

**The Busboy at Busters**

*Trebor Healey*

Everything about him is long  
The indian nose,  
the long sling of his chin  
cradling the infant soul  
He's got spider legs  
and monkey's arms  
and something constant  
and stable as stone  
in his eyes  
of long ago  
brown  
Long are his lips  
twin bridges  
cataracts of teeth  
the living river inside him  
I'm all wet with it

To be with him  
would be to be in mountains  
a long way away  
To travel the river  
bending and turning  
back  
through the steeping stones  
where everything changes  
to waterfalls  
and great swaths  
of dizzying flashing brightness  
of snow  
to the precipitation of him:  
Great tears,  
beyond emotional correlations



a rain of sparks  
from those same eyes  
Are they brown and stone  
of planets?  
Is he the whole universe after all?  
I am inside him then  
forever  
and he in me  
Some young man  
I've never touched  
but seen  
and seen beyond  
and long back behind  
all these pictures  
kaleidoscoping this coffee,  
this red brick shop, these cars, sycamore trees, voices,  
suns and moons in infinitude, mirrors facing mirrors and the long roads born of them

And so to sleep naked in his arms  
would be as if to gather all the light of the sun  
spread all over and bouncing about  
It would be to record the memories  
of all the stars  
That's how improbable  
the consummation of this love  
How comic  
when I've found—  
traveling as I've done  
the towering pine-treed forests within him  
the length of their shadows  
echoing his eyelashes  
and the ever-changing horizon  
mimicked by his mouth—  
that we are one inside the other  
forever  
and inseparable  
as the brown is within his eyes



as water and stone  
 The universe is love made  
 and making  
 so why do I lust for him  
 as if we don't share that already?  
 There is no need for introductions then  
 I set him free  
 for we are in love regardless  
 of what we may either believe  
 and all my longing draws  
 a big circle  
 like a comet orbiting  
 I'd love to see him again sometime too  
 in a hundred years or a million  
 or tomorrow even  
 For now,  
 I sing—  
 for him and for me  
 and for all who see what I see  
 —this song

---

**Trebor Healey** is a gifted poet. He recently received The Ferro-Grumley Award for Fiction for his novel *Through It Came Bright Colors*. In addition to being a regular contributor to Ashé, his work has appeared in *Velvet Mafia*, *Blithe House Review*, *Lodestar Quarterly* and numerous anthologies including *Queer Dharma*, *Law of Desire*, *Best Gay Erotica 2004*, *Bend Don't Shatter* among others.  
 Website: [www.treborhealey.com](http://www.treborhealey.com)

