

**Pretty Boys (Walking A Perimeter)**

Somedays I walk to a hill  
where pretty boys try to sell their asses to  
men in cars who drive on by  
Or just the thrill of being young and homeless?

Pretty boys out  
walking a perimeter

Tight jeans  
Clinging t-shirts

And muscles that flex just right  
Right along down a perimeter  
An inseam-semon  
(Don't forget make-up sometimes)

A whole lotta class calls you over to a fancy loaded car with  
a husky  
voice asking...  
"How much is chicken?"

And the reply is so easy to respond to tight neck ties  
Cologne with half shaved faces  
Belt buckles  
Zippers connected to money in pockets

just bulging for a pretty boy peck to release  
tension built up from uncompromising fantasies  
Up on your line  
Your perimeter

Keeping you from the other guy  
Other people not knowing  
Because you barely know it yourself

Alan Demeule

**Short Poem Winner**

**The Epitome of Home**

Well, it's home tomorrow  
To life among the natives.  
Where ... Dad says,  
"What

are  
you  
going  
to  
do  
with  
the  
rest  
of  
your  
life?"

And Mom says,  
"Would  
you  
like  
something  
to  
eat?"

And they both get sick when I say,  
"Not hungry, don't know."

Ken Rezek

