

My lover's heart is not made of glass although at times I feel the ice inching through my veins, my circulatory system as it freezes, becomes brittle, tenuous with the cold, rigid with a thought. Those thoughts that tremor during sex when desire and fear and gesture become conflated, confused, overlap, overlay and consciousness moves through my body like some gaseous nebulae drifting in outer space almost ready to form into a star but not ready to make the spin. Just this once we fuck without a condom and try to suppress the fact that our bodies are liquid masses of cum, saliva, snot and piss. At this moment there are endless streams flowing through me, millions of cells pushing through miles of veins and arteries whose tides ebb just beneath the surface of my skin. The landmasses are shifting beneath us, the earth quivers, breaks apart and I'm trying to locate myself on his body, the longitude is missing and the latitude dropping in degrees like a compass falling to the bottom of a ravine. He exhales.

My lover is not an Ellis image or a Kinsey statistic although at times I feel my identity flattened, xeroxed, stamped out in the presses of a homophobic society. I'm reading the paper on the subway and Dr. Levay is busy cracking skulls of patients who have died from complications stemming from AIDS, not searching for a cure but trying to figure out what made the male subjects homosexual in the first place. He believes he can locate sexual orientation, but of course not the systems of social phobia that are the stigma, in the spaghetti of gray matter and neuron receptors in the brain. The paper says he is also a homosexual and I hope I never become part of his personal identity crisis. I am not prepared to surrender my desire to this medical gaze. Then I read a story in a gay magazine, this is not a heterosexual headliner, about policemen who brutally beat a man with AIDS because he looked like a sick fag and managed to have him tried for assault because they beat him so badly his blood splashed on them, they were afraid they could have been infected. And I can feel the scalpel slowly moving across my cranium, incision, tearing membrane. The earth quivers, breaks apart. I exhale.

If I have a singular belief it is that this dissection will not overcome.

If I have a singular belief it is that my lover's heart is a bomb, a molotov cocktail, a match that will set the formaldehyde drenched brains in all the laboratories across this globe on fire. It will dislocate these buildings and city streets and the foundations they were built upon.

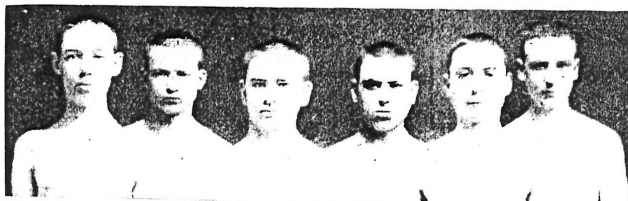
If I have a singular belief it is that our love can occur outside a war zone.

If I have a singular belief it is that I can represent my fears and not be consumed by them. I can say:

    this is an arm, but it is not an arm of the law,  
    this is an organ, but it is not an organ of the state,  
    this is an illustration of me, but it is not who I am.

The landmasses are shifting beneath us. The earth quivers, breaks apart.

-- Robert Boyd, 1992



Group of Social Perverts. From *The Criminal* by Havelock Ellis.