

noisu Rain

gay art magazine



noisu
Rain
gay art magazine

IN THE SUN, I SINK
DOWN INTO THE OCEAN THAT
IS MY OWN BODY



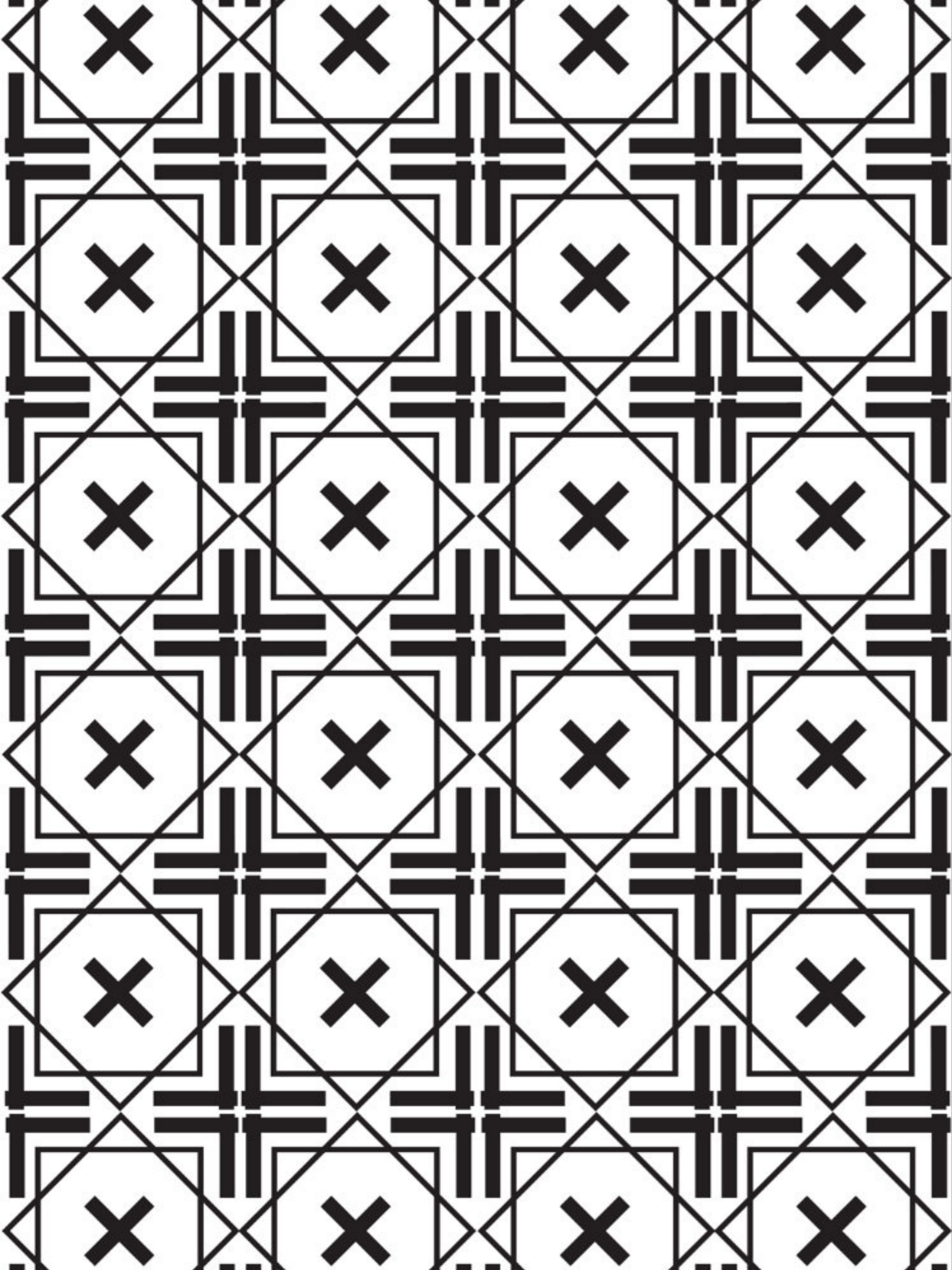


ANTWAN
THOMPSON
·
JOHN TOZZI
·
KOU SHOU
·
LOIS LANE
