The Albino on Castro Street

You will not find on any Hamburg dockside
So true a gene for virtual peroxide.

The eyes aren't pink, thanks to the contact lenses.
Who go down lists are going into frenzies.

An item for collectors, unaware
His stock in trade is that Jean Harlow hair:

His platinum American Express card,
His entrée, price tag, and his Porno Press Card.

He'll be picked up and passed from hand to hand
By bathhouse patrons jaded with the tanned.

And if the contacts go into their case
A blood transparent stares out of his face--

The vision's red, unseeing underside
That, blind to its own presence, cannot pride

Itself on white eyelashes, see-through iris
(Which some will comment on in private diaries,

As well as on the fadeout farther south).
Nine days a wonder, then it's hand to mouth,

Made grimmer by a tale that got about
How, breathing hard, he popped his contacts out.

New items move fortnightly up the list;
Who has no contacts now, will not be missed.