



Dirt Bike Kid

**When My Dad
Was My Best Friend**

Tribute To Cowboy

**IT'S TIME
FOR FUN!**



Well here we are again! Summer is once again upon us. That wonderful, warm time of year, which is also vacation time for our favorite people: BOYS!

Camping, bike riding, long days at the local swimming pool. Young friends having and going to sleepovers. The happy sound of boys being boys. The glistening of smooth tanned bodies, the chaotic thunder of youthful joy

The memories of boys past and the memories yet to be made.

And, of course ... Issue #12 of FAWNLET !

aboysXO



Notation

Fawnlet 



Fawnlet

CONTENTS

Fawnlet Notation (by aboysX0)

Staff and Credits

Boys in the News (by aboysX0, Zoomzoom4)

Mentorship (by Curious1)

Dirt Bike Kid (by Wolfrunner)

When He Seems Way Out of Your League (by platypusBL)

7 Boy-sterous Laughs (by Various Authors)

Mom's Birthday Present (by Sammy BLaster)

Tribute to Cowboy (by Z0omzoom4)

Interview with Cowboy (by Nicholas)

The Boylover as a Safety Net (by Jay Edson)

Ancient Middle Eastern Boy Poetry (by Various Authors)

When My Dad Was My Best Friend (by Dragonlover)

A Most Important Responsibility (by aboysX0)

Last Respects (by Realme)

Staff

Fawnlet

ISSUE 12 | JUNE 2026

OWNER: ATLAS MEDIA GROUP

DIRECTOR: ZOOMZOOM4

CHIEF EDITOR: ABOYSXO

WEBMASTER: GARY

ART DIRECTOR: JUNNI

EDITOR: BOIFOREVER

CONTENT MANAGER: LOST MERLIN

DISCLAIMER

The content of Fawnlet is not intended to represent the views or opinions of any of the magazine's staff members. Any views or opinions expressed are those of the individual author or commentator, and are not necessarily shared or endorsed by Fawnlet or its staff, or by any members of the boylove community.

All of the images published in Fawnlet have been used in accordance with the license attached to each image. Where the license dictates, we have provided appropriate attribution. Some images may have been created by members of our staff using their own cameras, or by using AI, or even hand drawn on paper.



Fawnlet 
Summer

BOYS IN THE NEWS



by: aboysXO and Zoomzoom4

FORMER MISSIONARY PLEADS GUILTY

The law finally caught up to Daniel Savala, who cast a long shadow of influence over the Assembly of God-run college ministry for many years, despite repeated warnings about his sexually abusive ways towards the male children in his charge.



<https://www.nbcnews.com/news/us-news/daniel-savala-christian-missionary-pleads-guilty-abusing-boys-rcna343859>

GOVERNMENT RECRUITING MEN AND BOYS TO HELP CREATE "SAFER CANADA FOR ALL"

By implementing the concept that males -- of all ages -- are the key to safer communities, workplaces and home lives, the Ontario-based measure has announced nearly \$2 million in new funds to 18 organizations across Canada that are delivering initiatives to engage men and boys in preventing gender-based violence. This is in addition to a previous investment of over \$14 million by the Canadian federal government.

<https://www.canada.ca/en/women-gender-equality/news/2026/03/the-federal-government-engages-men-and-boys-to-create-safer-communities-workplaces-and-families.html>

THESE KIDS HAVE HEART

The setting: a children's hospital in Houston. The people: three young boys, all on the heart transplant list, and waiting. The time: within mere days of each other, each boy recieved a new heart.



<https://www.kvue.com/video/life/heartwarming/3-boys-receive-heart-transplants-within-10-days-at-houston-hospital/269-4085cade-8b37-4891-a884-d7ceb6316af3>

CATEGORY - NEWS

BOYS IN THE NEWS



by: aboysXO and Zoomzoom4

A BOOK, TWO MOVIES, AND NOW A TV SERIES.

We're talking about "Lord of the Flies", the unforgettable tale of previously civilized schoolboys washing up on a desert island, upon which it is only a matter of time before they are all half-naked, spear-weilding savages.

After the initial 1954 publication of the novel, the story was then told on the big screen in 1963, and then again in 1990 (this time, making the boys American). Now the story gets the TV mini-series treatment, allowing the characters room to grow in ways they previously hadn't.

<https://www.gpb.org/news/2026/05/06/watch-boys-go-frightened-feral-in-unforgettable-lord-of-the-flies>



David McKenna plays Piggy and Winston Sawyers is Ralph in this four-part adaptation of Lord of the Flies. / Netflix

AUTISTIC BOY ESCAPES ONTO BUSY ROAD



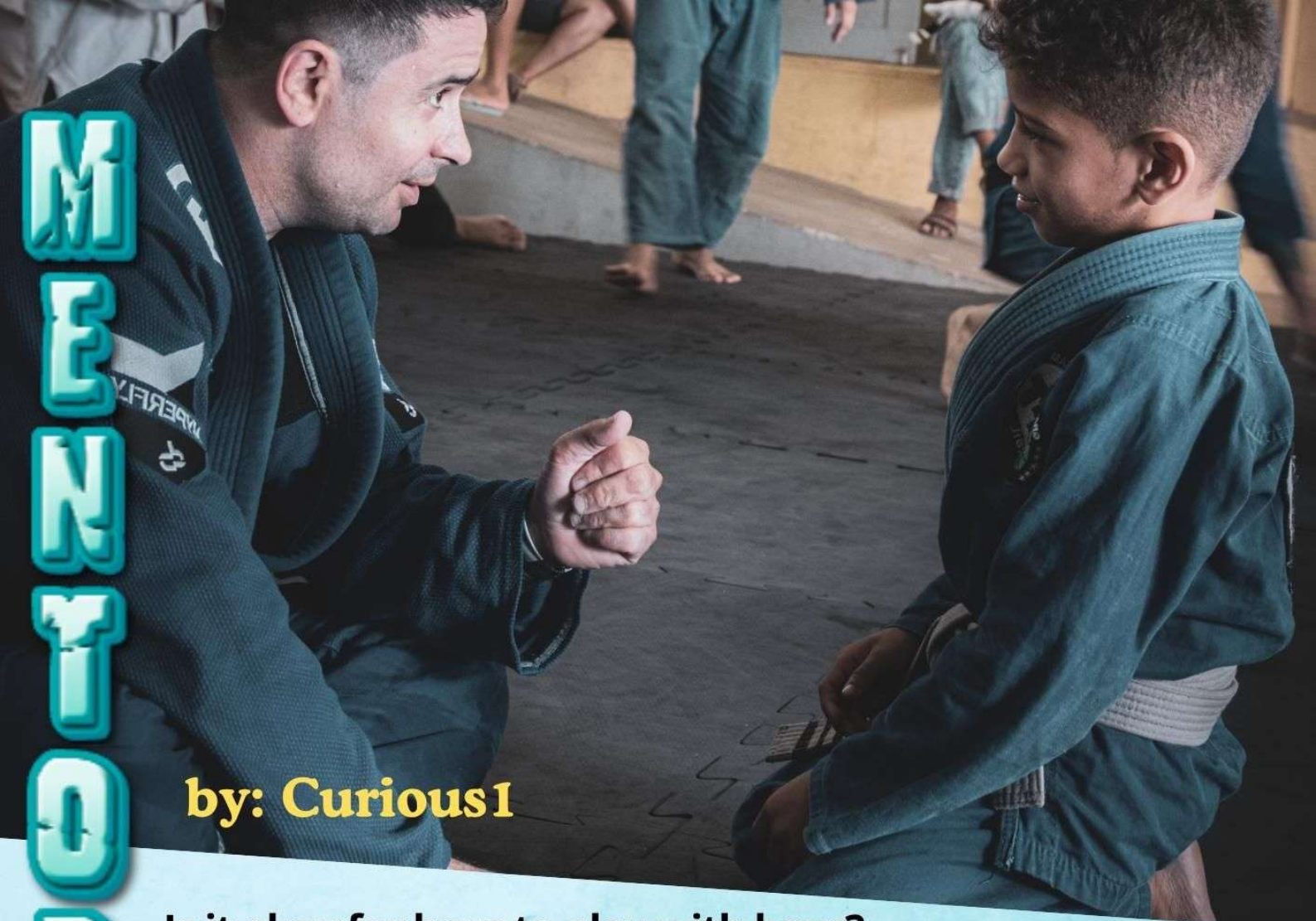
<https://www.lex18.com/news/covering-kentucky/lexington-family-sues-fayette-county-school-after-autistic-boy-7-escapes-onto-busy-road>

And the Kentucky family is suing the school district, claiming negligence as the 7-year-old climbed out a window and played in traffic for nearly 20 minutes before anyone even noticed he was missing.

NORMAL YOUNG BOY AFTER MEETING HER IS NOW TATTOOED AND STONED

The 11-year-old boy's adult cousin is said to be to blame, as he directly implicated her for dragging him by the legs into a "smoking circle" where he could not leave until he had smoked marijuana. The next morning, she forced him and a same-age friend to submit to tattooing, as she tried to give them each two tattoos with her gun.

<https://wsbt.com/news/local/south-bend-police-donates-patrol-vehicles-to-small-central-indiana-police-department-shirley-east-indianapolis>



by: **Curious1**

Is it okay for boys to play with boys?

Of course it is.

The stickier question: Is it okay for men to play with boys? In certain very specific situations, I would also say yes. To those who would say it's wrong, I would say sometimes it is even essential.

In my mind any boy who is mature enough to know that he is gay, and what sex play is, is also mature enough to play. The idea of age of consent is just another roadblock put in the way of boys who are experimenting by well-intentioned people who merely fear that the boy will grow up to be gay. These people need to know that experimentation is just experimentation -- and not the end of the world.

If the boy is acting out in homosexual ways, then he is homosexual, and will probably be gay when he grows up as well. A fact which is beyond parental control. By the same token, if a boy is just experimenting -- or considers himself to be bisexual -- then what the boy grows up to be, is also beyond any control but his own.

But we are supposed to be talking about mentorship here, so let's get to the sticky question: What are the specific situations which I have mentioned before?

Well I can only talk about my case.

In my case, as a 10-year-old gay boy. I knew I was gay ever since I could remember, but was petrified whenever I was offered the opportunity to play by boys my age because of the ideas that were put in my head about what I was.

In this case, it was absolutely essential for a man to come along to tell me that being gay was okay, and that anything that I wanted to do I could do with him. His intentions were pure because it was more important to him for me to have the opportunity to play with him, than for him to have the opportunity to play with me.

Yes, obviously he was a boylover. And yes, of course he wanted to play with me and frankly even at the time that didn't even matter to me because I knew that his intention was for me to finally be able to play -- because I wanted to. He gave me his body, his cuddles and his love, because he knew at the time that that was what I needed.

He said to me, "This is what you've always wanted? Well, would you like to play? Please go ahead and play with me!"

My body is yours." We kissed and explored each other and spooned and cuddled. It was magnificent!

Now, are there men out there whose sole intention it is to play with the boy? Yes. Boylovers need to be very mindful of their intentions and their values because these are young impressionable boys that we are dealing with.

If a boy comes to you and tells you his desires, it is really up to you to figure out what your intentions are. If you seek out a boy, it is really important for you to ask yourself these questions: Is the boy gay? Is he experimenting? Does he really want me to play with him? Should I allow him to find a boy his age? Does he merely want attention from me? For me to understand?

Most importantly: Will what I do in any way harm the boy?

These are values that I expect all adult friends to have. But I know, that is just me.

So yes, it is okay for boylovers to seek out boys who might be in need of mentorship. But are you doing it for you, or for the benefit of your young friend? Homosexual boylovers are absolutely right and just. We love males, and boys are young males so of course we love them.

But to love them is to care about their needs and put those needs first. If a boy comes to you and tells you about his needs and his desires, sometimes all you need to do is listen and understand. Sometimes that is all he wants you to do, and all he needs.

You never know until you are in that situation.

But it's your heart that will tell you what to do. So listen to it. And ask yourself if you are fulfilling his fantasy -- or yours. Yours can wait for another situation. Sometimes his can't.

