



***BENEATH
THE
TIGHTS***

POEMS ABOUT
COMIC BOOK CHARACTERS

VOLUME I

JUAN MANUEL PEREZ

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Crimson Concoction	4
Dear Sweet Red Nectar	5
Elvira	6
Lady Croft	7
One More Saved	8
Pantha	9
Supergirl	10
Caped Crusader	11
Captain America	12
Dare I Speak Of A Devil	13
Invisible Man	14
Nightmare Of The Reality	15
Riddle Me This	16
Spiderman, Spiderman	17
Splash, Splash, Splash	18
The Madness In Me	19
Thinking And Writing At Arkham Asylum	20
Will They Put Me Away?	21
Your Lies	22

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For extra copies or your comments, please write to the above address.

Crimson Concoction

for Kitana Baker

A drink to thee
Sweet crimson concoction
Dear lovely miss
Red stained confection

A drink to thee
One upon another
Here is to your quest
To the killing of your brothers

A drink to thee
As for your mother as well
Such truth bared Lilith
Within the confines of hell

A drink to thee
Dear sweet *Vampirella*
I drink to thee
Live long, *Vampirella*

VAMPIRELLA

Dear Sweet Red Nectar

*So much death to be sown and reaped.
So much death to be sown
By one no sower of deaths.
And still no end.*

-Stephen Vincent Benet, 1927

You said you didn't
But you did
You said you wouldn't
But you have

Incapable of extinguishing life
Yet you wrote the book
Improbable that you didn't
But you have got the look

Your bloodless promises
Is misleading my memory
Yet you won't be happy
What a tainted travesty

But in the end
I know you didn't mean too
For red is an insatiable color
That would make another, the same do

My dear sweet red nectar
Hunter of so many
I'll try to understand
That enough is not plenty

VAMPIRELLA

Elvira

Since I can remember
I was fascinated by you
So I think it's only fair
That I write about it too

Oh, my mystifying mistress
My spicy sultry spook
My delicious dark diva
With morbidly great looks

Your high darkness
My love I do declare
And my what pumpkins
...uh, I mean extraordinary hair

Gaffed by your goofiness
Captured by captivating dresses
You hypnotized me so
My darling dark princess

The queen of my quorum
The muse of my macabre
My sweet scary sensation
The demoness of my domination

Oh, my eternal *Elvira*
Sweet creature of the night
I think by now you must have guessed
You're my fascination, not my fright

ELVIRA, MISTRESS OF THE DARK

Lady Croft

for Renae Geerlings

Entranced with the ancient
Adventure you seek
It's hard to be patient
When excitement is at its peak

Discovering new places
Traveling new nations
Meeting new faces
Fulfilling imaginations

My dear *Lady Croft*
Sweet mysteries of old
You have rediscovered
And old tales are retold

Indy Jones is nothing
When compared to you
Not just a pretty something
But can pack a punch too

Lara, my archaeological muse
You're much too much to take
My senses I regularly abuse
Oh, the choices I have to make

For now I bid my farewell
My dear sweet dame
To see you again I won't fail
Doing so would be my shame

TOMB RAIDER

One More Saved

for Sascha Knopf

Sweet death, *Vampirella*'s kiss
A strike in the cool moonlight mist
A rogue vampire on the prowl
The hunted village is crying foul

Barely clothed beauties
O they are so fruity
Run, gorgeous girl!
Bad things are to unfurl

Caught pretty one
Busty prey under no sun
Harvest moon tonight!
Scream, starlet! Scream with all your might!

As the maniac monster nears you
From the sky a dark shadow does too
Black winged angel and slave to none
One crimson strike and the game is done

The hunter has been hunted
That which *Vampirella* slew
Another human life is spared
By the vampire slayer the village knew

VAMPIRELLA

Pantha

to comic book legend, Steve Skeates

Sweet Egyptian Goddess
Queen of all cats
Your legs must be tired
Your mind full of meaningless chats

Stupid fools with bastardly moves
Release their crimson flood
The police will only find
Large cat prints in their blood

Naked lady by the door
A deadly, beautiful sight
Nothing on but a golden necklace
Give her shelter you just might

Lady of the night or exotic dancer
She must surely be
This half-cat, half-woman
Will be the last thing you ever see

You must pledge your oath
Of total loyalty to her
The willing keeper you must be
For the big cat in black fur

PANTHA

Supergirl

*Liberty means responsibility.
That is why most men dread it.*

-George Bernard Shaw

You are the one
In the blue and red, girl
Where evil prevails
You are there to save the world

Wonderful, peaceful smile
Hides your ferocious strength
Curvaceous, beautiful woman
Much better than *Clark Kent*

Perhaps led by insanity
Or a mission from way above
Intoxicating is your presence
The one we all love

Evil comes this way
No more time to waste
Thank you for everything
Now dear woman, make haste

Save us all from ourselves!

