

I saw the greatest hopes of my Christian nation destroyed by homosexuality,
penetrating, violating and ejaculating,

faith leaders and all-American jocks prowling Castro nights for angry leather
studs,

suburban hipsters sparking ganja joints as they click through the skanky
dilemma of Craigslist at 3am,

who Pumas and Chinese tattoos and herbal teas sat up contemplating
lubricants and Lady Gaga,

who bared their buttocks on webcams and saw millionaire Manhattan sugar
daddies conspiring to overturn the U.S. Constitution,

who passed through liberal universities with radiant allowances, hallucinating
a Clintonian dynasty,

who danced fiercely at afterhours clubs, tasting the heights of depraved
sodomistic orgies of feces and urine for the first time,

who burned away that last shred of decency without even bothering to listen
as mothers cried on the other end of the phone,

who consumed every word Rachel Maddow ever spoke, liberalism, or
prostituted this nation's future night after night

with blog posts, with protests, with Pelosi, with waking nightmares, Veuve
Clicquot and Creole crawfish dip and endless fundraising balls,

incomparably blind state legislatures voting to legalize sodomy, homosexual
marriage, and the utter destruction of all 6,000 years of human history,

who lusted after satin-skinned Brazilian dancers grinding in their laps until
every last coin was liberated,

who traveled to Los Angeles for circuit parties and longhaired surfers in
delicious musculature,

who searched Manhunt for uncut meats and ended up downloading 20GB of bareback porn from Russia,

who masturbated themselves to sleep after every fruitless night in Chicago's Boystown,

who lost boyfriends in the Meat Rack on Fire Island only to find them years later posing on Dudesnude claiming they were still 24,

who wept every time they watched Michelle Kwan's fall at the 2002 Salt Lake City Olympics on YouTube,

who could no longer fit into their speedos that time in Ft. Lauderdale and spent the entire weekend smoking hashish naked with Manuel Noriega look-alikes,

who got crabs from their exboyfriends' exboyfriends and brought them home to their parents' guest rooms over Christmastime,

who memorized every Amy Sedaris line from the first season of Strangers With Candy only to see the show cancelled too soon, too soon,

who saw their careers as photographers grow flaccid as they stumbled through Brooklyn's coked-up nightlife,

who claimed they were "versatile" only to be called out by their best faghags for bottoming with every guy they ever met,

who became freakishly obsessed with some teenage kid they picked up in a park and had to drink heavily for the next six months just to forget that goofy smile,

who spent too many nights in basement sex clubs spraying their fluids towards the approaching dawn and another day sitting unappreciated in an office cubicle,

who dated actors and dancers and writers before realizing they're all selfish

jerks who will slut it up the minute you turn your back

ah, beautiful boys of America, while you are not safe I am not safe, and now you're really in the total animal soup of liberalism.

II

What sphinx of cement and aluminum bashed open their skulls and ate up their brains and imagination?

Obama! Fascist! Kenyan! Ashtrays and TARP dollars! Dick Cheney screaming on Fox! Heterosexuals sobbing in armies! Retirees shouting in the parks!

Obama! Obama! Nightmares of Obama! Obama the incomprehensible prison! Obama the soulless technocrat and Congress of corruption! Obama who strips naked the brave men of our military!

Obama the unqualified amateur! Obama the bigot! Obama whose greatest dream is to march your granny in front of his death panels!

Breakthroughs! Epiphanies! Despairs! Maggie Gallagher! Sarah Palin! Health care town halls! The Tea Party!

Militant righteous indignation! I've seen it all! The perverts! The sauna sodomy! The Asian twink porn! The death of our culture!

III

America's beautiful young men! I'm with you in your homosexuality where you must feel strange

I'm with you in your homosexuality
as you reject the community of Christ for an anonymous hand in your skinny jeans

I'm with you in your homosexuality
where you laugh uncontrollably at Bea Arthur's antics on Maude

I'm with you in your homosexuality
where you find obscene pleasure in hardcore dungeon play

I'm with you in your homosexuality
where you turn your back on old friends happily raising families in glorious
McMansions

I'm with you in your homosexuality
where you finally understand that you're destroying America

I'm with you in your homosexuality
where you're trying to break free of your steamy male sex desires

I'm with you in your homosexuality
where you see that God still loves you despite all the nasty things you've
done

I'm with you in your homosexuality
late at night in my dreams when I rise to the insatiable throbbing of hope
that some day you'll come knocking at my door shirtless and in tears ready
for my passionate, firm-bodied embrace.