·
TREVOR HALL

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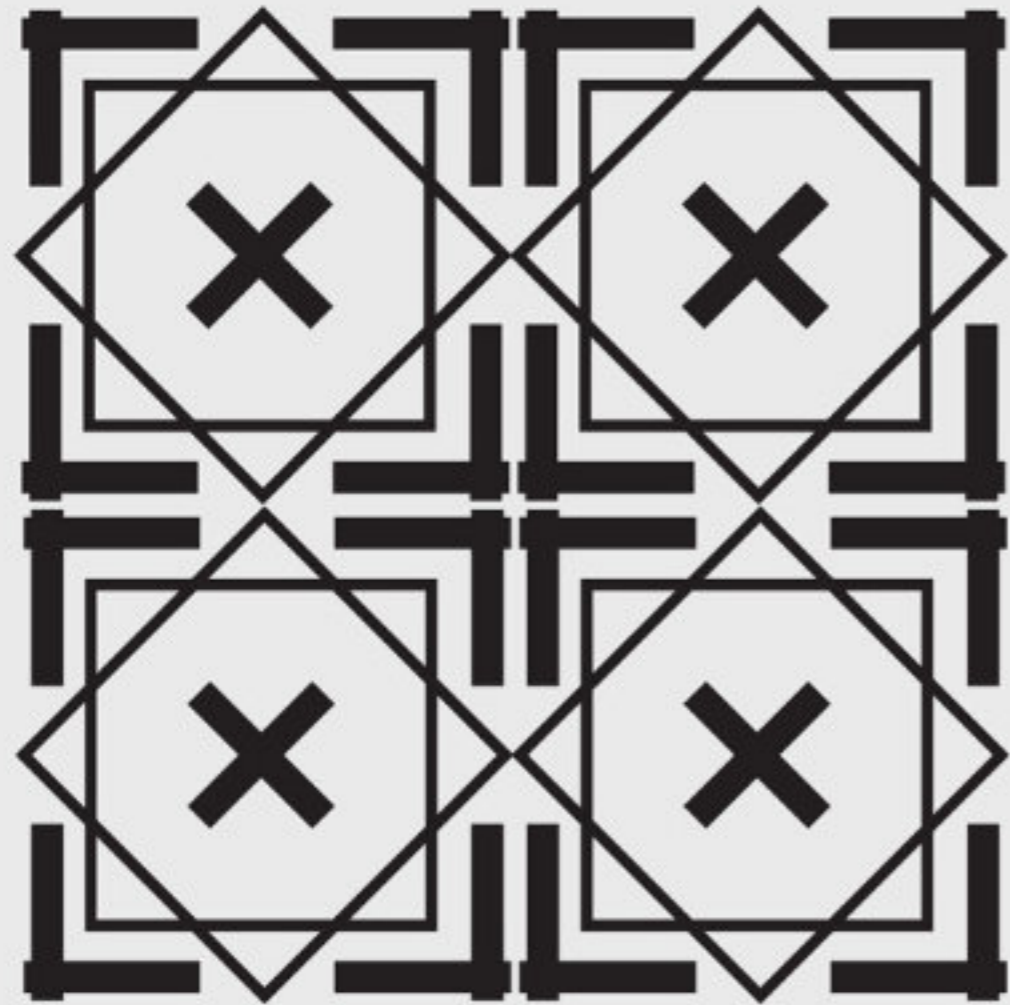


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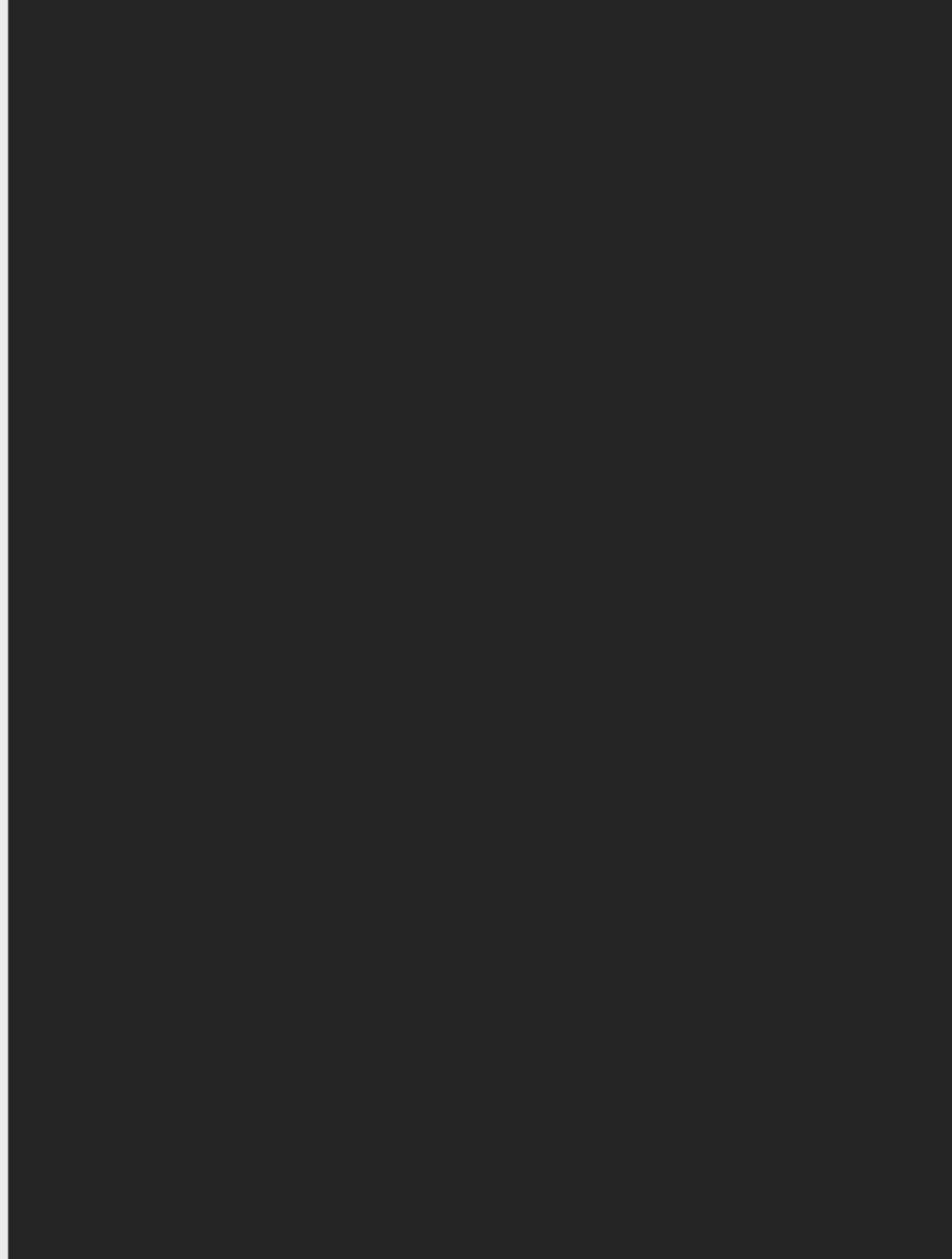