SUPERGIRL

Caped Crusader

*Superman is the American dream.
Batman is the American truth.*

-Bryan Edward Hill

Black caped apparition
Creature of the night
Dark shadow creeper
Perpetrator of such fright

A rat with wings
Dare you say such things?

A woman screams
In need of help
A man does steal
Increasing his money belt

Do bad today
He'll be on his way

Caped crusader
To the scene
Rescue this woman
From this fiend

Hero of *Gotham City*
O villain what a pity

Caped crusader
Saves the day
This city wouldn't have it
Any other way

BATMAN

Captain America

*The wicked flee when no man pursueth,
but they flee even faster
when someone is after them*

-Unknown

*A Red Skull caves
Upon a field of the dead
Mister Red, White and Blue
Is the one who bashed in his head*

*Hitler has no might
Stronger than our hero
Evil will bow again
To our captain who is no zero*

*An experiment upon the weak
First on the blacks then on the whites
That's how *Captain America* came to be
Our patriotic glorious knight*

*Fighting mad and for the nation
Evil lays upon his feet
Captain America is our man
When super evil dares repeat*

CAPTAIN AMERICA

Dare I Speak Of A Devil

Dare I speak of a Devil
One that should not be

A red phantom in the darkness
Where he himself cannot see

Only the sounds that come to play
As plain as the lighted day

Dare the Devil to do his will
When injustice prevails, he will slay

Dare I speak of a Devil
One that should have wings

For he moves about in a way
Almost inhuman for such things

A creature driven to its brink
Still a man, none the less is he

One that will put to task all there is
Beware a dangerous angel that be

DAREDEVIL

Invisible Man

So many lay dead
At his beaten clear feet
Untraceable wandering eyes
This frantic freak needs to eat

To order, to kill
To command by fear
This twisted horrid vision
A twisted man adheres

Intelligence turned invisible
By his own sinister hand
Killed by the very fear
He himself tried to command

Invisible fear
Invincible hand
Inconsequent reign
Invisible Man

INVISIBLE MAN

Nightmare Of The Reality

...it has been so long
I'm beginning to think
If it even matters
What I think

Whose purpose does it serve
But my own
So cold, out of touch
Rhythm without tone

Does it matter anymore?
Does it matter somehow
Who I was?
What I am now?

I had lost myself
And the thought of reason
Succumbed to those
Feeding off my work's rewards

O the previous life
Before the *King Pin* contract
Such a weakling I was
Before the gas came in contact

My sweet little profound
Green fanatical madness
Before, struggling was all I knew
Now I'm cured of this sadness

Something always awaits
Every single day
I, the *Green Goblin*,
Ride the crime way

*...everything is silent
bolting straight up from my bed
this nightmare is my reality
as the green mask is shed*

GREEN GOBLIN

Riddle Me This

Riddle me this,
riddle me that.
Who put the wings
on that silly old rat?
Who is his friend
that little bird brat?

Riddle me this,
riddle me that.
What bird doesn't fly
but wears a top hat?
What has he twice
and likes to chit-chat?

Riddle me this,
riddle me that.
Who likes to bathe
like an old alley cat?
Who likes to laugh
in the middle of combat?

Riddle me this,
riddle me that.
I question and query
as part of my rap.
If you figure my clues
I'll prove you're no sap.

RIDDLER

Spiderman, Spiderman

Such a twisted little spider
In a twisted little web
Came upon a twisted little man
Made him feel like he was dead

Truth in soul it must have been
For the man that was, will never be
From such a twisted little fate
Sprung the most amazing thing you'll ever see

Part arachnid, but a man
He crawls the same as one would be
But more a spider than human
Hey there goes *Spidey*, did you see?

Slinging web, roof to roof
Without effort through the wind
Catching crooks and convicts too
Against all evil he will ascend

And *Mary Jane* must not know
Who her eyes have set upon
A secret must remain as such
Or *Peter* will be done all wrong

SPIDER MAN

Splash, Splash, Splash

*You can not step twice into the same river,
for other waters are continually flowing on.*

-Heraclitus

On a muddy road I walk
Through the falling rain I stalk
Forward ahead, towards home I go
To comfort my outer soul

Splash, splash, splash
The past went by in a flash
Thrash, thrash, thrash
Feeling a possible future go down in a crash

I know myself, I can survive
I can find ways to stay alive
My instincts won't let me down
I'll come out losing but a frown

This hell I live in; you know it
The reason for my development and wit
Call me *Wolverine* or what ever you see fit
You can't destroy me. Submit!

