



glue



**A**nd as it was on Christmas Eve,  
their yearly Ball of Balls,

bleeding Vogue and make-believe  
with tinsel-lavished walls..

He had the gown, the only one,  
its rubies hung in drips

on evergreen with sequins spun...  
All that, and bag of chips.

\*

Neckline plunged and skirt lay bouffe,  
his wig was piled high..

shoes, Dior, and like Tartuffe,  
their label was a lie.

But who doth care when oozing luxe  
and gushing grace and charms.

All these things and rings cost bucks...  
He finished shaving arms.

Applied a bit of eau de this  
when added eau de that,

a combination musk and kiss  
and pussy (i.e. cat).

Squishing manhood, tucked away,  
whilst other flesh he fluffed

as much as could for bustier...  
though sparsely was it stuffed.

\*

Touces left, but velvet gloves  
with beads and bracelets chose..

feet in shoes with push-and-shoves,  
the evening not for toes.

Stole of mink, of course was faux,  
brooch upon it, pinned..

paste for jewels, but who would know...  
His matching earrings, twinned.

Floating out the open door,  
his basement flat was cheap..

beneath the Dollar Discount store,  
the steps were snowed in deep.

Stiletto heels do help a lot  
with keeping hemlines dry..

Madonna would have turned back... *NOT !*  
He raised his skirt to thigh..

\*

...to hail a cab this wretched night  
of blizzard mixed with sleet,

beggared carriage nigh in sight..  
He focused on the street.

Knew his way through darkest cracks  
and crannies, to be sure..

a shorter course, he could relax....  
his worries premature.

Through alleyways and unlit lanes,  
whilst wearing but a gown...

perhaps unsafe, the fact remains,  
would help him hie, cross town.

Teeter–tottered, swiveled, swished,  
wobbled, wavered, stopped.

Assessed the route, a prayer he wished....  
and then, abruptly, plopped.

\*

Crinoline didst break his fall,  
tangled 'low the tulle..

heel was broken, hope was small,  
the Angels' whimsy, cruel.

For these were but the perfect pumps  
to complement his dress...

Fate doth deal us scrapes and bumps,  
but this.... a holy mess.

*"I GOT !"* He heard, a cheerful cry  
from somewhere 'neath a tarp..

as wondered what it meant and why,  
listened further, sharp.

*"Epoxy, dahling.. instant gunk,  
the kind that dries too soon..."*

Didst pull our lovely out his funk.  
He gathered up the strewn..

\*

...that lay upon the slush and snow,  
his wig and heel and clutch.

He thought with glue and off he'd go...  
would not be late, too much.

Scrambled up as if were on  
a frozen pond of ice,

slipped and slid and thereupon..  
*"...Your offer, very nice."*

For nothing ever kindly mild  
happened to our lad,

heretofore and more, reviled..  
Child prone to sad.

Oft alone, fearing those  
who questioned why he cared

for feathers, frocks and frilly clothes....  
Polite ones only stared.

\*

But most were not at all that sweet  
to solely glare with eyes,

wouldst break his heart and bones complete,  
and revel in his cries.

Cast away by folks and friends,  
he forged another life,

turning tricks and odds and ends...  
His isolation rife.

When from behind a cardboard box  
the faerie didst appear

with soiled clothes and tattered sox  
and sightless eyes, I fear.

*“Feel free to search my shopping cart,  
I think it’s near the front..*

*I heard you fall and felt it smart...  
It’s there, you’ll have to hunt.*

\*

*“Oh I remember in my youth,  
would walk divine in heels..*

*You need some money? Tell the truth...  
How you fixed for meals..?”*

And all at once, a darkened mass  
of shifting shadows rose..

frightened first, the dread didst pass...  
He wrinkled up his nose.

Not so much for clash of scent,  
his florid vs. piss,

but more with grin, their good intent.  
*"It seems I've been remiss...*

*Meet the ones I share my space,  
my very closest kin.*

*On Christmas Eve, and just in case,  
we gather here, within..*

\*

*"...for never know if year from now,  
the family that we made....*

*friends and strangers.. here we bow  
for blessings left unpaid."*

Asudden in a flurried flash,  
a flush of festive fuss,

fire lit in barreled trash...  
with chestnuts roasted thus.

Whilst candles glowed in paper bags,  
this moonless, starless night...

were no resplendent gifts with tags,  
no tree bedecked in light.

No baubles, bangles, graced the brick,  
no swags of wreath and fir..

but snow didst manage do its trick...  
sans frankincense and myrrh.

\*

A manger scene of boxes piled  
and feral cats as lambs,

homeless Mary, Joseph, Child...  
Cheetos, lieu of yams.

But what was missing seemed be slight,  
no Fête was greater than....

I swear that Santa stopped his flight  
when dancing first began.

Salsoul Christmas disco aire  
with boom box throbbing bass,

in broken heel and wigless hair  
and Conga Line in chase....

He taught the Vogue to those who cared,  
inciting others Twerk...

shared a joint when Tangoed, paired  
and screamed, "*YOU BETTER WORK !*"

\*

Hostess, blind, was pouring brew,  
all spill and dribbled hugs..

mostly nog and rum, as too,  
was ripple sluiced from jugs.

Mistletoe was making rounds...  
when seated by her side,

our stripling teasing kissy sounds.  
Our server's smile wide.

To match her blush our fancy lad  
applied a gleam of gloss,

shadow, liner, powdered tad..  
Milady at a loss...

*“Clearer than my vision young  
when erst my eyes could see,*

*I welcome you, my daughter, son...  
our Land of Let It Be.”*

\*

No one found the glue that night,  
no heel was ever fixed..

the Ball, it seemed, an oversight  
as if the Gala nixed.

Somehow in the all of it  
forgotten, some might guess,

as found a World, a Home, to wit...  
the night I wore a dress.





Happy Holidays  
2025 !!

Love always,  
Johnny Francis Wolf

[thejohnnyreel@aol.com](mailto:thejohnnyreel@aol.com)