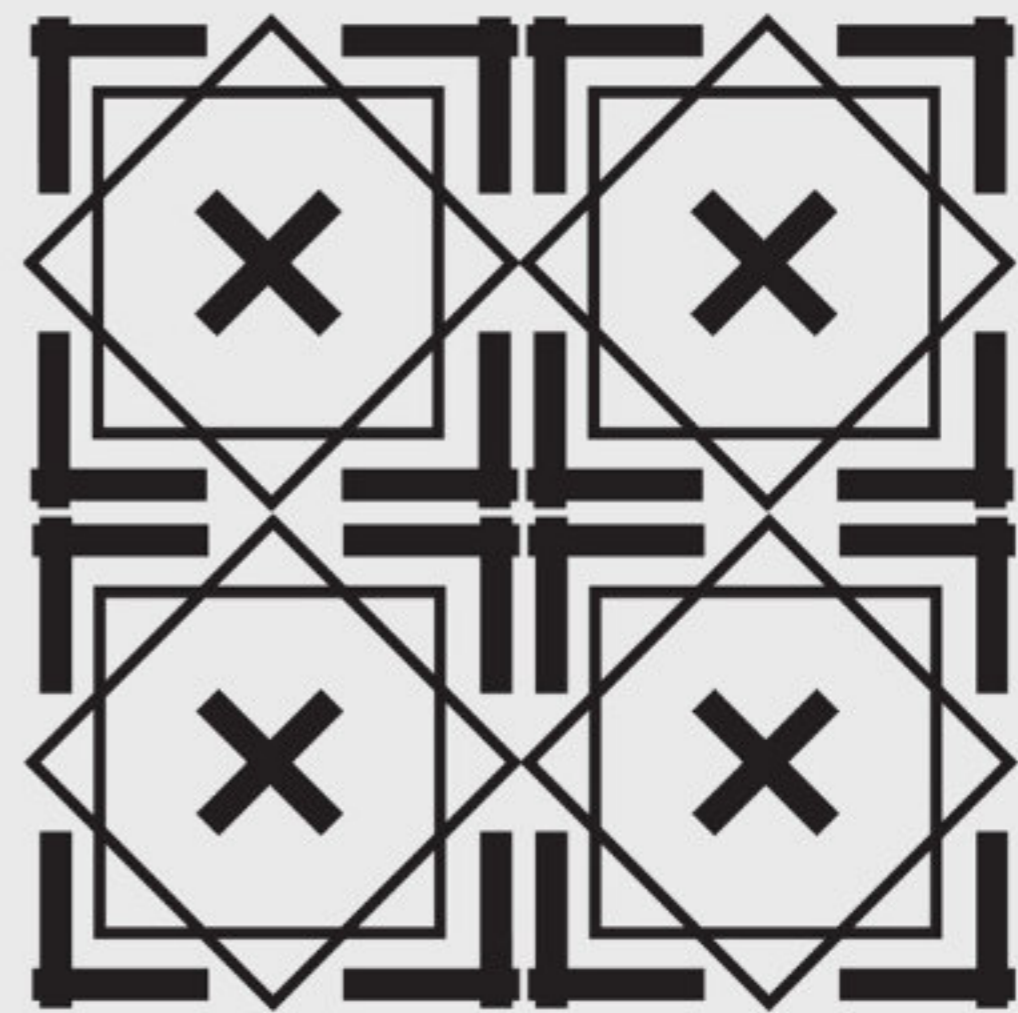








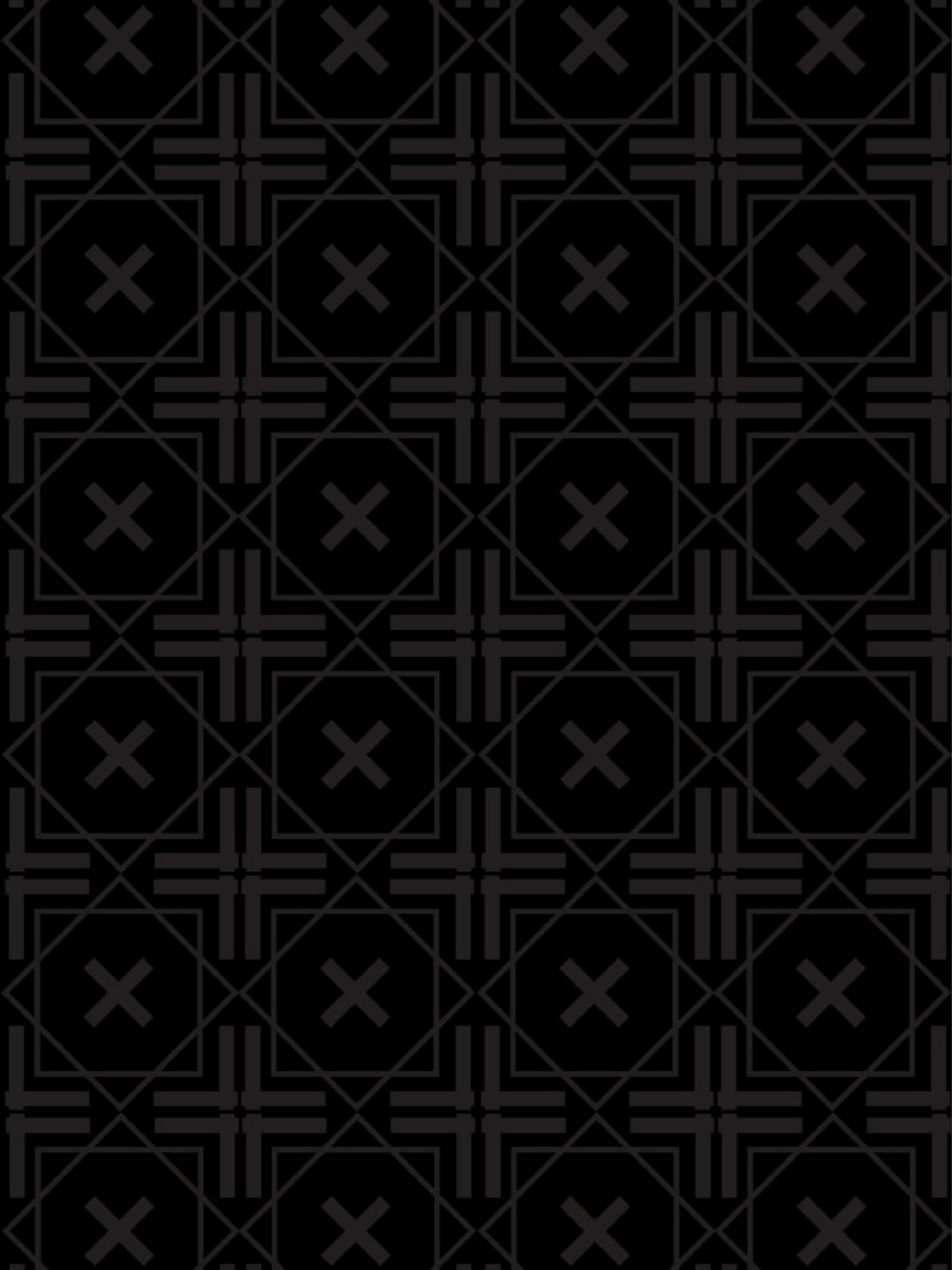












ANTWAN

THOMPSON

IG @ANTWANJTHOMPSON

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JOHN
TOZZI



CLAUDIO



CLAY

I STARTED DOING PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE EARLY 90S. UNTIL THAT POINT, I WAS DOING A LOT OF WRITING FOR LOCAL OR REGIONAL GAY PUBLICATIONS. HOWEVER, A HAND INJURY LED TO MONTHS OF PHYSICAL THERAPY AND REHAB, WHICH LEFT ME UNABLE TO TYPE. WITH A TON OF CREATIVE ENERGY AND NO OUTLET, A FRIEND STEPPED IN WITH AN OFFER TO HELP TAKE MY MIND OFF MY PROBLEMS. HE WANTED SOME NUDE PHOTOS DONE AND ASKED IF I WOULD DO IT. I HAD NEVER DONE THAT STUFF BEFORE BUT WAS THANKFUL TO HAVE ANYTHING CREATIVE TO DO. THAT KIND GESTURE UNLOCKED A HIDDEN TALENT I DIDN'T KNOW I HAD. THANKS TO HIM, I HAVE AN ALMOST 30-YEAR CAREER (AND COUNTING) AS AN ARTIST.



