

DUNE BODY

Written Thanksgiving 1977 and published in *Drummer* 20, January 1978.

Historical introduction under construction.

The poem as published in
Drummer 20, January 1978

Dune body babyman,
stretched on spread-eagle wheels,
the CHP oughta getta shotta you:
hot mirage of *haute* stuff.

High noon of dust and lust,
Icarus rolling,
sunsweat of your solar-power body,
a quart of Quaker State to oil you up
with my calloused hand.

Oasis of erect palms.

I wanna fill your tank,
blow your carbs,
drive you all the way home
(9 inches: highway; 10 inches: city),
take flying leaps
at your silver spokes.

Christ. Your shock-absorbing back;
shooting over hot desert humps,
rolling down dunes at me, dick in hand,
ready for your pit-stop lube job, baby.

Ain't mirages when you rub 'em
s'pose to disappear? Thought you'd vanish
like some golden-tan dust devil,
leaving in the sand the trail
of your steel-radial cock and balls.
Swing lower, sweet chariot!

So come on, Sport,
show me what you do
for your next trick.