

Rough Trade

Chico knows the Game I like.
I've bought him more than once
out of the allnite deli a block off Sheridan Square.
He knows I dig his attitude, his long blade,
his thick Newyorican cock,
his martial arts, his kungfoolishness I call it,
so he hits me so good, putting his bladepoint
in that tight olive-complected triangle under my chin.
"C'mon, baby," he coaxes.
His point tilts my head far back.
Our Village alley is dark. My mouth opens. Breath...
leaves my lips...uh...in some silent shout for help,
and Chico is all my help, nodding his head,
coaching me further. "C'mon," he teases.
"C'mon, man, wider, baby."
His cock grows harder
with his blade against my soft throat.
His cold steel draws a trickle of my hot Afro-Irish blood.
He thickens, glistens, bargains his big cock deeper
down my throat, pumping his dark dick into my face,
building his unsafe pre-lube to a 15 buck cum,
slipping in his point, tempered steel, an inch
below his cock buried in my throat,
acting out redsnuff orgasm,
lipdeep in his greaser crotch.
His smile when I cum.
He knows guys are looking
for what he won't actually give.
He goes with a 10 buck tip.
Chico. Jeez. Man.