty Six:

So I guess I'll always be:
Loved;
In Love.



Lifting the Veil

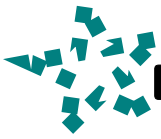
I lifted the veil
of secrets and lies
You saw through my eyes
and you started to cry
You'd seen what I've done
So you started to run
But don't leave me now
I'm not the only one

Can't you see the mess we're in and
Don't you know it's just beginning

I muted the voice
of self hate and fear
I draw you close
But you don't want to be near
I've lighted a fuse
We might just explode
You can't leave me now
We're on a one way road

Can't you see the mess we're in and
Don't you know it's just beginning

Dreams have gone
and nightmares come
I can still see her face
As she tried to run
It's not my fault
But who would
believe me now...



Because of, Not In Spite of...

**The way that my hair is fluffy
And all over the place in the mornings**

**The way that I laugh at everything
Even at inappropriate times**

**The way that I jump
When you touch me unexpectedly**

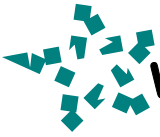
**The way that I'm always getting
Spots for you to squeeze**

**The way that I get a tickly beard
If I don't shave for a couple of days**

**The way that I'm so anal
About good time keeping**

**The way that I find it hard
To maintain eye contact when someone is talking**

**I hope that it's because of these things,
Not in spite of,
That you love me.**



What Have I Let Myself In For?

When a taxi costs too much
And it's too late for the train
And to leave with the man who brought you here
Would only be insane
Is that when it's time to think
What have I let myself in for?

When you know it's now or never
And a pretty one catches your eye
And you don't hear the words,
Just remember the fumble, kiss and sighs
Is that when it's too late to think
What have I let myself in for?

When you walk through his front door
And see the PVC costume hanging there,
Is that when you confess
That you're not feeling quite prepared
And by then is it too late to think
What have I let myself in for?

When he says his boyfriend's very violent
And he's in the room next door
And you think "I'll call your bluff,
You lying little whore!"
Because by then it's too late to think
What have I let myself in for?

When he says he's got four fingers in
And it certainly feels that way
But the real thing's like a toadstool
With a piercing that'll stay away from you today
And you know for certain sure it's too late to think
What have I let myself in for?

cont....

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When he can't fit it in
And his backside is just his own
You jerk each other slowly
And hope he doesn't drop you off alone
And when he starts to put his clothes on
You think you might be heading home
But instead he takes you arm in arm
For fried chicken in one of London's no-go zones.
And still it's too hard to comprehend
What have I let myself in for?

When he says he can't believe
You don't know how big he's on the scene
And he shows you his picture in some two-bit magazines
But at least you know that there's not many
Who can say that they went to Heaven
And left with a Swedish drag queen
Never once stopping to think
What have I let myself in for?



Here's a thing
Two men met
And fell in love

And they lived together
Both as men (not one butch, one fem)
For many years

And their friends were lawyers,
teachers, musicians
And any other professions
You could care to mention

And they didn't go insane
Or beat each other up
Or catch AIDS and die

They weren't any nicer to their mothers
Than anyone else
Nor did they have a keen eye
For interior design

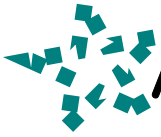
They were just two men
Two men in love
Leading a fairly ordinary life

And all they asked for
Was the same visiting rights
The same inheritance rights
The same next of kin rights
The same human rights

"Teacher, which is the greatest commandment?"

"Find out which men are diddling other men
and persecute them."

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At Least It Ended Here

I'd like to think...

If the world stopped tomorrow
At least it ended in glorious fashion
But it won't

If war ended tomorrow
At least it ended without casualties
But it won't

If gods had all the answers
At least it ended debate
But it won't

If science had all the answers
At least it ended with us winning
But it won't

If prejudice dissolved
At least it ended the era
But it won't

At least it ended magically
At least it ended big
If I disappeared tomorrow
At least it ended here



You're nothing but a Pop Tart
People smile and say they like you
But when you're gone
They'll simply tut and say
'Oh, they don't make Pop Tarts
any more.'

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Born, raised and educated in London, he divides his time between England and Spain. He has spent five years working as a teacher in a state school, having worked previously as an EFL (*English as a Foreign Language*) teacher. For three years he has also worked as a co-ordinator for 'Creating Success' – part of the government's Excellence in Cities initiative.

As a freelance writer he was responsible for much of the drama performed at the 'Alive' youth events. His play *Goodnight Beautiful Girl* was entered for the Royal Court Young Writers competition. He has written for various publications (on topics as far ranging as spiritual gifts, first sexual encounters, and aborting gay fetuses!) He has also recently completed a series of new Music schemes of work for primary schools.

He has designed and maintained a number of different websites, the most popular of which, by far, has been www.delicatelydeviant.net, which contains a selection of his poems written over the last ten years.





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