



## LOMAN

*Place:* Galway, ancient Irish city on Galway Bay in the west of Ireland, home of University of Ireland, Galway

*Time:* Gay Pride Day, June 16

*Characters:* Loman, a student

Dary, a worker, a porter in a hospital

*Glossary:*

**Y-fronts:** cotton undershorts, briefs

**Leaving Certs:** a certificate granted on leaving school

**lorry:** a truck

**St. Patrick:** Ireland's patron saint who in 450 AD converted Ireland to Christianity, and, so legend says, drove all the snakes out of Ireland

## MICHAEL WYNNE

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Loman's circumcision finally freed him up to fulfil his sexual potential. That was how he gladly put it to Dary the June Sunday night they lay with their shoulders together against the grassy slope of the barrow, watching the waxing, earth-shining moon, themselves a bit over the moon, hours after the pride parade wound the crowd out of the university and down through medieval streets of Galway where they had dared display their closeness to the entire town.

At Loman's crotch, Dary curled his hand, cupping and stroking Loman's hard, newly-cut cock through his jeans. Loman lay, smiling, relaxed, savouring the sensation with relish and relief. Finally clipped, set free from the strangling collar of skin that had kept his cockhead blind, he could enjoy himself with the abandon he'd always imagined a man was made for. As stars fell around them, Loman confessed feeling on the brink of fulfillment. He spoke unbridled toward the gibbous moon with Dary, the partner by his side, who was for him the most perfect.

Loman himself was slim and limbre, with long, light auburn hair. Dary was dark, big-chinned, with generous lips slickered rosy wet, hands that were large and knobby, and an adolescent body that was still filling out, thickening, becoming unrelentingly manly in the way that sheer heft dooms boys to become layers of brick and drivers of lorries whether they want to or not. He and Loman were friends from preschool days. They'd been intimate as infants, had pressed tongues together to see how they tasted when barely knee-high, had compared their earliest erections in Dary's mother's car. As preteens they

had indulged their instinct for exhibition together, had twisted the seats of their Y-fronts into thongs and took turns mooning themselves in the bathrooms of their respective homes, laughing and parading before the washbasin mirror, daring the other to knead or strike lightly the stark white buttocks, to squeeze the member straining at the cloth. For as long as they could recall, each had been filled with curiosity, rabid and unquenchable, about the other's body. They strove to see, to feel, to fuse in some way their flesh at every opportunity. Over time, they had made certain their families stayed best friends to each other.

From the onset of adolescence, Loman had been impressed by Dary's big dick, so comfortably fitted with loose foreskin, its thickness, inclined to the left in all states, the puce nudity of the glans making the heavy-veined shaft look both urgent and pleading when erect. The first time, at eleven, Loman had taken it in his mouth—slid down on it, swallowed it with untutored expertise toward his gullet, fearlessly tonguing the venous underside of the long shaft freed from the suction-cup of prepuce—Dary was so overcome, so carried away with astonished delight, that he had cried. When finally, with a wariness, Loman had allowed Dary do the same to him, he had ultimately wept also, but with the severity of the pain his constricted foreskin caused. Clipped, he could, for the first time in his eighteen years, see the whole of his glans and appreciate the warm bliss of having his cockhead well sucked and massaged by his partner's rosy lips.

At the parade that afternoon, dancing atop the float, in a flapping array of flags and "Interdict STD" posters, they had shared a lingering kiss before a cheering throng. Loman had costumed Dary as a priest in a black soutane-cassock rolled up to feature his large forearms bestowing an ironically sombre Sign of the Cross over the crowd. Loman, dressed as a novice, had knelt at Dary's feet, telling his rosary, until his knees gave out and he stood up and cheered back at the cheering crowds.

On the float, gyrating fanatically to a rave beat next to them was a nearly naked Saint Patrick, with no staff and no mitre, with wild dishevelled hair and hung with a girdle of rubber tubing, painted to look like dead snakes. From a bum-bag hanging at his side, the berserker Saint Paddy flung fistfuls of rubbers, dental dams, and latex gloves to the good-humored

crowd lining the ancient streets of Galway below them.

As the float neared the dock, Loman and Dary had kissed, suddenly, spontaneously, spectacularly.

Before the parade ended, they jumped the float and changed in the lavatory of a pub on the quay, while someone boisterously roared the words of “St Patrick the Gent” in the room adjoining. To the accompaniment of this tipsy vocalist they expanded into talk of their futures. Loman, after his Leaving Certs, would get a job on the trains while Dary would remain in his post as porter at the hospital. They would live together in the room Dary rented over the video store. Dary, the quiet one, thick in thigh and shoulder and back, and nimble of head, had conceived of these plans and spoke of them in his cautious rumbling voice as they fumbled with their clothing in the smelly toilet. When Dary paused over his socks, Loman impulsively lunged over and licked his mouth, massaged the big moist rosy lower lip between his, sought with his for the hesitant tongue. For a moment, with the blare of the parade stalled to a finish outside, it was a reassuring return to the innocence of their infantile play, to the time of their blind-headed need when they were boys.

A Galway mist lifted light out of the Bay and drifted briefly over the end of the parade. The June light sparkled up into the vapour and slowly fell into sunset bringing up twilight with the moon rise. After dark, Loman led Dary from the town out the eastern boundary. They made for the foothills where they’d played for years. They were no longer wee boys. Under the stars in the fresh clear sky, Loman’s unzipped dick stood erect in his friend’s hand. Its tender skinned head shined sensitive in the moonrays. Dary hardly touched him, and he came, shuddering with the profound aching freedom of the release.

Afterwards Dary listened to Loman, his oldest companion, made newer, more whole, as he talked of love and friendship and growth, in a voice become rich and dreamlike and wise, as though the man he would be was soothing with farewell the child he’d been.