

noisu Rai·n

qay art magazine



平野



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qay art magazine



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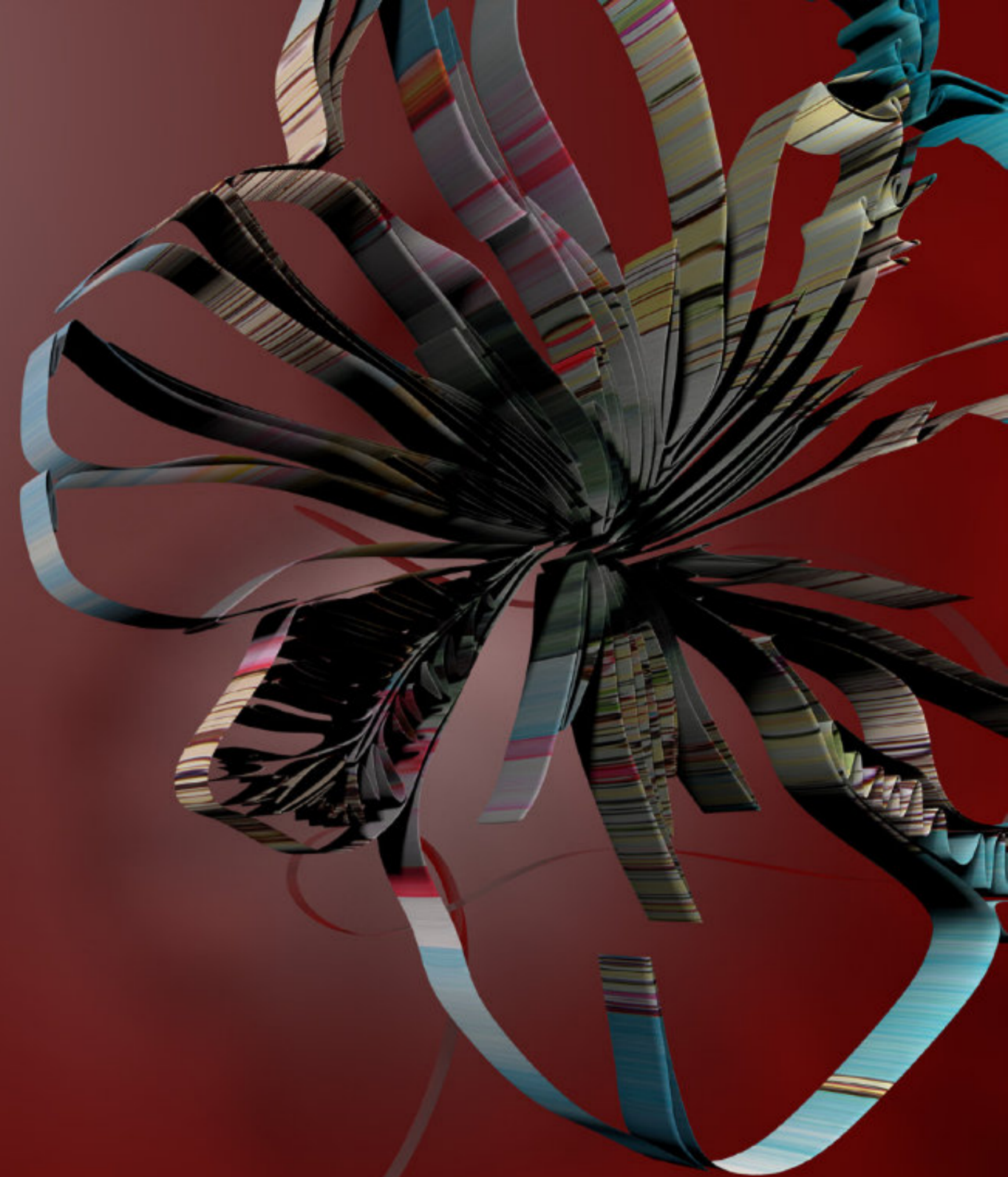
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Sunil P. Narayan
Artboydancing
Timothy Tucker