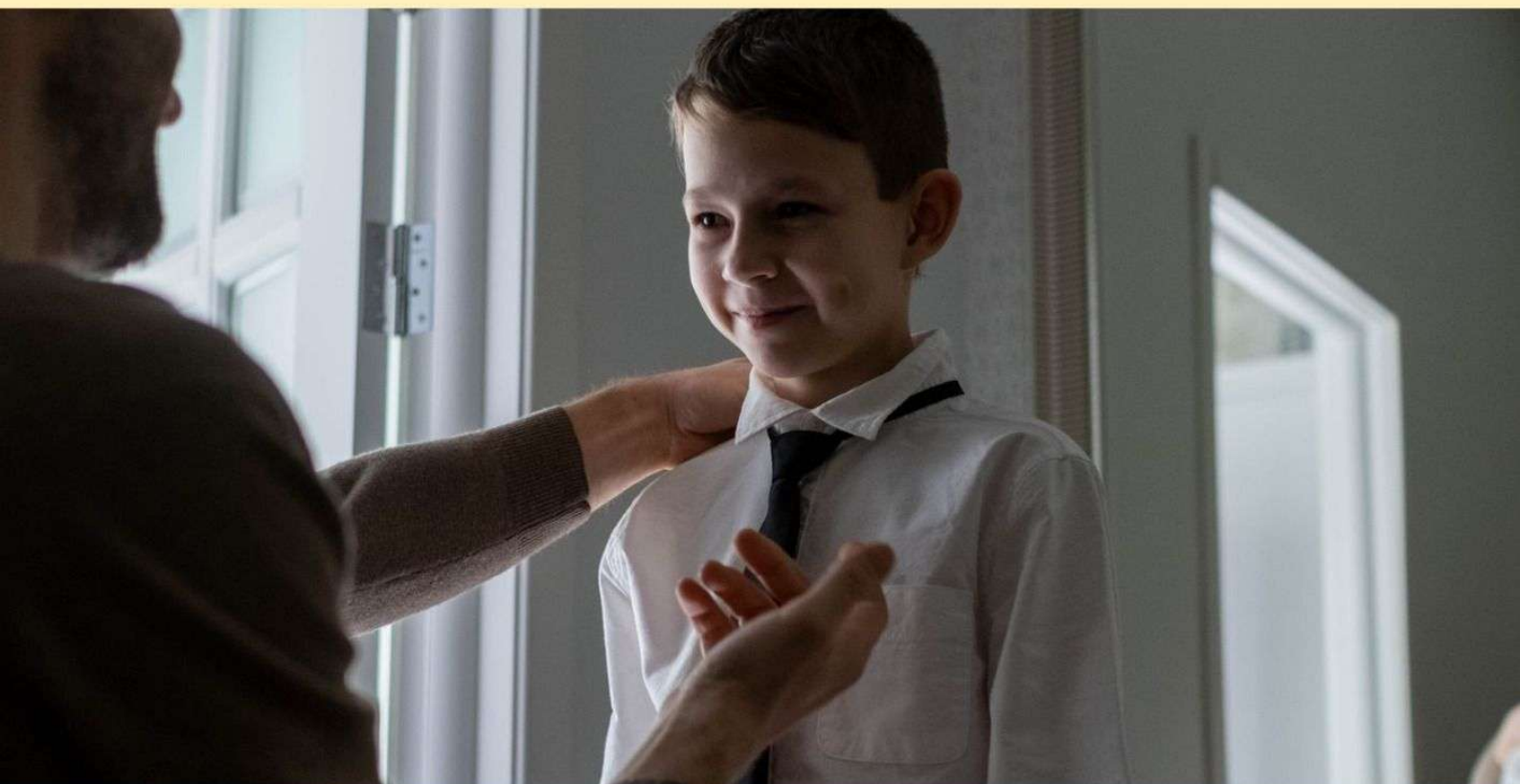
When it is his needs that are most important to you, then I say absolutely, go right ahead and offer to play with him. You are not hurting anybody. Be gentle and patient and kind, of course, and listen to his needs. This situation is definitely not about you, it's about him.

We must be gentlemen.

The man who finally brought me out at age 10 after years of knowing that I was gay was my angel. And I thank him from the bottom of my heart. He did right by me. And I would wish that for any boy who is going through what I went through when I was their age.

Gay boys need mentors.

And that is why God made boylovers.

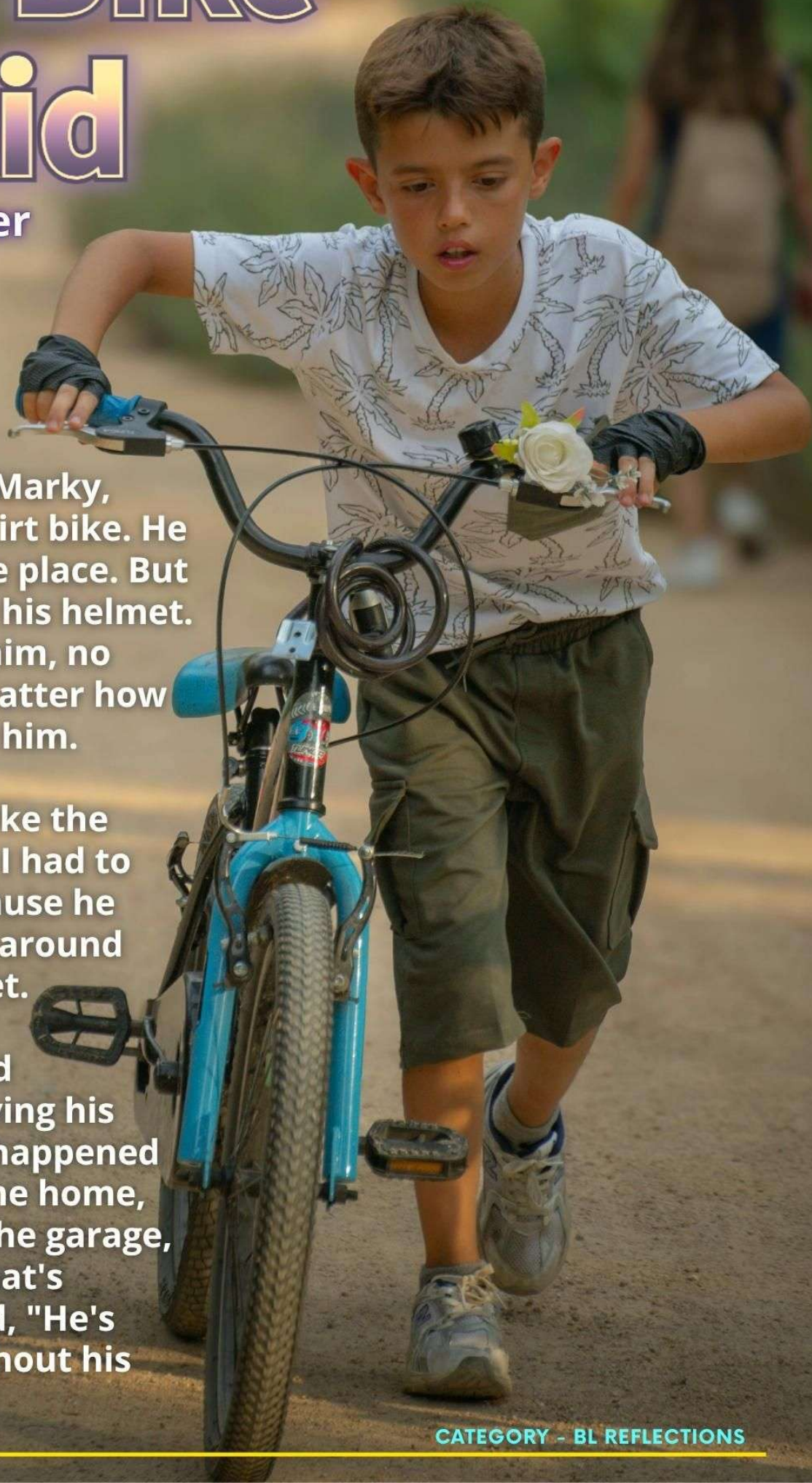


Dirt Bike Kid

by: Wolfrunner

My young friend, Marky, loved to ride his dirt bike. He rode it all over the place. But he hated wearing his helmet. Every time I saw him, no helmet. And no matter how many times I told him.

Finally, I had to take the bike. That's right, I had to take it away, because he continued to ride around without his helmet. So I took it to my house, and I yelled at him for not having his helmet on. What happened was, his mom came home, and I had him in the garage, and she says, "What's wrong?" and I said, "He's riding around without his helmet again!"



And yes, but here's the thing: "Wasn't he just punished for that?" I asked, incredulous. She was like, "Yeah, he was." I was like, "Well he needs it again."

She said, "You're the one that caught him."

I stood for a minute, and thought. "Okay ... bike goes back to my house." So I take the bike, and said, "I'll bring it back maybe next week."

And now he's always wanted a bike that was "camo" (short for camouflaugh), so while I had it at my house I took it apart and sprayed all the pieces camo. I admit that I had to kind of look it up, because I had never painted anything camo. So I got the colors, and tried it out first on a piece of cardboard. It was simple. I said, "Well this looks pretty good," and so that's the technique I used.

I put it back together, I Clear Coated it -- three coats of Clear Coat -- finished putting it all back together, and brought it back to him the next week.

And what did Marky think?

He absolutely loved it!

And so he had that for a couple of months, and then where I got the bike from, they sent me a notice, which was a deal for a more powerful bike. I told Marky, and of course he was interested. He said, "Well can you check it out?"

"Sure, let me call these guys ... " So I called them, and I already knew these guys. Because they'd dealt with me at the car show, so they knew me. And they knew Marky, because he had wanted to take it for a test drive -- and it took the National Guard to get him off of it. And I was pissed at the lady for letting him take it for a ride, anyway. I already knew, so I was like, "No Marky, they don't -- "



"Oh yeah, Sweetie, come on back here, I'll show you."

While I was just standing there, thinking, "You fucking bitch ... " But also, considering his age and personal characteristics, it's understandable. Eleven years old and cute as can be, he certainly charmed her.

"Yes, sure, Sweetie, you can come back here, I'll let you take it for a test drive ... " while I couldn't stop thinking, "No, no, no, no, no, no ... !"

And they went off, and I was just shaking my head, "Oh my God ... " I looked at the guy behind the counter and said, "Is that your wife?"

He goes, "Yeah," and I was like, "I'm gonna fucking kill her." He just laughed. "Yeah, I know, I know ... "

So after that, I called the guy and said, "Hey look, I was wondering, do you have any of the newer bikes that are camo?"

And he said, "No, we've talked about it."

We had not done that yet.

And I said, "Well, I've gotta tell you, I painted the one we have. Can we trade, and I'll just pay the upcharge for the larger motor?"

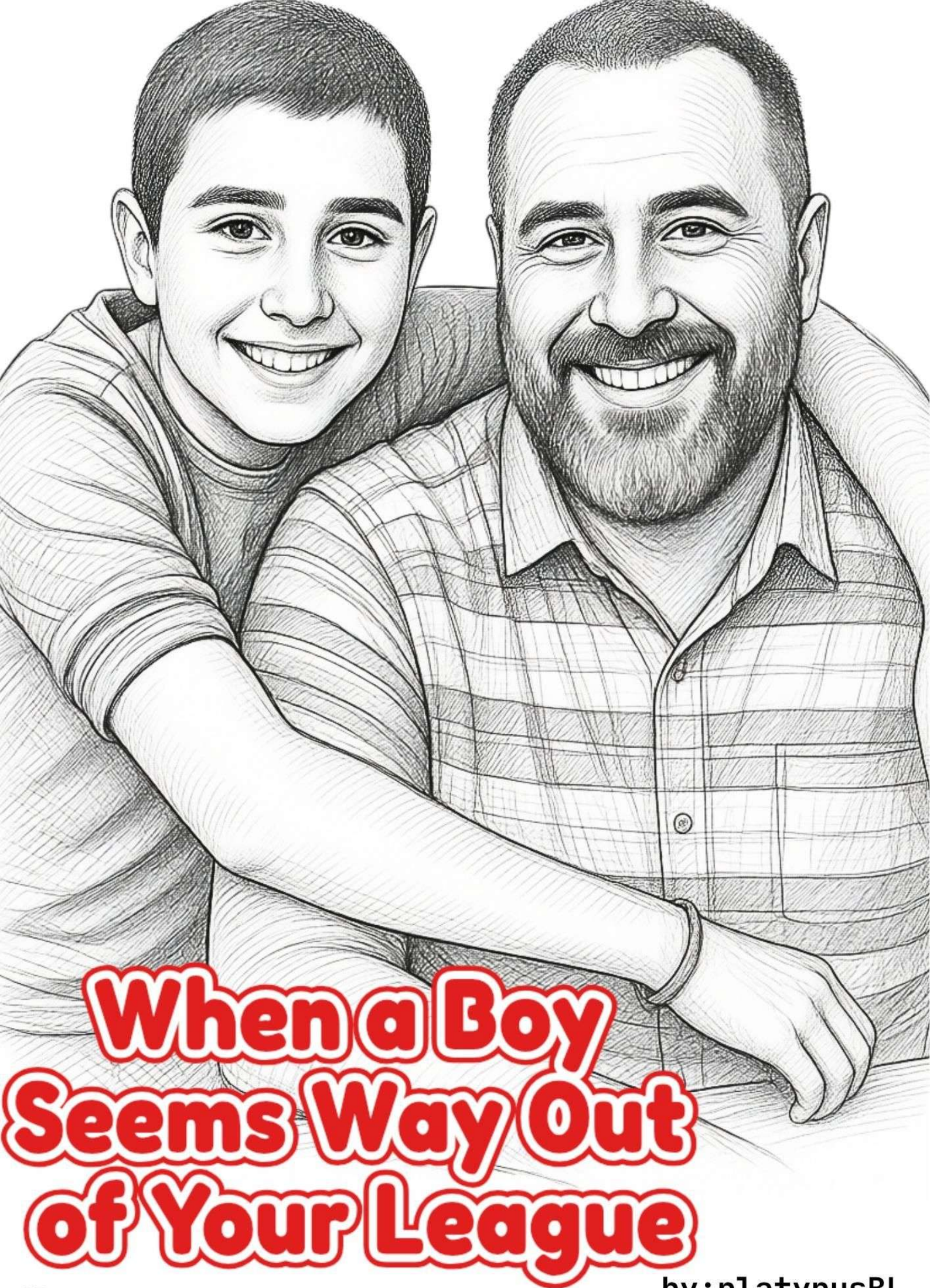
He said, "Yeah, yeah, that's good." So I paid like 120 bucks or something like that, to get the better bike. Well, you might as well just stamp my forehead with "Fucking Stupid". Why? Because three months later, they put out a new ad, and what did it have on it?

