

POEMS

This Body

This morning I woke up
and stayed in the blankets for a while
all warm and comfortable.
When I got up I saw pre shining
in my penis hole in the sunlight
and I thought about this body.
I thought about how this penis
has been licked by a dog,
multiple actually.
I like that I can say that
of this body part. That whenever
I'm using it, even masturbating alone,
it is a penis that has been licked by dogs.
Not even just for the memory of the pleasure,
although, I thank those dogs for that,
but even just for the knowledge that
it happened, that sweet dogs are what
this penis has been used for, for them to lick.
It makes it a joy, a point of delight,
to use something again that has been used for that.
I thought of these hands—
both, though mostly the left—
that have held a dog's penis
and his hot and slick knot

more times than I could hope
to remember individually.
I thought of these lips
that have been licked by a dog's tongue.
I thought of this breast
which has snuggled countless times under blankets
against the bristly yet warm,
soft, breathing,
coat of hair on a dog's back.
I am proud of how this body has touched other bodies.

Instruments

I have a lot of things
that aren't really mine.
I don't mean that I stole them.
I mean that I have shelves and shelves of books
about straight humans
whose only want is to fall in love with other
straight humans.
I have a Holy Bible
but I am not Christian;
I got it to learn about others,
and it has turned out
to be interesting for multitudes of reasons,
but it is not mine.
I have dozens of CDs and tapes
about straight humans
whose only want is to fall in love
with other straight humans.

It makes me feel so far away sometimes,

those being the things
that most easily become my possessions
in this world.
Things that are not mine.
Things that are not about what I want to see:
humans and animals falling in love.
It's out there, of course.
Online, you can find stories,
spiritual discussions,
and songs
that are the creations of zoophiles, for each other.
If I went to a lot of effort,
maybe I could fill a room
with pooch smoocher books and tapes—
a lot of it probably bootlegged.
But I can't go to pick up groceries
and impulse buy a cozy zoophile romance
the same way I could for cis het human romance.
Most of my things
do not belong to me.

I would be so bold as to say
that the rest of the world is missing out.
If I have still found interest and meaning
in all of these things that are not mine,
others might like a cozy dog romance too.
But I do, mainly,
feel for myself here,
and for other zoophiles like me
who feel so far away from everything.

One thing that helps
is that, also among the things that I own,
are instruments.
An electric guitar, a bass, a keyboard,
this pen,
that can make these things I want.
It doesn't change that most of my things
don't belong to me,

but it helps to have stopped feeling shame
at the idea of making things that do.

Someday I do hope to have a bookshelf
filled with the works of zoophiles
who have also found pens
and actually gotten publishing contracts
and been widely distributed
enough for me to find
and buy on an impulse
when I go grocery shopping.
Or, it would be cool if we printed them ourselves, too.
Kind of like zines but with entire paperback books,
with cool covers by zoo artists,
art of humans and dogs kissing right there on the cover.
Mailing these things around to each other.
I think that could be fun.

Figurine Man

Jacob Bride sets his mug of coffee down on the side table, and sits himself down in the rocking chair on his back porch. He looks out at the open desert. Takes a big smell of the fine dirt in the air. From the side table, he picks up his sharpened knife and a block of basswood. He looks down at his hands as he works, though his mind's eye is jumping ahead. He whittles off the corners, molding the basswood block into a shape that is curved, organic, reminiscent of something living.

From out of the wood, Bride uncovers a belly, blocky and angular at first, thicker at the ribcage, skinnier below it. A foreleg rests tucked close to each side of the ribs, a head with a long pointed snout above, a tail below curved off to one side. He carves out the beginnings of the image of her hind legs, splayed apart.

With the rough shapes done, Bride retrieves his glasses from the side table. In doing so, he also remembers his coffee, and has a long drink of it now that it has gone from piping hot to warm.

Glasses on, Bride holds the wood closer to his eye level, and leans in and around the work as necessary. He carves the lush fur over her ribs, and the thin fur over her stomach. He carves the mound of her vulva in heat, each valley, each minute bump, and the swirls of fur below at her rump. He carves each paw pad, each tendon on each leg, each rivulet of the thick coat. He carves her ready and excited expression, looking over herself to whoever is standing before her.

Bride sets the figurine on the side table. She lies splayed on her back, awaiting.