

**William Blake's "Thel":
On My Back to the Future
through the Tunnel of Love...**

Wild Blue Yonder

Inch for inch, pound for pound, Big Boyd Grymkowski was the best buddy a flyjockey could want back in those bombs-away days when our lives depended on each other in the United States Air Corps. Boyd was the aviator, the pilot, the captain, the jock, the stud. He even had a girl back stateside. Sweet Lorraine.

I was his ball-turret gunner, squished like a human booger into the all-glass nose of his airplane. He called me that. His "Booger." Wrapping his big arm around my neck. Giving my crewcut head a, wow, ow, dutch rub with his big knuckles, asking me, "What's an air cock?" Shoving me down between his thighs, dropping his big stud dick into my willing mouth. High in the skies over Europe, we were higher than any high-wire act without a net those last days of WWII whistling "Booger Wooger Bugle Boy," because that was the nickname we strong-armed our flight crew into painting real bold behind the nose of our plane, them not knowing the real "Booger" joke or how it was between Big Boyd and me.

I remember one of our last times together, me and Boyd, heading out before dawn across the wet tarmac, outside in the last deepest dark before the French dawn, ahead of the other flyboys, who were still combing their wet hair, acting in the mirrors like they were God's fucking gift, which most of them were, since you measure a flyer by his groomed looks, his attitude, his build, and the size of his cock, which every Joe knows, always side-glancing in the showers, sneaking peeks for the biggest cock of the walk, always hoping you won't be the peewee. Not that anybody ever said anything. Except about Big Boyd, who was hung so big everybody talked, like once a cock gets to be a certain size nobody's embarrassed to talk about it. There wasn't any Flying Ace who wasn't sort of in awe of the size of his 13-inch gun.

"If I had me a dick like that, I'd screw me Rita and get my roll in the hay-worth, I'd gobble Betty Grable, and I'd show Lana Turner a few new

turns. And they'd all die with smiles on their pussies where my dick went in and grins on their mouths where my dick came out." We were nuts. We were young, with scores of our last high-school games still stuck in our heads. We were American warriors. We were on a charted deadset bombing mission. Berlin or Bust!

Anyway, that hour before dawn, those other dickheads were still tucking their pricks away in their skivvies while Boyd and me, strutting down the runway, all suited up in our sheepskin-lined brown-leather flightsuits, coveralls they were, both of us laughing because of our wild fuck the night before, crawling this morning out of the secret rack we'd hidden in the back of the hanger, skipping our showers to make the sweet smell of our sex last longer, sucking the taste of cum from our tongues, and of sweet ass from our moustaches. He was so blond and hairy I felt I ought to comb my teeth.

Boyd pulled me up short. Not hard to do, me being 5-7 with a 8-inch propeller. We stood alone under the dark shadow of a B-52 wing. He grabbed me by both shoulders and looked down at me from his full 6-foot-3 and 220 hard pounds. The squadron had nicknamed us "Mutt and Jeff." I confess we were both easy on the eyes. Everyone said so. I was fair and ruddy with red-brown hair. Big Boyd, well, Big Boyd was the blondest Polack I ever did see.

He squeezed me in tight with his big arms, real romantic, and kissed me, tubing his big tongue like a second cock through my lips, dribbling his sweet saliva that tasted like my cum he had sucked off, one last time, only minutes before, in the maintenance room behind the latrine. God! Was I in love with him! Me, 21, a cracker lieutenant from Little Rock, A-R-K. Him, 26, a crackerjack captain from Pittsburgh P-A's Little Poland. Without a war we'd have never met. He sucked hard on my tongue. My dick hardened. His was always hard. Polish sausage. *Kielbasa*, he said. It rode hard. He carried it hard. It showed hard even through his thick leather coveralls.

"Hey!" He held me out at arms' length. His voice was deep and smooth like blond honey poured over warm gravel. "Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me!"

"Till I come marching home," I said.

That song was our secret code those days when no one talked about how easy, and how natural, sex, and, sometimes, real and abiding love, could come to lonely soldiers who, faced daily with sudden death, dared to sleep with other young soldiers. Thank God, I knew passion. Thank God, Big Boyd was my one great passion.

In my life, I never regretted what I'd done, only what I didn't do.

If it hadn't been for that war, we'd have never met.

If it hadn't been for that war, I'd never have been killed.

Without that war, I'd have had to live my whole life managing the Woolworth's in Little Rock, serving my three never-to-be-born kids free Cokes at the soda fountain, not knowing what I missed, never having fucked around with the XYY-likes of Boyd Grymkowski.