A camo bike, done exactly the way I did Marky's

Marky saw the ad, and came running over to me, pointing excitedly at it. "See? Now they've got 'em!"

"Yeah," I said. "You know why they've got 'em? Because of ME, that's fuckin' why."





While many of us have the confidence required to talk to a boy and make friends with him (with the goal of making him our "young friend", of course).

But unfortunately, too many of us often begin to imagine that we are "out of their league" when trying to strike up a friendship -- or even just a small conversation. Maybe you start to realize that he's "too" good looking, and so you figure the competition is too rough, or he may suddenly appear to be "too" witty, or so charming that he must be a British robot underneath all that fake boy-flesh and blood.

So here's a boy you find yourself falling hard for, but you can't help but wonder: how can he be so excessively charming, and impossibly charismatic? You're now so convinced that he's very likely to be "out of your league" that you give up the pursuit. You may ask yourself why are you allowing yourself to be so embarrassed and diminished in the eyes of others by this beautiful human male specimen. This boy who knows more than you do about cars, is more highly educated than you, can do arithmetic in his head faster than a scientific calculator, and probably has so many pairs of girls' panties on his bedroom floor that people mistake him for being a cross-dresser.

This is very common with boylovers, especially when the object of their desire is hitting a solid 10 in every category, thus leading to a loss of confidence on their part. But then there are those BLs who truly believe that they are hitting a solid 10 on every mark, also. Thus, they have a confidence build-up, and hope to use it in their favor: by meeting the boy, hitting it off with him, and going on to form a beautiful friendship.

But let me interject something here that's very important. There's a key ingredient to this technique of meeting a boy and making him your young friend. And I'm not talking about the age difference. That's something we actually have in our favor. Most boys WANT to have an adult male friend, and by that I mean someone who takes genuine interest in them and shares in their struggles, grieves at their losses and cheers for their victories. So having an adult friend in his life, who genuinely wishes to spend time with him, is something majorly beneficial for the boy, a source of prestige, and believe me, he wants it.

The next thing, which he uses to further his acceptance in the "adult world", is how much the man is obviously interested in him and his life, and wants to be in his world. To the boy, this is like a golden ticket to "Adult Word" and he values it greatly.

Add to this, that the adult friend will speak out for him, defend him, and make his interests seem even more interesting to others. But the AF knows how much of a thin premise this is, and how easily it can be undone, so that's why serious boylovers have done the requisite studying and make sure they follow the lessons down to the letter.

To the man, this further ingratiates him into the boy's private little "10-year-old world", of which he wants very much to be a part. And for the boy, it's evidence of his worth that a grown man would even WANT to be part of his life, and call him his "best friend." Because to the boy, not only is this acceptance and love worth a mountain of gold, it also gives him a much-desired level of respect amongst the adults. He knows that now they will treat him with more respect, like they do with other adults, and to the boy this is worth perhaps MORE than a mountain of gold.



Fawnlet Summer







1) THE little boy wrote to the north pole: "Dear santa, please send me a baby brother." a week later, santa wrote back: "sure, send me your mother ..."

2) The little boy got tired of always praying for a new bike, and never receiving one, so instead he decided to steal the bike and pray for forgiveness afterward.

3) The teacher noticed the little boy praying in her classroom, and she asked him, "Why are you praying in class?" The boy replied, "My mom said I should always pray before going to sleep."

4) The teacher said to the little boy, "You know you can't sleep in my class," and the boy replied, "Well maybe if you were quieter, I could!"

5) The little boy's parents were getting increasingly concerned about his use of profanity, and after taking him to see Santa Clause, even Santa later on privately voiced concern to the boy's parents: the kid

was swearing non-stop. "Well we don't know what to do about it!" his parents said, exasperated. But Santa had an idea. This Christmas, instead of leaving the boy gifts, they would leave him a pile of dog poop.

So on Christmas morning, the boy jumped out of bed and ran downstairs, only to find a pile of dog poop under the tree. So he ran to the garage to see if a new bike would be waiting, but no, instead there was a pile of dog poop. So he ran outside to see if the new skateboard he asked for was there -- but no, again just a pile of dog poop.

The boy's parents asked him sarcastically, "So what did you get for Christmas this year?" and he replied, "I think I got a fucking dog, but I can't find the damn thing!"

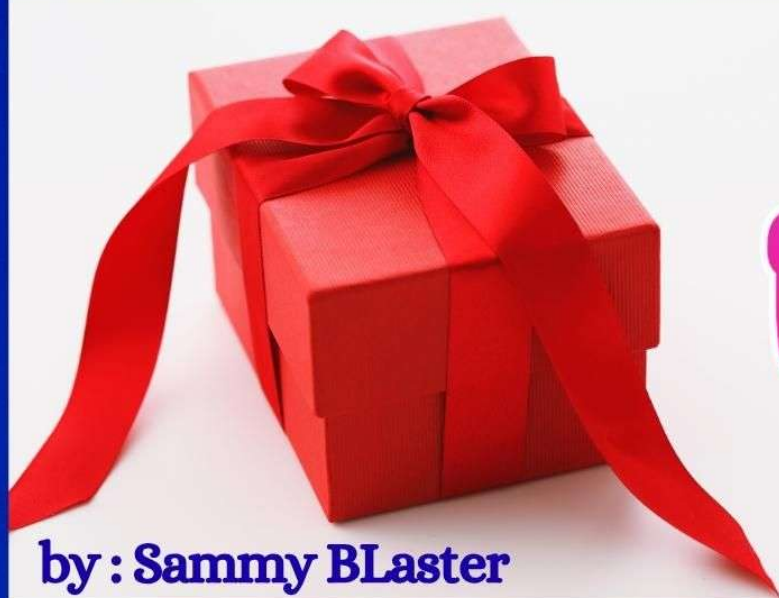


6) Miss Carter, the English teacher, writes on the chalk board, "I hadn't had no fun for a month." Then she turns to the class and asks, "Does anyone know how I can correct this?" and the little boy in the back raises his hand. She calls on him and he says, "Sounds like you need to get yourself a new man!"

7) The little boy watches his mom rubbing cold cream on her face and he asks her, "Why are you rubbing that stuff on your face, mom?" His mother replies, "To make myself beautiful."

A few minutes later she starts rubbing the cream off with a Kleenex, and the boy says, "What's the matter? Are you giving up?"





MOM'S Birthday Present

by : Sammy BLaster

It was 1988, in a town called Johnson City. I was living in a two-bedroom apartment, in a divided three-storey home.

One day, I was at a park taking photos with my father's Nikon 35mm. I was getting some good pictures of boys around the exit of the park, when I was approached by a mother of two boys, "Cindy". She asked me my name, and if I was a professional photographer. I told her yes, and she asked if I would take some action shots of her boys and their dog. I was introduced to the boys: Ryan, 8, Ricky, 10, and the dog, Benji. We spent some time together, and I found myself in a unique situation. The mother and I would become close friends over the next few years, but that is not the story I am writing.

On the mother's 35th birthday, she told the boys that she wanted a special present and they needed to come up with something on their own. One thing led to another and I got involved. I said let's make an action series of pictures for her. So we did just that.

And if I may say so, I think they turned out wonderful. She loved them, but asked the boys to do something special. The younger one wanted to do a day at the beach and rent a boat; the older one wanted to do pictures in the garden. We choose the garden! It was cheaper.



So that night, we were having pizza at my apartment when their mother called and said something that I was just so grateful for. She told the boys she wanted pictures that were personal, loving, intense and unique.

The boys thought to themselves, and then asked, what is "intense" and "unique"?

I gave them the answers and the young one piped up and said let's do naked ones. The other boy looked right at me and said no. Then to his brother, said, "Sammy does not want to take pictures of us naked."

I piped up: "I have seen both of you naked and, it doesn't bother me."

We pondered the ideas and quite by accident the idea came to the younger brother. We were walking from the park and with the sun setting low in the sky, it caught the three of us just right and cast a long silhouette on the road in front of us.

He said let's do naked shots like this: and he put his finger out to mimic his penis as we walked.

We all laughed, and thought it was a wonderful idea.

The boys would be naked -- without being naked. Well on film anyway. We talked it over and came up with the perfect setting. It would be in the garden behind my apartment so the boys would have no one looking at them. We set up the shots and the boys stripped down, and yes I snapped all kinds of pictures. But I must say, the ones we took for their mother were indeed stunning. It showed the boys in all their glory (but did not show them in "all" their glory).

Picture #1 was of the boys on a stone walkway in the garden. You could see the boys from the waist up in the foreground, but in the silhouette you can see their "boyish charm" from the profile. (Yes, you could see they were most definitely boys!) Very artistic photo, if I must say.

Picture #2 was the boys in front of a McDonald's restaurant. The boys stood out in front, with no shirts on, and I got the shot from the waist up. We spliced two photos into one and made it look like they were naked in the silhouette from another shot in the garden. It was a good looking photo.

Picture #3 was of the boys standing behind a park bench, and the horizontal slats on the back were hiding their boy parts. It was so sweet. And once again, the younger boy came up with the idea.

The boys picked out the frames, and again they did a wonderful job. I got the frames and the boys put them together.

I will tell you, when I saw their mother start to cry, I knew we got it right. She was so happy that her boys did such a thing for her. She did ask me more than once if I came up with the ideas. But I told her -- and I tell you -- it was the boys. She wanted to pay me for the film, but I told her no -- that it was worth everything just to see her so happy.

In conclusion, I took around 150 photos in those two nights of photo-shooting. And we used four in total. So you could definitely say, I got paid in full -- plus some.

TRIBUTE TO COWBOY

Various Authors



Because of our love for boys and the secrecy we have to keep, we don't know all of Cowboy's personal info – families, contacts and so on. Some do have his personal cellphone info and a little bit of information, but not enough to know where he is, or even if he is still alive. It's an ugly reality we face as BLs.

His cellphone texts have gone silent, as have any other known communications with the BL World. That much we know. He said, "I won't be coming home after diagnosis," when he entered palliative care. We have to assume he has reached the end of life, or is very close to it.

– Nicholas

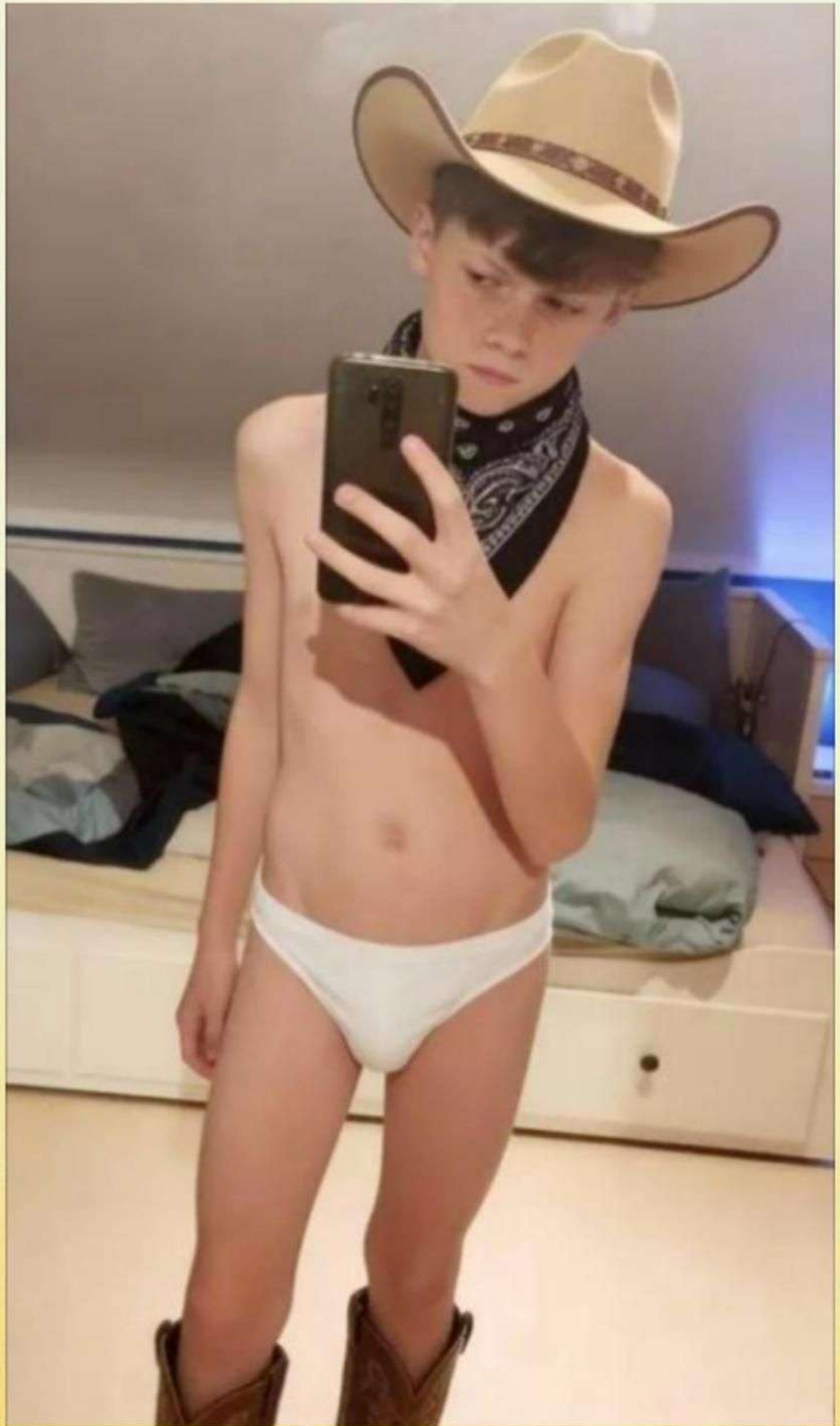
Cowboy, you were one of the long term, consistent panelists. Most honored for your service to the community. We love you and will always keep you in our hearts.

