

GAY

gay is gay
one way
to have a lay
or whatever

but sexuality
has no partiality
really

and if knee-high grass
caressing my ass
can make me come

why run?

i roll in the leaves
imploring the trees
to tease
then gaze at the stream
and cream

the wind is my lover
sweet earth my mother
beneath the sun
my body has fun

with its brother
sister
nephew
niece

i have no lease
on love
and no special way
to play

that which i embrace
may be your face
or the face of a million moonbeams
floating free in space

your hard love enters my mouth
and you moan

you come
and i
 come
 home

don't say gay
say
the way is the way
however.

EDDIE WOODS

First published in *Chanticleer Magazine* #19 (Edinburgh, Scotland), March 2008