

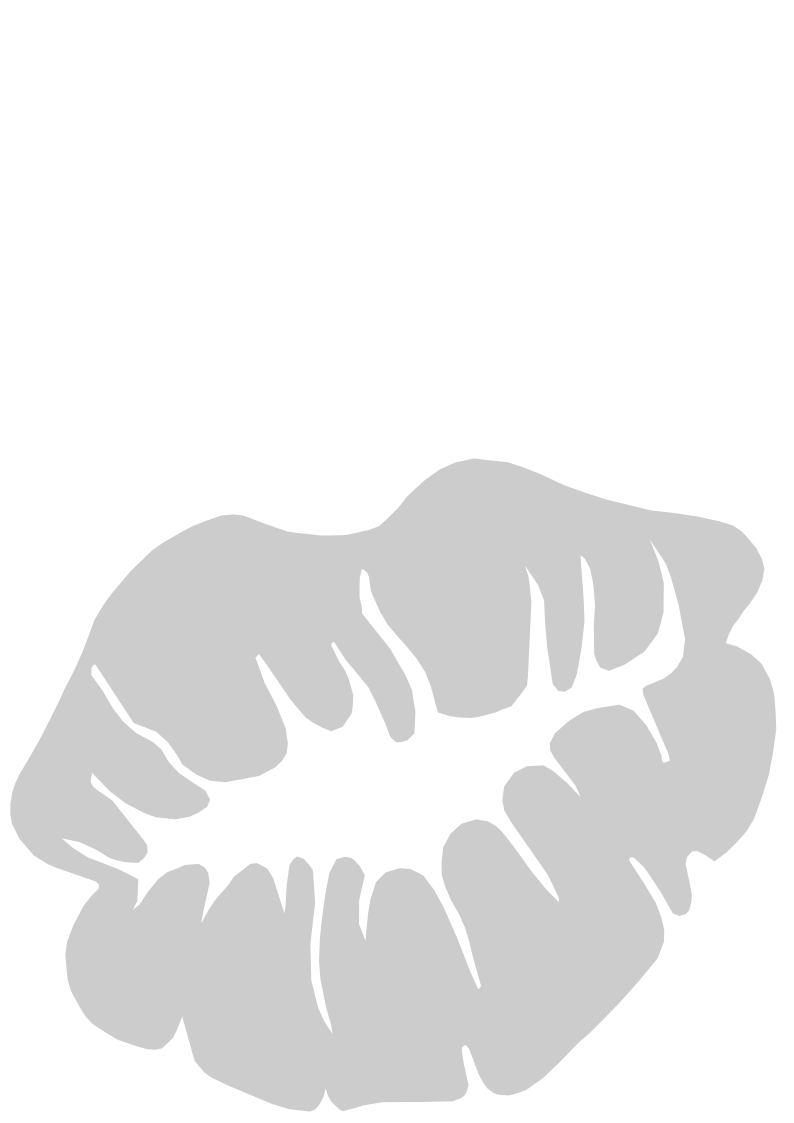
FOURTH DIMENSIONAL

# kisses



VOICES FROM THE GLBT INTERNATIONAL COMMUNITY

PAMPERED  
PRINCESS  
PUBLISHINGS





# FOURTH DIMENSIONAL kisses

VOICES FROM THE GLBT INTERNATIONAL COMMUNITY

Pampered  
Princess  
Publishings

# FOURTH DIMENSIONAL *kisses*

Edited by Al-Antony Moody

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# FOURTH DIMENSIONAL Kisses



VOICES FROM THE GLBT INTERNATIONAL COMMUNITY

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# FOREWORD

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*Fourth Dimensional Kisses* has been a joint Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual and Transgender international project by poets for poets. Many of our GLBT friends across the world have united to breathe life into an idea started a few years ago within the GLBT Internet forums.

The idea was to establish a regular GLBT journal or anthology which could be seen in print. Those who stayed true to this idea and the notion of voicing our lives, struggles, hopes, ambitions, sexuality and love have persevered, sacrificed and have made this wishful dream now a reality.

---

The contributions of work have come from all over the globe, from Australia, France, Ireland, Scotland, Singapore, Slovenia, U.K. and the U.S.A. Although we may be located all over the world our dreams are as one in striving for equality and acceptance.

I wish to personally thank David Jay Currier, Jessica Drake, Paul Drakeford, Ronnie Purches, Sylvia D’Ponte, Wayne Shortland, Velvet Tran for their assistance and dedication to the publication of this book.

