

Dallas Angguish

Dialogues

↪LAISSEZ LES BONS TEMPS ROULER↪

You said to me
in that crowded
fag bar
that
you wanted me
the way Neal Cassady
wanted Allen Ginsberg

I thought to
Myself:
'great
now he wants
me crazy'

You said
you'd read
all about them
(those Beats)
and you knew

how to treat
a fag
that loved you

You said
'we just
gotta let the
good times roll'

Then you asked
if I loved you
the way Allen loved
Neal
(completely)

You said
you have to fuck girls
day in and day out
because that's just how you roll
but
you said you could fit me in
seeing as how
I loved you
and I was a poet
who might write about
you
and what you mean to me
and make you famous

You said
you'd let me
do anything, *anything*, anything
so long as
I represented you

well
in my poems
and didn't write
about how many times
you'd said yes, yes, yes to me
because of what
the social
consequences
might be
and what
your mamma
might think

You got me drunk
and put your hands
all over me
and you said:
'you are my
little buddha pretty-boy
and I'm gonna
do it to you
until you howl,
until you go crazy with bliss
and they come for you
and put you
in the nuthouse
where you can write
sad
torch song poems
about me
and how when you
loved me
the good times
rolled'

↳SOMETHING↳

His memory
taunts me
reminds me how good it was
when we were together
before we discovered
all our differences
or what we thought were
irresolvable
position(s)
attitudes

But when I am reminded
of him
by the things he left
behind,
like socks
and underwear
and the letters he wrote,
I am taken back to
who I was with him
and his embrace,
how strong it was,
especially when I was sad
or jealous

And all I can think about
is him
and who he was
and how
when we were together
I felt alive
real
as though without him

I am nothing

And yet here I am
but this is not proof
of my independent
existence
because he is always
here with me
in memory

Memory is
the only
something
that goes beyond
time,
pasts
present
futures,
and so
he is always
always
present

And so I will never know if I am something
without him.

↳PASTICHE↳

After he left me
I thought that if
I cut up all his letters,
the few that he wrote me,
and threw the pieces into the air
then some zen power would work on them
and when they came back down to earth
I could paste them back together
in the order that they fell
and then I would have a document
that revealed
what he was really saying
the truth
hidden behind all his silences
as well as the strange gesticulations and gestures
of his hands while he slept

But all I got
was a handful of mute confetti.

↳CONSTITUTION↳

For Martin

It was when we were at the beach
that I realised
that lately
I feel that I only come into being
when I am with you

My voice awakens
in order to speak to you

My eyes open
in order to see you

My tongue unfurls
in order to taste you, your skin

My ears flower
to hear your voice, its comforting timbre

My fingers bud
like green shoots
just to touch you

My lips
spread
hungry
to communicate
all that is you
through all that is me

I possess a mind
only as it thinks of you

I am constituted
by your breath;
I am a lung
that breathes you
and falls
deflates
as soon as you turn away from me.

Author Bio

Dallas Angguish was born in Toowoomba in Australia in 1968. His short stories and prose have appeared in the journals *Lodestar Quarterly*, *Retort Magazine*, *TEXT* and *Polari Journal*. His work has also been published in anthologies such as *Dumped* (2000), *Bend, But Don't Shatter* (2004), *When You're a Boy* (2011), *Hold on, I'm coming!* (2012) and *Sensual Travels* (2013). His book of travel tales, *America Divine: Travels in the Hidden South* was published in 2012. Dallas has a PhD in writing and is an academic in writing and cultural studies at Southern Cross University in Australia. For more info: www.dallasanguish.com

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