JEFF



KENNY



MICHAEL II

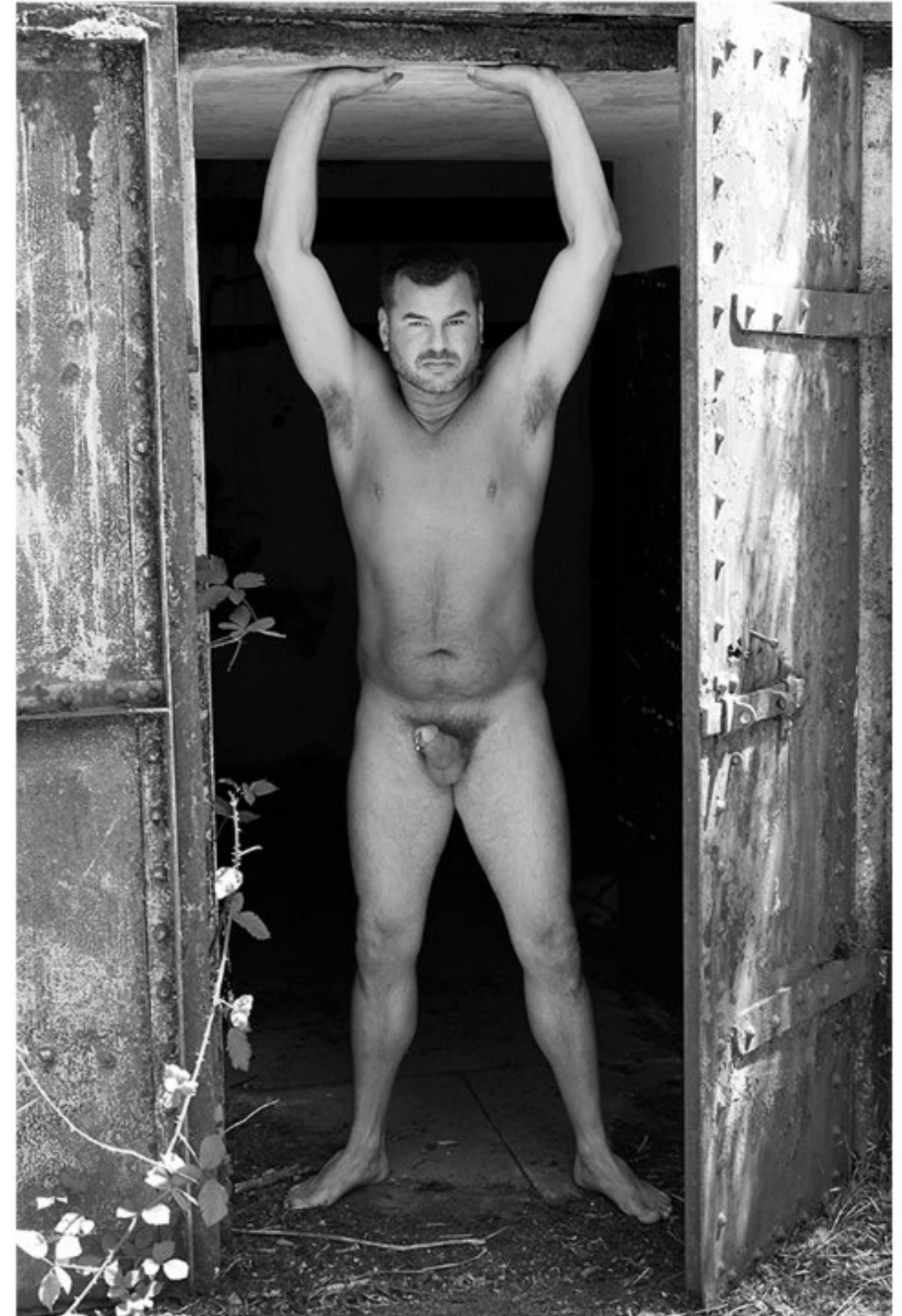


JAKE II

VERY FEW OF MY MODELS HAVE ANY NOTICEABLE MUSCLE TONE. WHEN I FIRST STARTED OUT, IT FELT LIKE EVERYONE WAS DOING NOTHING BUT IMAGES OF BIG MUSCLE-BOUND MEN. WHILE I HAVE NOTHING AGAINST THAT, I FELT LIKE THERE WAS MORE TO OFFER.



MICHAEL



SCOTT II



CHRIS



TODD



JAX / HUDSON

I WENT LOOKING FOR THE REGULAR GUYS, THE BOYS NEXT DOOR, THE DAD BODS, PEOPLE WHO WERE UNDERWEIGHT, OR PEOPLE WITH LOVE HANDLES. I TOOK ON ALL KINDS. I WANTED MY WORK TO REPRESENT THE REGULAR MAN, NOT THE SEXUALLY FETISHIZED IDEAL MAN.



PAKA



TODD / ANTHONY



SHANE



DIEGO II



I FELT THAT IT WOULD BE EASIER FOR PEOPLE TO RELATE TO WHAT THEY SAW AND MAYBE SEE THEMSELVES IN IT TOO. IT ALSO ENABLED PEOPLE TO LOOK BEYOND THE MUSCLES AND SEE THE OVERALL EMOTIONAL LIFE OF THE PHOTOS THEMSELVES. I TOOK IT OUT OF THE STEREOTYPICAL BLANK CANVAS BACKDROP STUDIO SETTING AND PUT IT OUT IN THE REAL WORLD, WITH REAL ENVIRONMENTS TO HELP ADD TO THE EMOTIONAL LIFE OF THE IMAGE.