Don't be cynical. TV networks make series out of being dead. Only I'm not dead. Not anymore. I'm as alive as you are. This day. This year. But, whoah! I get ahead of myself. Heaven can wait. Ask Warren. Ask Shirley. When a man like Boyd Grymkowski tells you to sit under the apple tree, you sit, obedient as Adam in Eden. And you wait. Anyway, we're all old souls in a new life who turn and turn again, and if you don't believe that, they won't let you drink vegetable smoothies in Southern California, Venice, precisely, where Boyd after the war...

The weekend after that morning, when I nearly got my balls blown off in the ball turret, which is maybe why the bastards call it that, our squadron barracks was empty. Unbelievable. Luck. Chance. Destiny.

The military's more perverse than fags, because war is first of all having to live with too many guys in too close a space for too long a time. So far so good. Not a shabby concept for shitting, shaving, and showering with every Tom, Dick, and Harry. Voyeur's heaven! A 100 guys times, what, 6-inch to 8-inch, shit, say 7-inch, dicks, equals 700 inches of cock, or 58 feet of meat! Fuck privacy! Give me any day hundreds of young soldiers' buck privates, cocked, blue-veined, hung, dangling right or left so you knew how the guy jerked off when he was a growing kid. Pricks tenting under sheets at night. Skivvied meat hardening at the mere mention of blowjobs. Buns, hard bubble-buns. Athletic pecs. Lean hard chests. Nipples rosy, flat as quarters, erect as Hershey's Kisses. Shoulders broad as gun racks. Armpits dripping drill-sweat through red and blond and brunet hair. Hard arms. Proud biceps. Some tatted with "MOM" or "Betty" who'd long since sent her "Dear John." The bitch.

Corded forearms of handsome mechanics. Sculpted hands. Long fingers. Grease-crescent nails. Lucky Strike Green hanging from lips surrounded by Barbasol shaving cream. New cookie-duster moustaches. Old Spice after-shave. Cornfed farmboy thighs, ah, yes, high-school football thighs, wrestling thighs, varsity-letter thighs. Flat sit-up-till-you-throw-up bellies. Torsos lightly upholstered tit to tit. Hairy butts. Farts lit in the night. Screams of jackass laughter. Hairy legs. The sinewy curve of instep on a hard foot spied under a john partition. Beautiful, suckabilly toes.

Anonymous hard cocks porting through wooden gloryholes into anonymous warm mouths. Every manjack among them in full bloom. Too young, too fresh with semen, to give even a hint of going to seed, to pot, to rack and ruin, and every one so ravenous for sex that given the right time, the right place, and the right liquor...

Boyd loved my lust for life.

I loved his.

It nearly killed him when I died.

At dusk that Saturday evening, he returned to the barracks covered with grease from working on “Booger Boy,” and soaked with sweat from a hard workout in the squadron gym. I don’t know who he had been wrestling, but I could tell the other guy hadn’t won. No one beat “The Grymko.” Ever. Victory turned Big Boyd Grymkowski on. (Pit him and Hitler in a ring....Fuck!) Boyd’s 10-inch shaft, plus its 3-inch bulb-head, was hammocked hard in his tight red-wool wrestling singlet.

What a combo! The grease of a mechanic and the sweat of a competitive grappler. He stripped slowly, teasing, wiping the back of his hairy blond hand across his mouth. He dropped the thin straps of his singlet down. He reached his big arms behind his neck and pulled his teeshirt up from the hairy-ape nape of his neck. First his navel appeared on his belly like a button on a washboard. Then the line of thick blond hair that ran up to his twin-pack pecs peeled out of the teeshirt he pulled over his unshaven, greasy face. Finally he husked the teeshirt off his head of short blond hair.

He grinned and his blond moustache spread golden as dawn’s first light flat along the horizon. Shit! He knew what he did to me. His blue eyes. His rosy nipples like twin islands in the sea of his blond-haired pecs. He laughed. He hawked up a luger—we were all sport-spitters—and spit it end-over-end toward me. A perfect shot. The flume, white as cum, landed on my hard cock and hung like a juicy rubber band.

“Bull’s-eye!” he said.

I lubed my tool with his spit.

“What you got there, kid?” he said.

“My cock,” I said.

“I mean what you got in inches?”

“I got,” he wasn’t trying to humiliate me, only tease me, but I was a sass-mouthed match for him, “maybe 16 inches.”

“Sixteen! Why that don’t look like more ’n about 8 to me.”

“It is 8. I was just planning on fucking you twice.”

“Right after Helen Keller crowns Eleanor Roosevelt Miss America.”

I savored each hardon fetish word: “You ever going to strip off that...sweaty...red...wool...wrestling...singlet?” He knew I liked kneeling on the floor in front of him any time, every time, he stripped. He always peeled real slow, the way big-muscled guys do who, sometime before, in boot-camp locker rooms figured out that normal-sized men couldn’t take their admiring eyes off them while they stripped off their uniforms, showered, and dressed, never in much hurry. Boyd was born cock of the walk.