-- XO

Cowboy, I feel as if I never got to know you as well as the others.

But I remember how we met on Boy Moment, and then getting to know you a little better on BL Talk. I found you to be very likeable, and I am sad that I was not able to spend more time getting to know you. What what time we did have was a pleasure. Wherever you are now, I do hope that you are now at peace.

-- Lennon72



This goes out to Cowboy, our friend and fellow boylover. Cowboy was indeed a true BL; he was a major part of the BL Talk podcast. He had a lot of good things to say, and his input meant a lot. We need more people like him to join the boards, and be part of the podcast, or do a radio show, or write for the magazine. Cowboy, you will be missed.

-- Wolfrunner

When someone leaves us too soon, their contemporaries almost always let loose with a flood of their positive attributes. And sometimes all of that is actually true. At least it is, in the case of Cowboy. When our good friend Nicholas brought him over from the Lifeline chat, I was delighted to have him on board with the podcast, BL Talk. Starting off as a Guest Panelist, he kept returning, week after week, with his simple and soft-spoken viewpoints. Before we knew it, he was a regular -- and a welcome one, at that!



I am so extremely sad to have to say good-bye to Cowboy, one of the very nicest and open, accepting, warm people I've ever met. Not just in the community, but in my whole life. His loyalty was unquestioned, at least by me. During the summer of 2025, he stopped appearing at the recording sessions, and I discovered why: he hadn't quit, he was just away at camp.

Good-bye, Cowboy. You know I've always rooted for you, wished the best, then like I do now. As you ride off into the sunset, I know you will find your dreams fulfilled, someday, somehow. Thank you for everything.

-- Zoomzoom4







Interview *With* COWBOY

by: Nicholas

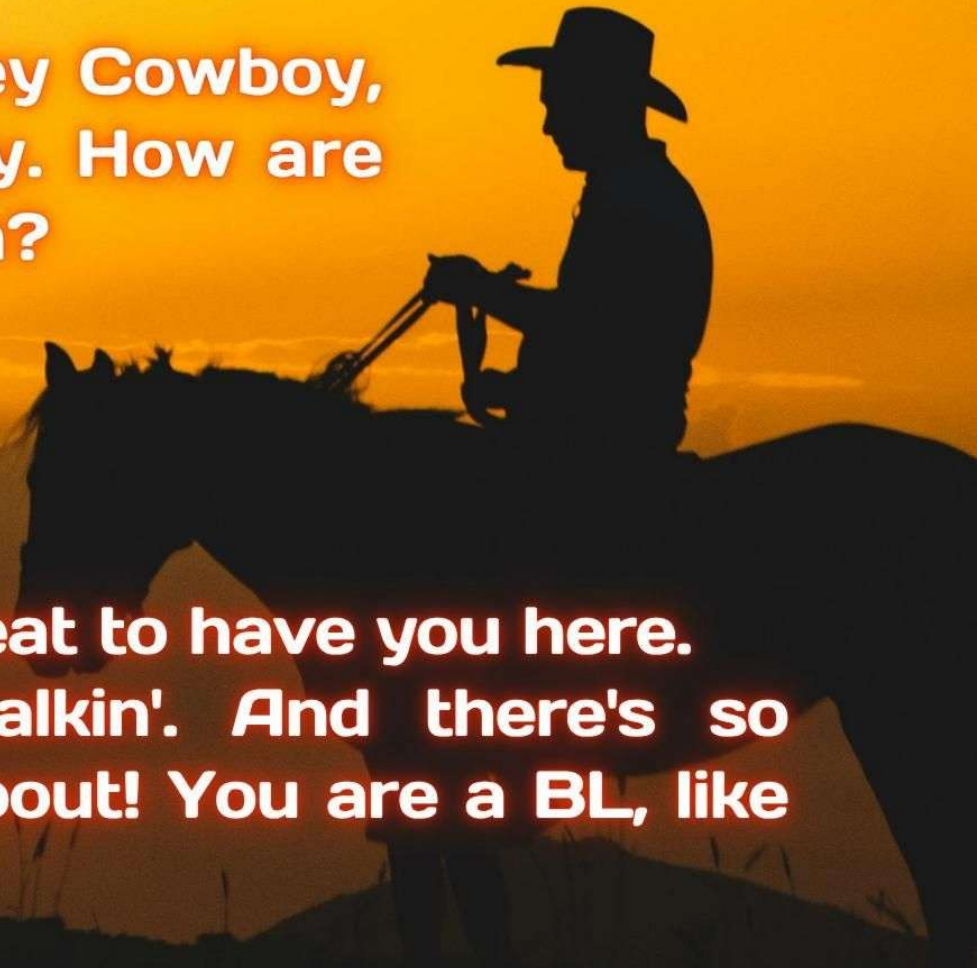
NICHOLAS: Hey Cowboy, welcome buddy. How are you doing, man?

COWBOY:
I'm doing fine.

NICHOLAS: Great to have you here. Let's get to talkin'. And there's so much to talk about! You are a BL, like me?

COWBOY: Yes.

NICHOLAS: We're going to talk about your early childhood. First of all, what age were you when you realized you were kind of different?



COWBOY: I would say it began when I was ten.

NICHOLAS: I think it was for me, too. I mean, you have-- but if you look back, I think when I was like 5 years old I was doing things that, now I realize, "Oh! I was attracted to little boys -- even when I was 5, 6, 7 ..."

I didn't really realize it. But by ten, you kinda know, like, "Okay, this ... I'm officially going into the fun house, and there ain't no turning back."

Did you know other kids growing up, who were gay, or ... ? Different, or anything like that? If you were like me, you were probably just out there swinging alone, right? As far as the boyloving part.

COWBOY: Yeah, I felt like I was the only one.

NICHOLAS: Did anybody in your family wonder? Or did any of your friends kinda wonder?

COWBOY: I had a dad, but he passed away.

NICHOLAS: I'm sorry.

COWBOY: My mom's alive, there's two step-sisters who are alive, and I have one real sister. She knows all of my life.

NICHOLAS: And how is she about it?

COWBOY: She's okay. I know it's kind of a shock, but ...

NICHOLAS: Yeah. I've heard alot of the time when people do tell somebody, or that other person finds out, there may be a reaction up front, and then it kinda ends after that.

And maybe the relationship doesn't end, but it's just never spoken about again.

I never had anybody find out directly that I am. I had a friend who would kid around with me, "Oh yeah, you like the boys ... " (laughs) Because I was friendly with the little brothers and stuff like that. Back in high school. We're still good friends, me and this guy. We would tease each other about this or that, but that was a little too close to the bone, if you know what I mean.

COWBOY: Yeah!

NICHOLAS: It's like he was dead on. So your sister, then, is the only one who ever knew in your family?

COWBOY: Well, yeah. Her, and her husband, and her two kids.

NICHOLAS: And they don't treat you real different? They don't put you in a padded room? When you come over it's not that big a deal. They know it's you, right?

COWBOY: Yeah

NICHOLAS: That's great. And I think it's rare, because a lot of the time people get shuned, their whole family deserts them. And their friends, and everything else. And you know, a lot of the time from what I've seen, your only friends that you have left -- especially after legal trouble -- is other pedos, other boylovers. That's okay, but I mean, it's like, "Damn, where did everybody go?" You know, they abandon you, man.

COWBOY: Yeah.

NICHOLAS: Let's talk about your childhood. I mean, every BL -- just because we're so different from the rest of the world -- grows up in an unusual kind of way. But you also experienced what many would call "abuse", at the hands of a (Catholic) priest. Tell me about that.

COWBOY: When I was between the ages of 8 to 12, you know, going on my 13th year, I moved away. I was involved with the Altar Boys.

NICHOLAS: Uh-huh ...

COWBOY: And I really enjoyed it. I mean, it got to the point where I was thinking of being a priest. So that was my next step. And the way it happened was, I was always my priest's favorite Altar Boy. Whenever there was Christmass Mass, I would, you know, hold the Baby Jesus. During Easter, or whatever there was, I was involved in it.

NICHOLAS: Was that like they say, and I think you must've been -- because I think you and I are pretty close in age -- when we were old enough to be around, when we were little kids, all the crazy stories of the clergy sex abuse, and the Boy Scouts, and that's about the time I was in Boy Scouts, that stuff started coming up. And I was a teen-ager when that McMartin and -- remember that stuff?

But before that -- and I think that was the diving line, like around 1980-ish I want to say, some time around there. And I don't know exactly what year it was for you, but there was a time before then where if you were that "golden boy" you were talking about ... that was a big deal, especially in the Catholic Church, and I don't know how big the town is, but that was a rock star.

And if he had come up and said, "Hey I want you to be on stage with me," I mean ... right? I don't know how it is for you, but ...

COWBOY: Yes, that's exactly how it was.

NICHOLAS: And so you, of course, were glad to be that Altar Boy. It's a big deal. And your parents were proud, no doubt.

COWBOY: Oh yeah.

NICHOLAS: So how did the relationship evolve? I don't know but I mean here it comes again, the cliché. Was it on a camping trip? Or some kind of thing like that? Were there special visitations, and special gifts, and the whole kind of thing?

COWBOY: Basically, it was during the visits. You know, where he would pick me up. We'd go to his place, and you know .. I enjoyed, I can honestly say, I enjoyed the oral ... the, uh ... you know, masturbation. I was down with that. But it's when he became, when he did the anal. That really turned me off.

NICHOLAS: You know, that had to have been so difficult for you to square all that, in your own mind. How do you kind of wrap your head around all that? I mean, here you are, a young boylover yourself ... you're liking some of the things that he's doing to you ... but in the end, it's textbook rape, here, isn't it?

COWBOY: Yeah, it was. But anything else he wanted to do, or I do to him -- oral, jerking off, that was fine -- but when it came down to anal, that was a no.

NICHOLAS: How much did it happen, roughly, do you remember? Was it all the time, or ... ?

COWBOY: Uh ... it wasn't all the time. But it was enough.

NICHOLAS: I want people who are non-BLs reading right now, to know that this man (Cowboy's priest) is not who we are. Society wants to think all of us do this, we do not all do this. So get that out of your heads, if you're not a BL and don't know what I'm talking about I want to make that real clear. I hope there are people who are non-BLs reading, and get a little bit of insight from one of us.

So how did you, as someone who probably already knew you liked boys yourself, how did you put that all together? But you're being abused, (and) at that point you knew you were, you'd heard news reports and everything ... how was that swimming around in little Cowboy's brain?

COWBOY: I basically, and it's sad to say, but it went into the back of my mind. I didn't deal with it. It was locked in, and was in my head. Like, people didn't know, until I was arrested, then I got through talking to my therapist. And then for some reason -- I don't know what she did, or what was said, (but) it all came out.

NICHOLAS: And until then, you hadn't said anything to your parents or anything like that?

COWBOY: No. They didn't know.

NICHOLAS: I mean, why would you, necessarily? It's not like the Movie of the Week where, you know, where everyone needs to know about this thing. And so what happened with him, with the priest?

COWBOY: He went on living his life. He's dead now, but ... yeah, he went on living his life.

NICHOLAS: You were an adult when he died, right?

COWBOY: Yeah.

NICHOLAS: Did your feelings change for him, over time? Like, you know, how did you wind up toward the end of his life, and as you went on and became an adult yourself, how did you look back at it and feel? Because I would think, it would probably be different from somebody out there who's not a BL, who would have no idea how a man can be attracted to a boy.

COWBOY: Um, well that's a tough question. I don't know. I knew that there were men who were attracted to boys, but I didn't put 2 and 2 together. It's like, yes he wanted me to do this. And I wanted to. It's just the fact that if he would not have done the anal, I would have ... uh ...

NICHOLAS: It would have been a great experience, otherwise.

COWBOY: Yeah.

NICHOLAS: Now you said this came out during therapy. Was that court ordered therapy? Because I know the priest long ago got away with, what he got away with, but you many years later found yourself in a whole seperate kind of hot water, did you not?

COWBOY: Yeah. This happened in March of 2019 and you know, I got a knock on the door, and I opened it. There were 3 or 4 police officers, and I said, "What do you want?" They said, "Are you this person?" and I said, "Yes," and they said, "Well we have an arrest warrant for child pornography." And I said, "I'm done," you know?

NICHOLAS: So in that moment, you knew what they were on about, you knew what they may have had on you. So what kind of ... was it pictures? Or I mean, was it like a lot of stuff, or did they-- just one little thing, or what?

