

A little boy of considerable discretion  
admired a counsellor with his hard shoulders  
and a hairy deep-cleft chest;  
he dreamed he was part of him,  
specifically the neck,  
riding all that muscle.  
He had three piggy-backs  
the summer he was seven.

At thirteen he was strong-armed to the shower-house  
by two muscular canoists  
who explained fucking to him  
stressing that a strong big prick was essential  
and exercising in his ass.

Lying sweating in a barn some months later  
gripping his balls he imagined  
screwing a girl named Wendy  
so hard she couldn't get up.

Subsequently he met a girl  
who said she'd do it,  
but he blew his load, as they say,  
before he even had his pants off;  
when he finally got another hard-on  
he failed completely  
to make a penetration.

The next time was an experienced girl from school  
who told him he wasn't heavy enough for her.

Another girl said she liked sleeping with him,  
but he dropped her when he discovered  
she was.

He tried different positions.

A literate chick he trusted  
told him he was the victim  
of an unwarranted sexual inferiority complex  
rooted in chauvinist fantasies.  
They screwed happily all one winter  
on the condition they were equals,  
but in the spring she told him  
to fuck off and get lost.

He decided he just didn't have the prick for it  
and went with sleepers and to movies,  
fucking vicariously  
on the necks of muscular canoists.