**Al-Antony Moody**



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# FOURTH DIMENSIONAL kisses

VOICES FROM THE GLBT INTERNATIONAL COMMUNITY

*A love that fears no longer*

**RICK STOREY**

London, United Kingdom



*Look into my eyes -*

*What there do you see?*

*Love and longing?*

*Fear and hate?*

*Or nothing that is me.*

*Do you believe what you've*

*Been told about boys who choose*

*Other boys to love*

*To lie abed with,*

*Have sex?*

*Or do you have a mind  
Like a window on the world, wide open  
To the winds of changing attitudes -  
Winds that speak of love that's gay  
Of a love that fears no longer -  
But once dare not speak its name?*

*Do you now live, are you wise enough to  
Recognise that love, of every kind and style,  
Is love!*

# FOURTH DIMENSIONAL kisses

*The cardboard box*

**DAVID J. CURRIER**

Oregon, United States of America

*I look at him, if even at a glance and see everything; the soul of the world, the compassion of the heart, the depth of the mind, the innocence of a child.*

*He looks at himself, broken, yearning to be whole, never knowing the brilliance of his light that radiates the world. Through the love that is my lens, I see the light so clearly.*

*I try to fix within him that which he sees as broken; that which I do not see or understand as being broken, having been blinded by his brilliance and my own selfish need for the light. He screams his need of me aloud; if only for a cardboard box in which to exist. I do not hear him through my own selfish desire to build him a castle as proof of my love. Therefore I fail; him, myself, us. He withdraws, extinguishing the light. Darkness prevails.*

*I know not how to re-act only to feel. Anger, frustration, abandonment. I lash out, not with malice, but out of hurt and confusion. What damage have I done. I look inside myself and see only the darkness. I search for the light that was there, it has gone. Where is he?*

*I walk alone in the darkness. Those that approach me stare with persistence. They see my pain. How can they not, it radiates with such intensity from my being. From every point to which he was light. My mind wonders. Can they feel what has only become numbness to me? Why don't they embrace me? Is he conscience of my pain? He must be, why doesn't he respond? It can only be that his perceptions of me prevents him.*



*He views my interest in him to be merely that of the flesh because of the intensity of his youthful look and my constant need for physical expression in trying to reinforce my own self-worth. He sees not my being. That which is at the core of my existence; compassion, caring, commitment, unconditional love for him. Little does he know*

*that it is his “old soul” that is truly the basis of my attraction. That which keeps me near and fuels my love for him. His “old soul”, riddled with physical scars on his youthful appearance, those of a man twice his age. Does he not know I relish each of them as my own? Feeling an overwhelming sense of pride in the accomplishments each of those scars on him reflects.*

*Deep is my pain, it tears at my very existence,  
as I fail through my actions to get him to see me  
for what I am and not for what the blueprint in  
trying to build him the castle makes me appear.  
If he could only know how much I long for he and  
I in "The Cardboard Box".*



# FOURTH DIMENSIONAL kisses

*Magik*

**GRAHAM COLLETT**

Croydon, United Kingdom

*Lost to the night  
Where starlight played  
I chanced to dream  
where dreams would fade*

*I chanced to gaze  
his meteor trail  
eclipse my eyes  
In midnight sail*

*His distant form*

*I dreamt entwined*

*He left me lost*

*He left me blind*

*I dared to dream*

*Beneath his blaze*

*another night*

*where magik plays*



*As light and dark  
would intertwine  
In dusk and dawn  
I dreamt him mine*

*His sculpted form  
like David shone  
on mortal eyes  
but he has gone*

*To leave but dreams  
where starlight played  
I dared to dream  
his magik stayed*

# FOURTH DIMENSIONAL kisses

*A mystical experience  
relating to change*

**MISS ELIZABETH VELDON**

Strathclyde, Scotland

*My past was hearts and diamonds  
When you did my cards that night.  
Did you see the wish card?  
It slid back into the pack to hide  
Amongst the folds like flesh.*

*You are no great seer and here is our problem:  
The cards come alive, running like nymphs  
Towards the river and frustrating order.*

*Collect the cards and try again*  
*And strange alchemy my card*  
*Flashes into sight and reaching to grab it*  
*I miss and tumble upwards*  
*Towards where God used to sit.*

# FOURTH DIMENSIONAL kisses

*Third degree burns*

**LAURA WAREHAM/FLAMETIPS**

West Midlands, United Kingdom



FOURTH DIMENSIONAL kisses

*What do you do?*

*When you're left with nothing*

*When you're so mixed up inside*

*When your life revolves around someone*

*who doesn't even care*

*When your fear and loathing haunt your dreams*

*An endless nightmare you can't see*

*your way out of*

*You're left with nothing*

*When all you can see is her but she sees*

*right through you*

*When you battle with your thoughts and*

*you're strangled by your mind*

*You've backed into a corner, you're trapped*

*No one can let you out but her*

*But she doesn't care*

*When your fear eats you alive*

*Leaving you bare*

*You're bare soul exposed for all those who stare*

*So they laugh*

*And they point*

*And they're fake*

*But they pretend to care*

*But it's her*

*It's her in your heart*

*As she burns through you*

*You know nothing but her*

*You don't want to feel anything but her*

*Your tears destroy your heart*

*Tears for her*

*When you wake up alone*

*When there's no one to dry your eyes*

*When she doesn't care*



# FOURTH DIMENSIONAL kisses

*Secret love*

**JACK A REGISTER II**

North Carolina, United States of America

*In the lonely silence of my mind I remember you and the love that we share. Your face invades my thoughts with the swiftness of a storm as you seize my breath. My soul is sucked from my body into an unknown world that you and I share.*

*In this world we alone exist... no hate or prejudices, only love and understanding. You and I are free to live and love... as the joy of dreams explodes in my brain my body begins to tingle with excitement... love's sweet arms embrace her children who yearn for the milk of hope and comfort.*