COWBOY: Um, well they sald there was about 2500 videos.

NICHOLAS: Wow.

COWBOY: Because it was on an app I got from another person, so it was, you know, on an app and had all kinds of items on it.

NICHOLAS: So somebody had sent you a whole big crapload of this stuff?

COWBOY: Yeah.

NICHOLAS: And you're not like all, "Hey, send me twenty five hundred damn videos," or whatever, that's the way so many of these guys -- these dumbasses -- how they operate. They shovel this stuff at you, right? And then I mean, there you are, not knowing that you're getting this Trojan Horse.

COWBOY: Yeah.

NICHOLAS: You got to stay clean, people. Stay away from CP. Because to me, this is war. And everytime one of us gets arrested for whatever it is -- and certainly every time one of us goes to prison, gets convicted, all that -- the other side, they are so, so self-righteous, like it could never be them. It could never be their father, or their brother, or their son, or their cousin or whatever. They don't understand us, and they don't want to understand us. They don't want to know that we exist. But we do. And that's why we have to help each other, because nobody's going to help us.

And I'm so glad that we have Cowboy to share his story with us, and we were talking about his childhood just a little bit ago, and how he was actually groomed, and yes, molested and raped by his priest. And then later on, Cowboy had his own issues with the law, and we're talking about that as well, and I hope you're getting a lot of wisdom and insight from what he has to say to you.

Speaking of the generosity of sharing your story, you know one thing I wish we would hear more of in the BL community in general is, what gets these guys caught? We need to know this. Not so we can go out and break the law, but just so we can not do it. Not go to those websites, or use those apps. I'm talking about places like Kick and Discord that I've heard of, and there are others, maybe websites, whatever. Can you share any of that with us?

COWBOY: Um, basically it was, I was on this app, I forget the name of it.

NICHOLAS: It wasn't Discord or Kick?

COWBOY: No.

NICHOLAS: Because those I heard were pretty bad, as far as being snooped on all the time. They got sniffers and ... Did they have the hash marks, you know the water marks, on some of the stuff that was sent to you? And that's kind of how it was sniffed out?

COWBOY: I don't think so. But back then, I was, uh ... an idiot.

NICHOLAS: Well, you know ... we don't know. You just go about your life, and don't think you're doing anything wrong, or that it's not a big deal or whatever, so that must've caught you pretty flat-footed. Knowing that you then need to put in a plea, right? And then you may go to jail, or prison, or which is it? What was it for you?

COWBOY: Um, basically from the time I was arrested to actually going to jail, it was almost a year and a half. My first lawyer, I got rid of him because he was doing nothing. And then my therapist, with her, she recommended a lawyer that she knew, so I called him and he goes yeah he'll take the case.

And this lawyer worked his butt off for me, because I had two charges: distribution, and possession. So he fought to get the distribution off my case and so they just charge me with possession. So that was good.

NICHOLAS: That's a big deal.

COWBOY: Yeah. And then he goes, "Now I will work on the second charge." Finally what he did was, he made a deal with the prosecution, and I was happy with that, because basically my second sentence was six months, but I spent only a month in jail.

NICHOLAS: That's really good, because there are horror stories, as you know. So how was it for you, being treated in prison, because we always hear about how bad things are. Did they find out that, you know, you're a pedophile? That you did these things, supposedly.

COWBOY: Well you know how our justice system is, you've got regular people, and then you got special cases where we're in a different cell, I mean like a different partition of jail.

NICHOLAS: They do have some areas, I think some prisons in the US are like that, where they have more of a protective custody. But it's got to be a lot of crap to deal with.

So when did your family -- you said your sister found out? How did that come up? Where in the process was that?

COWBOY: Oh that was the same day, because as they were bringing me down, my sister was right there at her front door. Because she lived right below me.

NICHOLAS: Oh! So-- that's inconvenient!

COWBOY: Yeah! So of course, all I got to say to her was, "I'll call you later." And then they took me away.

NICHOLAS: Damn, Cowboy. That's a hell of a thing to have to go through. So, after that ... how long did you say it was, a year and a half?

COWBOY: From the time I was sentenced, yeah it was a year and a half.

NICHOLAS: A year and a half, between when all this went down, and when you were put in prison. What did you do during that time? I mean, were you able to work? Or did your work find out? Or did you-- how do you try to keep some semblance of normalcy in the work-a-day world, or whatever, knowing that this crazy thing is happening to you?

COWBOY: Yeah, that was a tricky situation, because I worked in an industry where they do background checks, you know, every five years. Now, are they doing that? I don't know. But they hadn't found out.

NICHOLAS: Oh, still?

COWBOY: Yeah.

NICHOLAS: Okay, that's great. Yeah so they probably just say that, and then maybe they just ... maybe just, you know. They know we can trust Cowboy, and they know you, and you're a good man. You are a good person, damn it.



TO BE CONTINUED...





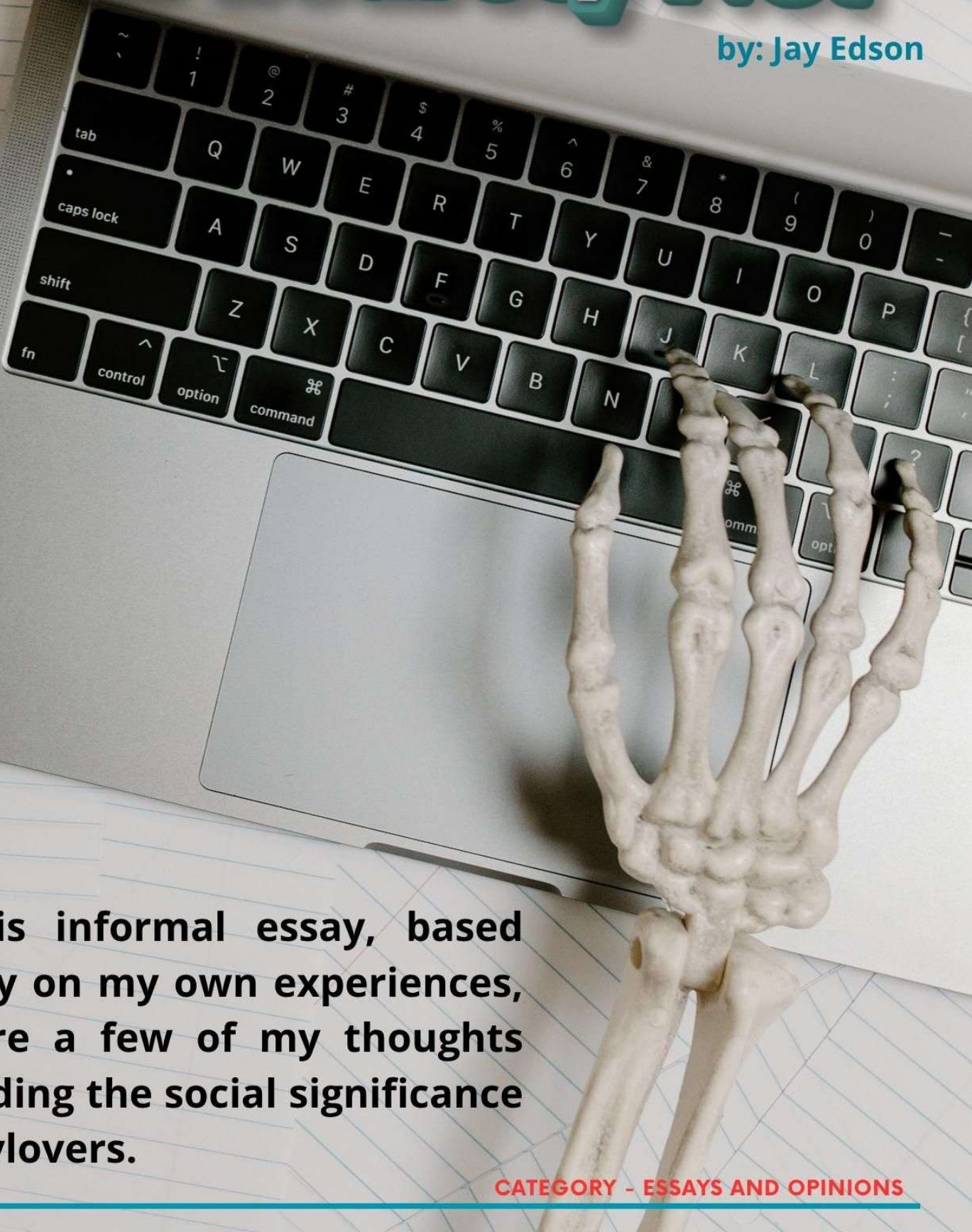
Summer



Fawnlet

The Boylover as a Safety Net

by: Jay Edson

A photograph of a silver laptop keyboard with a black skeleton hand resting on it. The hand is positioned as if typing, with fingers curved over the keys. The background is a sheet of lined paper.

In this informal essay, based largely on my own experiences, I share a few of my thoughts regarding the social significance of boylovers.

CATEGORY - ESSAYS AND OPINIONS

I had a fairly diverse work life. I ran a cottage of juvenile delinquents (ages 10 to 14) for several years. For a while I had an administrative position in a therapeutic foster care program. I saw disturbed boys and girls in play therapy. I took groups of boys on Upward Bound-like adventures. And I worked with two different treatment centers for adolescents. All this is to say that I know something about attachment disordered boys from first-hand experience. But in addition to my own experience, I have included a few carefully selected citations that support my overall point of view.

Let me begin by saying what is meant by an "attachment-disordered boy." I'll keep it simple. An attachment-disordered boy is a boy who has failed to form meaningful, deep emotional and spiritual attachments with other human beings. During the early part of the 20th century, a variety of psychologists came to the conclusion that the hierarchy of fundamental motivations in human beings was not limited to sex, food, freedom from pain and staying alive. It also included forming intense love attachments, and to some extent in some other animals as well.

One early investigator by the name of Harry Harlow observed that when young monkeys were deprived of their mothers they clung to wire substitutes. He noticed that the baby monkeys preferred the maternal surrogates be covered with cloth. They wanted to cuddle with something soft. He also noticed that when they were deprived of real cuddling opportunities they didn't develop properly. For example, they didn't become proficient at sex.

Another important early investigator, named John Bowlby, called the phenomenon of forming strong emotional attachments "bonding", usually, but not always with one's own species. And he argued that this was as fundamental as sex or food as a basic motivator of behavior.

There is also a separate but related school of thought that emphasizes the need for positive relationships developed in the psychoanalytic tradition. This school was called, perhaps somewhat ironically, "object relations theory." The "objects" were people. Thinkers in this school, Harry Guntrip being my favorite, emphasized the importance of positive relationships with other human beings from the beginning of the developmental process.

The very existence of a "self" appears to emerge out of relationships with others. Some descriptions of early development that I found convincing and helpful were "The First Year of Life" by Rene Spitz and "The Magic Years" by Selma Fraiburg. These thinkers emphasized the centrality of relationships with others for the emotional health of both children and adults.

In one of the clinics where I worked, we did extensive evaluations of different families with problem children each week. These evaluations made it clear that most serious behavior problems had their origins in family structures that were not conducive to the development of loving, mutually sustaining relationships between family members. The children that grew up in these families had little capacity for finding, developing and maintaining important relationships. These are the "attachment disordered" children about whom I am speaking.

In these weekly evaluations, I found children who were doing fairly well despite growing up in seriously dysfunctional families. I learned to look for positive relationships with adults outside the immediate family, with whom the child had a mutually sustaining relationship. It might be a teacher, an uncle, a scout leader, a neighbor, a step-brother, or whoever. The person simply had to be relatively together, and take a strong liking to -- and interest in -- the child. And what I found is that the children had a rather amazing capacity to use relationships with these people to fulfill their developmental needs.

This brings us to the central point I wish to make. One of the main safety nets that once was available to boys who were developing into attachment-disordered adults has been taken away. And that is, the homosexually inclined adult male "pedophile". I hesitate to use that poisonous P word, which is why I put it in quotes.

But by my use of the term here, I simply mean a man who is sexually attracted to pubescent or pre-pubescent boys. It says nothing about whether the man has had, or has sought, any kind of sexual relationship with a boy. Nor whether he is attracted to people of other genders and ages as well. Perhaps the simple term "boylover" is indeed a better choice. Many of the men I knew fit this description. They were especially attracted to boys who had entered into the transition period between childhood and adulthood. And it was more than just a sexual thing: these men genuinely liked being around boys and interacting with them.

Boys with attachment disorders do tend to have more than their share of problems. They have trouble getting along with others. They are frequently angry and depressed. They are prone to legal problems and often engaging in dangerous or risky behaviors.

But perhaps their most serious problem is their lack of empathy with other people. And that goes for other species as well. It is not unusual for an attachment disordered child to be found harming or torturing animals. And all sorts of therapies have been tried, all with little success. Behavior modification techniques may be of some use, at least if strong rewards and punishments can be applied, but they produce few reliable and lasting effects. Certainly drugs offer no cure. And having said this, it's important to note that attachment disordered people are frequently drawn to street drugs in the hope that they will lessen their unhappiness.

The only real cure is a loving relationship. Between a boy and a man.

However, the problem is that some of these boys may tend to alienate others. They sometimes have trouble finding others who genuinely love them. What I am referring to is that the boylover is willing to put up with more grief from the attachment disordered boy. He derives greater satisfaction than most men from in-depth relationships with boys, once they are formed.