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flower
boys

By Artboydancing

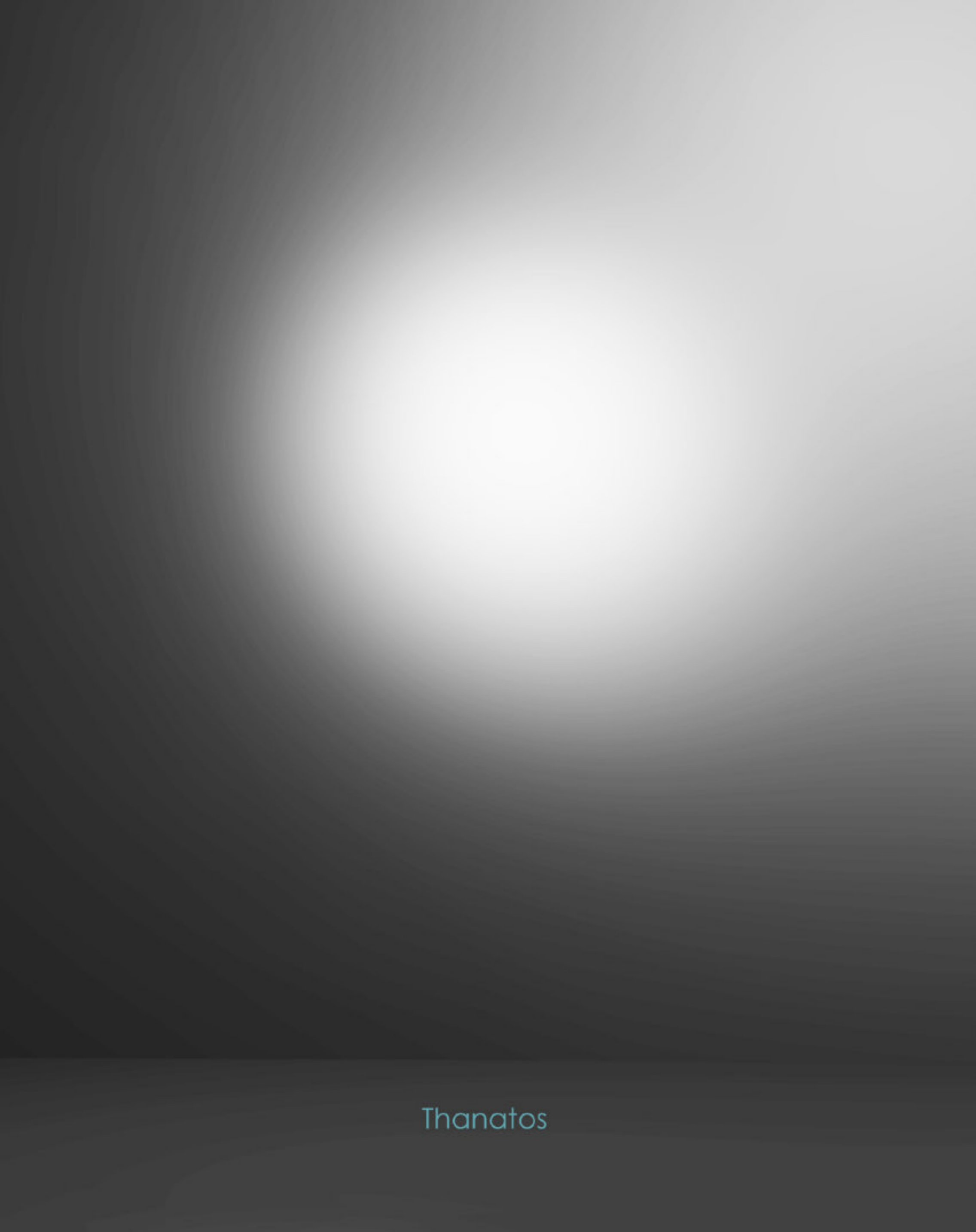




Dionysus



Éros



Thanatos

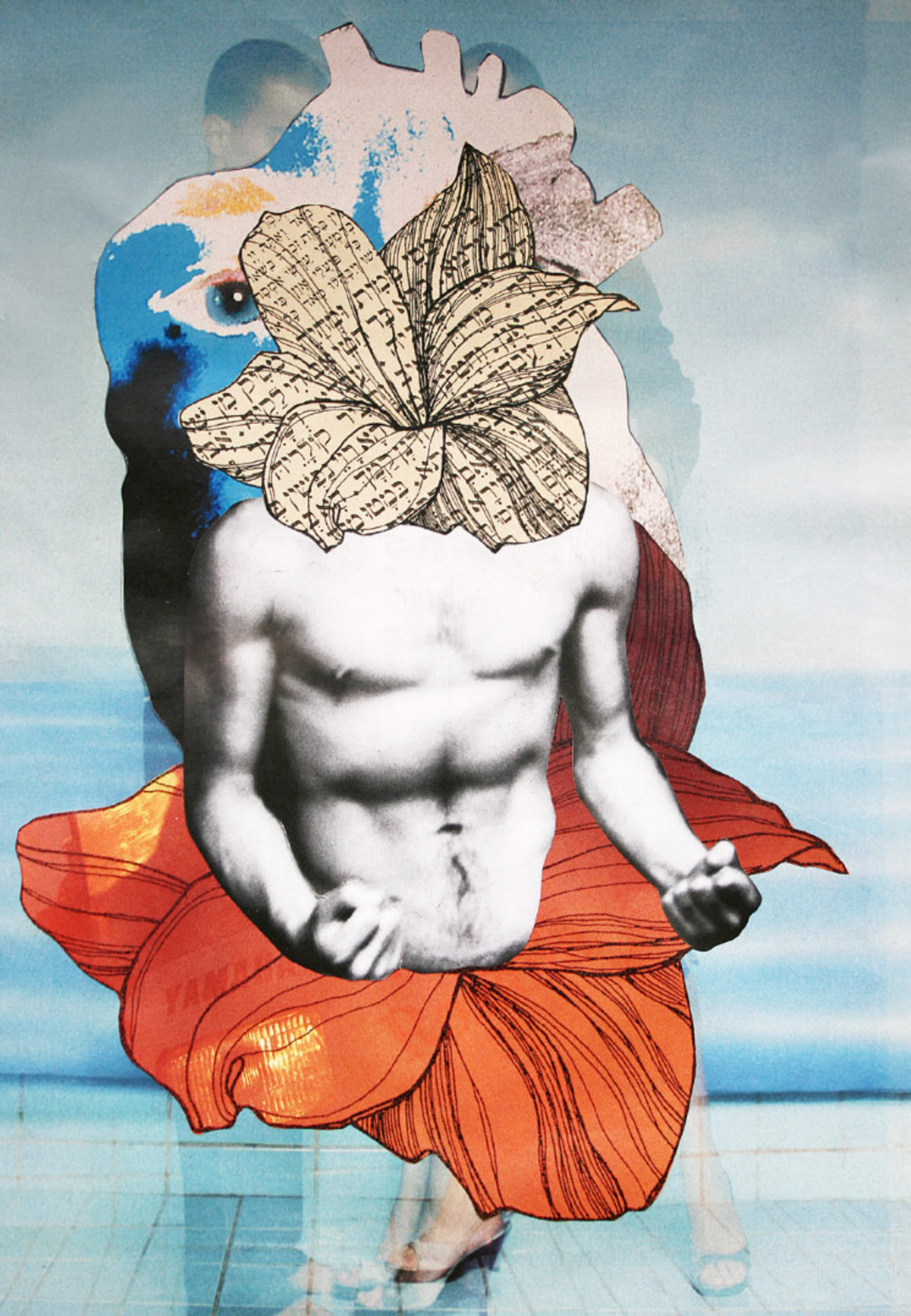


Boy Blue

Handwritten signature



Heroides

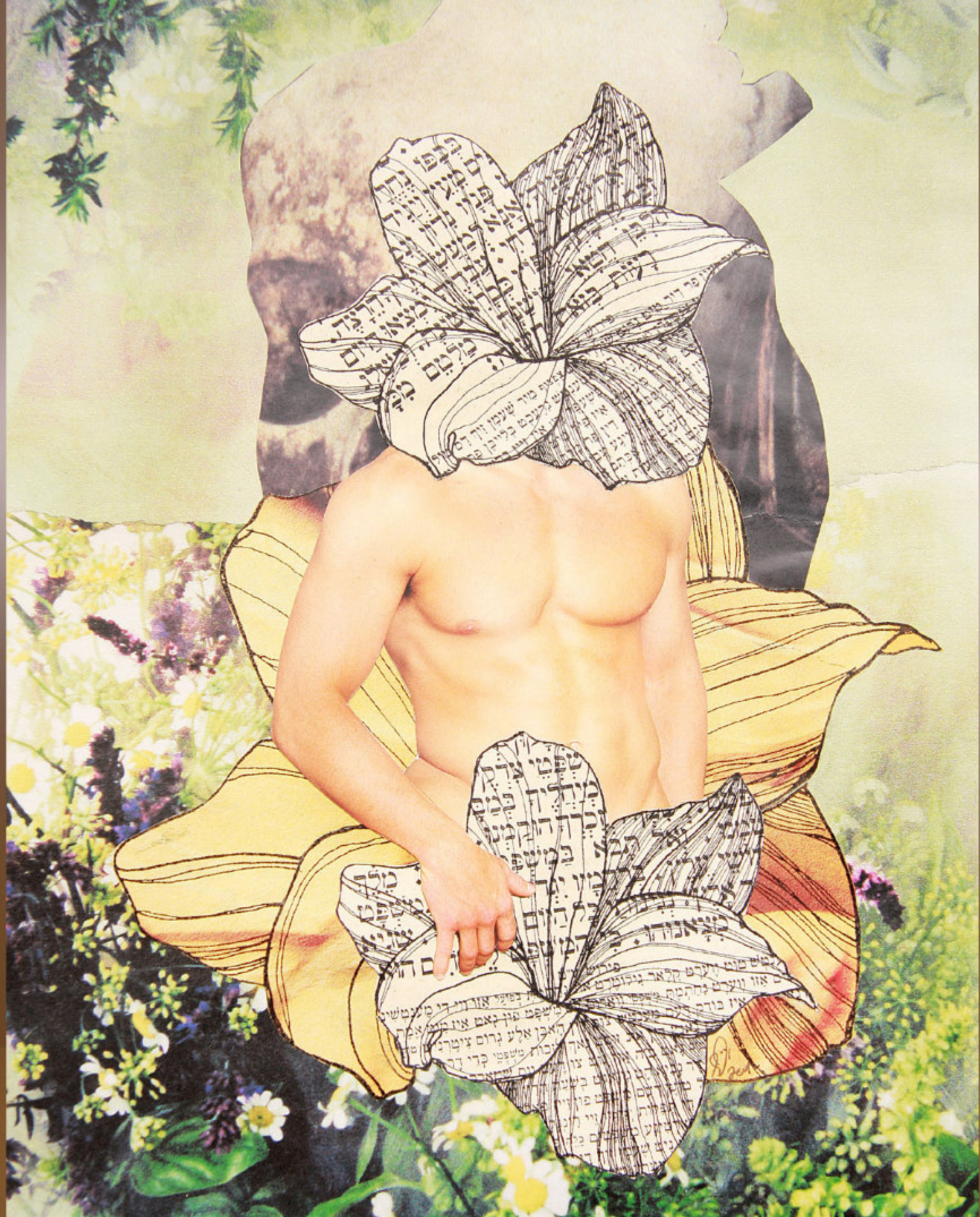


Troilus





Hippolytus



Agápe



Actaeon





Basilisk

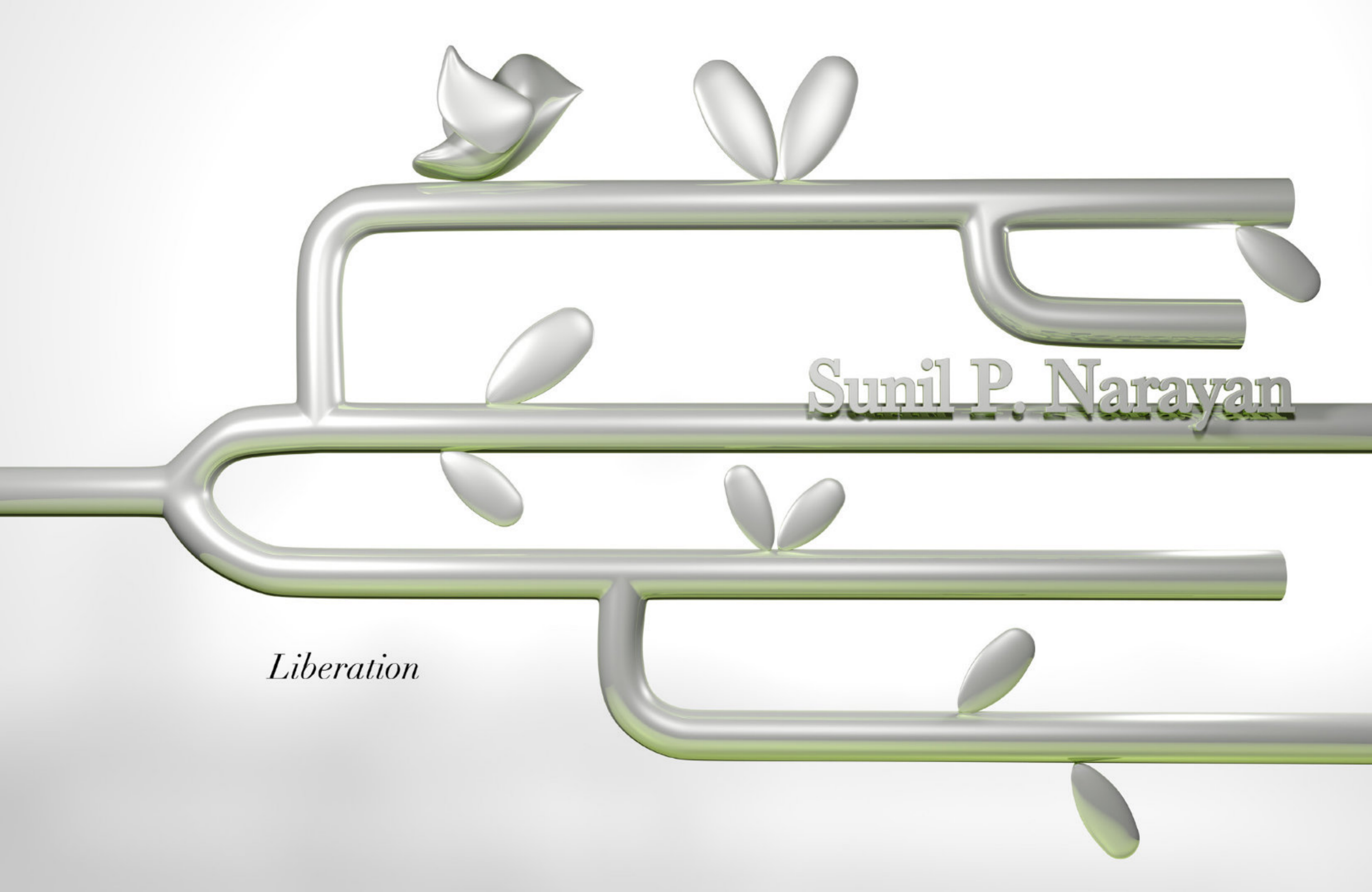




Ovid




www.artboydancing.com



Sunil P. Narayan

Liberation



Our secret world

*He controls my breathing as if I were a machine
Oiled in the nooks and crannies to I move as fast
as he desires
Driven to destinations, unable to utter a word
A metal technology crafted by genius
hands made from scraps in Hēphaistos' shop*

*Always ends with being hit in the gut with pangs
of lust
Fire snatching anything in sight yet missing my
lover's hovering body
I cower before the Devá of Parākrama
Who uses his power to indulge in twisted desires*

*Hēphaistos' hands clutch my wrists
Depriving me of the will to fight
From within he finds the recesses of an abandoned
kévata
Selfishly pushing forward to reach the end*

*Fuck me till Ūṣa shall overtake the world!
Refreshed and ready to relieve it of its strife
Hēphaistos' hits me where I am scared to touch
I leak the sweet fluid he laps with his studded tongue*

*A syrup rivaling that of puspāsava
To slide down his expanding throat into an awaiting
kuṣí