SCOTT



DIEGO III



AARON



TOBEY II



TOBEY



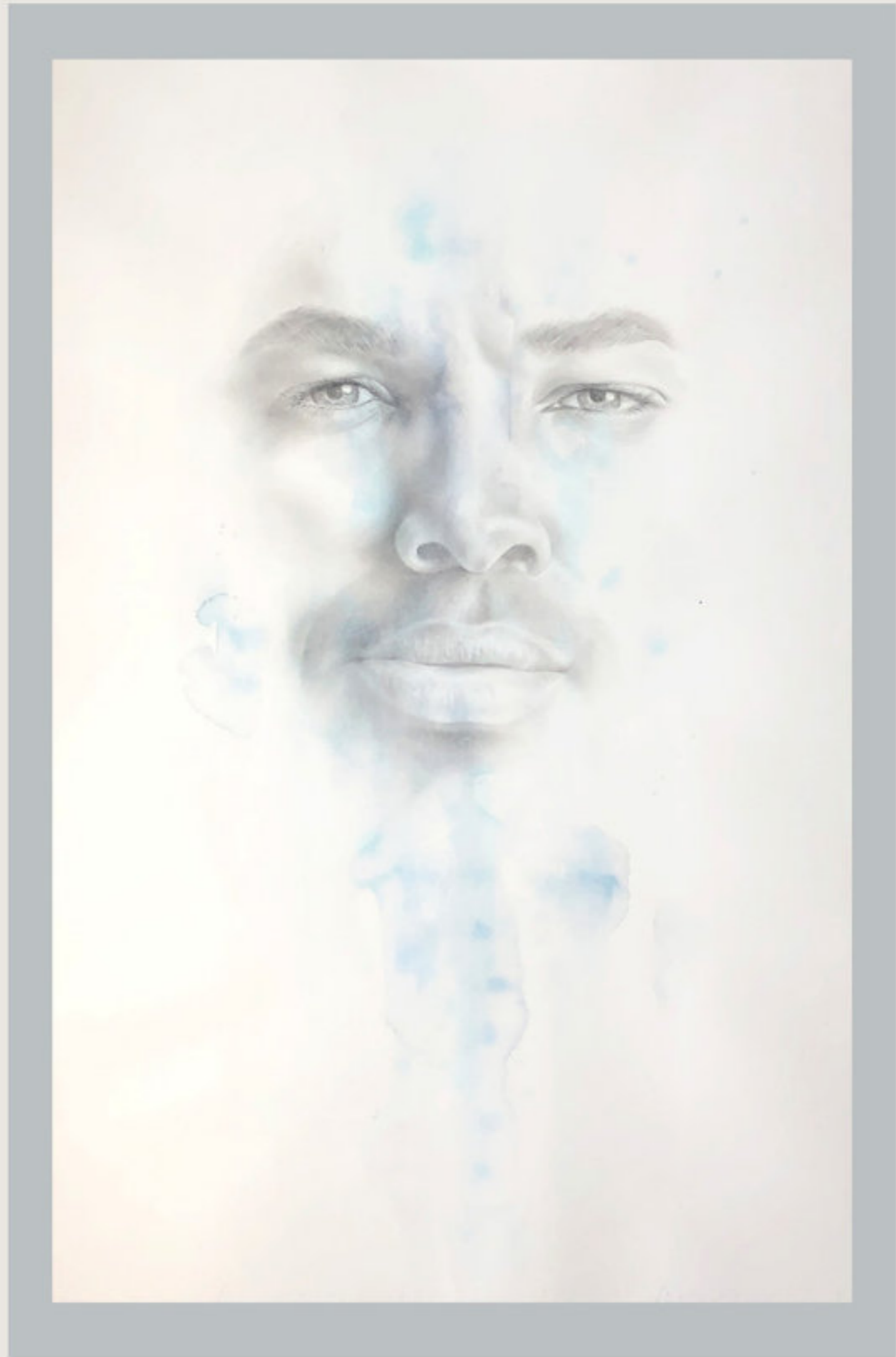
JOHN TOZZI

WWW.JOHNTOZZI.COM

IF YOU ARE VIEWING MY WORK COURTESY OF NOISY RAIN MAGAZINE, PLEASE GO TO MY WEBSITE AND
LEAVE ME A MESSAGE. I WOULD LOVE TO HEAR FROM YOU.

©JOHN TOZZI

KOUSHOU



I am a portrait artist based in New York City. I received my Ph.D. in fine art and lectured at K.S. University in Japan. I moved to New York City in 2008, where I began studying portraiture at the National Academy School of Fine Arts. From 2009 to 2013, I rigorously explored human anatomy in graphite charcoal and pastel.



