

King Missile, Leather Clown

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