

## Leather Clown

## King Missile

Back in elementary school  
Fourth grade, I think it was  
I had this friend, Ethan  
During lunch hour  
We used to go to eighth street  
For pizza and jelly donuts  
Sometimes we got an orange Julius  
Instead of a donut  
Sometimes we got the donuts  
But instead of eating them  
We'd put them out on the street  
And wait for cars to drive over them  
But the most fun we ever had was  
After eating  
Sitting on a stoop  
Exchanging sexual fantasies  
Sometimes they involved  
One of our classmates  
Sometimes  
It was a movie star  
And sometimes  
It was our teacher  
Who we both suspected  
Was sexually repressed  
Sometimes I claimed  
My stories were real  
Like the story about the leather clown  
She had short, spiky black hair  
Small, but perfectly formed breasts  
And was always kitted out  
In the same outfit  
Leather skirt  
Fishnet stockings  
Floppy shoes  
A big, red nose  
A pair of leather wrist bracelets  
With spikes  
A big, red smile painted on  
And a big, shiny horn  
Which she would honk and honk during sex  
Until she had an orgasm  
Whenever the circus would come to town  
I would tell Ethan all kinds of kinky  
Clown-domination stories  
Involving the leather clown  
Like the time  
She forced me to have sex with her  
In the little car  
Or the time  
She kept spraying me  
With the seltzer bottle  
Until I obeyed her every command  
Ethan and I  
We laughed and laughed at these tall tales  
But I could tell  
Deep down  
He was wondering

Whether the leather clown  
Was really real or not  
And I would let him wonder