*Suddenly the scene changes to a rolling shore before sunset... hand in hand we walk leaving nothing but footprints in the sand. We stand alone and gaze into adoring eyes of one another. I am swept into the world of your soul as we talk of hopes, dreams and future plans.*

*Softly, deftly our lips meet as the waves silently slip up on the shore. all around us the world sings of peace and harmony as lovers everywhere gather together to celebrate their love. Our bodies become the kindling of passion as we succumb to the heat. I reach for you; feeling every muscle taunt, tight, stretched to the limit as we explore our world of love. Your hands slip slowly down my body as my lungs are seared with the voice of ecstasy... burning desiring the nectar of you,*

*every nuance... soft hair that slips through my  
fingers as I pull you close... eyes that caress my  
body and penetrate my soul with their sparkle...  
luscious lips of ambrosia invite me... tense, hard  
arms that wrap my body, protecting, soothing,  
comforting- casting all fears and doubts aside.*

*Cast from the same mold... you and I... a rib  
ripped from destiny's breast, planted in sown  
into the womb of mother earth... the prodigy of  
hope, love, happiness... our heritage our creed.*

*I ask that you walk with me down the avenue of  
existence... forever. I pledge to you friendship,  
love, understanding and faithfulness... eternally.*

# FOURTH DIMENSIONAL kisses

*Boys bleed too*

**PATRICK RYAN**

Dublin, Ireland

*I stole the sheet from off your bed*

*The sheet your loving punishment caused me to red*

*I stole the sheet that smelled of us*

*That was that. All that fuss.*

*I stole the sheet from off your bed*

*The sheet onto which an innocence bled*

*I stole the sheet from off your bed*

*I'm still living, but part of me is dead.*

*I bled for you, and you didn't stop*

*I bled for you, and your thirst*

*I bled for you, with you on top*

*I bled for you, I wasn't the first.*

*I stole the sheet from off your bed*

*I hide it now beneath my own*

*I stole the sheet onto which pained pleasure bled*

*It might be easier now I've grown.*

*I stole the sheet onto which I bled*

*I stole the sheet from off your bed.*



# FOURTH DIMENSIONAL kisses

*My first declension*

**PAUL DRAKEFORD**

Melbourne, Australia

*Men, Sir? -*

*Men seek*

*Men seize*

*Men suck*

*Men sod.*

*Men sigh*

*Men sense it*

*Men surge*

*Men cease*

*Men cease*

# FOURTH DIMENSIONAL kisses

*Emission*

**EMMA BONE**

Bristol, United Kingdom

*Side by side*

*Bedridden in sexual entity*

*Legs encircled with legs*

*Glittering, shimmering skin*

*Your cats eyes Purring at me,*

*Liquid arms Flagging a bubble of ecstasy over me-*

*-So I've known of this woman  
Not long, not well  
But her heart was warm  
Digging into my chest  
Drumming heat between my breasts  
Pushing her dark breath  
Into the ravine of my throat  
And letting her saliva sleep  
On my tingling tongue  
The sweetest night*



# FOURTH DIMENSIONAL kisses

*Submission*

**JESSICA HUDSON**

Georgia, United States of America

*My submission to your rule is only  
pleasure to me.*

*I tend to like the pain endured,  
Oh please spank me.*

*Your personality may seem harsh  
but why should I think for myself?*

*Control me, torment me.*

*Bring wrath upon my being!*

*I shall fall upon my knees to please you,*

*shameful if I fail.*

*The reward is great dear mistress,*

*pure lust will always prevail!*

# FOURTH DIMENSIONAL kisses

*Married: 20 Sept 95*

**JACK A REGISTER II**

North Carolina, United States of America

*Untangling myself from him, I quietly slip out of the silk sheets. I pull on my blue bathrobe with the black belt and run my hands through my hair. The bayberry candles are still burning on the dresser. I sweep my hand over them to extinguish the flames. Suddenly the soft scent sails sweetly to my nose. I smile as I gaze upon his sleeping form. The hair is mussed, the breathing is slow, methodical, and probably dreaming of some experiment...the baby oil refuses to dissipate from my senses. The soothing backrub he gave me as he whispered lovers words to my soul...*

*I walk into the bathroom and quietly shut the door behind me. I pause for just a second to squish my toes in the shaggy sandpaper colored carpet. I always loved doing that...the feeling of threads tickling the bottoms of ones feet, drawing out the ringing telephone, the editor's lousy powder blue leisure suits and horrendous accent, the computer and its cute and timely DOS Disk errors as well as any other annoyance...just whisking it away from reality and dropping it to be eaten by bacteria in the septic tank.*



*Gazing into the mirror I notice the thinning black hair that seems to betray any treatment that Fernando and his beauty queens can muster. My lips are swollen, puffy from all the passionate pulses of fire that have raged for two years. I have to giggle at my image as I reach for the warm washcloth. I run the cloth over my features and feel the tingly return of blood to the surface...yes the ruddy Santa cheeks have regained their luster. Mother always said it was because of my Irish spirit. Yet another enigma of the Riley family...I got the hazel eyes and am the only non-red head...where's Unsolved Mysteries when you need em?*

*I replace the washcloth on the new oak rack and shuffle my way into the kitchen. Sex has always kindled a ravenous appetite. Settling on a turkey sandwich with some of that new spicy mustard that he likes so much and a glass of wine. I return to the bedroom and curl up in the chair by the computer. Is this how it is to be married? I lean back and laugh softly at myself. I stand, remove my robe of doubt and societal expectation, smile and take my place beside him.*