One of the most interesting things I learned was when I supervised a cottage of 25 to 30 pre-pubescent delinquents. They were surprisingly responsive to any genuine offer of loving attention. I loved them -- and that was obvious. For all the headaches they gave me, I loved being with them. When I first arrived we would sit down together and talk. We talked about the good and the bad things that had happened so far that day. And we would discuss the best way of solving whatever problems they had experienced. All this apparently contradicted the whole idea of their being attachment disordered.

But I did not allow myself to be pushed away. I loved them, and in only a little time that love was reciprocated. Together we developed a culture of trust and love. That was why one very ordinary person was able to manage a cottage of 25 to 30 "unruly juvenile delinquents". I put that I quotes because with me they were not "juvenile delinquents" at all.

But that responsiveness to loving attention lasted only up to a certain age. If a loving adult had not reached them by the time they were 15 or 16 something "closed down" within them. And then, sadly, they were unlikely to be reached after that. The exact age at which this closing down happens varies from boy to boy -- but I could always tell when it happened. If a person wanted to form an in-depth relationship with a boy, he had to catch them before they closed down.

It seems like it is no longer possible for deep love relationships to develop between boys and men. This is most unfortunate because

the boylover (or if you prefer, the "homosexual pedophile") frequently provided corrective emotional experiences for attachment-disordered boys. Regarding an attachment problem, I think for significant change to happen, the power of Eros must be a part of the equation.

"Eros" is the god of male passion for boys, just as Aphrodite is for women. Eros involves the most intense feelings of affection, is often spiritual, and always brings happiness. He who is inspired by Eros seeks the well-being of the beloved, his beautiful loved boy, with such passion that can be consummated only by the most intimate physical union.

That doesn't mean there always has to be explicit sexual behavior. But that factor that creates a feeling of "in love-ness" must be operating in the relationship. Something along this line was described as early as Plato in the Symposium and in Phaedrus. By "in love-ness" I mean that factor in the relationship that gives life a magical quality. Where simply being with the other provides the utmost joy and fulfillment. And this, finally, brings us to the main point.

It is being "in love" that has the power to provide healing to an attachment-disordered male child. And it is precisely that reason why the boylover has always had a special role in society. He was a safety net for boys who failed to bond deeply enough in their early years, and who therefore suffered from one extent or another from attachment disorder. The need for such relationships was intuitively understood in the society.

This understanding led to the creation of the "Big Brothers" program, among other things. Yet it is not surprising that one of the main beliefs emphasized by the feminists was that men could not be trusted to be alone with children, including boys.

Therefore, all of the main social locations in which men and boys could previously have had contact, were diminished or removed. The Boy Scouts organization was gutted, as was the Big Brothers program. There were already very few men teaching in elementary school. It was simply too dangerous. And any other opportunity for actual love relationships to develop between men and boys ended -- primarily because of the sex abuse panic of the 1980s.

It wasn't long before the quasi-psychotic nature of this panic became clear. It became established that the retrieval of "memories" which had been forced into repressive forgetfulness by trauma was not possible. Things simply didn't work that way. Hypnosis was not a reliable means of retrieving repressed memories.

The central thesis here, is that boylovers function as a social safety net for boys. By this I mean that, if a boy can find somebody in his environment with whom he can form a deep and life giving bond, he has one last chance. He can find himself in a mutually desired love relationship with an older male. It is no exaggeration to say that for a boy to find himself in such a relationship may be a life-saving event. Attachment disordered boys frequently die early, either due to reckless behaviors -- or out and out suicide.

The finding of a loving, caring and supportive adult male lover is a profound healing experience. Through it the boy is brought back into the social world of human beings. The man is always acting in



a way that takes into account, first and foremost, the needs of the boy. And we know that of course, any type of love relationship is likely to be healing. There is something very special about love between a boy and a man. The love of boys is an inherently divine expression, arguably more so than the love of women.

Man/boy love: is it good or bad? That is to say, is it beneficial or harmful? Well, just like any other kind of love relationship is good or bad. Do the people treat each other with respect? Does each actually will the well-being of the other, as opposed to simply possessing the other? Do they avoid engaging in activities that are harmful? Etc, etc.

A safety net for those who run into developmental difficulties is especially needed these days. Sadly, everyone seems to consider it beneath their dignity to actually raise kids. For the most part, the children are either left with grandparents or with strangers. Often these are people whose heart is not in it. Then the young have no one with whom they can bond. The outcome is an increase in attachment disturbed children.

This problem is intensified by the increasing instability of marriages in our society. This creates a lot of single parents who have the impossible task of both working at one or maybe two jobs while caring for children. Without help. This, plus the endless male-bashing that has become so much a part of our culture, has made it very difficult for boys to develop a positive self-identity. Not to mention the lack of satisfying relationships with same-sex role-models.

I believe that one of the outcomes of this lack of a psycho-social safety net is the increase in multiple murders perpetrated by older teenagers and young men. In this activity they become important people who are noticed and they express their rage at a world that is indifferent to their needs. If one looks at graphs showing the rise of multiple murders by adolescents and young men, it is of interest that the rise seems to begin in the 1980s.

This is when the hysteria, and its perception of devastating sex abuse in all spheres where men and boys might interact, made it almost impossible for a boy to find a man who would love him. It seems almost certain that an increase in suicide among adolescents and children has similar causes. If the Columbine High School massacre in 1999 was a one-of-a-kind event, we could rest assured that however horrible it was, we would be unlikely to see such an event again. But this was not the case; instead, multiple murders have been on the rise. As are severe depression, suicide and poor school performance.

I believe that the primary cause of all of these difficulties is that young boys suffer from a "love deficiency". Being the mechanistic society that we are, we will try to cure all these problems, both the very serious and the less serious, with drugs and behavior modification. But I would expect little success in these methods. The only thing that can cure a lack of love ... is love.







Fawnlet
Summer





Ancient Middle Eastern Boy Poetry

by: Various Authors

Al-Jah iz had originally held the view that 'ishq (passion, lust) could only be applied to the love of women, but later he seems to have changed his mind and allowed it also for the love of boys, provided that the element of passion was really present. He also tells us that the price for young boy slaves was so high because of the 'ishq of the purchasers, who sometimes sold their property to acquire a particularly desirable boy.

With poetry of the later period, and certainly in the poetry of al-Andalus, there is no longer any possible doubt as to the authentic nature of the activity so graphically described: one entire anthology of poetry from al-Andalus is devoted exclusively to the active loving of boys.

The earliest examples of this kind of poetry vary from the relatively chaste and even fearful expression of desire to the kind of scatology so characteristic of Andalusian poetry of the later era. An example of the first kind is a poem by Saif al-Daula, ruler of Aleppo and patron of the poet al Mutanabbi (948-957):

I kissed him [a boy] in fear as
A bird drinks in fear.
It sees water and wants it
Fearing the result of fear
And seizes occasion and comes
But does not enjoy in fear.

A poem by Abui Nuwas, actually less explicit than much of his work, is an example of the second kind. I quote only the opening lines:

My penis settled on the behind of Sam'an
It wanted hospitality, that had two sides.
I never had a host better at hosting than
The behind of the boy Sam'an.

Andalusian Arabic poetry, however, offers the most complete representation of this genre. Among the numerous examples that could be cited, two are presented here. The first is by Muhammad Ibn Malik, secretary to Muhammad Sa'd, king of Murcia (1124-1172):

I saw a shapely youth in the mosque,
beautiful as the moon when it comes out.
Those who see him bending to pray say:
"All my desires are that he prostrate himself."

The metaphor of "moon" or "sun" to describe the beautiful boy, a cliché of Arabic verse, was borrowed by the Hebrew poets. The second poem is by Abiu 'Abd Allah Muhammad Galib al-Rusa'fi (Valencia, d. 1177):

He is a little gazelle [huzayyil] whose fingers
do not cease to play in spinning [Lghazl], as
My thoughts do not cease, in seeing him,
to play with erotic poetry [hazal].



The triple paronomasia of this poem about a weaving boy serves as a reminder of the close association in Arabic between the word for erotic poetry (ghazal) and the word for gazelle (ghazdl), which was a term of endearment for the beloved boy in Arabic poetry. The gazelle imagery may well have come from the Bible, Song of Songs 2.9 (the Bible, of course, was available in Arabic translation to the Muslims). Furthermore, I would suggest that the Hebrew term sevi, "gazelle," used for the beloved boy in Hebrew poetry, carried connotations of the Song of Songs, of Arabic ghazal, and also of Arabic sabi, "boy." In other words, to the Arabic speaking Jew of al-Andalus, the word sevi in a poem immediately brought to mind the ideas "boy" and "erotic poem."

This is not the place for an extensive discussion of the metaphors of Arabic poetry about boys, but mention should be made of one other important element: the link between love and wine. Generally, this is found in one of two forms: the boy is a cupbearer (saqi), or the boy is given wine to drink at a party with the hope that he will become drunk and so give up his resistance to the advances of his would-be lover.

'Abd al-Rahman II:

My woes come from a dark-eyed fawnlet
His kind makes men lose self-control!
His cheeks are like a blooming rose
Mixed with sunbeams and lily white;
His body is lithe like a bough of ban.
In his bright eye a dark pupil turns:
To him I pledge my purest love,
So long as night alternates with days!

True, the gazelle who gathers roses in your garden I have loved -
therefore you turn your feelings against me.

If you would see with your eyes whom I have loved,
then your beloved would seek you and not find you!
He who said: "Give me, please, the honey of your words" --
I answered: "Give me honey from your tongue."
He became smitten and said: "Shall we sin
to the living God?"
I replied: "On me, young sir, be your sin."

The poet has become smitten by a small lad, perhaps a slave boy, who works for a friend of his. He has thereby incurred the anger of the friend, and Samuel rebukes him by suggesting that if he only realized the beauty of the boy, he would give up the boy he loves and also pursue this one. The boy has asked Samuel either for instruction or to recite his poetry (the term "honey" as a metaphor for learning is common in medieval Hebrew). The insolent reply of the poet is to request permission to kiss the boy. The outraged response when the boy suggests the sin of such an act is typical of

medieval Hebrew verse and adds to the delight of the poem as a whole.

The following is equally carefree:

God, change, please, the heart of the dove who stole
My slumber -- and restore to my eyelids a little sleep.
The beloved who came by Thy oath [with Thy permission] and gave
me
His heart's love, without force, as a gift
Has been treacherous, and so every boy is treacherous.
But now, forgive his sin -- or if not, punish me!

Similar to this is the following:

O moon, created to rule the Earth
by day and night, gently rule over hearts!
How do you judge the star [the boy], whom I thought of as a friend,
yet through no fault [of mine] he turned cruel to me?
Buy me a boy -- whom all boys will envy
for his beauty -- for all the wealth I have acquired,
And I will see if he has eyes like the eyes of the boy who fled
after he twice came willing and slept with me.

These two poems are about boys who consented to sleep with the poet (actual sex may or may not have been involved). However, the main point of most Arabic and Hebrew love poetry is the unhappiness of love. Even here, the point of the first poem is that the boy has now deceived his lover ("and so much every boy is treacherous"), with whom he once gladly shared a bed.

Where is the stuttering boy, where has he gone,
gazelle perfumed with pure myrrh and frankincense?
The moon has concealed the light of the stars --
the graceful beloved conceals the light of the moon!

He chirped with soft speech and relied upon
Him who gave voice to the turtle-dove and swallow at their time
He meant to say "bad" and said to me "touch"
I touched him as his tongue declared.
He desired to say "go" and said "belly";
I hastened to his belly, fenced with roses.

Ibn Gabirol:

I will be a ransom for the gazelle of love,
in whom all who grieve find happiness.
Whose cheeks are like white marble,
and ruddy [as though] anointed with the blood of lovers.
The fruit of his lips are like swords
and his eyes like arrows to the heart.
Say to him whose hair embraces his cheek:
"How can noon embrace the morning!"
Do not consider it a sin to Agur in saying
That beauty is vanity and grace a lie.
It is sufficient that your cheeks testify the truth,
For the deeds of God are unfathomable.

We see the same phenomenon, in every civilization and during every time, lovesick men expressing in tortured verse how their hearts longed endlessly for the beautiful young boys in their midst. Then, as it is now, and forever.



WHEN MY DAD WAS MY BEST FRIEND

by: Dragonlover



When I was a child, I can remember meeting my friends' fathers. Some of them were pretty cool, others, not so much. My first boyhood friend's name was Patrick. Everyone just called him Pat. We spent everyday together. We did everything together. But, Pat always came to my house to play. In the house or out in the backyard. If we left the house, we'd go to the schoolyard, ride our bikes in the trails behind our neighborhood. The point is, I never went to Pat's house. Why? Because the one time I did, his dad came home in a bad mood. He immediately started tearing in to Pat for not doing his chores or whatever. Bear in mind, we were only 8 years old at the time. Well, Pat broke down in tears, and I was scared to death because I'm not used to being yelled at by adults. I just never gave them a reason to yell at me.

But Pat's dad looked at me with very cold blue eyes, and said just two words: "Get out."

And that's what I did, post haste. I took off, not looking back. And that was the very last time I went to his house. His mom was a very nice woman. I genuinely liked her. But his dad? I wanted nothing to do with him, ever. But Pat had a hard time understanding why I didn't like his dad. He asked me once, three or four months later about it, and I told him the truth.