His dick moves back and forth as he growls
I scream for liberation from this merciless taunt!*

*OH! He twisted the fire within my tummy!
I cannot hold it in anymore!
His dick fills my boypussy repeatedly
There's no moment to exhale: such cruelty he inflicts
on me!*

*Tied to the tree...a forgotten dāsá
Where civilization is thousands of miles out of reach
Only the memory of his panting comforts me
He is an animal who needs a boy to succumb to his
savagery*

*He saw me down the road heading for the nearest
stop
Everyone passes him chatting away on their
headsets
Their voices droning out the heart's yelling
If only the wind would stop before his lungs finally
collapse from being squeezed so tight that the blood
clogs his brain*

*In the river stream floats corpses of civilization
Their hallowed eye sockets are home to many
gnawing worms
A thin layer of flesh stuck to the bone eaten by
cannibalistic fish
We drove them mad with our lack of pity and
justified disgust*

*Nothing that can smile deserves attention
He doesn't care about what flows through the streets
A channel knocking him over while voices jump
from the ground into the air
Loud, loud, loud, LOUD!!!! Why can't I stop them
all!!!?*

*His heart ignores mortal weakness for the sake of
snatching an unforeseen muse
Such a pinching desire that he is bruised from
deprivation
I cannot give you what you need every second of
the day
Instead, I ask you to give me what I need*