# FOURTH DIMENSIONAL kisses

*Men shopping*

**R. N. TABER**

London, United Kingdom

*He was reaching for coffee  
on a supermarket shelf;  
The graceful swing of his body  
cut me to the quick;  
One eye refused to blink, kept  
at the task in hand;  
Trying hard not to think about  
his finger nudging mine;  
A tenuous grasp on the jar,  
began to slip;  
My hand was left no choice,  
obliged to help;*

*He thanked me with a grin,  
I smiled back;  
When he started to move on,  
I panicked;  
“So you like decaf?” I blurted  
to a shirt button;  
A hint of hairy chest heaved,  
breath slow and warm;  
“I do indeed,” he grinned again,  
made my cheeks burn...  
and I came up with something  
even more banal;*

*We chatted away the whole  
length of the aisle;  
Finally, at preserves, a parting  
of the ways;  
Finished off the shopping  
in a heady daze;  
Outside, he was unloading into  
an old banger;  
He waved, had me blushing  
from ear to earl;  
The same grin, infuriating me  
this time;*

*Lips parted, tip of a pink tongue*

*teasing my prime;*

*My mouth went dry. I barely*

*recall the lift home*

*Years on, though, I still thrill*

*to waking up next to him*



# FOURTH DIMENSIONAL kisses

*Dave*

**JERRY MCLAUGHLIN**

Dublin, Ireland

*descends to earth, smiling back, primed  
for muscle games, cruciform on my linen  
sheet, cotton bulge expressive under first  
light, all that we are, that we must  
unleashing when I kiss him where ever, my  
mouth makes its way to his, then back to  
the beginning, holding harder, tighter,  
jerking gentle him, he is with me, for me,  
lifting lifted,*

*borrowed my forearm and drifts away, piano  
fingers scaling on him, on him resting,  
between my linen sheets, under second  
light I watch him sit up, stand, reach for  
cotton, smiling back, his mouth makes its  
way to mine, I listen to him ascend to  
Valhalla.*

# FOURTH DIMENSIONAL kisses

*Forever burn*

**GRAHAM COLLETT**

Croydon, United Kingdom

*His voice has swept the clouds away  
the Winter rain, the pall of grey,  
the bronzed leaves in withered fold;  
his alchemy has turned them gold*

*In requiem for Summer morn  
the fading embers of the dawn  
But Uriel rose to words he spoke  
in flaming heart such joy evoke*

*With his lover uttered, birds would soar  
and sing their ode to spring once more  
In counterpoint to children's mirth  
A sacrament upon this earth*

*And in this world the coldest place;  
around my heart, but his words trace  
celestial light, the darkness turn;  
his voice is love, forever burn*



# FOURTH DIMENSIONAL kisses

*I'm not his angel anymore*

**STEVE M REID**

Melbourne, Australia

*When I look back in hindsight, it's amazing how much clearer things seem to be. Subjective experience is highly over-rated. And how difficult it is to be objective when a situation has you at the centre of its universe. Its walls close you in making visibility almost impossible. I guess clarity of vision can only come later when you have had time to remove yourself from subjectivity's clutches.*

*Why did things turn out the way they did? Was it the usual symptoms? Lack of communication? Naiveté? Inexperience? Fear? Or was it something else? Something deeper. More abiding. Why do I find myself asking these questions now? Have I made a decision that I might regret for the rest of my life? Have I even made a decision at all? Or am I going to continue in an emotional limbo?*

*Hindsight is a truly remarkable wake up call.  
Like a slap in the face that startles one out of  
dull unawareness into a full realisation of  
what is.*

*Nevertheless, of what was I afraid? Was it  
commitment? Was it the idea of being with  
the one person for the rest of my life? Did I  
enjoy being single too much? I'm not good  
with relationships.*

*And now, can I be brutally honest with myself, or will I hide behind the curtain of ignorance in the hope that my feelings will fade, that this problem will go away, or will solve itself without any unwanted interference from me? But life has taught me that problems never just go away; they require interference, they require attention.*

*I miss him. More than I thought I would. I guess I thought I would still be seeing him, albeit in a different relationship. I had no idea things would turn out the way they did. If I had known, if I had been honest about my feelings from the beginning, I think I would have done things very differently.*

*I was confused. So many conflicting signals. So many conflicting words. My own feelings in a battle for supremacy with my mind. In the end, my mind won. But now, my feelings seem to be rising up for another assault. Why can't I switch off my mind and my feelings and just live in cloistered walls protected from honesty's scrutiny?*



*He may die soon. Twelve months, maybe more.  
His body locked in a dual battle with Cancer  
and AIDS. And I won't be there. I won't be  
there to hold his hands in those final moments.  
I won't be there to offer words of comfort and  
peace. He told me once he wanted to die next to  
me, lying by my side, his head resting against  
my heart. I was his angel.*

*I'm not his angel anymore.*

Footnote:

*He died recently. The night before his death was spent in celebration of his life. He was smiling and happy. No one could bring themselves to admit what was to happen the next day. But I wasn't there. I could give no words of comfort. I could offer no peace. I couldn't even say goodbye. My heart was not his final pillow. And now, he is with the angels.*