He spread his broad shoulders, ran his hands up and down his hairy arms, palmed across both his furry pecs, and slowly slam-dunked both hands down his hairy belly, sliding his fingers into the red singlet. I beat my cock watching him, with his tongue between his teeth and his eyes fixed on his crotch, as he started the slow roll of the red-wool singlet down from his steel-belted waist, down his hips, toward the revelation of his huge blond cock. His fingers outlined the full shape and length and circumference of his 13-inch piece of work. The muscles in his linebacker thighs corded into groups like soldiers in V-formation. I wanted his cock. He wanted his cock. I adored his dick. I loved it. But no one loved it better than Boyd himself. It was big, handsomely shaped, heavy-veined, Polack studcock.

I knew what was coming.

“Lay back on the floor,” he said.

I looked up at him, 6-3 and 220 pounds of him, as he walked up the length of my body. His huge hairy legs dripped with sweat. His bare feet smelled rich from wet leather boots and damp wool socks. Standing, he straddled my chest. His pecs were beautiful. His shoulders...his face...I loved him.

“You ready?” he said.

I rubbed my hands up his hairy legs to wet them with his sweat and, wet-palmed, started salt-stroking my cock.

He leaned over me and tongue-funneled a long stream of spit from his mouth that ran Niagara to mine.

He smiled. I swallowed. Finally! Finally! Finally! He rolled the red-wool wrestling singlet down to mid-thigh. His porcelain-white cock, studded with blue veins, rose from the matted sweat of the blond hair in his crotch. His big bullnuts dropped loose and free, rolling in the play of his big palm like two billiard balls cupped by a hardstick pool stud. His dick turned like a gun turret, heavy firepower, standing straight up and straight out.

He looked down at his big rod over the mounds of his pecs. This night I knew he was putting on a special show to pleasure me. He laughed. His

blond face broke open, the way sun at 3,000 feet breaks through fog over Europe. Nothing lasts. Not in war. Even the best is bittersweet. I was determined to beat the odds. I wanted to remember forever, so I could find him again, his sparkling blue eyes, massive chin, big grin, and the kind of white teeth peculiar to born jocks, big white perfect teeth with spaces between them like pickets in a fence around a yard where you'd like to live. Alone. With him. Worshipping forever his big cock.

"This one's on me," Boyd said.

He was a born exhibitionist. He dropped to his knees over my chest, his drayman thighs triangled across me, below my nipple line, leaving me space to reach one hand through his crotch to beat my meat. My other hand roamed across his pecs, down his belly, juggled his balls, and wrapped around the base of his 13 inches. I squeezed. The veins purpled up under the blond skin. A big drop of clear bubble pearled in his piss slit. My tongue darted for it. My lips stayed put on the mushroom head of his meat.

He toyed with me. Slowly face-fucking me, rimming my lips with his cockhead, planting the knob-end of his 3-inch cob in my mouth and slow-stroking his 10-inch shaft, taking pleasure in himself, giving pleasure to me, who was received like a guest into the personal pleasure he found in his own masculinity. He was like that, I knew. He liked having sex with anyone who liked to be part of him having sex with himself. Like me. Like Lorraine.

That thought, after I was dead, saved my life.

With his dick in my mouth, I was never more alive. His cock was so big jutting out in front of him, he was like the rider of one huge stallion which he took from trot to canter to gallop, flogging hard flesh deep into me, ramming inch after inch deeper into my mouth, sliding over my tongue, breaking through the glottis, burrowing down my throat, hard, proud, yet so graceful that his insistent force seemed gentle for all my choking, salivating, and gasping for air around his sweet blond studcock. He face-fucked me deep and hard, falling forward over me, 220 pounds of hairy Polish beef, counting cadence push-ups, his dick divoting down my throat, my nose buried in his redolent crotch hair, then on the upstroke, the wild suction of his dick pulling up and out of my tight throat like a plunger pumping a john. He push-up-fucked me to fifty, then seventy.

"Ten more," he said. "Hard ones."

Eighty.

"Give you something to remember me by."

Ninety.

"The last ten," he said. "Animal fuck!"

He gave me what I wanted as he headed to a hundred. How much is 13 inches times 100? My lips were splitting. My tongue was tangled. My throat was bruised. Blood came from my nose. Yet he did not cum. On the hundredth stroke, he pulled his slick dick from my face and leaned over and kissed me.

"Love me, Mutt? Ya love me, Booger?"