*I am everyone's muse and confidant
Now you must be my muse and lover
Or the world will stop turning as the Sūrya
implodes without hesitance*



A muse



The last one

*Cigarette butts, used condoms and the whole nine
yards
Left on the floor of a stank bathroom
Police cars scream as they rushed through the streets
Homeless junkies beg for cash so they can eat*

*Yet I stay in this stall waiting for someone to come
Anxiety overwhelmed me while a rat scurries to the
corner
Tinkling in a toilet...someone is here!
A cough follows a calm voice: "You got some weed
man?"*

*No, I don't have any weed...do you want your dick
sucked?
"Cool, do it for a half hour?"
Yeah, drop your pants
It tasted of physical aggression unleashed on frail
teen boys*

*In the boxing ring of a rundown gym at the end of
the red light district
Where warriors ready to fight without protection
struggle to subdue the opponent
Their fists bash jaws and break cheekbones without
any remorse
A savage sport nurtured by the corporate elite who
need pain*

*To avoid pleasuring their wives with tiny dicks
Blood trickled down my throat from the base of this
solid staff
"Ugh!!!...Fuck!"
What's wrong, darling?*

*"Some bitch cut my dick with a razor blade in the
locker room"
Do you want me to make it better? I have an
icepack and band-aids at my place
"Yeah, let's go there. Maybe we can have some
beer?"
Of course!....*

