



Chase Dimock

Beefcake and Other Poems

↪ Beefcake ↪

Enough congealed pixels
to form a torso
greyscale granulations
connecting
deltoids abdominals pectorals
and the brightest absence
newsprint could afford
forms the folds of the posing strap
and the surface gleams
with implied coconut oil.

Arms akimbo head turned
gazing toward a romantic
flashbulb horizon
an intertextual
Grecian pose.

Webs of eyesight
trace the crease of the pin-up
fold-out
in line with the
Formica wood grain
down the wall.

Vision implies intent
pupils flicker like Virgin Mary votives
on a shag carpet altar
we weave
magazine tendons into fertility Gods
Tarzan's vine connects
the pituitary to the heart.
We feel
the implied kinesis
of his flex,
erecting pulsating goose bumps
burning his musculature into our flesh

under the power
of a camera lens's suggestion
compels our sit-ups, push-ups,
perspiring a thick iridescent sweat
to reflect his abdomen from the wall
onto our oily peach skin stomachs

Intent

the lump in our throats
prominent,
the Enlightenment philosopher's
calf muscle that cannot be swallowed

Running our fingers
over a GI Joe's plastic chest
as it whispers Braille to the imago.

↳Invagination↳

I. Tell a grown up!!!

the carpet circle second grade mantra
around the legs of Safety Officer Jim
and McGruff The Crime Dog puppet,
his plush vocal chords
uncharacteristically squeaky
through his handle bar mustache
ventriloquism,
as he flailed manically
across the room lined with laughter.

What if a stranger asks you into his car?

McGruff notices me,
the quiet boy in the corner,
and places his puppeted hand on my shoulder,
McGruff needs to know what you say to a stranger.
his muzzle sliding up and down my back
feeling the fingers in his belly against each vertebra

What if he says he has candy?

McGruff moves face to face
plastic nose pressed against mine
You make McGruff sad, kiss him
a tickle on chapped lips

and a naked hand tousling my hair

“Just say no, kids.”

II. West Hollywood.

the only clean neighborhood

my parents could find to stop for lunch.

In tow behind my father,

the café men stuffed glances,

impregnating my denim pocket

like cash in a g-string.

Choreographed rows of

newspapers lowered, sunglasses removed,

narrowing pupils

to meet my passing by,

half mast hard-ons mourning

my statutory strut.

III. His attention paid me

in unmarked bills

A retired firefighter tracing the lip patterns

of my inconsequential high school speech,

his breath condescension

fogged my glasses.

Dropping the wine glass handed
to loosen me up,
his admonitions
were foreplay.

Watching his concave fingers fumble my buttons
grease under cuticle nail polish
reflected in the largest shard
a tongue setting behind a skyline of teeth.

Ermine lining of grey chest hair,
fucking in the
Department Store Santa position
as my legs dangled limp
like untied shoelaces
hands on both shoulders
pushing pulling
a 98 pound masturbating fist.

Scrubbed clean with a bar of soap
ingrained with his pubic hairs,
swaddled in Teri-cloth
I offered a peanut to the elephant in the room

You're older than my Dad...
and I walked the five miles home.

↪ Social Disease ↪

An Anthrophychosociosophy major,
he rubbed the calluses of his elbows
as if they were
leather patches on a tweed jacket,
chewed the tips of black-rimmed glasses,
and raised his hand
like a ballistic erection.

On the walls of his apartment,
an Ansel Adams photo hung pornographically
beside the window, through which stars
carbonated a cola-clear evening sky,
my eyesight leaving fingerprints on the pane.

As his shut eyelids cut consciousness,
thoughts blanched into nothing,
and his lips protruded onto me
like two night crawlers on a hook.

Goosebumps from his dentist chair embrace
as fingers descended my spine
like tarantula legs
across detuned piano keys.
I simply let the din play out,

vibrating the scabs off raw vocal chords,
dissolving the breathing through his nostrils
into distant white noise.

And again,

I am reminded by the fermented savor
of my breath recycled back to me,
as he withdrew his mouth from mine,
breaking the suction,
when I ask
What are you thinking about?

Well, I am still a guy,
so when I say
I am thinking about nothing,
I really am

Author Bio

Chase Dimock is a PhD Student in the Program in Comparative and World Literature at the University of Illinois specializing in 20th century American, French, and German Literature with a focus on gay and lesbian literature of the 20s and 30s. Chase's writing has appeared in UC Santa Cruz's journal *Chinquapin* and University of Illinois' *Kritik*.

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