

Theory

by Jean Ann Rogers

In a state of resolution I dozed off to sleep.
 Suddenly I was awakened, strangled
 by a double eighth note.
 My coughing, sputtering and choking soon made it
 let me go.
 Then I was handcuffed by a triplet "C-D-E."
 I was taken to the bass cleff dungeon, then tried by
 bar 23.
 I begged him to let me go, so to Music Theory
 I'd not be late.
 Soon my release was given by a
 dotted one-twenty-eighth.

No Decision to Make

Anonymous

I can't believe it. She talked about the possibility of it happening this summer, but I didn't think it would happen. I mean, I thought I had gay sperm.

Just three months ago she asked me if I were homosexual or bisexual. I answered definitely with the more extreme of the two.

We were roommates. So what made her come in and start kissing me? And, what in the hell made me get an erection? With that response, she was not going to stop until I had totally explored her side of the bed.

It was gradual, but I started to like it. Then I really started to like it. But, how did the innocent playing leave us with the question: "Should we get married?"

Me married? What a switch. I was so resigned to the fact that I would live a private life involving intermittent relationships. I guess if I had to be married, it would be to her though. But I certainly didn't think it would be because we had to.

Me, a daddy? How could I suppress my attractions to men? What would Mommy say—"Daddy won't be home tonight, because he's spending the night with his boyfriend?" We'd be taking the kid to a psychiatrist after kindergarten.

"There's no way. I'm not ready. She's not ready. There's really no decision to make. "Mommy" will go to Louisville tomorrow, spend two hundred dollars, and come back with less than she left with.

I hope in twenty years I'm not sad about this.