You know I am your brother
The future of mankind
My *mutantcy* I can't change
Yet they are coming. I see the signs.

WOLVERINE

The Madness In Me

The madness in me
I can't explain
It makes me come alive
To the dead in another spatial plane

I am but substance of oblivion
Vast and forever
What began long ago
The birth that shouldn't have never

Forced to live a life
In the human form
Surrounded by their predators
Crisis in the norm

Why couldn't I
Have been a normal guy
Instead of watching
So many humans die

'O this beautiful little strange
Place we call Earth
Where my vampire madness lives
Inside me and loudly smirks

The madness tells me
I shouldn't care
But somehow I do
After all, fair is fair

My name is *Blade*
You must understand
I help the humans
Because I can

BLADE

Thinking And Writing At Arkham Asylum

I sit in a chair like an old man
Sitting down watching all fall before me
Yet it is hard to understand
What I built came crumbling down
To a deep dark sea of nothingness
My journey full of danger is over
May I be blessed

Loosing track of time
A mere robot in a trance
What do I search for
What will I find
Nothing but former pieces of a chance
Of a past and a present behind bars
What does it all mean?
These symbols and signs

Writing endlessly and madly
Two opinions, yet lacking enough pens
And enough hands to do so
Why can't I stop writing so sadly
A torture set before me
Never to understand

Had I two fists for each face,
Had I two fates for each as well

*...but there, a fetal Two-Face sat at the bottom
of a dry and empty hell*

TWO-FACE

Will They Put Me Away?

*Most folks are about as happy
as they make their minds to be.*

-Abraham Lincoln

There is too much silence
I feel like screaming
Will they think I'm crazy?
Will they put me away?

There is not enough gloom
No impending doom
I feel like making some
Will they put me away?

There is not enough violence
I feel like shooting
I feel like destroying
Will they put me away?

There is too much happiness
I'm going to end it
I feel like a crime spree
Will they put me away?

...can *you* put the *Joker* away?
Can you?
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!!!

JOKER

Your Lies

or Magneto's thoughts on Non-Mutants

this world
everything is debatable
everything with two sides
everyone wrong
everyone right
too many rights
not enough people
too many fights
not enough prisons
too many of much
not enough space on this earth

babbling idiot
two-faced, cold hearted mammals
talking from the top of your head
listen to your world
contaminating your off-springs
using them against you
then you will realize
you were wrong
but it's too late to correct
and you will die terribly
thinking of your lies

*You know, all of a sudden
I can't think of anything
remotely funny to say
-Doom Patrol #22*

MAGNETO

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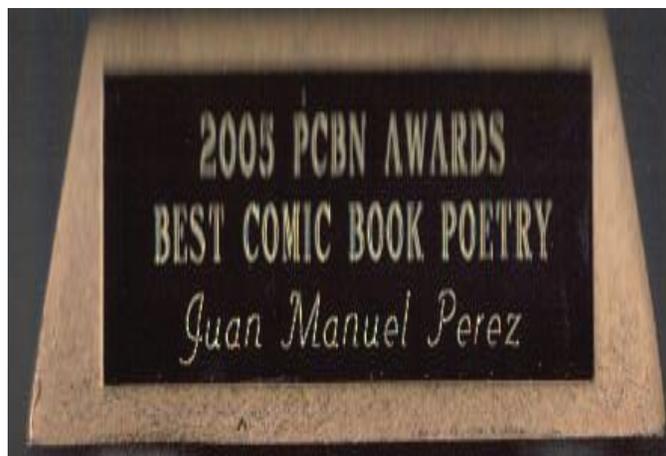


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*When I was a child I was a dreamer.
I read comic books, and I was the hero of the comic book...
So every dream I have ever dreamed
has come true a thousand times.*

**Elvis Presley
1935-1977**



ABOUT THE POET

Juan Manuel Perez

A native of La Pryor, Texas, and son to second generation Mexican-Americans, he is also a former Navy/Marine Medic and currently a high school history teacher. Juan served in the First Gulf War (1991) earning the title of *combat medic* and extending his expertise to civilians in Florida in 1992 during the Hurricane Andrew Relief operation. He enjoys reading and writing prose and poetry about Mexican culture, history, horror, science fiction, and his beloved comic books. Juan is a proud member of the San Antonio Poets' Association and the Science Fiction Poetry Association.