Steve Parker: Intergalactic Playboy

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Steve Parker: Intergalactic Playboy

When he carphones to slot me in, his voice is suave and phony like the local sportscaster on TV, the arrogant high school jock who, years later, can still look good in a linen jacket.

When he pulls up beside my house to a slow and silent stop, like the arrival of the Secret Service, through my blinds he seems driven all the way from sunny California.

Before he gets out, he must first stash his Ray Bans up in the visor and lock his identity in the glove compartment. Then he can lift his terminally injured knees out of the leased sports car.

Although I'm a man, I feel like a virgin sorority sister standing inside the cool contemplative shade shadows inside an expectant house can make.

This afternoon I've enthusiastically volunteered, as part of pledge week, to tutor English literature to the BMOC—only to find myself suddenly enrolled in the explosive study of chemistry.

He enters through my back door. Sunlight shines from behind his head and intensifies an athletic tan with an eclipsing corona that sizzles around the edges of his Lying Irish face.

In some younger incarnation he must have been an altar boy because he takes off his shoes without me asking, and I can smell soap lifting off his skin on heated waves of anticipation.

He fills up my den with sheer swagger and mere musk. In his presence it is Super Bowl Sunday, and beer fetching and blow jobs are my only reasons for existence.

Yet he turns down my offer—for a beer—because he is an impatient double agent, suspicious of time-consuming hospitality when offered from behind the Iron Curtain of sexual espionage.

Yes, he really becomes that rare altar boy who could jack-off without guilt, wear the frilly satin robe and a black eye, and never be suspected of the transgressions that now occur.

Afterwards, I lay my head on his hard chest, a broad plank of white pine, an uncomfortable bed for my dreams, more a guildhall table after a drunken feast.
His thick calves lie across themselves like fallen columns.  
A head of blond and gray curls, some smeared to his forehead by sweat,  
begins to sink into the linen of a pillowcase with the deceptive weight of sleep.

In these moments before small talk and tension mingle,  
I feel like that unknown pillager who wandered through the classical ruins,  
caressing the toppled statuary before the recording of history righted the world.

With some prying, he mentions his wife, who wants a kid next year.  
He tells me about his stops at the Swinger's Only Club outside Chicago,  
about the kinky receptionist for a parts supplier in Dayton.

I listen to the two sides of this salesman, who straddles the radiation belt of pleasure,  
feeling like a custodian stationed on a forgotten outpost in the solar system,  
in awe that the legendary Steve Parker has landed on my rock to refuel.

But eventually he begins to see through the cracks in my ceiling  
to the first stars of evening that have never been allowed to materialize above us.  
His skin is sensitive enough to feel the obsession starting in my touch, and he sits up.

Steve Parker, you don't know this, but I know who you really are.  
You may choose the times when your porn star alias falls into my arms,  
but I swear to you, with one phone call, I can appear and break your heart.