Young Hormones Madrigal

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Then you were a boy and could raise excitement in your pants equally with bad or good literature or circumstance.

Reading “Blondie,” Joyce, or Farrell, kissing Blondie, Joyce, or Snooks, friction made you come a barrel—fictions, girls, and comic books.

Was the world a dream, or real? Who could really give a hoot, dreaming of a real feel of silky this or naked that?

Secret lusts inhabited every lady on the street: they were all at home in bed admiring your prodigious feat,

even though they didn’t know it. Cousins, aunts, your mother’s friends—none were proof against your habit; you knew both of all their ends.

Life was coming; coming, life; death was Not Getting Any. Even Holy Writ was rife with tales of promised Milky honey;

classes in biology, civics, history, and Latin were all crypto-anatomy, the one idea to raise and fatten.
Cars were custom-made for just one activity on earth:
for transportation take the bus,
Ford’s invention was a berth.

Nothing live was safe or sacred
if it forked or had a rictus:
*habesas* balloon, or snake,
mandrake root, gazelle or *corpus*.

Then you were a boy and could conceive of nothing greater than
to have a limb of polished wood
and a friendly, tireless, helping hand.