

Excerpts from **GAYTUDE** by **Albert Russo** and **Adam Donaldson Powell** -

to **ADRIAN DUMARAIS**
born in 1961 in Kimberly, South Africa
Albert Russo

CHANGE OF REGIME

In this land where diamonds
were once extracted with blood,
the rainbow revolution
has swept away apartheid.
My father, a true-to-God Afrikaner,
oh so ferocious in his convictions,
was still not able to understand why
the splendid race to which he belongs,
that of the former masters,
for which his ancestors fought so hard,
became a minority in this country.
He also believed he could cure me
of that shameful "weakness" of character which,
"dishonors" the stronger sex, and
today he looks at me with eyes filled with hatred :
"I gave you everything," he then exclaims,
"and you betrayed me, not once, but three times.
You approve of this government of niggers,
then too, you dare to strut along with this Singh,
this Indian who is ten years older than you -
but in what muck do we live, pray tell me ?"
yet, every day which passes, my love for Singh
becomes stronger,
and now I feel free to say, loud and clear,
here is my lover, a gesture which
a few years ago would have sent us both to prison,
and with the days that pass
my father moves just a little closer to the hell
he has been threatening me with

to MOUSSA AL-BEREK
born in 1959 in Tripoli, Libya
Albert Russo

INITIATION

he came to find me
while I was preparing for bed
Master, he pleaded,
introduce me to the act of love
I can learn nothing more
for my body feels such longing
But it is not my role,
I answered him, I am your teacher
and, as a teardrop
glided down his cheek,
I advised him to go to the brothel
as other young people do
when they have reached puberty,
but he burst into sobs and
threatened to kill himself,
then, I decided to free him

to DEVARAJ PATEL
born in 1956 on the island of Mauritius
Albert Russo

A LIST OF PREPARATIONS

Oh for the beautiful tanned eggs
that we shall gulp down as vintage wines,
zucchini of royal dimensions
with skin as soft as silk
to cook with the mutton
and sweet potatoes in ample supply,
a tight bunch of watercress
for the seasonal salad,
a curvaceous yellow mango
that we shall cut into slices
bananas mashed into purée,
if not, then a very ripe avocado ...
and you, my young friend,
you I shall place on a silver dish,
after having soaped you down,
from top to bottom
and douse you with rose water
so you can lie, surrounded by
these tasty produces
from my garden,
you - the most delicious
of all fruits

MY STRANGER ... SO SWEET

Adam Donaldson Powell

So sweet
Are your suggested promises.
My stranger.
My unobtainable
Moment of passion.
You coax me ;
You cast me aside.
We can only have each other
In our leap-frog dreams :
Both out-of-sync and yet
Totally – oh so totally ...
In syncopation.
The relentless fantasy is more
Than the sum of reality's
Individual parts.
I see you everywhere ;
In the gait of strangers ...
In my memories.
Beginning from the
Waist down ...
Easing toward the toes
And then quickly
Darting upwards
To a fleeting and
Indiscriminate
Photographic flash
Of your insignificant face.
My stranger.
My passion.
My stranger ...
So sweet.

FOR THE BOYS WITH AIDS

Adam Donaldson Powell

To friends who don't know
And strangers who do not care,
Soldiers of love worship
Tinsel-town sex goddesses
With all their strength.
They thrive outwardly on
The rantings of Madonna and
Privately soothe their pain
And hopelessness with sombre
Strains by Leonard Cohen.
Their greatest ambition is
To shake the shackles of shame
Which imprison and threaten
Them with the most undignified
Fate of all : namelessness.
To some there is no irony in death,
But others are enraged at the
Uncanny plight of these handsome
Living dead, whose only crime was
Need for love and recognition.

ANOTHER AMERICA.

Adam Donaldson Powell

Few Americans know that
the face of Miss Liberty
is actually that of a
Frenchman's mother.
Like the masses of immigrants who
yearly forsake old world for new,
we too see majesty of choice
through all-too-childish eyes:
"Rustler, hustler, bankerman, anchorman,
cop, fag, redneck, punk ;
baglady, bastardbaby,
stockbroker, chimneystoker,
doctor, lawyer, plumber, drunk."
Yes, we're all watching you,
America ... with Mom's apple pie
on the kitchen table, and the
girl next door at our side.
One nation, trusting in God,
down to our last hard-earned dollar.
"Careful not to step on the crack ...
broken backs are hard to mend !"
But the sons of Genet are most
grateful for the vigilant
two-in-a-thousand who
cross the seas frequently,
and dream ...
of another America.

to VIHANG NAGAR
born in 1963 in Dacca, Bangladesh
Albert Russo

FLOWERS OF PLEASURE

I sprayed your dahlia
with my elixir
it welcomed every drop
with delight and sensuality
as it seeped through its petals
I guessed the shape of your heart
then, cupping your figs -
full and ready for hatching -
with my two hands,
I kneeled,
to contemplate them
as one admires
precious jewels
then came the moment
to sing your lingam
no sooner had I touched it
than it bloomed in
all its splendor
I worshipped it, blessed it
and sanctified it,
receiving it into my chalice
its streams and ebb
splashing me with your milk