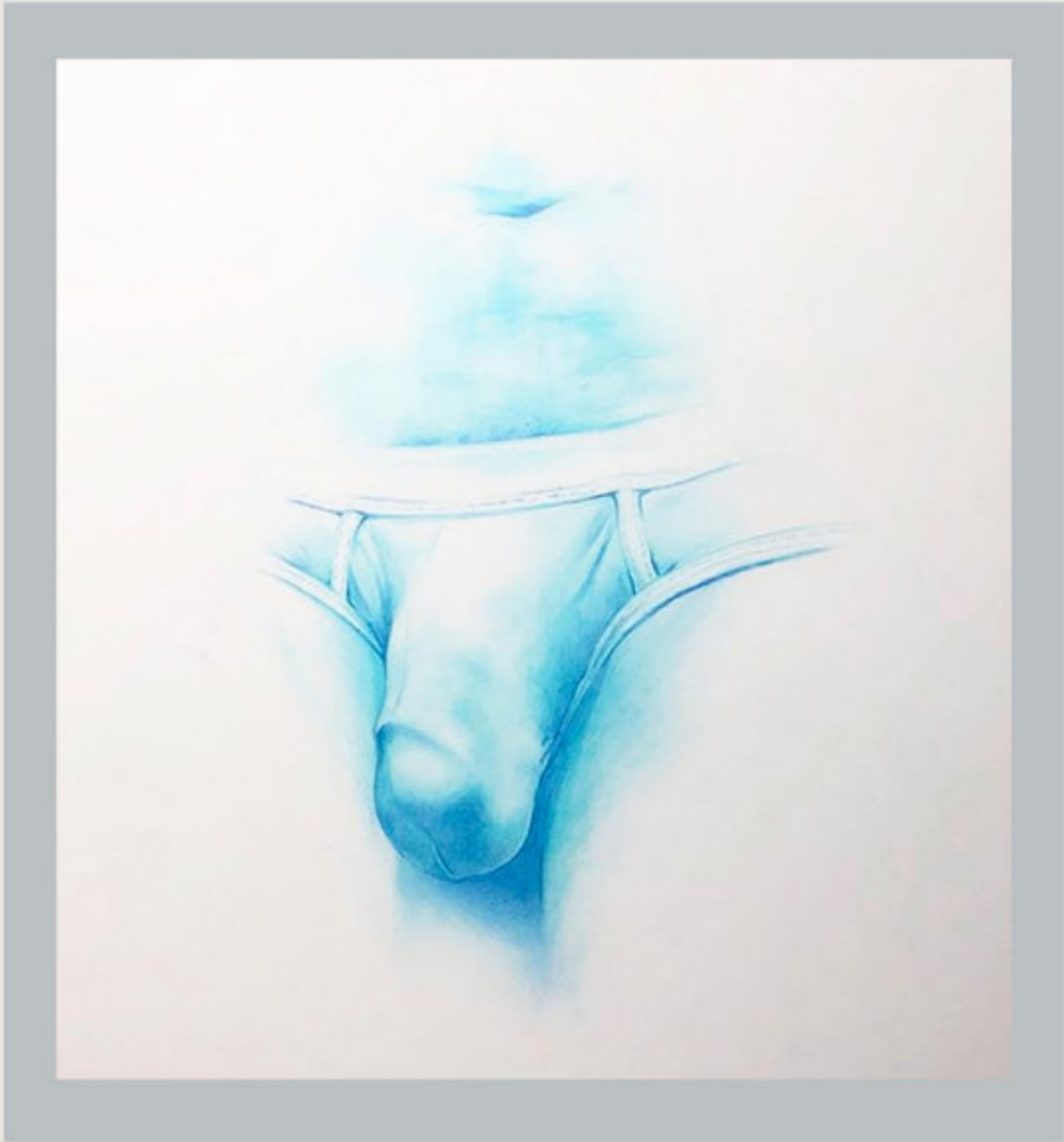


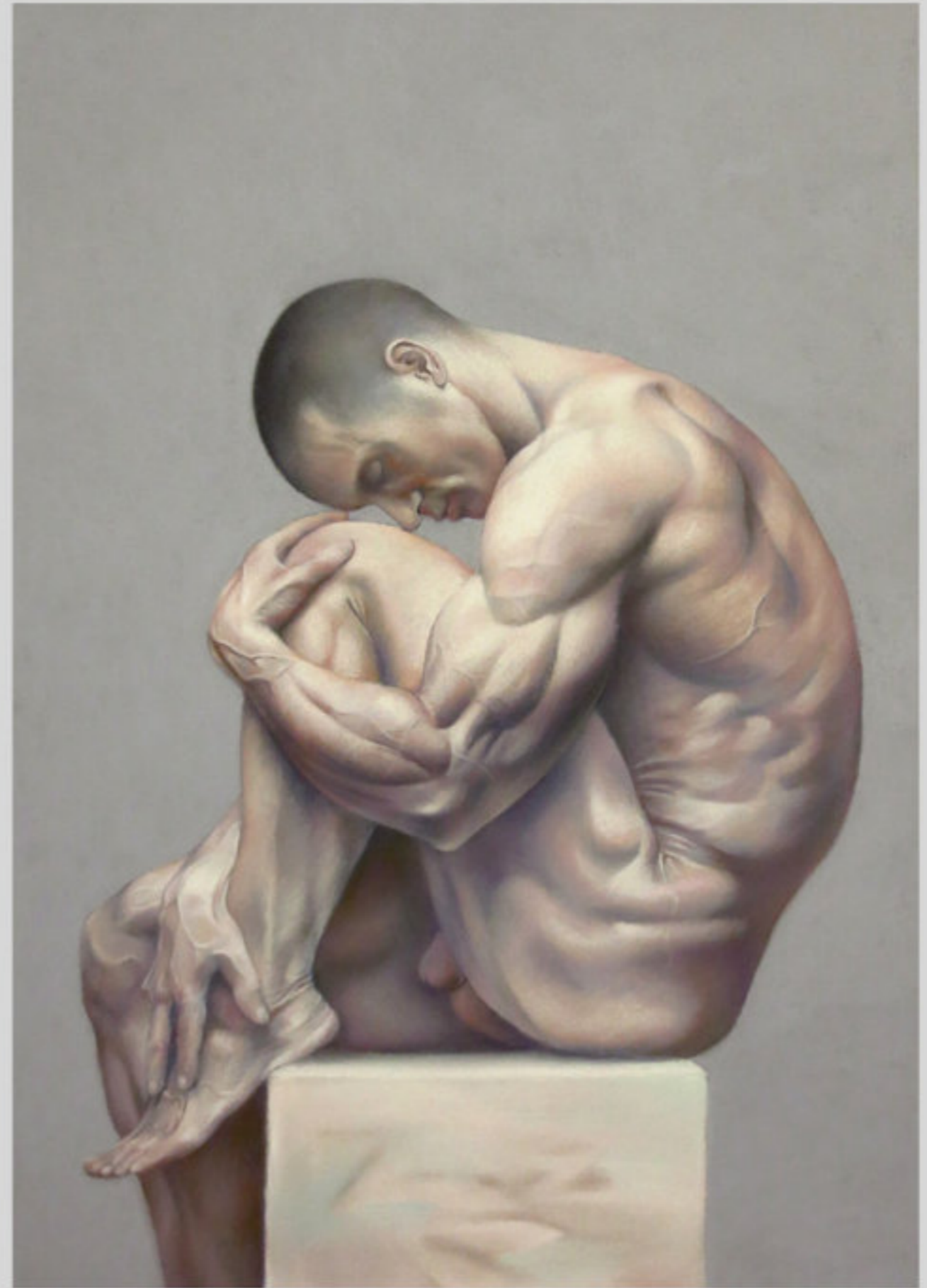




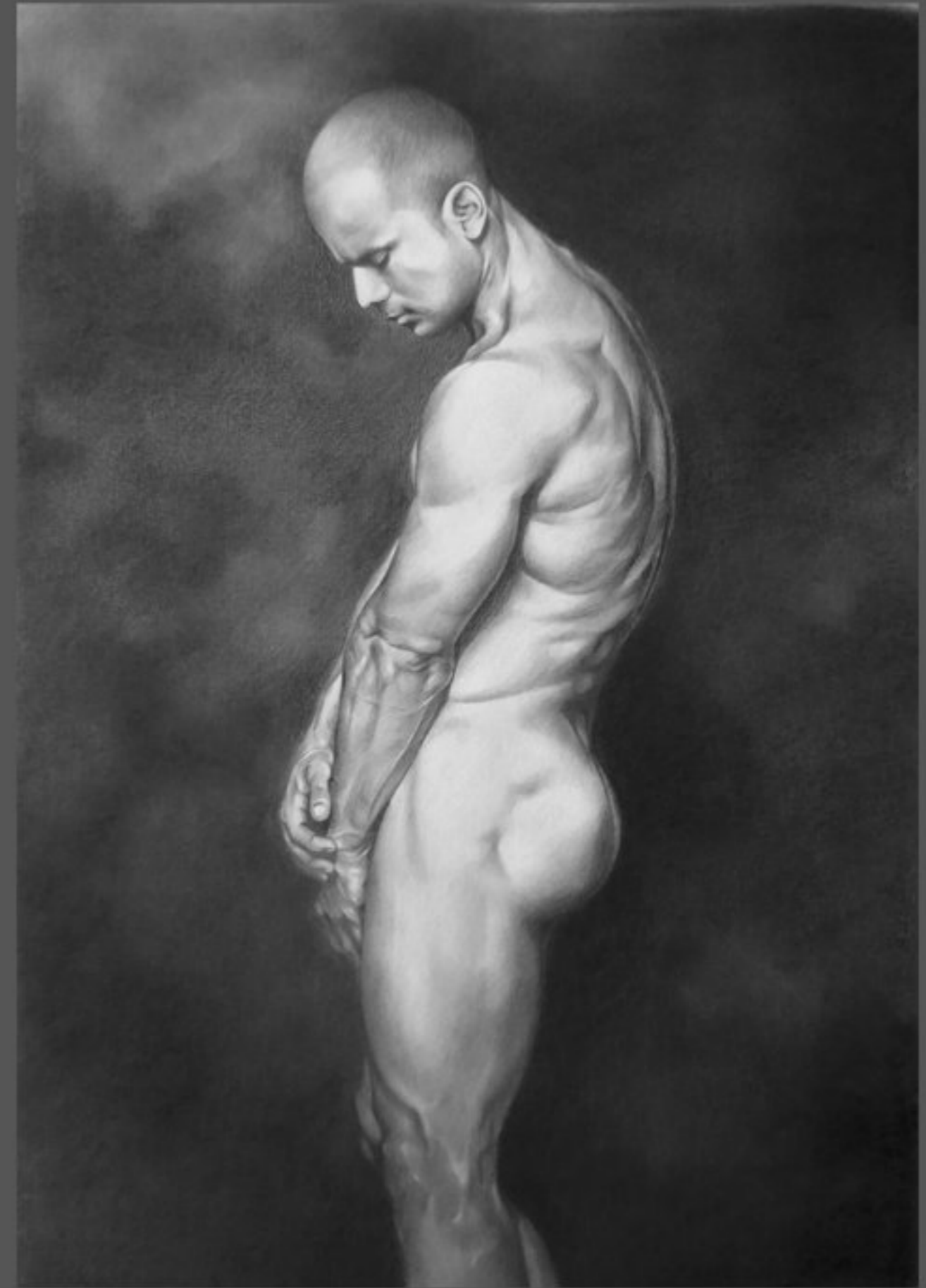
Painting portraits is my passion. I started focusing on the male figure when I moved to New York. The gay culture in New York City inspires me to work with men. My work focuses on male figures with the old master and traditional Japanese painting techniques.