Sunil P. Narayan

Sunil is able to transport the reader to the highest heavenly plane and throw him into the abyss of the all-consuming fire. He finds what the reader cannot acknowledge and makes it bolder than the Sun. A rare talent he possesses for the purpose of helping others to look from within. Sunil manages to remain humble and a servant to mankind.

odissi20@yahoo.com

To wait

*He was tall and secretive, hiding in the corner with
his cigarette
The shadow blocked his face
Those shoes muddy and worn from running all over
NYC
Tattoos covering the arms, a symbol of the crashing
wave*

*To go against the selfish battle waged by intellectual
superiority
Is a feat one dare not fathom
Yet to escape this monster is to hide amongst the
vindhyaśaila
Where the Moon's embrace provides solace from an
internal turmoil*

*I breathes the maṅgala air coming from all directions
And wait for Candrá-Devá to slip behind the velvet
curtain
The whole day is a play crafted especially for me
A thread I pull through ivory silk to create another
dress resembling grand couturier Elsa Schiaparelli's
pearl-studded evening gown*

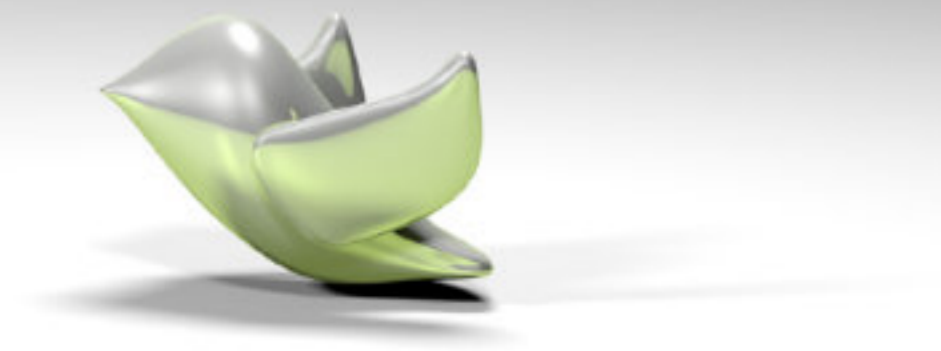
*But I am wallowing in an ocean of blindness
Ignoring the ones who fight for their freedom
The will to reroute the flow of inspiration
Into the hearts of the oppressed*

*As his gazelle legs dangled next to my face
I gasp as one caressed my cheek to catch my
attention
My hand traveled along his calf as I closed my eyes
in bliss
He was oblivious of my presence yet on a higher
level aware of my calming touch*

*To touch an undiscovered sculpture
Once covered in clay to hide what society deems
hideous
Looks moist and bright before my nervous eyes
An irony that he is panting and anxiously twitching
This muse with a mind that shines when under the
candle light
Speaks of radical expression as being the coffee of
the underworld
Everyone feeds on it, everyone breathes it
It is the blood that flows through the heart of
humanity*

*Giving us a reason to rise from the darkness
Into the blinding sunlight, so prideful Sūrya-Devá is!
Hardly ashamed of locking Rātri-Devī in a closet
A dāsī who bangs the golden door until Sūrya takes
mercy upon her*

*He is a beaten soul from another world, which is so
far removed from my own
A place where the earth trembles beneath the mighty
fist of revolution*



*Need to move away from this place
Into another where none of them exist
People who exude infectious warmth
Sunlight unfiltered as it washes a solemn world*

*While mankind forgets their need to feel
He came from the Sky, falling to the trees of
a foggy and silent forest
Where the eagles fled in terror when noticing
his face
The first act of abandonment he felt as sword
slicing through the gut*

*Immediately he embarks on a journey to destroy
opponent after opponent
A warrior without the inhibitions that keep men in
their place
His ego was growing too large for the Earth to stop
shaking
Till one day he looked upon the Sky covered in
tārāgna in awe*

Broken


*Mankind forgot their need to feel, though a captor's
will can be experienced by a boy who is viśuddha
The mleccā who submerged victims into a sea of
phobia knelt before me to kiss my hands
Those eyes wild with smoky lust
Red mist that forms from within his heart*

*We met in the john many years ago
And fell in love as our cold bodies remained glued
to eachother for weeks
His semen and mine mixed together to become a
cohesive
I looked into those green eyes, seeing a battered
child*

*His parents threw him onto the streets without a
second thought
Drug addicts who never showed mercy to anyone
but eachother
From broken, beetle-infested apartments abandoned
decades go to the crowded lit alleys of NYC
He found refuge...far away from a demolished
civilization*

*No name he carried with him
No address or emergency contacts...
I cried for hours in arms shaped like clubs
And promised to give him what a mother would do
for a child*

*We ran towards Ūṣa into the Bakūla forest of the
North
The light that pulled me into pure bliss
Calls me again after many years
With my husband by my side we leapt into an
eternal paradise*



Sunil P. Narayan

Liberation

McQuillan





Reclining male nude

Gouache



Male nude seated



Sylph on pink



Michael



Ben, head



Max standing

Roz McQuillan graduated from R.M.I.T. with the Diploma of Illustration, and worked in children's book illustration for many years. She has a passionate interest in portraits and the figure, and works in a number of mediums, including pastel, charcoal and conte, pen and ink, gouache, watercolour, acrylics, pencil, photography, mixed media, and currently, oils. Her work, including commissioned portraits and nudes, is represented in many private collections, both Australian and International, and she has won a number of prizes and Highly Commendeds. Her work was also featured on Sarasvati Fine Art Virtual Gallery.

Recent awards.

Selected finalist in the Alice Bale Art Prize 2008, 2010, 2012.
Best Nude or Portrait, Brighton Art Society Annual Art Exhibition 2011.
Highly Commended, Camberwell Rotary Art Show 2012.
First Prize, Melb. Society of Women Painters and Sculptors Annual Exhibition 2012.

