

CutBank

Volume 1
Issue 59 *CutBank* 59

Article 19

Spring 2003

Stallinalia

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Recommended Citation

Schuldt, Morgan Lucas (2003) "Stallinalia," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 59 , Article 19.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss59/19>

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STALLINALIA

for Mark

Blue-penned brags, confessions, the looping scribble of innuendo, and always the disembodied testimonials that promise a good time if you'd just call this number. Depending on the bar, the block, the part of town, sometimes an off-handed, ferocious scrawl – *Fuck you! Suck my cock! Die faggot!* – that kind of thing. What did he look like, the guy who took time from his office and higher purposes to pencil the gaping vault of a vagina, the loose voussoirs of its labia and the unlit, blackened passage between? Who forgot his pen and, instead, made do with a key or a paper clip shed from its accumulation of lint, anything to improvise the lines of a penis so impossibly long it could have been the massive stock of some cannon sticking out of history itself? Was it Tim of *Tim was here* or whoever it was stranded between *I love Jill!* and *I love pussy!* who, with a clarity of purpose that ignored the Stoics, Petrarch and the remarkable rise of indoor plumbing, carved those dual moons, the testicles, the first crude wheels to get us anywhere? It's a scene that makes me think of the first ancient frustrated with the polished marble of the public baths. I imagine him rolling from his wife some nights to creep down near the shore where he draws himself in the sand with a stick, forgetting a while the tide and convinced that others are coming.