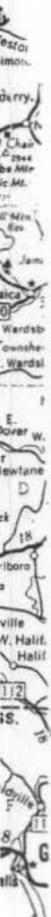


FRAGMENT

FRAGMENT

issue three



Like driving on a foggy night
my sight is lost in summer haze

I wonder where you went
as I wash your scent from my skin
I emerge clean but slick
awake but delirious
painfully aware of your absence

hazy

*Despite my penchant for order. This is the world. We name
it.*

You were here and now you're gone.

You were well and now you're sick.

You were a painting by Matisse, but you took sleeping pills.¹

not quite sleeping pills
not quite asleep because the body remains
when you went down as a woman
and woke as a man on the same pillow
in the same breath

you woke

a mild delirium of the senses and
touched me between breaths
fingers circling on my chest like
drying petals where breasts once rested
moving slowly
moving carefully
moving
searching for familiar places

*It hurts to love wide open
stretching the muscles that feel
as if they are made of wet plaster,
then of blunt knives, then
of sharp knives.²*

lost
between fields of new flesh
fingers reach unfamiliar territory
because you fell down with cunt
and emerged with cock

fell
down
old
only to emerge half new
navigating the body's unstable
transition through your rippling image in the mirror

you are lost and found
in and out of focus
bodily contour blurred by
hormones unfamiliar in your system
searching
like driving fast through foggy darkness
wondering where you went
calculating something finite among the chaos

A Transman's Poem

Sometimes I believe
transmen tell themselves
a story that they were
never
girls or women that
in fact they were
always
boys on the inside that
society misread
or misdiagnosed them and
forced them to be
who they were not

Some tell this story
whether it's true or not
because they can't deal
with reality unless
they were always men
because the confusion
of having been both
is too much

Instead the stories become
the same singular story
of a lost life
a lost childhood
forced femaleness hidden in
a dark past that won't
be shared unless it's to
say they were always boys
on the inside
always desiring
what others couldn't see



BOXER BRIEF N° 1042



DOUBLE FLY
FULL CUT BRIEF N° 1043



HIGH CUT BRIEF N° 1047



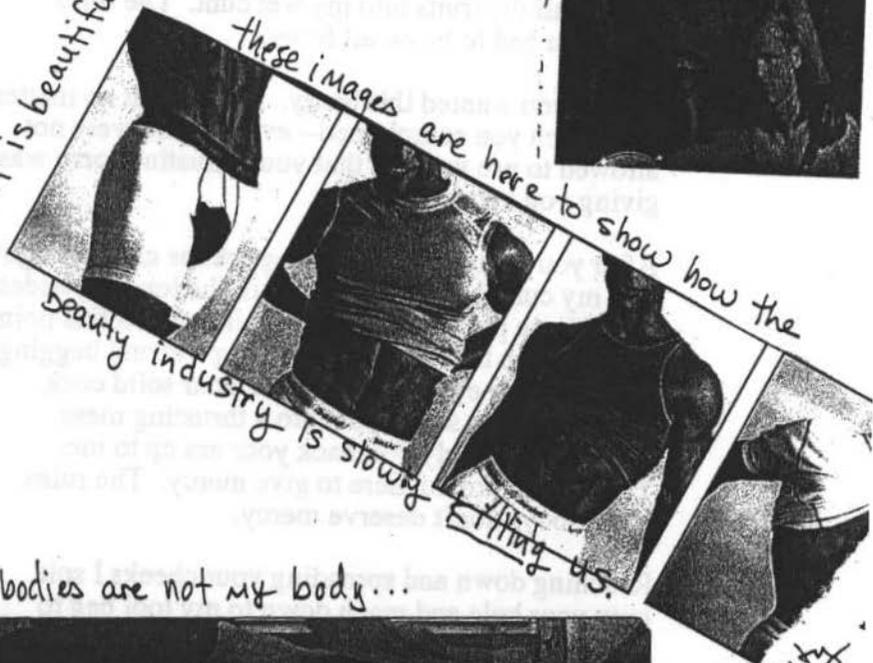
2 PIECE
T-BACK THONGS N° 1055

PORN

Interlude...