"He screamed at you, Pat," I told him.

"So what? He yells a lot," Pat told me. I didn't say anything further about it. But in my mind, I was asking myself what life must be like at his house all the time. "Not good," was the answer.

Then I thought about my own dad. He didn't yell, he didn't hit me with a belt or anything else. My dad NEVER hit me. Of that, I was proud of. We both were. If I was acting up, he'd give me a look that said don't push any further. And, I agreed. I didn't want to test his patience.

My dad was born in May of 1922 in Coal Valley, Pennsylvania. His parents were hard-working farmers. His dad, William, was also a musician, playing the violin in local venues and symphonies. His mother, Edna, was a housewife, taking care of her children, John, my dad, Ethel, Norma and Ruthie. Right out of high school, my dad joined the army and served 4 years in World War II overseas.

He made Private First Class, and got a Purple Heart medal for having been wounded in battle. After the war, he was honorably discharged with the GI Bill. He married my mother in February of 1948, bought a nice suburban house in the newly formed suburb of Levittown, PA. My sister was born in 1948, and my brother in 1951. Me, I came along in 1969.

I was raised basically as an only child, because by the time I was born, my sister was married and out of the house, and my brother had just graduated from high school and moved into a small apartment with a friend. Dad thought his days of having kids had been over with my brother, so he was proud to have another boy to raise. I remember how, in photos of him with me, he looked very happy.



At the age of 7, Dad introduced me to the art of sport of fishing. Even at that age, I took in all he could tell me about it. We made it a Sunday morning tradition during the spring and summer months. We didn't have a boat, but we were happy to just fish from the shores of the many lakes, streams and rivers that were around us.

We had our adventures. One morning on the way home from a Sunday trip, my dad nodded off for a second while driving. Just as I looked at him and realized what was happening, we hit a deer. Luckily, we had our seatbelts on, because if we didn't, it would have been a lot worse. We were unharmed, but the poor deer, thankfully died almost instantly from the impact. He most likely didn't suffer.

Cell phones weren't around then, so we had to go to someone's house and ask to borrow their phone. My dad called my mother first and told her what happened. He then called for a tow truck. He then called the county road department to report a dead deer on the road. My uncle came and got us and took us home. My mother, God rest her soul, pulled me into the tightest hug I have ever felt. She hugged my dad. We were all just relieved that we weren't hurt.

Several years later, Dad and I were on another Sunday trip. We both had our lines in the water. Dad left to go take a leak somewhere, so he told me to watch his line. He went, and about 5 minutes later, his line started going crazy! I grabbed the rod and started reeling it in, all the while yelling for my dad. He came charging up the path like I was being kidnapped or something. He got behind me and helped to get this fish on shore. We got him just out of the water. This thing was HUGE! But it would only be a tale of the one that got away, because that's what the fish did. He got away. We were heartbroken. But there was always the next trip. I can remember so many other trips, and others still, that are lost to the sands of time.

Dad passed away in July of 1983. It was a tough loss, especially for me, who had just turned 13 the November prior. Dad had two funeral services. One was a Protestant church service, and one was a Masonic service, because he had been a Freemason for many years.

I am 56 years old now, and not a day goes by when I don't think of Mom and Dad. Mom passed on in 1995, when I was 25. I think of them every day, and I do still miss them both.

Every boy should be offered the opportunity to have a father who is as invested in them as my dad was invested in me. It would be my wish that every boy have that time with their fathers, if at all possible. It would benefit them both.





Fawnlet

Summer



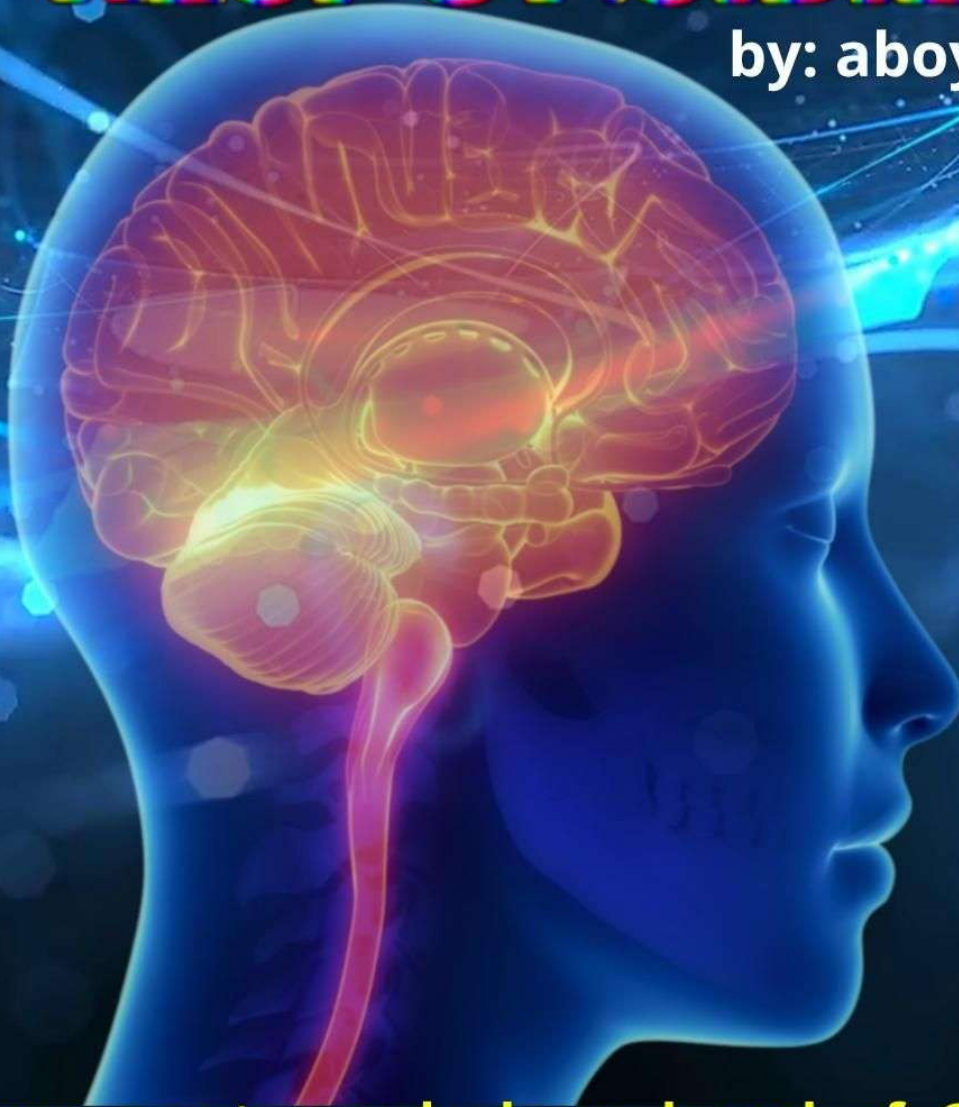


Fawnlet Summer



A MOST IMPORTANT RESPONSIBILITY

by: aboysXO



I'm sure most people have heard of G.I.G.O. That is actually an acronym for "garbage in, garbage out". What it refers to exactly, is the assimilation and processing of information. Like programming a computer. If you want it to produce a valid answer it needs to be fed all the pertinent information. All the factual data that is required to formulate a valid answer or, a realistic and workable plan of action. If you give it erroneous or incomplete information the answer you get may be far from correct.

It is the same for a human brain. The more varied, complete and factual information one has, the more likely the chance of success at whatever endeavor. To inculcate a child with misleading, slanted and incorrect information is a lifetime impediment.

A behavior modification technique is to replace incorrect beliefs with a real set of parameters. This is your “belief window”. It is the set of beliefs that drive your thoughts and actions. It is your particular view of the world. In that context, whatever you think, whatever actions you plan, will be the product of those beliefs. If, for example, you believe that all blue humans are hostile and angry, then any interactions you have with blue people will be on that basis. Your attitude and demeanor will reflect that even if there is insufficient evidence to support that conclusion. That could be difficult if you interact with blue people on a regular basis. That would be a situation not likely to produce positive results.

If you believe that certain actions or behaviors constitute a moral or philosophical offense (whether it actually affects you or not) your thoughts and actions will be in social, legal or physical opposition to that. On the basis of civil peace and cohesion this could create a variety of internal social problems.

For many people these kinds of incorrect data are usually a product of indoctrination by way of parental, familial and/or social interactions or education. What your parents put in your head, their own personal views, can last a lifetime. They can create obstacles and problems, so that whatever you try to do won't quite work out.

In effect, this is a main reason why our world is in such a mess. We make plans based on what we believe is the way it goes, and then never understand why it keeps failing. Or why it continues to need a bandage every few years.

A boy needs to know not only that something is true as it is, but very importantly, the why and how of it. Often, he will ask a parent for that information after they make an assertion. Sometimes a parent might become angry that the child couldn't just accept whatever it was and act accordingly. Sometimes the response might be, "Because I'm your mother, that's why!" That's not good enough.

And we have to understand that parents might say that for a couple of reasons. Maybe it was because that wasn't a conversation the parent was prepared to have with a child. Other times, they might be embarrassed that they didn't know the answer. It was something that was believed without qualification all their lives without knowing why that is. And they certainly wouldn't admit that to a child.

All this leads to children growing towards their majority with erroneous beliefs and lack of knowledge of the real world. Many parents are decent people, but they are driven by traditional training and belief. There are subjects and portions of knowledge that are off limits to children, a rationale which is based on non-existent premises.

The job of an adult friend is to teach his YF about truth and reality, and to prepare him as fully for his adult transition as possible. This means that whatever he wants to know is important, and you have to treat it as such. Whatever topic it is, sensitive subject or not. If he is able to think of a question, and formulate it into words, then his AF is obligated to provide him the best, most complete answer he can give, and which the boy can likely absorb. For the man, to do any less would be disrespectful to his young friend, and to himself as well. Additionally, he would be perpetuating the mess the world is already in.

"Oh, his innocence is so refreshing!" people often say. "Let him be a kid as long as possible."

That attitude, so widespread, seems to suggest that children should do nothing but play. And yes, childhood requires playtime -- but it isn't one long period of play. Childhood is to prepare a person to navigate the world. Innocence is not a virtue, it is an impediment. Innocence is the lack of knowledge. Your "adorable, innocent" child is now a mark for someone more knowledgeable and with less scruples.

Don't put him off or give him a short answer. Tell him the full truth. If he is able to think, formulate and articulate a question he is ready for the answer. If a 6-year-old asked me where babies come from, I would tell him in a way that he could understand. As he digests the information, more and more sophisticated questions will be forthcoming. And you are the Hero!



Last Respects

by: Realme



"I think the priest is onto us," I whisper.

The man sitting next to me at Uncle Bruce's funeral nods and whispers back, "Not too hard to see, for those in the know."

The priest is scanning the mourners, his brow furrowed. It's obvious he doesn't like what he sees. I follow his gaze around the thirty or so people sitting on the folding metal chairs arranged before the coffin and open grave on a beautiful autumn day. The morning sun is strong but it has not yet taken away the crispness of the air that heralds the approaching winter. The only two women present sit at the front, in the place reserved for family. Dolores, Uncle Bruce's long-suffering ex-wife, and a sister I had heard about but had never met.

The rest of us are men, or more precisely grown-up boys. Uncle Bruce's old companions. We are all of slightly different ages. I'm in my late forties, and as a boy knew Uncle Bruce as a healthy and energetic swimming coach in his early fifties. Others, like Terry sitting beside me, are older and knew Uncle Bruce when he was younger. Other men attending the funeral are younger than us, some much younger. The youngest is one of the stragglers just coming up the hill to Sunset View Cemetery. He doesn't look more than twenty.

Me and Terry raise mutual eyebrows. It went on so long? Uncle Bruce died in his early eighties, which means he would have been in his seventies when he befriended this handsome young fellow.

When the newcomer goes up to shake Dolores' hand, I strain to hear their conversation "I'm sorry for your loss. Uncle Bruce was a wonderful man."

Dolores says thank you, her face stony. This man is not Bruce's nephew. Neither am I. Neither is Terry. None of us are, but we all call him Uncle Bruce.

"How did you know him?" Dolores manages to say, her voice tight.

The question is sheer courtesy, force of habit. This woman, shut out of so much, is not stupid. She just chose to ignore what she couldn't stop.

"Marrying her was my biggest mistake," Uncle Bruce told me once. "I thought I could deny what I was. That was unfair to her." I couldn't help but wonder, what is she feeling? Grief? Frustration? Jealousy? Probably a bit of all three.

The young guy pauses for half a beat and replies, "I met him at the Youth Center when I was in middle school. He taught a photography class."

Me and Terry trade a mischievous look. He was still doing the photography thing in his seventies? Good for him! For a brief moment I'm taken back to when I stood under those warm lights, posing for Uncle Bruce. I loved his eyes studying me, and loved the thought that others would admire me too.

"How about I stand like this?"

"That's beautiful, Greg. You're beautiful."



