

the same problems
as me



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3. Introduction
4. fairyland
5. Not My Son
7. I'm Glad I Didn't Kill Myself
8. Life Support
9. Internet
10. Jigsaw
11. Famous Boys
12. Why Can't I Give Blood?
13. Treatment
14. Letter to an Ex-Girlfriend
15. Burnt in Hell
17. Hate and Love

18. About the Author

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**It was no so long ago
That I thought
I was the only one
That I could tell no-one.
But now, when I look at
Magazines, the internet and watch TV,
I see that there are many with
The same problems as me.
And just knowing that,
Sets me free.**



fairyland

**Bewonderment, bewilderment
Welcome to establishment
Everywhere and anyhow
There's no need to ghetto now
Yet come with me and take my hand
I'll lead you into fairyland.**

**Dangerous clothes, designer drugs
Highly wonderful, not for thugs
Pound nipples, pierced notes
Pretty boys on which to dote.
Anywhere and anyhow
There's no need to ghetto now
Yet come with me and take my hand
I'll walk with you through fairyland.**

**Purchasing taste, expensive power
Ad execs, golden shower
Now accepted, now in fashion
Tell it all, but spare the passion.
Everywhere and anyhow
There's no need to ghetto now.
Yet come with me and take my hand
Still we cling to fairyland.**

**Fairyland paradise, fairyland hell
You'll always remember the day you fell
Into this world of glory, world of pain
Love it or loathe it
One things for certain
You'll never be the same.**

**Not anywhere, not anyhow
Many still and hiding now
But come with me and take my hand
You will be free in fairyland.**

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Not My Son

**It's only a matter of time
Before he'll bring
A girlfriend home to meet us.
It's only a matter of time
He just needs more confidence,
To get out more.**

**It's only a matter of time
Before he stops being
So depressed.
It's only a matter of time
Before he opens up to me
And tells me more**

**Because he could tell me anything -
Even that.
Not that he is.
Not my son.**

**It's only a matter of time
Before he realises
It's just a phase.
It's only a matter of time
Before he stops buying
Those secret magazines**

**Because he could be honest -
Even if he was.
Not that he is.
Not my son.**

**It's only a matter of time
Before I lift my head
From the sand.
It's only a matter of time
Before I can start to understand**

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He couldn't tell me -
Not even that.
Not my son.

It's only a matter of time
Before he stops going through it
All by himself.
It's only a matter of time
Before he knows that I love him
More than anything else.

Because he must not be alone –
Not my son.
He mustn't be unloved –
Not my son.

Because he is my son.
He is my son.

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I'm Glad I Didn't Kill Myself

"Goodbye.
I don't know why I carry on
The future looks as empty as the past
And the past holds nothing but sorrow and deception..."

But I'm glad I didn't kill myself.
The last seven years have been full of discovery.
There are people I like.
There are people I love.
There are places I go.
I am happy.

"I can't talk to you. I don't 'talk' to anyone.
I don't say what I mean or how I'm feeling..."

But I'm glad I didn't kill myself
because people do care and people do listen
And if I don't talk now, it's because I don't want to.
I am happy.

"I want to tell you. I need to tell someone.
But I feel so insecure.
I want you to like me. I want to be loved.
But who would love me?..."

But I'm glad I didn't kill myself
because many people like me,
some people fell in love with me
and a thousand people laughed with me.
They made me happy.

"I don't want to go on anymore.
I am a loser. Born to lose.
I will never win,
so I might as well give up."

But I'm glad I didn't kill myself.
I'm glad I dared to be different.



Life Support

**Two years, two months and twenty days
Since I first saw you
And wanted you.**

**Two years, two months and twenty days
Since I first talked to you
And liked you.**

**Two years, two months and twenty days
Since I first slept with you
And was happy.**

**For two years, two months and twenty days
I have loved you.
For two years, two months and twenty days
I have not imagined
Life without you.
For two years, two months and twenty days
You have been
My life support.
Please always be
My life support.
I don't want to live without you -
My life support.**



Internet

Ultra hardcore, triple X
Hot and horny, real life sex
Big hunky men, smooth young guys
Teenage gang bang, rock hard thighs

There must be more to life than this

Horny devils, skinhead tops,
Black and beautiful, force fed cock
Members only, watersports
Rough and ready like daddy taught

Please, there must be more to life than this

Underwear fetish, gagged and bound
True confessions, forced to go down
Prison jerking, army boys
Fraternity showers, sexual toys

Surely, there must be more to life than this!

There is more to life than this.
There is more to s than this.
This is just a tiny part
of a great big world.
There's more to life than this.
There's more to us than this.

But cum is fun, now and again!

