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The characters are all mine, any similarities with other fictional or real persons/places are coincidental.

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Two Posed Figures

Two wooden art models sit on a table. One is propped on its hands and knees giving fellatio to a giant clay penis stuck to the other's crotch area.

This isn't a "two people walk into a bar" joke, it's a "I walked into the living room" joke.

The punchline is gay sex.

Do you get it? —The joke, I mean.

Must I say it louder; am I not emphasizing the correct words?

Why aren't you laughing?

I'm not rolling on the floor but roiling on the couch. Legs crossed; lips pursed.

Why I'm not chuckling—I'm supposing I'm cursed.

Intimacy between two individuals,

Partners in love.

Partners in crime?

Only if love is illegal and privacy is punishable.

A likely line.

Fine—

I give up;

I give in.

Lock me up; wrap me in chains for God's deadly sin.

Maybe the neighborhood kids didn't mean spite

By making a joke

Of a human right.

Maybe it wouldn't have bothered me so much if
it had been sex between a man and a woman.

Does that make sense; does that correlate?

The knowledge doesn't really satiate.

All those years of pridelessness that
resulted in Pride Parades,

All those years of moderation, mitigation,

Forcing change in the legislation.

Just to be turned into a laugh?

Is it the immaturity of teens, just learning
of these intimate acts? Or is it the fabled
homosexuality that makes it funny, an enigma?

I assume sex is funny for them because it's undiscovered;

Potential unmined.

Once they experience it—

I imagine, I'll keep in mind—

It becomes something different, not a pubescent joke.

An extension of the wrist,
A tryst is.
A part of the body as much as it's an act by it.

But does the chuckle come louder
with the fact that it's gay?
Maybe as straights or unrealized closet-hiders,
Gayness is even more mysterious than sex.
They understand with a woman and a man, what
enters where, and then what comes next.
Does it really count; does it really make sense—
If a man doesn't like women and a
woman doesn't like men?

It's no longer a wine neck and a cork;
it's a cork and a stopper.
No longer does a puzzle piece fit snugly with the other,
(In the lesbian case.)
"What do they do?"
"Fuck you.
It's sex if it's love."

But as a wooden art sculpture reflects the stature of
the human figure, it reflects the human spirit too.
A mannequin of man,
A reflection of a mirror.
Am I overthinking it? This cunningless joke?
I wish the answer was clearer;
I wish I thought before I spoke.

It's either a gibe of sex or a gibe of

Sexuality.

Rudimentary

In its humor.

Crass, vulgar, vile.

Vampiric in its nature as a parasitic relationship.

Preying on others to benefit oneself—in this case,

Based

In a joke.