

# Real Man Strikes Out Over the Phone

*David Citino*

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*What are you wearing?*

Chain mail. A sword and shield.  
The breastplate of righteousness.

*What are you wearing?*

An old mother Hubbard. Granny  
panties. Curlers. My best babushka.  
Old flipflops.

*What are you wearing?*

Your mother's garter belt.  
My dad's Hell's Angels T-shirt.  
A Roman collar. An ID on a rope  
around my neck, proof of underage.

*What are you wearing?*

Your sister's nipple rings.  
Hickies from the lips of my best friend,  
her teeth marks cool blue bruises  
strewn like jewels around my throat.

*What are you wearing?*

Mickey Mouse ears. Tiara. Burnoose.  
Chador. My burial shroud.

*What are you wearing?*

Nothing  
except a chastity belt  
forged of stainless steel,  
jeans too tight to remove  
over a pair of panty hose,  
my thighs whispering *Goodbye*.

# Sister Mary Appassionata Reviews Deep Throat

*David Citino*

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*for Linda Boreman ("Linda Lovelace"), 1949 – 2002*

The Lord outdid Himself there at the end  
of the beginning, gilding a rib beyond  
the lily, putting Eve's pleasure place  
inside her throat, for she was helpmeet,  
charged with his uplifting, and, a man Himself,

He knew what made men tick. And since  
He'd made a strong, silent type, *someone*  
had to love to talk. She raised the kids—  
the bad seed with the tattoo on his head  
whose sentence was a life in traveling sales,

and that meek shepherd boy whose slow decay  
drove even a mother to believe six feet  
was a good idea. She looked for work.  
Adam wouldn't hear of a wife each day  
going out with lunch pail (what would

the neighbors say?), so she discovered a way  
to make some on the side, on her knees—  
to please the men, a way to love and pray  
at the same time, almost. *Ah*, the men  
would sigh as she took them in, deep  
enough to make it good for her, also,  
and both would shout *My God*. Thus was song  
created, psalm, ejaculation, earth-  
moving. Everyone was happy, man,  
woman, and the snake, who needs to be

the center of attention. But then  
the Lord saw it was not right that man  
should please the woman with so little sweat  
on his part. God put Eve into deep sleep  
and created corrective surgery, the pearl

of great price moving between her legs, which  
she can cross and uncross as she wills,  
to deepen the mystique of paradise.  
The odds are fifty-fifty, now. Man  
must work as hard as she to make love work.