

Saint George and the Dragon



after Petar Meseldžija

1

Here he comes now, my very own Conan
the Barbarian, knight-errant,

Chippendale, all rippling biceps
and six pack, leather

posing pouch, and armoured shin pads,
astride his trusty charger,

about to slay the two headed Drago

in this arcane call to adventure, asserting

his manhood, his cock-sure fidelity
as if to ensure his proper place

in the Pantheon of virility.
Don't worry if it all appears a bit raw,

I'm a woman who knows her own mind,
having seen a thing or two

on the seedier side of legend.
To be entirely honest, I don't get out

of bed for any less than a stack
or a rack, even for the dragon.

Bottom line, this is no porno. This is art.

2

(Blood Play)

If only I could contain myself. Not that I'm being premature,
a man who suffers with erectile dysfunction, brewer's
droop, or any other plague on the male libido. For my sins,
I'm no white knight, but a mercenary, not just a beefcake,

all testosterone, and bestial dance routines, but a man
who never shies away from a fight, not just a heart throb,
but man-at-arms, man of art, and all round dragon slayer.
If you want the full Monty, it will cost you an arm and a leg,

or in this case, the snaggle toothed hide of the hydra.
Okay, I grant you, the male ego can be fragile at times, but let
me tell you, I wouldn't mind digging a ditch with Zena,
warrior princess in her high heel boots and silk stockings.

Not that I'm fixated just on the derrière, but a one way
trip to the moon with her 'do-or-die' arse, whitewashing
the back fence, kissing the star of love, getting twisted
with this determined dominatrix, might well be the best ride

of my entire life. Just to reiterate, I am not a homosexual.