Stories by Utah’s LGBTQ Community and Their Straight Allies – Utah’s Other Pioneers

INTERSECTIONS

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Excerpt from “Intersections Stories by Utah’s LGBTQ Community and Their Straight Allies – Utah’s Other Pioneers
In the Beginning
“Us” by Richard Clegg

In the war against us
Shots were fired
At Me, “You should have been a girl"
At Him “Boys don't like that kinda stuff"

He at odds in his own theater of war (Provo),
I in mine (Magna)

Grenades were lobbed
Him “You color just like a girl"
Me “Worthless piece of shit"

Machine gun fire
Homo, fairy, faggot, sissy

Artillery exploded all around us
"You run just like a girl"
"Why don’t you play ball like the other boys?"

The smell of sulfur: gunpowder and brimstone from the pulpit
"Whores! Adulterers! Murderers! Fornicators! Homosexuals!"
“All an abomination! All going to hell!”

Is it true? Am I the same as a murderer?

In the war against our tiny fragile souls
We took cover
As if in muddy trenches shuddering with fear
As if in bomb shelters confused. "What's this I feel?"
In closets smelling of Old Spice or Evening in Paris
Which was ours?

We took cover
He Under the bed
I Behind Drapes

In the war against us
They took us hostage
He “I mustn't tell"
Me “I have to be like the others"
Us “They can't discover, they can't know."

In the war against us there were deforming injuries
He guards himself from love,
Confidence is never mine.

In the war against us, like the Gingko Post Hiroshima,
We survive no, we do more than survive
We triumph! Separately - individually

Then Friends introduce us

We touch and brush angel's wings
We kiss and grow hard, lie naked together like spoons
Avoiding the wet spot

He plays McDonald and Chopin, I listen breathlessly
I sketch, he admires
We suck flesh high in Saffron Heaven
We delight in Liaisons rhymed with raisins
We take roads not taken, dance with the panther
And hear a fly buzz

We watch our lust mirrored
We are entertained by Uncles Carlchen and Vanya
We were mesmerized by Maya's plies
I cook, he does the dishes
We tease viciously any and all intruder's pant legs
We've fought, twice
We ride on Walkyrie wings and shudder at
"Nun denn allein?!"

We, I trust, have never strayed
His brother dies and he weeps in my embrace

We are lost in Fes el Bali
We weep in the Taj Mahal and worship in Lorenzo's Chapel

Our hands touch and a thousand doves take flight