I can still see those warm hazel eyes looking at me all over. It felt like he was touching me even though he was halfway across the room. And then the camera clicks, and I feel so many more eyes on me. The adult me shifts in his seat, suddenly excited by old memories. And it wasn't just during the photography session. When we were hiking, or eating out at a diner, or when he attended my middle school basketball games, or our long talks late into the night, it was always the same. He saw me. He really saw me.

I look around again now that we're all assembled. Yes, all men, all a few years of age apart. All of us would have met Uncle Bruce when we were between the ages of ten and fourteen. The lucky ones, like me, would have met him when we were at the lower end of that age range, and would have enjoyed Uncle Bruce's attentions for years. Others would have only had a year, like Terry, or a few months, like a couple of the guys I know sitting near the back.

"I wish I had met him when I was younger." That's what most of us say.

I briefly meet the priest's eye. He glares at me for a moment, and then looks around the crowd again. Yes, he sees the staggered ages of the men who aren't actually relatives. He knows what that means. He may disapprove, but he knows what that means.

The priest clears his voice, thanks everyone for attending (in a tone that does not carry sincerity), and begins the service. I tune out as he reads from the Bible. The only things I ever worshipped were that man lying in the coffin behind the priest, and boys the same age that Uncle Bruce liked them. But Uncle Bruce is gone now, and my one special boy grew up half a decade ago.

A wave of grief washes over me. The man two seats down from me, who I don't know, is openly crying. I try to hold it together and look out across the sunny bluff on which we stand, with the river valley at our feet and the mountain blue and hazy in the distance. Uncle Bruce would have loved this spot. He loved hiking. He loved swimming too. I grew to love both of those things as I grew to love Uncle Bruce.

Honestly, I feel at home in the crowd. Until this day, I never realized there were so many of us.

And this isn't even all of us. There was the stockbroker who died in a freak boating accident, and the surgeon who couldn't attend because he has to perform a critical operation today. There is also the aid worker who couldn't get leave from his war zone posting.

So many, and we've all been successful. Society says people like us are bound to be screwed up. That being in love so young turns people into mental basket cases, doomed to a life of substance abuse and crime.

Not true. We flourished under Uncle Bruce's care. Many of us needed it badly. Terry's dad slapped him around when he was drunk. The surgeon had been in and out of foster homes. Bill found attention with Uncle Bruce that he didn't find from either of his so-called parents. Me, I was lucky. I had a happy family life and no major problems growing up, other than a natural shyness.

Why, then, did I find myself so attracted to Uncle Bruce? If I really think about it, it's no mystery. He was kind and attentive, and took me places and gave me attention. No big surprise there, but the thing outsiders to this kind of relationship don't understand is why I initiated the physical part when he dropped hints that it would be okay to do so. Or why I agreed to the photo sessions. They also don't understand why thinking of these things still gives me a warm feeling in my heart, and in another place.

They don't understand that a 10-year-old boy can fall in love.

Another wave of sadness passes over me. The priest is saying something about how Uncle Bruce is in heaven and that we cry not for him, who is now with God, but for ourselves for having lost him. I wipe my eyes. If there is a God, a good God, then Uncle Bruce is certainly in heaven.

The priest then says that to keep Uncle Bruce alive, we all must remember him in our hearts. But this is something we don't need to be told. A relationship like that endures in your heart forever. No one who ever felt those eyes or those reassuring hands could ever forget Uncle Bruce.

"I wish I had met him when I was younger."

I was one of the lucky ones, to be his special boy for so long before my height and my deepening voice, the hair on my legs and my changing attitudes made me someone who couldn't be a special boy anymore.

Not that Uncle Bruce ignored us after we grew into young men -- far from it. We simply became friends of a different sort. That encouragement and advice and love was always on offer, and even those who moved away would keep in touch with regular calls and visits. No one ever stopped talking to Uncle Bruce, even the ones who got married, had kids, and put that part of their life behind them as an unusual phase that few people would understand.

"It was different with Uncle Bruce," one father of three told me. "Not like the people you see getting caught on TV."

I never got married. Neither did Terry. We're like Uncle Bruce. Terry has a holiday home down in Mexico, where the boys live more freely than in the United States. He's invited me down several times, but I want longer connections. Sadly, I've only ever had one young friend in my life: Peter.

Bright-eyed, plucky Peter, who I met when he was a sharp little 9-year-old at the same municipal swimming pool where Uncle Bruce taught me to dive. He was doing flips off the edge of the pool as I did laps. Then next time he flipped and came up to the surface, I caught his eye and gave him a thumb's up.

Instant connection.

"I can do two flips before hitting the water!"

"Awesome!"

"Wanna see?"

"Sure!"

He only got one-and-a-half flips and ended up in a painful belly flop.

"Here," I said. "Let me show you how to do a better dive." He got it on the first try, and the look of delighted surprise I gave him when he came up for air forged a bond that remains today.



Peter was my young friend through age thirteen, when he broke it off to date girls. We remained close, still spending time together like I did with Uncle Bruce right up until the day he died. That bond was stretched but not severed when his family moved to another state, but now I worry that 16-year-old Peter might stop texting his adult friend.

Suddenly I'm crying. The priest is right. We don't mourn for those departed; we mourn for ourselves. Loneliness crushes me. That man gave me so much, as did that boy, and now I will never see their faces again. Terry puts a hand on mine and squeezes. Another invitation to Mexico is sure to follow. He knows all about Peter. Maybe I'll take him up on it this time. But in the end, won't that just make me feel even lonelier?

I snap out of my thoughts as the priest breaks off his sermon and frowns at something behind us. Everyone turns. A trio of kids have climbed up the hill through the headstones. They look about eleven to thirteen, all clutching skateboards. All in baggy pants and shirts, flip caps, and ragged sneakers.

"What are you doing here?" the priest snaps. "This is a private function!"

"Well, he sure doesn't fit the stereotype," Terry whispers.

"Neither do we," I whisper back.

The kids shift, unsure of themselves. All the mourners stare. The oldest kid, a Latino boy of about thirteen, asks, "Is this the funeral for Uncle Bruce?"

Gasps and a few stifled chuckles. Good old Uncle Bruce! But three at a time? He never did that before. Each of us enjoyed his undivided attention. Maybe after certain types of affection had faded with age, he didn't feel guilty spreading around what remained.

"Why, yes," the priest replies, equal parts surprised and horrified. "I don't have you on the mourners' list. Are you ... relatives?"

"We didn't know we needed to sign up for no list," a 12-year-old replies. He has sparkling blue eyes, just like Peter.

"Well, you do. Are you relatives?"

"He volunteered at the city skate park," the Latino kid says.

"I heard that," Terry says, his eyes sparking with admiration. I think my friend will take up skateboarding soon.

"He was 83 years old," Dolores snaps, "and he never went skateboarding a day in his life!"

"He helped out at the gate and checking out equipment and stuff," the middle boy says. I still can't get a look at the smallest boy, who's hiding behind his bigger friends. A shy, awkward boy, I suppose. I was a shy, awkward boy once.

"Yes, yes. He mentioned that to me," Terry says.

He mentioned nothing of the sort, old buddy.

For a moment, there's silence. The priest looks to Uncle Bruce's ex-wife, a question on his face. She's fuming. Before she can say anything, I stand up and walk toward the kids.

**"I'm so glad to finally meet you! I'm Greg. Uncle Bruce mentioned you guys," I said, and point at the leader.
"You're ..."**

"Angelo."

Of course you are.

"That's right. Angelo the star skater and so you must be ..."

"Hunter," the middle boy says.

"That's right. Hunter."

The youngest then steps out from behind his friends. He looks about eleven, with soft, wavy brown hair and liquid brown eyes. I freeze and stare. He looks right back at me, his eyes not wavering a millimeter.

"I'm Jacob."

"Pleased to meet you, Jacob." I mean for the words to come out casual, but they come out choked and hoarse.

I can feel everyone's eyes on me, most of all the priest's and the woman I never got to call Aunt. Jacob gives me a sly look. I'm even obvious to him. He doesn't say anything, so I clear my throat and manage to speak in a normal voice this time. "I was a friend of Uncle Bruce's when I was your age."

"Really?" Jacob said, his eyes lighting up. "He's awesome! He's the coolest old guy I ever met. He ..." His eyes slide past me to look at the coffin and, in that sudden way a boy's emotions can take a 180, bursts into tears. I reach out to put a hand on his shoulder, not believing my daring. There's a lump in my throat.

"It's all right," I said. "We're all sad."

"It's cool, bro," Angelo says. His eyes are damp too.

"Let's sit down and hear the rest of the service," I suggest.

"Are there seats left?" Jacob asks.

"Sure, right here," I say, leading him back to my seat. Terry, like a true friend, has vacated his own seat to give Jacob room. Either that, or he's maneuvering to sit next to Angelo. Fair enough!

I pull out a handkerchief and hand it to Jacob, who wipes his eyes. He leans his skateboard on the chair, but that takes up half the space so he has to scootch closer to me. "You really knew Uncle Bruce when you were a kid?" he whispers as the priest flips through his Bible.

"That's right. He taught me how to dive."

"I don't know how to dive." Again, that knowing look. My breath catches.

"It's easy if you have the right teacher."

"Cool." He hesitates and looks around at all the adults he doesn't know. His face is flushed and he's sweating.

"It's a long way from the skatepark," I say.

The boy nods. "We skated the whole way, then we had to climb this hill. I'm beat."

"I can give you a ride back to town after this, if you want."

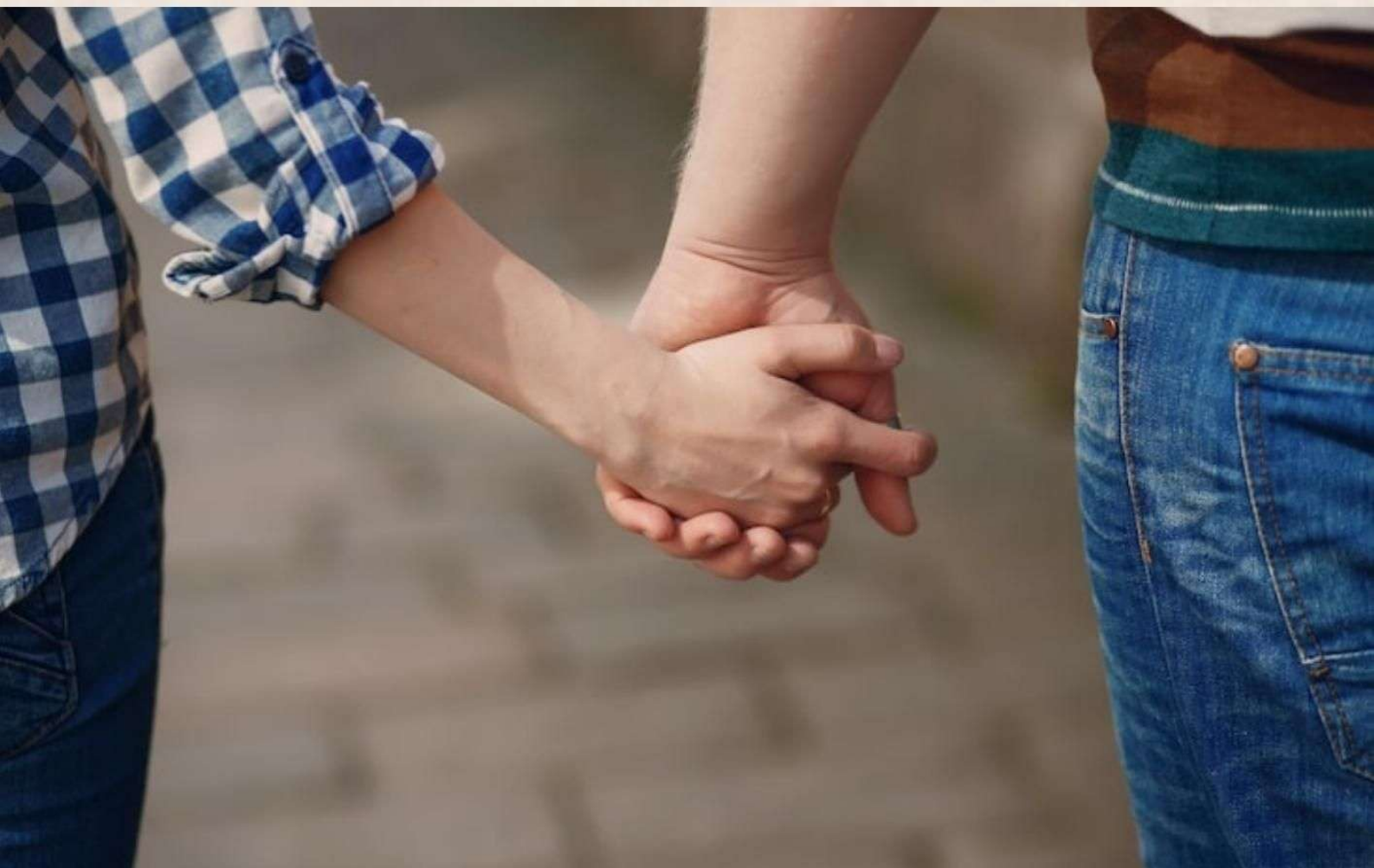
He looks at me again and I freeze. Have I overstepped?

"What's your name again?" he asks

"Greg."

He treats me to a shy smile. "Okay ... Uncle Greg. And maybe you can teach me to dive sometime."

Anytime you want, my young friend.



Summer
Fawnlet