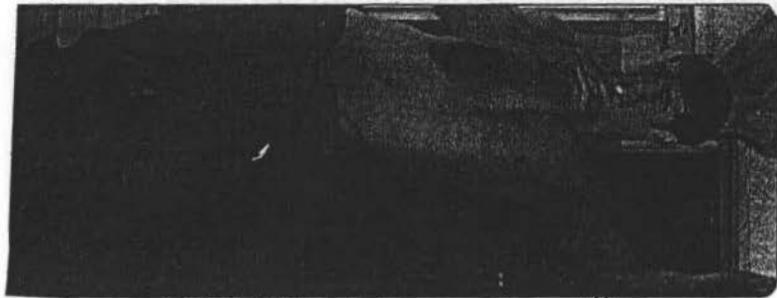


What is beautiful?



these images are here to show how the beauty industry is slowing killing us.

these bodies are not my body...



My beauty
my power
are contained
my fat!
Fuck the
status quo

My boy, you're on your hands and knees in front of me with your face stuffed in my crotch. Your tongue and lips hard at work sucking me off. My cum muffles the moans of pleasure coming from your throat but your pumping torso gives away what you desire most.

Yesterday we started this game. I made a special trip to the fruit market. Yesterday we were in the kitchen. You were hard at work. Hard at work sucking me off and being cold and needy and naked on the cold tile floor. Moments ago you were down on all fours in front of me, working at taking the stems off 30 ripe cherries using only your mouth. There was no hurry. Behind you I pulled up a chair and began to work finger after finger into your tight and dirty asshole. The rules were: you had to suck me off first then take the stems off as I finger your hole. After the task was finished the reward was putting all the fruits into my wet cunt. The rules were you had to be on all fours.

I knew you wanted this badly. I knew that no matter how much you complained-- even as you were not allowed to use words-- that your thrusting torso was giving you away.

After you are turned around to pack the cherries tight into my cunt it is my turn to work the longest, widest plug I have past your flexing sphincter. At this point it's really no task-- you're dripping wet and begging me with your eyes. One flick of your solid cock with my finger sends you into a thrusting mess. Almost pleadingly you back your ass up to me. You wait. I am not here to give mercy. The rules were: boys don't deserve mercy.

Reaching down and spreading your cheeks I spit onto your hole and reach down to my tool bag to pick up a baster full of my cum. I shove its tip into you. I feel you push back a bit, expecting it to be the plug. Shooting my cum into you is a surprise. You moan as your back sinks down to the floor. Quickly I pull out the empty baster and with a solid push the lubed plug goes in. As fast as I can push, your body pushes back to meet me.

Now you know what to do. I let your cheeks relax and the base of the plug becomes hidden. Turning around to meet me you move directly to my cock. Your teeth push back my wet swollen foreskin and you begin to suck out my head. I like it hard and fast as you know. I like it rough. Good boys like you waste no time at all. With your hair in my hands I can slam you into me. I feel your nose slam my pubic bone. It's better if you can't breathe while you suck.

Since you're still on all fours I bend forward the length of your back and push the plug in as deep as it'll go. I know it hurts sweet boy, so I push harder. As I push your face is forced in me, your mouth sinking down the length of my cock and into my cunt while my swollen lips spread wider. I'm about to come, the cherries stuck deep inside me. You suck me off with vigor in anticipation of the force of my orgasm shooting a cherry out into your mouth. This is exactly what happens as a pool of pink cum gushes down your chin.

Yet I'm not done with you yet sweet boy. I know what you desire most. I know you cannot get enough of Daddy inside you, always. This is why the next rule is: suck each remaining cherry out of Daddy. Place them in the bowl on the floor between my boots. Still buried in me, your tongue reaches in to flick out the sticky treats.