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Jigsaw

**First of all just one little piece broke off
And nobody really realised
And I carried on like before**

**But then you cut me up into even more tiny pieces
And people started to look at me differently
But I carried on like before**

**And then one day I woke up and all of me
Was in little pieces, scattered on the floor
And I was too broken to carry on like before**

**And no matter how I tried
My jigsaw body could not be put back together
My jigsaw life could not be put back together**

**My friend, my lover, my sister, my brother,
My father, my mother and any significant other
Took one piece each and put in place
And together again I started to face
The truth that**

**Sometimes it's like you're in a jigsaw
And you've been broken
And put back together again**

**Sometimes in the wrong order
Sometimes incomplete
Sometimes whole again once more**

**Life,
It's like you're in a jigsaw
And you've been broken
And put back together again**

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Famous Boys

**It's easy to be famous now
Especially if you're young and gay
A few album snapshots on your website
And choice words about your day**

**It's easy to be famous now
Although never under your real name
Construct an alter ego
To keep your real self secret is the game**

**It's easy to be famous now
As long as you're forever young
Eternally a teenager
Although in real-life, gone twenty-one**

**It's easy to be famous now
Especially with a pretty face
Bringing pleasure to minorities
Whilst the masses feel disgraced**

**It's easy to be famous now
And have fans around the world
Keep in contact with faceless dreamers
Who hang on your every word**

**Be young and be happy
Be old and be free
Keep people coming
With what you let them see
I control my destiny
I'm happy to be me
Very slightly famous
Very definitely delicately deviant**

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Why Can't I Give Blood?

I'll let you into a little secret
I used to give blood.
Not that very often mind
Just once or twice or thrice.

The first time I wasn't bothered
because it said:
'if you're a gay man and you've had sex with another man.
It was the 'and'.
I hadn't done the 'and'.
I was fine.

And the next time
I wasn't sure what the 'and' meant.
What type of 'and'?
I'd only done the Clinton 'and'.
So I thought I was OK.

But the next time
I didn't think I'd done the 'and',
but people had tried to do the 'and'.
And what if they could tell?
What if they knew when they looked at the blood?
What if they wrote to you
and told you they didn't want it anymore -
because you were one of them.
I felt guilty.
So I don't give blood any more.
Shame.



Treatment

Yes, you were an outstanding mathematician
Yes, you had the OBE
Because yes, you cracked the Enigma codes
And helped us win the war

But it is 1952
And all of this pales into insignificance
When faced with the harsh truth
That you are a homosexual

So we repaid what you had done for us
With 'treatment'
And yes, you were injected with female hormones
Yes, your body changed shape
Yes, it crushed your intellect
So yes, you killed yourself with a poisoned apple.

Tell me where is the aberration here?



Letter to an Ex-girlfriend

“I must be off now, there’s cakes to make,
clothes to wash, shelves to dust.
A woman’s work is never done...”

And that’s how I signed off from a letter to
An ex-girlfriend
The ex-girlfriend
Surely the clues were there

“My cousin’s lodger keeps buying me Kit-Kats,
which is nice. I’m feeling horny. Aargh!”

I mean, would you put those together
In a letter to an ex-girlfriend
The ex-girlfriend
Surely the clues were there

“Then at the end of August
I’m going to camp (how appropriate!)
Isn’t life fun?”

Could you put anything more obvious
In a letter to an ex-girlfriend
The ex-girlfriend
Surely the clues were there

Oh to be 18 again
And innocent.
With the chance to do it all again
Would I do it without my ex-girlfriend
The ex-girlfriend?
Definitely not.



Burnt in Hell

I am 15
and I know
that if I just pray
God will stop me from being gay

I go to church
and I know
that if I put my hands together,
cross my fingers
and just pray
God will stop me from being gay

I received the blessing
so I know
that if I put my hands together,
cross my fingers,
click my heels together three times
and pray
God will stop me from being gay

I am 15
and I know
that if I just say
that I am healed
no-one will know that I am gay

I go to church
and I know
that if I just say
the Holy Spirit took my guilt away
no-one will know that I am gay

I tell my parents
and I know
they think it's their lucky day
They cross their fingers,
kneel and pray
yet deep down they know
their son is gay -
but it's okay

"I have no reason to be afraid
In God's image I am made"



Hate and Love

**It must be easier for a man
To hate than to love**

**It is easier to shout the words of the Bible
Than to understand their meaning**

**It is easier to hate the French
Than to listen to their point of view**

**It is easier to bomb and kill
Than to compromise**

**A man must be strong
A man must not back down
A man must fight
A man must hunt them down
One by one
Across the world**

For it is easier to hate than to love

But no-one said it would be easy

**We are all brothers and sisters, after all.
Live in peace.**

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He was born, raised and educated in London and worked there as a teacher for six years. During that time he also worked for 'Creating Success' – part of the government's *Excellence in Cities* initiative. He currently lives and teaches in Spain.

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 foetuses!) He has also completed numerous schemes of work for primary schools.

He has designed and maintained a number of different websites, including the popular *delicatelydeviant.net*, which contains a selection of his poems written since he was a teenager.






[delicately deviant.net](http://delicatelydeviant.net)