

chapter 14
a two ton elephant sat on my soul

Quote

"Homosexuality is a scourge on society. It is single handedly becoming the leading cause to the eventual extinction of the American family."

Amen

It is then, in that instant that I feel just how Sally Fields must have felt just seconds before they called out her name as the winner of the Oscar." They hate me! I know they hate me." Well, the feeling's mutual.

I'm tired of being considered a wart on the ass of humanity that everyone says they want to get rid of, but secretly love to pick at. I'm not your curse, some malady that you just tolerate, or somehow learn to live with. Because I'm going to grow and grow and grow, until you can no longer hide me.

I refuse to be
the skeleton in your see through closet.
Oh, you will try to shove me back in,
out of the light and into the dark
corners of your dimly lit minds. You
want to wrap me up in a cocoon of shame,
stunt my growth, and never let me spread
my wings. But I am a butterfly. And like
a one, I can not help but be free. On
top of that ,if you look close to my
markings, you would see that I'm
decidedly color coordinated.

You know who I
blame for all the backlash of hate
towards the Gay community? I blame the
Republicans. Not your average everyday
Republican, but namely the Politicians.

They just love
to sit high a-top that mountain, looking
down on the rest of us through the
windows of their house made of plexi-
glass. Like they're better than us. As
if they had all the answers. Well listen
up! You haven't traveled down this road,
so don't try drawing me the map.

I can see them
all now - on all those political shows -
sitting there with that smug look on
their fat, pasty white faces.



With their receding hair lines that reach far enough back to meet the crack of their **ample** ass'. And their ruby red chipmunk cheeks, a symptom of the high blood pressure, undoubtably caused by eating too many raw hot dogs because they're too God damn impatient to wait for them to cook!

They are all just a bunch of klu-Klux-Clan members, who traded in their white cotton sheets for a navy blue suit, made out of one hundred and eighty count woven percale. With their white, neatly pressed shirts made with enough reenforced buttons to prevent any spillage from their overzealous guts. Any second it could explode open, stomachs bursting through to reveal the Swastika tattoo that's sprawled across their belly button!

All stomach, rump and thigh. And oh yea, with a little **cork** shoved in between them. Just wanting to be popped. That's about the only screw they're ever going to get. The wine has **turned**.

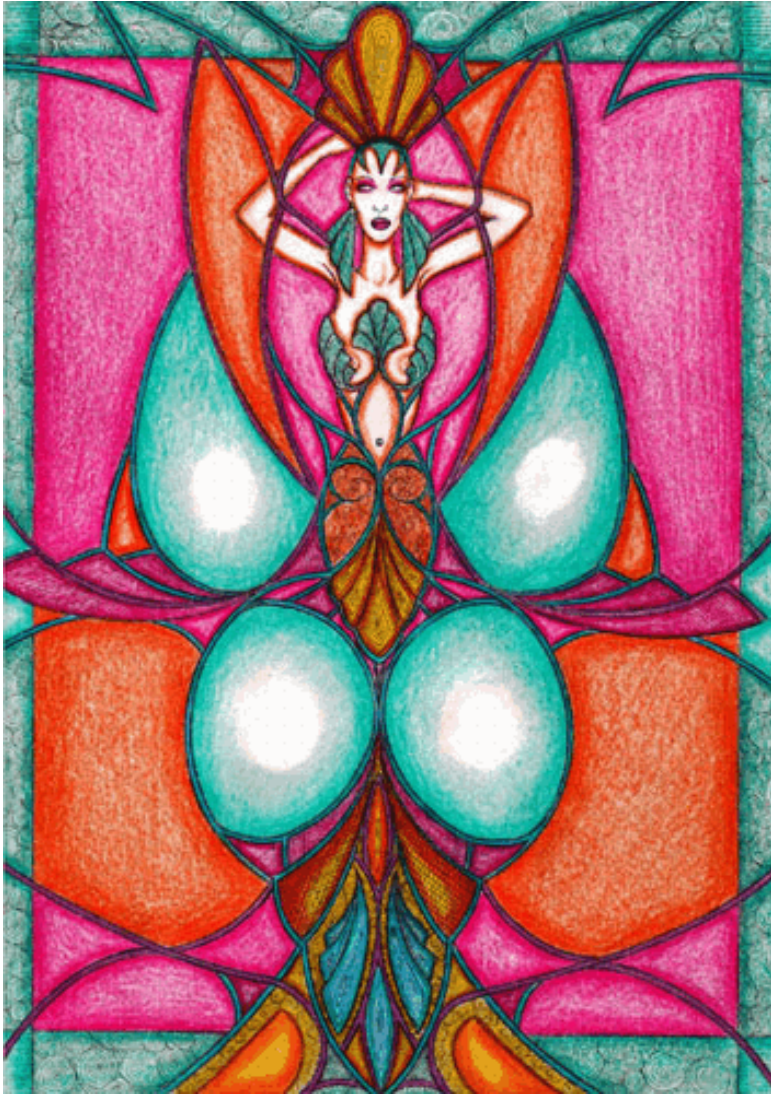
They make me
sick. The overblown, mayonnaise filled,
Rush Limbaugh looking, Pillsbury dough
boys! And that's without the **TICKLE**.
Hee, hee!

Sometimes when
I see them there, mingling with
sanctimony, I feel like just rushing
toward them head first, setting off the
grenade in my wig - **BOOM! ASS-HOLES**
EVERYWHERE!

I'll call that;
a kamikaze mission.

I think a lot
more Republican Politicians would come
out as gay if only it didn't require
having to lay next to an anatomically
correct male. Up til that point their
only reference point was Barbie's
boyfriend, Ken. **SMOOTH!** They are content
to living through the side view mirror
of life. *Objects may appear bigger than*
they actually are. Their penis' are
about the size of a pinky. Like an old
woman's pinky, riddled with arthritis.

All they really
need is a good blow-job. But don't look
at me.



It would feel like I was sucking on a teat of a milking cow. Squish, squish. Or a Vienna sausage. Of course, I could teach their wives how to give a good blow-job. But why should she be punished? It must be hard enough for them to lay on her back, thinking as hard as she can about, Pablo, the pool boy, and acting as if she's feeling something. We all have to make our sacrifices.

Well maybe if they got out of the missionary position once and a while, they might keep their noses out of our ass'. It's like being forced to wear a Republican rhino-plastic butt plug! That only **sounds** like fun. They're up in our crotches more than a pack of drug sniffing dogs at an Aerosmith concert. Or like Migilieto Loveless, from the old Wild, Wild West, television series.

And Republicans always have to be right. **Always!** It's even in their name: The *right* wing Republicans. The Christian *right*. The *right* to bare arms. Well, three wrongs don't make a right. Except maybe the third **Reich!**