When you're finished I have you turn over on your back and hold your legs to your chest. For good measure I reach down from my chair and pull out the monster-sized plug. I immediately force it back in as some of my cum is released from your hole. You're as wet as ever and don't need any prepping. I bend over and take a fist full of cherries; I force my fist into your cunt. I let the fruit go and pull out my empty hand. I grab a second fist and do the same. By now you're moaning. I see you twitch over and over. You are slowly rocking back and forth, your legs held tight on your chest. I watch as your cunt gets tight and then loose.

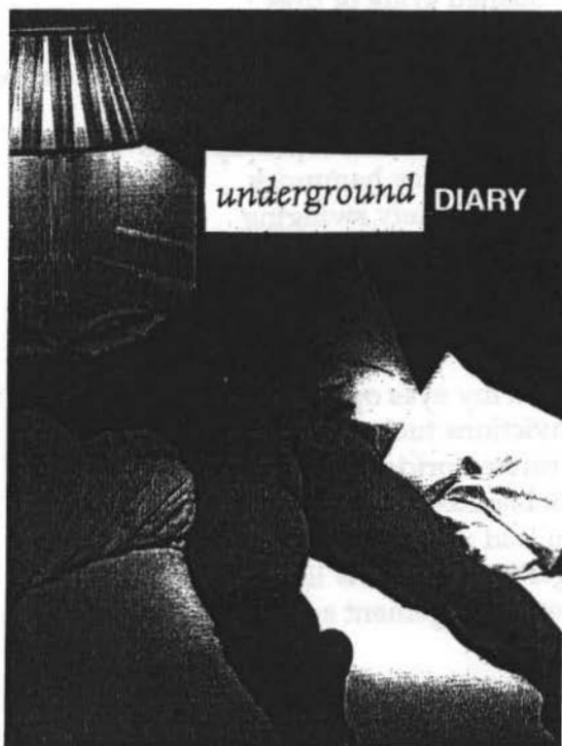
You are swollen, red and dripping with cum. The cherries are bleeding within you. A thin red river runs over the base of the plug. Getting down on my knees I bend over you. We kiss long and hard. Your eyes are open. They shine with tears. I taste both joy and pain on your lips. I jam my knee into your cunt. I feel your rock hard cock jut out like the root of a tree.

You always want to come hard and fast but I won't let you. Teasing you is my favorite thing to do. Building you up and letting you down over and over. Getting you to the edge of coming and making you stop reminds you that you're mine. I've still got my knee rocking back and forth over your cock. With my left hand I reach down to swipe a hand full of my cum and stuff it in your mouth. I let you clean off every last bit of it. You suck hard on my five fingers as I proceed to make you come harder than ever before. The force of your scream pushes my hand from between your lips while you let your legs down to wrap around my knee, grinding into me, pulling me on to you.

With my right hand I reach down to sample your cum. I push my index finger into you and pull out one cherry. Your body shakes. It goes in my mouth as you watch to see my reaction. You're such a good boy, but we're not done yet. You deserve a snack.

a body-bound maleness
now fortified
by a story they adhere to

This Transman's Poem
was something grown
for 20 years before I would
know that girls could become boys
before I could know this cunt
could be a boy's cunt before
I could see with my own
heart
till one day the message
became clear *if it would make
me happy*
girls could become boys and I
knew finally I'd
finally become myself



Season's renewal

Dad remember
that night you wanted to drive us home drunk
and I fought you to get the keys
You were slobbering
slurring words all over
your better judgment buried below
two feet of ice-capped New Year's eve snow

threatening to leave me at the party
where I would have been safe
Country roads are quiet at night
You might have smashed a tree
tires gripping then sliding
the road letting you go

Dad I would have been safe on a borrowed bed
would have been asleep
but listening over deep breathing
for the hushed grate of tires
sliced by sheets of ice or the crunch
of steel wrapped around crumbling branches or

the final grunt when the pickup rests
hanging like an icy hammock
its weight delicately swinging
crumbling brittle branches
above resting bodies buried away
for the season's renewal

Dad when my eyes open we are finally home
my convictions tucked to rest in bed
your drunken pride smothering me
like sick blankets
yes you told me so
my anger melting snow like fire
your better judgement sapped but still frigid



Thanks
for
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wanna contact
me?

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