## The Funeral - I Remember

*I went to the funeral, though it was more of an ashes scattering ceremony than a funeral. It was held at a pier in Geelong that enclosed a safe swimming area. I stood alone, surrounded by his family and friends, but I was alone. I looked at the ground and saw near my feet the container containing his ashes. It was open. I saw inside. My heart leaped to my throat. A fountain of tears threatened to erupt but I held them at bay. I'm good at that. Everyone else was weeping but I didn't want anyone to see my tears. Daryl was the last person to ever see me cry. I forced them back.*

*The first song they played was Candle in the Wind. I nearly lost it. I turned my back on the mourners and walked to the other side of the pier. Tears welled up again, but I didn't allow them release. Why did I do that? I stared down at the water, cool and calm, gently lapping at the muscle encrusted posts. An ocean of tears. Where did that thought come from? I banished it from my mind.*

*Ash came over and put his arms around me. Strong arms. Comforting arms. My tension eased a little and then he was gone again.*

*As the second song began playing I turned back to the railing and looked out over the ocean. I looked at the sky. I looked at the horizon. I thought of Daryl. My eyes were moist again. Occasionally, between songs, someone who knew Daryl would speak. I remember the voices, but I heard nothing. My gaze remained fixed on that point in the distance where the heavens meet the earth and I remembered. I remembered something Daryl had told me after we had gone*

*our separate ways. Although he was referring to the distance we lived apart, it seemed somehow appropriate now. He said, "Steve, there is no distance between friends." And I knew at that point, that no matter where Daryl was right then, he was still as close to me as if he was standing right in front of me. I wanted to reach out and hold him once again. Instead, I gripped the railing to steady myself against the sobs that threatened to wrack my body.*

*Finally, they played the last song. It was The Rose by Bette Midler. His stage name had been Rosie. Tears stung my eyes once again. I moved from where I was standing, away from the others and stood alone against another railing. Although the sky promised rain, it never came. My pain promised tears but they never came. The water was calm. But my heart tossed and turned like a stormy sea. I could see shafts of the sun's rays piercing the clouds in the distance, and I remembered. I remembered that it was Daryl who first pierced the outer shell of my*

*shattered heart. He once asked me why I had opened up to him the way I had. I didn't know. Not then. I think I do now.*

*His father took hold of the container and held it over the water. Slowly, he began to empty its contents into the sea. I watched the remains, some gently lifted on the breeze, as they sank into the water. I watched them slowly drift beneath the surface and kept watching until they were completely gone. And that's when I knew. That's when I finally realised. Daryl is gone. I will not see him again.*



*I watched, as one by one, 9 roses were thrown into the water. For some reason I thought there should be 10. I watched them float away. The tears threatened again. I held them back.*

*I went to Daryl's funeral. I did not cry. And even now, as I write these words, my heart breaks and the tears tremble at the corners of my eye, but they do not fall, and I remember.*

*I remember telling him that I was not in love with him. But I did love him. My love was not an emotional roller coaster that usually accompanies those that fall in love. My love was not something I felt. It was something I did. I loved him when I accepted him as he was. I loved him when I treated him with respect. I loved him without judgement. I loved him in my honesty. I loved him simply. I simply loved him.*

*And now, I miss him. While others grieved at his death, in my grief I am alone. And when I finally do weep, I will weep alone. No one can see my tears. I don't want it to be this way but I know it will be. I am alone. Daryl is gone. Will I ever be someone's angel again?*



# FOURTH DIMENSIONAL kisses

*The saddest poem I ever had  
to write, “I love you”*

**AL - ANTONY MOODY**

Melbourne, Australia

*Angels sing harmoniously at your  
flowering bedside.*

*Invisible tears reach out clinging burning  
vigil bright.*

*Unwilling to rest with the thought of  
leaving you alone.*

*Embracing the warmth of your body  
I cherish when I go home.*

*The dog endlessly paces the window searching  
desperately for you to return.*

*The cat seems to have sensed the agony and  
no longer does purr.*



*Restless with crying torment my heart bleeds  
in an empty cold bed.*

*Awaking suddenly I scream out your name  
in panic of not having you there.*

*Swelling my eyes bulge as I silently choke  
in an endless stream of tears.*

*Haunted by the forthcoming shadows that  
are heart wrenchingly pressing near.*

*Feeling, seeing you adoringly all  
throughout the house.*

*A picture of you as a child on the beach,  
that is lovingly reaching out.*

*You had your little blue bucket and  
plastic spade filled with shells.*

*Beaming with admiration your gentle  
smile gleamed inspirationally out.*

*Now your smile is fading with tears as you  
cling to inner strength.*

*Gazing up at me I tenderly clasp your hands  
with the longing in endearment.*

*I softly cry while I touch and kiss your  
consuming handsome face instinctively.*