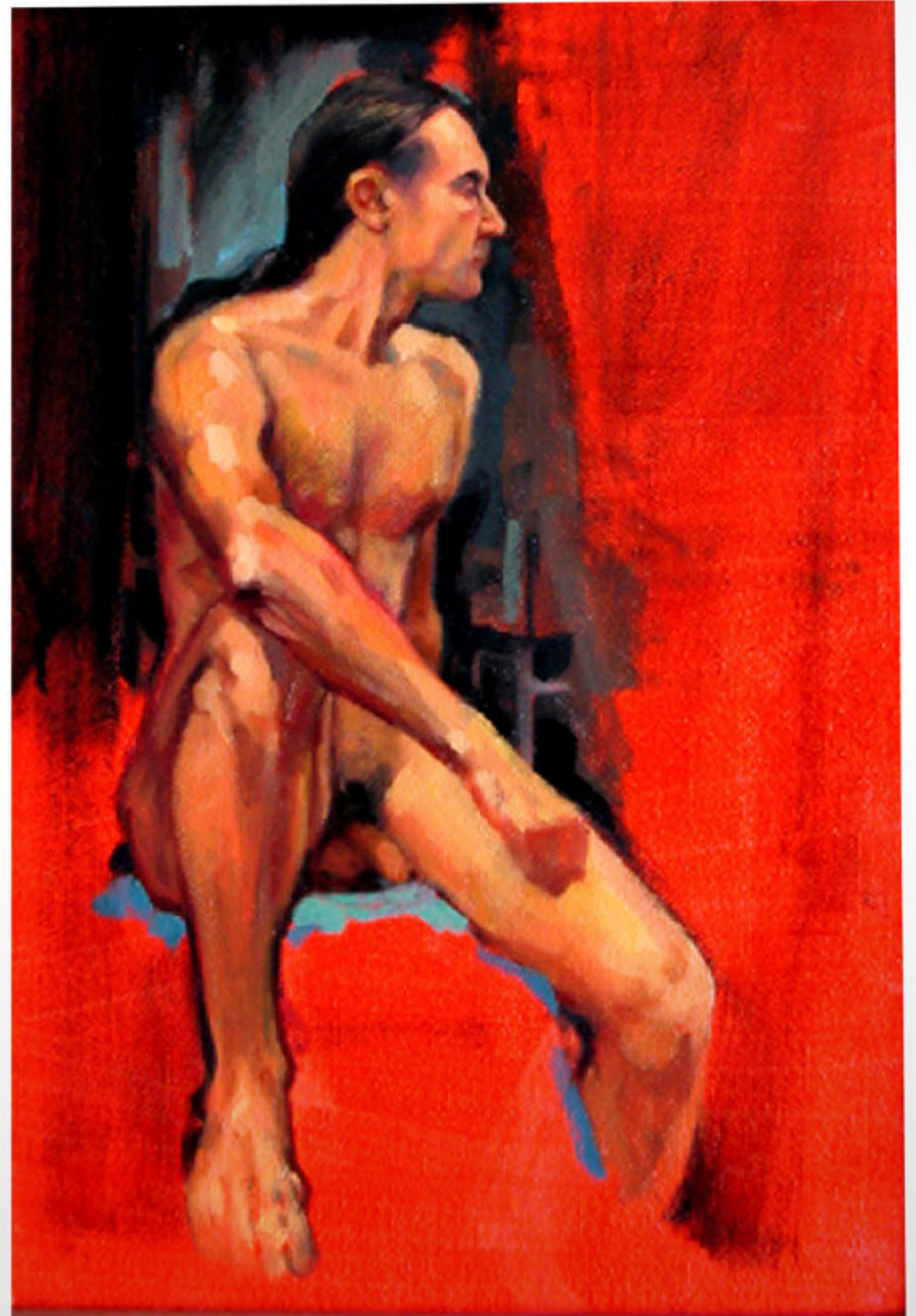




Damon from back



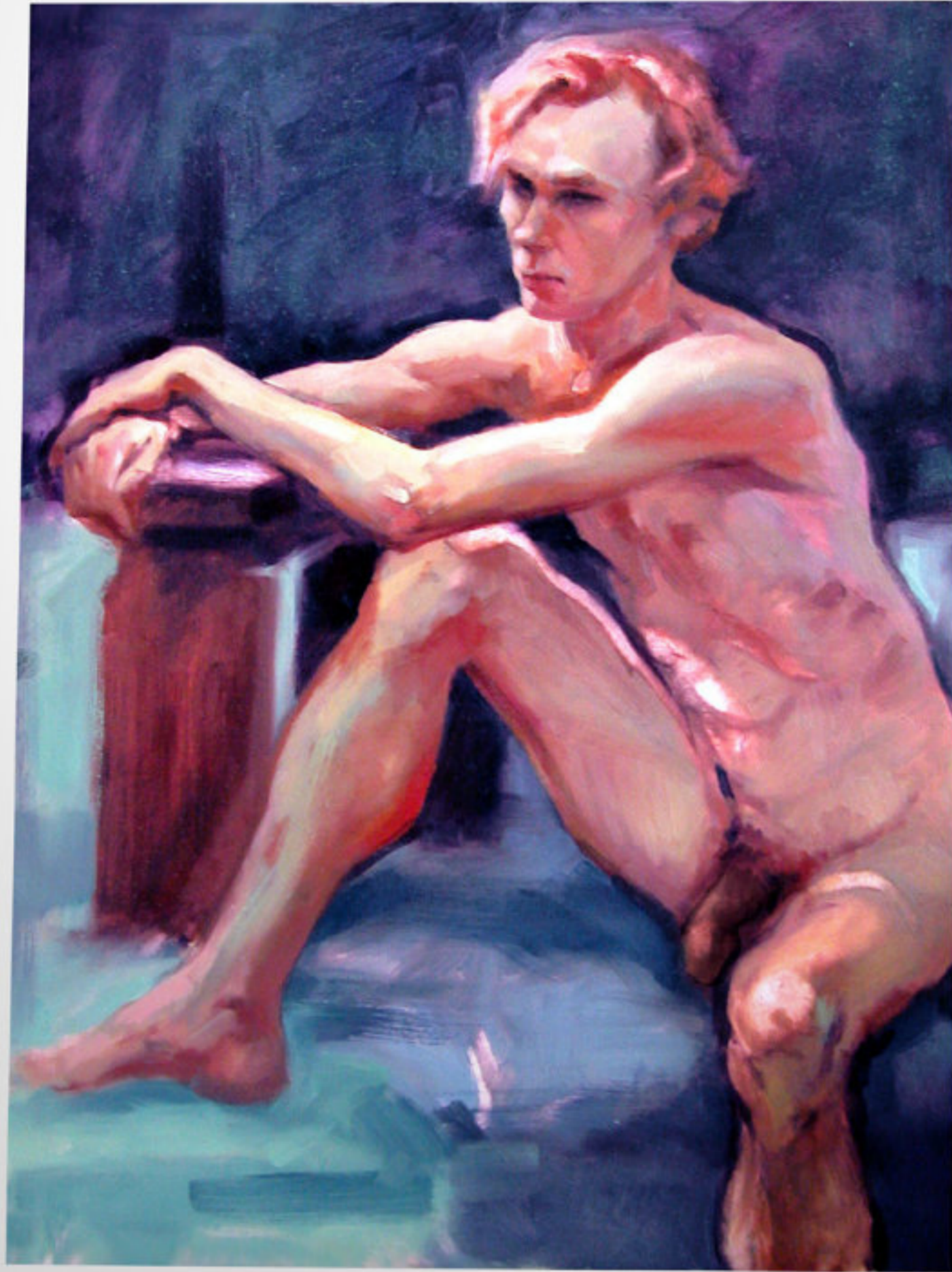
Keith



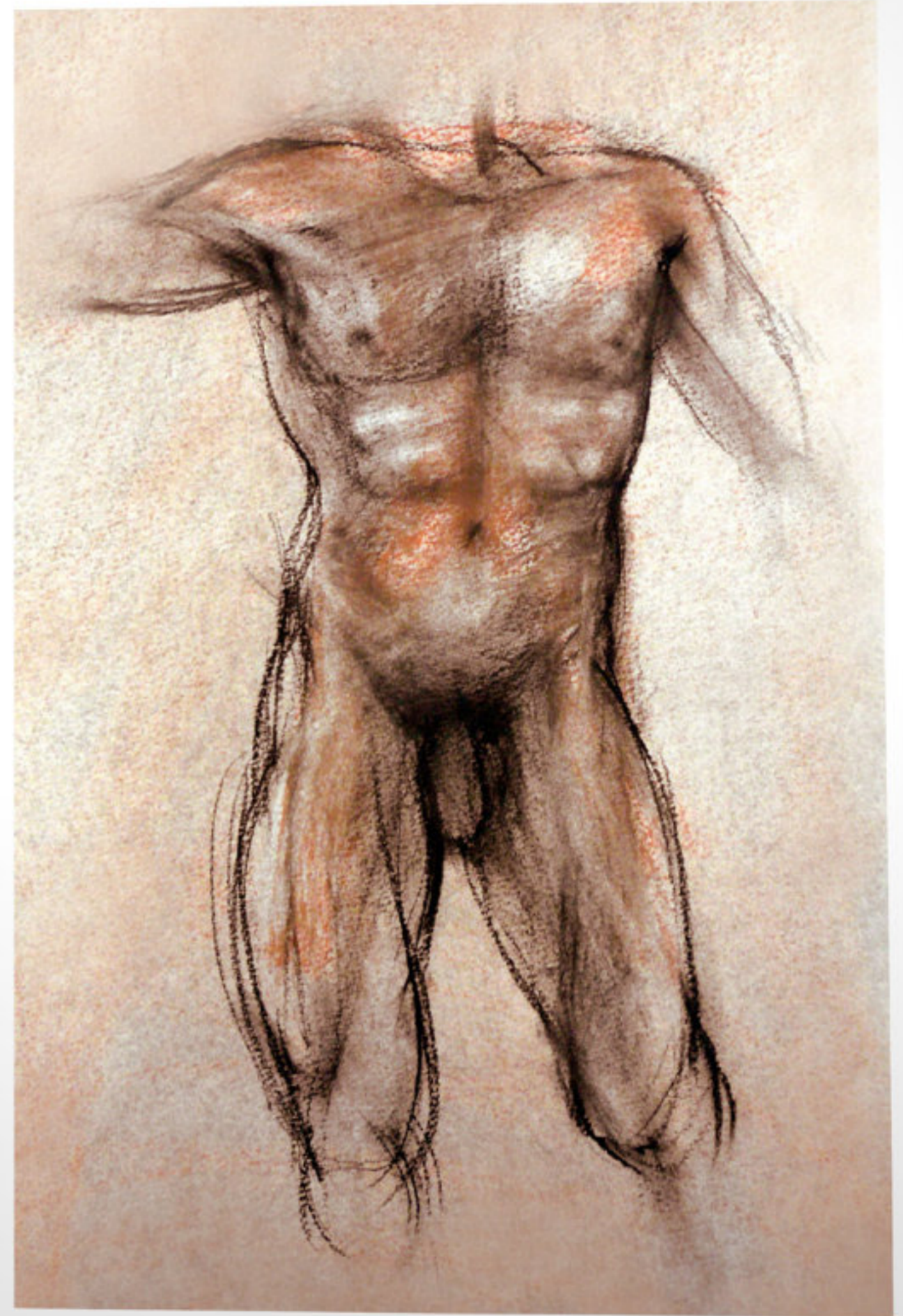
Gian



Damon's bum



Travis



Male torso

"I developed a love of drawing as a child, when I first drew my aging auntie in the bath. I have always been fascinated by people, their character and the individuality of their faces, which has led to my passionate interest in portraits and figurative work. My nudes are real people, not generic or idealized. I strive to capture the essence of a person and their uniqueness. My other fascination is with the drama of light, and the way it shapes and changes objects, enhances composition, and creates mood."