He took his cock in one big meathook. He was a southpaw. He held his 13 inches like a boy's ballbat. He rubbed his right hand across his big pecs, flicking his nipples, while his left began the beguine on his enormous cock. He knelt directly over my face, over my open mouth, bringing his fully hard rod to full bore, cocking the trigger, pulling the piece, shooting his sperm-luger load all over my face, into my open mouth, up my nose, down my chin, on my nipples, on my chest. He scooped up a dripping load of his cum on his big fingers and fed me. I sniffed the smell of his seed, tasted the sweetness of his sperm.

"You swallow up all my little babies." He was talking like a daddy, sticking his big hairy fingers down my throat. He dropped down full weight on top me and kissed me. "Jeff loves Mutt," he said.

My heart took off for the wild blue yonder.

Which brings us back to that kiss before dawn on the tarmac. That mission was my last. This ball-turret gunner bought the farm without ever seeing Patee. Big Boyd nearly died my death grieved him so.

Later that spring, VE Day changed everything. Boyd, his uniform dripping with medals, stopped off in Pittsburgh to see his family and to marry Lorraine, crossed swords and all, which seemed the right thing to do, just as right as him taking her and a couple Samsonite suitcases and moving to Southern California, where a lot of other vets were toodling around like wild ones on motorcycles, still restless from the war, not ready to settle down. But Boyd, already settled with Lorraine, always wanted everything, thank God, both ways. So Lorraine, who was no fool when it came time to worshipping 13 inches, didn't mind too much when Boyd rebuilt an old Harley better than new, didn't mind it as much as the tattoos he got on both his hairy arms. Plus she had to admit she had been bored shitless with Pennsylvania, so anything "California" that Boyd wanted to do was okay with her, except have a kid, not too soon anyway.

I watched all this. My lover, Boyd, pumping up on some iron, becoming a blond-bearded 235-pound biker, pretty sexually straight those days, with always a little playing on the side, mostly with guys who liked to worship and adore his muscle. Somethings never change. (Can you imagine

being dead and jealous?) I still loved him. I still wanted to be around him. One thing I know some folks don't. They think we all just come back as somebody anonymous. No way. I know smart old souls can put in an order and wait. So I did. And any fool can guess what it was.

The fucking Santa Ana winds were blowing, the winds that make all LA crazy, making Lorraine crazy for Big Boyd's big dick, but this time I knew he wasn't planning on cuming in her face. He fucked her hard and deep till she was screaming and climbing the wall and the more she bel-lowed the more of a big rutting, fucking, blond biker beast he became. They were wrecking the bedroom, and all of Venice Beach could have heard them. It was what I wanted. It was what I'd been waiting for. It was passion. I wanted to be a son born of his lust. When he grunted deep and low in his throat, "I'm cuming!" And she screamed, "Cum in me!" And he threw back his head of long blond hair, raising his face up, I zoomed faster than the speed of light like a bullet through his forehead.

I lodged in his pituitary where I took first car in the roller coaster of his cum that exploded in a starburst of energy, partly me coming in, that shot down under the blond bristles on the back of his thick neck, down his well-muscled spine, straight through his prostate, picking up other seed all along the way, me picking the best one to attach myself to, then rocketing around the double-8's inside his big bullnuts, and finally, launchtime, I hit the first micrometer of his 13-inch cock, poised, perched, ready like a shot in a sling, when his toes curled under, his big butt tightened, his thighs hardened, his pecs and belly bulged, his powerful arms flexed, and the column of his neck stood corded like a huge cock.

His orgasm tore me at about a million G's as I shot down the inside cannon of the 13 inches of his cock. Not only did I have to beat out a couple million other anonymous sperm, I had to hit the target with Lorraine bouncing like a bitch in heat. But what's a ball-turret gunner good for, if he's not a hot shot?

So, for one brief moment, I was sailing along inside the 13-inch cock of my lover who, I knew, still grieved for me, but, *Bingo!*, not for long, not when nine months later he held me in his big daddy arms and said to Lorraine, "We'll call him Mutt."

"His name is Michael."

"So we'll call him Mutt."

"No."

"Then we'll call him Booger."

"I'll call him Michael."

"I'll call him Mutt."

The way he said the names I knew he recognized me. He kind of crooned under his breath and noodled my chin singing, “Don’t sit under the apple tree.”

And that’s how my lover became my dad and we were the first ones on motor scoots and surf boards, and everything was very California because I was no fool. I made sure that his sperm I connected up with was genetically XYY-coded to be built big and muscular, blond, hairy, and hung like my old man with a 13-inch dick.

He always got off on himself so much, he liked me even better when I grew up looking everyday more and more like him.

“You’re Boyd all over,” Lorraine always said.

There’s nothing better than when the lover becomes his beloved. Or close to it. His beloved’s son. I had quite a boyhood, a better adolescence, and when my old man hugged me on my 18th birthday like he’d never hugged me before, well, what goes round comes round, like father, like son.

Would a man with a 13-inch penis lie?

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