*Whispering the beautiful delights that you  
had given warm an openly.*

*Cradling your every nestling word and  
caressing every charming gesture.*

*Planting kisses all over you, I tell you that  
you deserved so much better.*

*You try to assure me that I was your little  
knight and shining armour.*

*Pleading for your endurance I cannot  
go on without you.*

*Petals float gracefully enchanted over the  
little garden we started as one.*

*Repeatedly I watch the video of us in it,  
just laughing and basking in love.*

*You ask me to sing you a song in the nearing  
moments of you passing.*

*Humming my broken teary voice is  
soothingly calming.*

*I tell you how much you really meant to me  
and how much you truly gave.*

*How one day we shall be soon re-planted  
together in the serenity of love again.*

*If I was lost in a painful nightmare of  
darkened childhood abuse.*

*You rescued me without question,  
rawing me lovingly closer to you.*

*You flew up high in the sky, facing the  
strongest and harshest winds.*

*Vibrantly colourful, filled with the  
courageousness of outreaching kind wings.*

*You are the softest kiss that ever dotingly  
wrapped love upon my skin.*

*You are the strongest wall that allowed a  
strange new brick like me in.*

*You are the breaking dawn that heats the  
dew from the windowpane.*

*You are the man that showed me the way  
to find my heart again.*

*Nestled in the love of each other's arms for  
one last eternal moment.*

*You peacefully slipped away as I blanketed  
love all over you.*



# FOURTH DIMENSIONAL kisses

*Embers*

**JACQUES THERON**

Cannes, France

*His memory wrests at my stomach savagely.*

*I feel his pull, scalding me.*

*I need his strong presence here*

*To hold me in a safety*

*I had thought I could never possess.*

*I rage for the flaming passion-colours*

*of his skin,*

*That life-filled essence that he transferred to me*

*When he burned inside and I felt his throb*

*Deep in my stomach, so intimately*

*That I gasped at his closeness.*

*His nearness was pain.*

*It created a warmth that I trusted,  
drew nearer to me,  
A flaming pleasure that consumed all doubt.  
His brilliance fused my scattering  
into certainty.  
His surging power-source I gladly drew upon.  
Now that source is gone.  
It leaves a scar that burns in healing slowly.  
I will become whole,  
but that begs a cooling time,  
It takes missing him a little more, faithfully  
Hoarding the embers of his memory.*

# FOURTH DIMENSIONAL kisses

*G-A-Y*

**R. N. TABER**

London, United Kingdom

*When you touched my hand  
I felt a brand being burned  
into me and I ran away  
to hang my head in shame  
because now I wore a name  
for anyone to read – and  
I was scared;  
I asked a passing dove  
what I should do  
but the dove flew on,*

*so I asked a friendly canine  
that just wagged its tail,  
left me feeling – less  
than sanguine;  
I went home and changed  
for a night on the town  
and my hand shook  
as I buttoned up my shirt,  
listened to the pounding  
of a heart wondering - how  
to make a start?*



*I called you, arranged to meet  
on the corner of our street,  
promised not to run away  
or hang my head in shame  
for wearing a name  
anyone can read – and  
I was scared*

*But glad*



# FOURTH DIMENSIONAL kisses

*Silky whips of tolerance*

**ROBERT KULOVEC M?LLER**

Ljubljana, Slovenia

*The colours of the flags are clamouring  
in baleful tones.*

*Does loving nations draw an arrhythmia?*

*Is humanity in a shade, without pride?*

*Anyone can perceive in the eyes of despair,  
for it's not hard to see oneself in a mirror.*

*They say kindness is the step-child  
to the frenzy,*

*it's very true that requiem is gathering  
the dreams,*

*to recognize small parts of tolerance is painful.*

*Silky whips of tolerance,  
triggered by the rage and sin,  
It's much easier to be slough,  
being in the other's skin!*

*Respect is due in a place without a volume,  
only people who have owners shrink to point,  
what a piece of luck to know white holes too.*

*The solid keep their shapes in water,  
their words sublimate,  
time is always tainting the preservatives.*

*You exposed all languishment in Paris,  
for a dozen dollars' worth,  
do not forgive yourself,  
the judgement day is over,  
you saw on the posters horny ballerina sober.*

*Silky whips of tolerance,  
triggered by the time and sin,  
anyone can tick like the clock in  
the infernal skin!*





# FOURTH DIMENSIONAL kisses

*For rent:*

**NATHAN RAYMOND ORTON**

Colorado, United States of America

*It has come to me like a fairytale...*

*The way I will work, love and leisure...*

*As long as I stay here,*

*everything will be normal, slow... okay...*

*The pictures of boys, men...  
Half naked, kissing, rubbing, sucking,  
lusting after each other  
It's in their eyes, the way they move.  
The movies, the music, the Internet...  
I can't escape it's rapture....  
I want to not have desire for these things.  
So many underlining reasons of why they do it,  
from why I want it..  
Their faces so pure with pleasure,  
that I can't stand to look more than a moment...*

*Perhaps, it's jealousy,  
"How do they get to this point of release  
and happiness?"  
It seems to me...*

*I guess I also see protection in their masculinity,*

*Something I feel I can't provide myself...*

*I DO NEED a strong protective man in*

*my life, I know this now...*

*I know he also has to be gentle and have a*

*giant heart to understand how boringly*

*complicated I get.*

*I believe this is where my 'soul mate' button*

*was created in my head.*

*Which is my only source of choice I have left.*

*I see all of them, on the streets walking,*

*in restaurants, snowboarding, at concerts,  
on the Internet...*

*wanting me wanting me for raw sex...*

*And instead of being sucked into that world,  
those thoughts of instant gratification...*