Roz McQuillan

www.redbubble.com/people/rozmcq

<http://fineartamerica.com/art/all/roz+mcquillan/all>

<http://art-profiles.com/rozmcq/albums/954-female-nudes.html>

<http://www.paintingsilove.com/artist/rozmquillan>

Timothy Tucker

Timothy Tucker





My minds eye is always active, more often than when I have a camera in my hands.



I find beauty in many things both obvious and uninteresting to most.

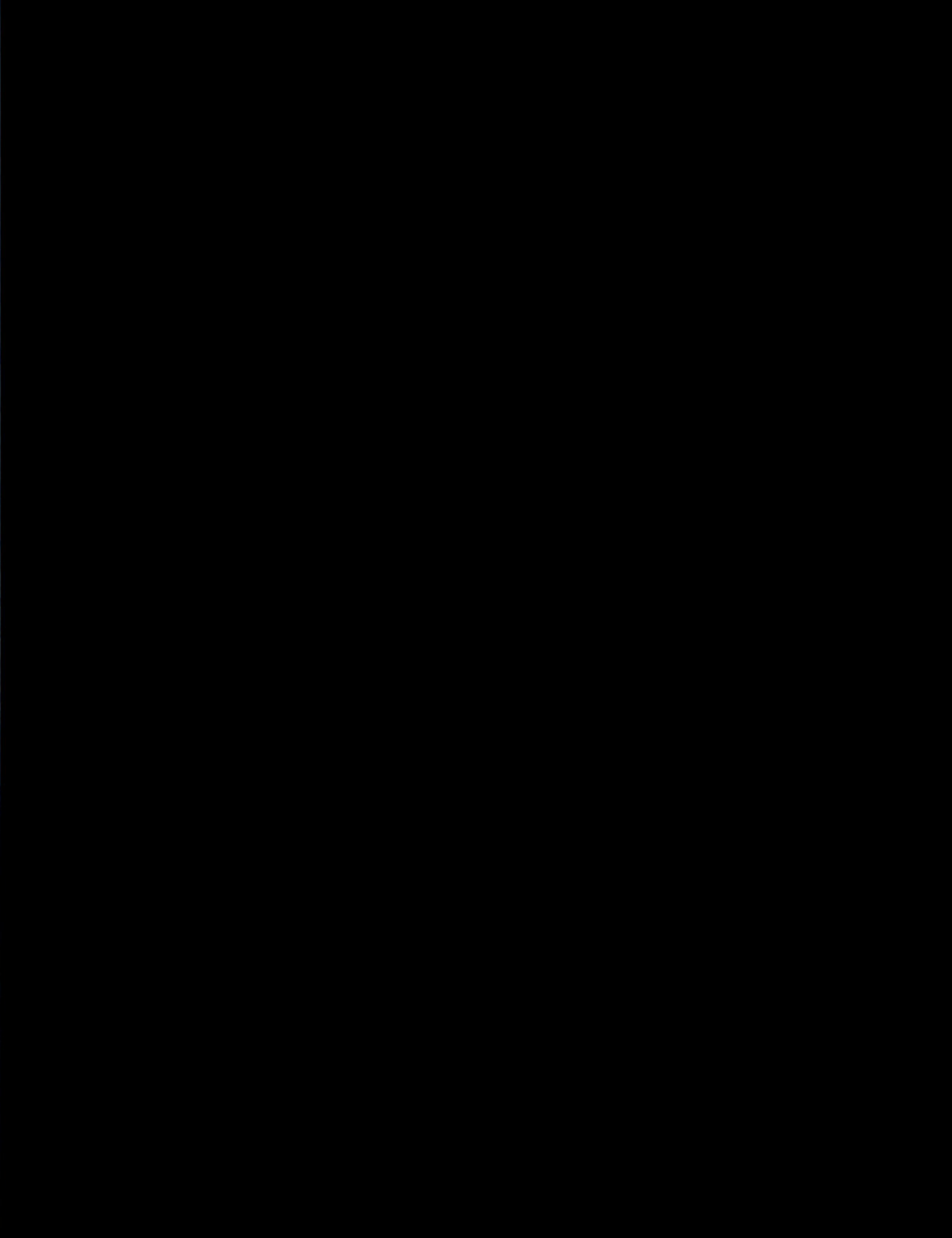


Timothy "Poundcake" Tucker runs an online record store and he is part owner of 80s boogie funk label, RysQue' Records, in addition to owning his own label, C'Kret Records, being a writer singer musician producer with a full-time job that has nothing to do with the arts, he still manages to make time for his greatest passion, photography.



*When asked what's my favorite thing to photograph
I find it hard to give any one particular thing.*







Photography has been a passion of mine for many years, a passion I've not had the chance to indulge myself in until recently.



RysQue Photography
www.redbubble.com/people/poundcake

Outside the Box Productions
www.outside-the-box-music.net

RysQue Records
www.outside-the-box-music.net/ryisque-records

C'Kret Records
www.outside-the-box-music.net/c-kret-records

Outside the Box Record Store
outsidetheboxmusic.bigcartel.com

Youtube Channel
www.youtube.com/user/poundcake67?feature=mhee

Podcast
<http://poundcake67.podomatic.com>

Timothy

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Timothy Tucker



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