

Want more Beat Valley books?
beatvalley@gmail.com

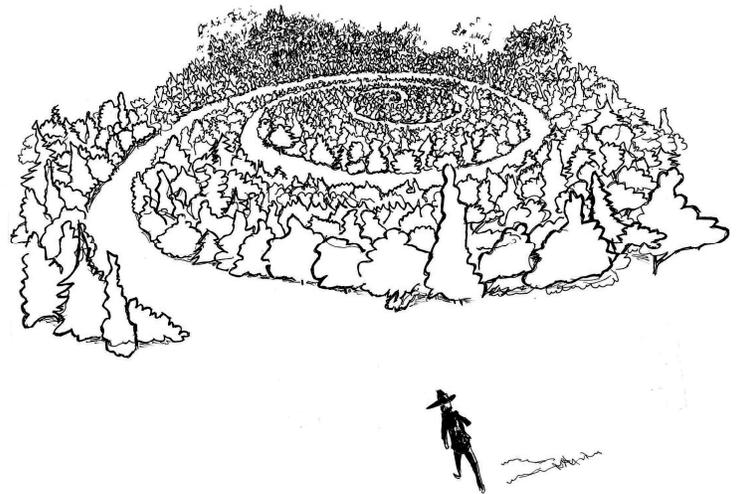
©Beat Valley Press 2008
Member/Face Collective

Originally published
for KeyChange blog

Story by Lane Bicycle

Cover by Dario Andriessen

The Ecstatic Trail



Lane Bicycle

changing boy's
 follicles from the
 laying on of hands?
 The magic doubt buries
 itself in the moment
 as a scar. If
 coincidence, yet there
 it goes, swirling round
 the umbilical.
 *

I am not a hairy
 person over all, no
 back hair for example;
 just tufted halos round
 my nipples, a bit on
 the breastbone. But
 then this patch on my
 middle, the hairy
 belly, a forest fortress
 round my bellybutton

1

Some people get stuck
 with lice or cursed by
 psychotic daydreams.

My lot is a hairy belly.

even vine, but they
 flowered, and by my
 growth found and
 filled the shape of that
 circling hand.
 Flimsy biology
 connects this to this, I
 know. I not so much
 believe as like fearing
 Christians dread it

may be so, dread my own
 accomplice. If I
 can't know in fact I
 did nothing to
 provoke my feral
 condition, I least know
 I avoided not every
 disgrace I could to
 escape it. Then who
 again knows what
 magic passes to a

happy trail. You call it
 so for it shapes
 usually a prim lane
 headed beneath the
 elastic band of your
 undies, the trail's
 mood informed by
 its intimacy with
 these underparts. A
 smirking reminder it
 belongs really to the

deeper, denser, darker
 than hair anywhere
 below my collar.

It's not quite so much
 as my head. Not quite,
 but you can comb it.

Now men do have hair
 here, plenty of
 them do. You call it a

pelvic region to
 improve repro-
 ductivity, stimulate
 the glands. Don't
 mind I had nor use or
 exchange for repro-
 ductive potential in
 those days, the next
 time I hung out down
 there I worked that
 childhood tummy

with the one hand and
 got it ready for the
 other.

And who but knows
 what my produce did
 where it spilled that
 day, yet in days that
 came hairs of aging
 grew on my skin.
 Little did first, a trail,

The sight upsets taste.
 And in course, my
 belly hair fairly
 invited its round of
 humiliations.
 I can remember
 leaving the shower at
 a friend's house when
 in high school, towel-

pubic hair.

My own abdomen's
 overgrowth enters, for
 most who find it, rather
 too far into the
 obscene. It's not hard
 seeing why. Picture a
 woman at a beach, her
 bush crawling a foot
 out of her swimsuit.

Kim. I took my shirt
 off. Dave howled. "Yo
 your happy trail is
 ecstatic!"
 Every man's lot is his,
 indeed and yet my shame
 is not of the
 teasing, nor of the
 creeping out. The
 story cannot be made

full till I confess what
 hand I myself laid in
 the making of the
 hairy belly, or so I
 ever suspected.

In a sex manual I read
 when I was twelve
 you could rub your
 hand in a circular
 manner above the

As if doubting it
 existed she tugged the
 fluff; I shrugged, she
 shook her head and
 made a wordless exit.
 Then at a backdoor
 barbeque, Fourth of
 July: There were beers,
 there were ribs. I
 prepared to run a race
 in the grass with Dave

wrapped, his younger
 sister pointing. "He
 looks like Austin
 Powers." Once a
 woman I danced with
 at a Chicago club
 lifted my shirt
 suddenly, I guess to
 check my shape and
 better judge if she
 should take me home.