

The Untitled

Loudon Wainwright III

Joe met Frank whilst working out at the YMCA.
The bench presses and the forearm curls are what got
them off that day.
On the floor of a darkened wait room.
For an hour these two did lay.
In the distance they heard others basketball their
lives away, their lives away.

Their workout being over to the showers these two did
go.
In the shower room they showered and Frank gave his
soap to Joe.
A varicose veined tired exec, what the thing just did
not know.
Frank asked his chum to do his back and places down
below, down below.

To Frank's request Joe did agree with a time square
sleazy smile.
The gaping mouths of washed up jocks could not cramp
Joe's style.
Fondling done with soaped up hands can indeed beguile
It was Greek to them and they came again
Trashing on cold tile, on cold tile.

They strolled around the locker room taking in the
sights.
They mounted scales, they weighed themselves.
Out of habit they checked their heights.
Together they squeezed blackheads underneath
fluorescent lights.
Then Frank performed a modern dance in Joe's bikini
tights, bikini tights.

Joe and Frank they left the 'Y' their exercising done.
They ambled down West 63rd, their love had just begun.
Back inside a dad tied sneakers for his six year old
young son.
And around and around the indoor track a pretty girl
did run, she did run.