*I have this alarm now, of monogamy...  
of THE ONE in my life...*

*The one who's suppose to be there forever...*

*And I know he is out there...*

*So I can wait for him...*

*I can pass up the horny and the lonely for the one...*

*I just hope it's soon, I don't want to wait forever...*





# FOURTH DIMENSIONAL kisses

*Mr. & Mr.*

*A scene from Mr. & Mr.*

**D i D i**

Changi, Singapore

*SCENE 1*

*FADE INTO:*

*EXT. TOILET BLOCK – DAY –*

*ESTABLISHING*

*SAM walking into a different toilet block of another park that has similar coloured toilet doors. SAM walks straight towards the urinal and is about to relieve himself.*

*CUT TO:*

*INT. TOILET BLOCK –*

*TOILET DOOR OPENING*

*GUS walking into public toilets. GUS stands next to another guy on a urinal where both guys cruise each other with an interest to sex. They both look around and then enter a vacant cubicle for privacy. (DOOR CLOSES)*

*CUT BACK TO:*

*Sam standing by the urinal minding his own business, while another guy came up and stood right next to him too peek and flash a smile at Sam.*

*CUT BACK TO:*

*GUS walking out of the cubicle without an ounce of guilt, heading towards the basin.*

*CUT BACK TO:*

*Sam all uneasy with the situation walks away heading towards the basin with a query look as he's doing his fly up.*

*SPLIT SCREEN:*

*GUS and SAM wash their hands while looking into the mirror and then exit the toilet block while two different "Gents" signs can be seen in the background.*

*FADE OUT:*

*Mr. & Mr. END*

# FOURTH DIMENSIONAL kisses

*A knight at the baths*

**PAUL DRAKEFORD**

Melbourne, Australia



*Chaste from the spa*

*I must not fail*

*my quest the gleaming*

*holy grail.*

*Heaven's above,*

*the glory whole,*

*the promised land of love.*

*Muzak on the stairs*

*is musk with mystery men.*

*The organ stirs.*

*The organ swells.*

*Should I descend?*

*Too late for terror.*

*Shall I pretend*

*sophisticate?*

*Did I ascend*

*a step too far?*

*No matter.*

*Kismet will defend  
serenity.*

*This is the landing.*

*This is the final turn.*

*Dark corridor  
where instincts bum.*

*A brushed thigh*  
*sighs,*  
*“Surprise. Surprise.”*  
*as eyes meet eyes.*  
*What shadows these,*  
*erect*  
*and palely loitering at ease?*

*Can I identify  
an avenue of angels?  
an honour guard of ghouls?  
a spring of rustlers?  
or a pounce of common senses?*

*Too late.  
All roams lead to Rhodes  
and no return.  
All ways lead to rooms  
and no return.*

*Suppose they clutch on  
my escutcheon,  
will chinks in  
shining armour  
see me through?*

*Come gird my loins,  
the battle beckons.  
The jousts begin  
and much to do.*

*A leather bed of wrestlers  
lies within,  
a restless sleep  
of men at arms,  
a love knot writhe  
of arms and men.*

*No foes are found  
as fond as these.*

*And suddenly  
I'm taken in  
and tumble down to  
sense unseen.  
My best defences  
all undone.*

*No use the struggle  
but consumed  
with forces passions  
might explain.*



*My youth laid waste  
by sweaty swains  
no champions these  
of chivalry.*

*The kiss of kindness  
I defend  
till valour mete  
their sorry end.*

*Thrice beat them off.*  
*My wrath might forge*  
*my rod for Harry*  
*Edward and Sweet George*  
*Unequal contest*  
*I resile.*  
*A cry for help perhaps?*  
*Or smile?*

*Succour my lords!*

*You are too hard.*

*I sue for peace.*

*There's ought to guard.*

*But soft*

*no whisper now*

*and not this night.*

*Tomorrow's fit,  
for panics and alarms.*

*Tonight  
I am a knight  
in arms.*

# FOURTH DIMENSIONAL kisses

*Go past the other side*

**RICK STOREY**

London, United Kingdom

*He stands beneath an ancient street light  
The street paving shining - wet from rain  
Hat brim wide keeps the lamplight off his face  
But every now and you catch his eyes glinting  
From within the darkness that shrouds his face.*

*He waits there like a hungry spider  
waiting for a fly  
To pounce upon and inject his venom  
to send his victims  
On the way through angel dust to death.*

*A passing boy stops eyes glint as heads  
turn surreptitiously*

*Check out no pigs are in sight.*

*Hands move quickly*

*Money exchanged for small folded  
squares of paper*

*Sufficient to bring pleasure for a boy*

*And the energy, so he can pound away  
all night*



*He doesn't shows that he knows he  
may regret it  
Blunt his mind and judgement make take  
Risks that are not sensible or wise  
Evil lurks beneath that street lamp  
Cross over - go past on the other side!*



# FOURTH DIMENSIONAL kisses

*God pickles cucumbers on Monday*

**ROBERT KULOVEC MÜLLER**

Ljubljana, Slovenia

*And you touch this fate as you were god,  
faith in a form of broken stick,  
you beat the god with.*

*And how tame you are,  
for sure you pose for painters much,  
cloning moments instead of souls.*

*And you feel like a raising lemon tree  
inside of an orange world,  
feeling paths, which watch you tightly,  
I'm convinced of passing Gothic's,  
but it's easy to forget all about the  
Christmas's.*

*People smile to children in a park,  
how it's like to be in a blank side of life?  
they should know?*

*Cars stuck in traffic like thrombocytes  
and courts are just lefts of democracy,  
which decays in methanol.*

*I have a hangover of all these heavy  
thoughts last night,  
full of sorrow this will end one day  
or maybe never,  
but the world is equal,  
and tomorrow never dies  
and is killing flies the same  
as killing people... ?*



# FOURTH DIMENSIONAL kisses

*Falling asleep*

**MISS ELIZABETH VELDON**

Strathclyde, Scotland

*If you called tonight stoned I would  
read to you  
I might read Sir Philip Sidney  
Elegant Italianate sonnets for you.*

*Count backwards from one hundred  
And at seventy-four feel drowsy  
(The year I was born) fall back to images  
In a cloudy brain, hear voices.*

*What do they say, what dreams  
For your beatification. The phenomena  
Is worth recording*

# FOURTH DIMENSIONAL kisses

*On 20th Street*

**JERRY MCLAUGHLIN**

Dublin, Ireland

*two lived in the sunshine  
and sat on the steps in front of  
their door and transported there,  
against the other, each closing their  
eyes and thinking a little, awoke  
and kissed a little, they lay back on  
the steps leading up to their  
door, in the sunshine there, they  
walked to the street corner, embracing  
kissed then smiled as their lips gave  
way slowly, I watched them leave the  
street corner, and walk far from  
the street, and before they were  
gone they kissed.*

*I could not see their smiles  
when they stopped, but, I smiled  
hesitantly, took to the street corner  
and waited there in the noon heat, in  
sunshine waited, and five hundred million  
people passed that afternoon, in the  
sunshine the heat, I looked toward the  
doorsteps and they had turned to  
snow, looked, and it was time to go.*



# FOURTH DIMENSIONAL kisses

*Coming out to myself!*

**AL - ANTONY MOODY**

Melbourne, Australia

*I am trying hard not to kiss you.*

*I am trying even harder to not be with you.*

*I keep on covering my heart with lies.*

*Smothering it, I don't know why?*

*I need to tell you that I am attracted  
to the same sex.*

*Will you think of me any less?*

*I need to free myself and find peace.*

*I need to try and understand all of this.*

*I just want to be accepted like anyone else.*

*To be respected and not shadowed in doubt.*

*I need to come out...*

*Even if it is to myself.*

# FOURTH DIMENSIONAL kisses

*June 27, 1969*

**AL - ANTONY MOODY**

Melbourne, Australia

*Alone*

*Unspoken*

*It was now time for the chosen*

*Glass smashed*

*Bottles were hurled*

*I kissed your tender lips*

*And ran past a catcalling transsexual*

*The riot howled*

*“Stonewall revolution was NOW!”*

*“No more would we be intimidated by the  
police raids.”*

*“Our lifestyle was here to stay!”*

*Uprooted parking meters that were used as  
battering rams*

*We were not using handbags*

*Or pink handkerchiefs*



*A spark was lit  
A roaring fire came from the Stonewall Inn  
It swept through the oppressive streets  
And poured furiously onto Greenwich Village*

*Gay Militants  
Lesbians United  
Central Park was push started  
And a movement ignited*

*Sheridan Square tasted my blood  
Police were trapped in a burning gay bar*

*History for our brothers and sisters  
had now been made  
4 nights the battle for equality raged  
The New York City press reported it  
as the "Melee"*

*I saw it as, just the beginning*

## NOTES

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## NOTES

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## NOTES

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*Do you now live, are you wise enough to recognise that love,  
of every kind and style, is love!*

**Rick Storey, London U.K**

*In this world we alone exist..no hate or prejudices,  
only love and understanding. You and I are free to live and love...*

**Jack A Register II, North Carolina U.S.A**

*Liquid arms Flagging a bubble of ecstasy over me*

**Emma Bone, Bristol U.K**

*I stole the sheet from off your bed*

**Patrick Ryan, Dublin Ireland**

*His stage name had been Rosie. His body locked in a dual battle with  
Cancer and AIDS. Rosie said, "Steve, there is no distance between  
friends." My heart leaped to my throat*

**Steve M Reid, Melbourne Australia**

*The colours of the flags are clamouring in baleful tones*

**Robert Kulovec Müller, Ljubljana Slovenia**

*Fourth Dimensional Kisses* is a GLBT time capsule anthology which immortalises a snippet of GLBT life. Within the pages of this book are the footprints of loved ones who stole our kisses and our hearts, the eroticism of the harshest kiss, the longing of a kiss in losing the one you love to HIV/AIDS, and the kiss of hope in science, equality and politics.

To caress and understand the future for the global GLBT community, the kisses of today, tomorrow and yesteryear need to be tasted and relished in all their succulent dimensions. The ambitious project for this book was to join all our brothers and sisters from across the world in sharing a part of their lives through poetry or creative writing. United we stand together in hope for a better future for the GLBT world community.

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