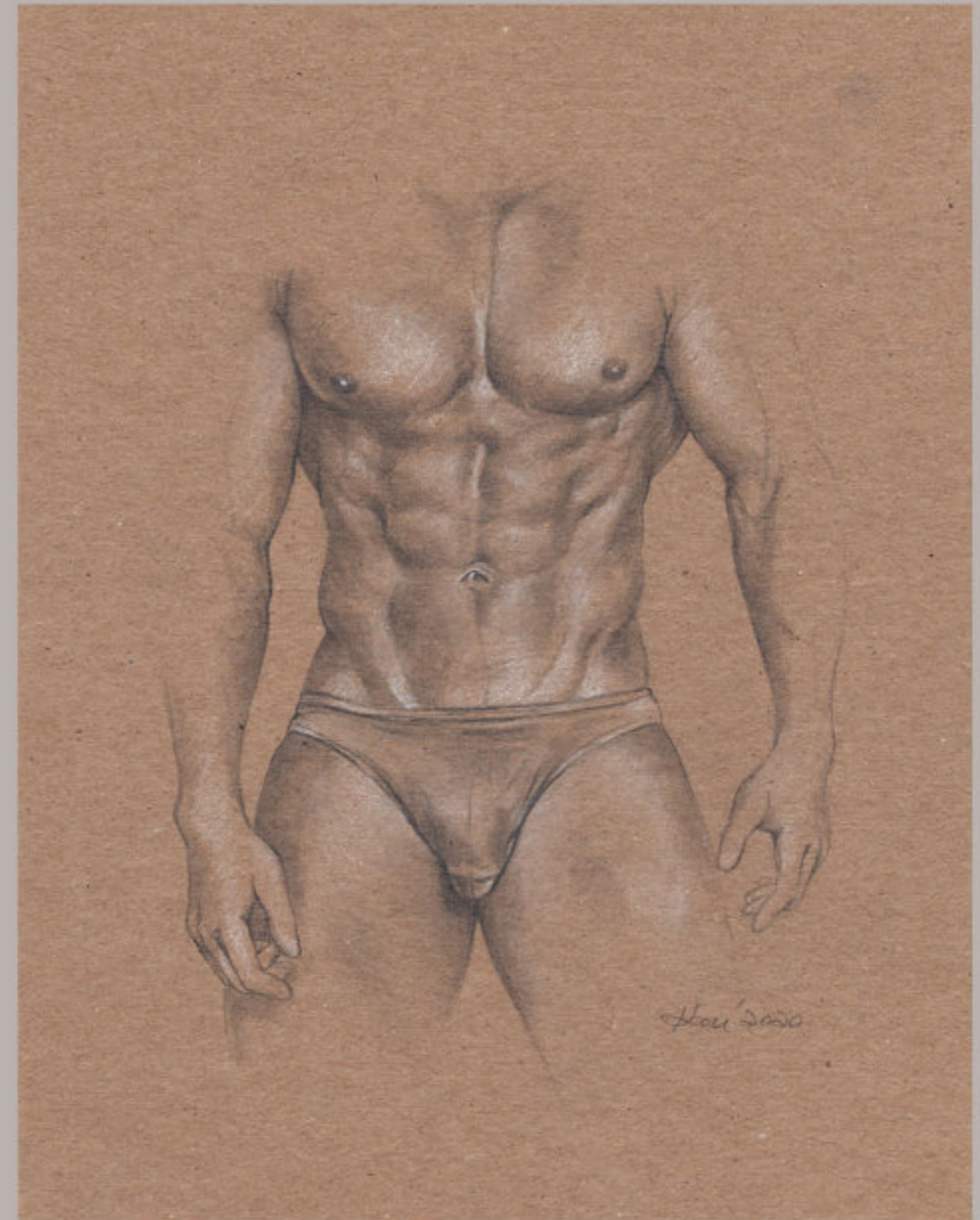
Every portrait I paint provides me with the opportunity to create a work of art that exhibits both beauty and timelessness. I devote much time to the study of artistic techniques and expressive capabilities.



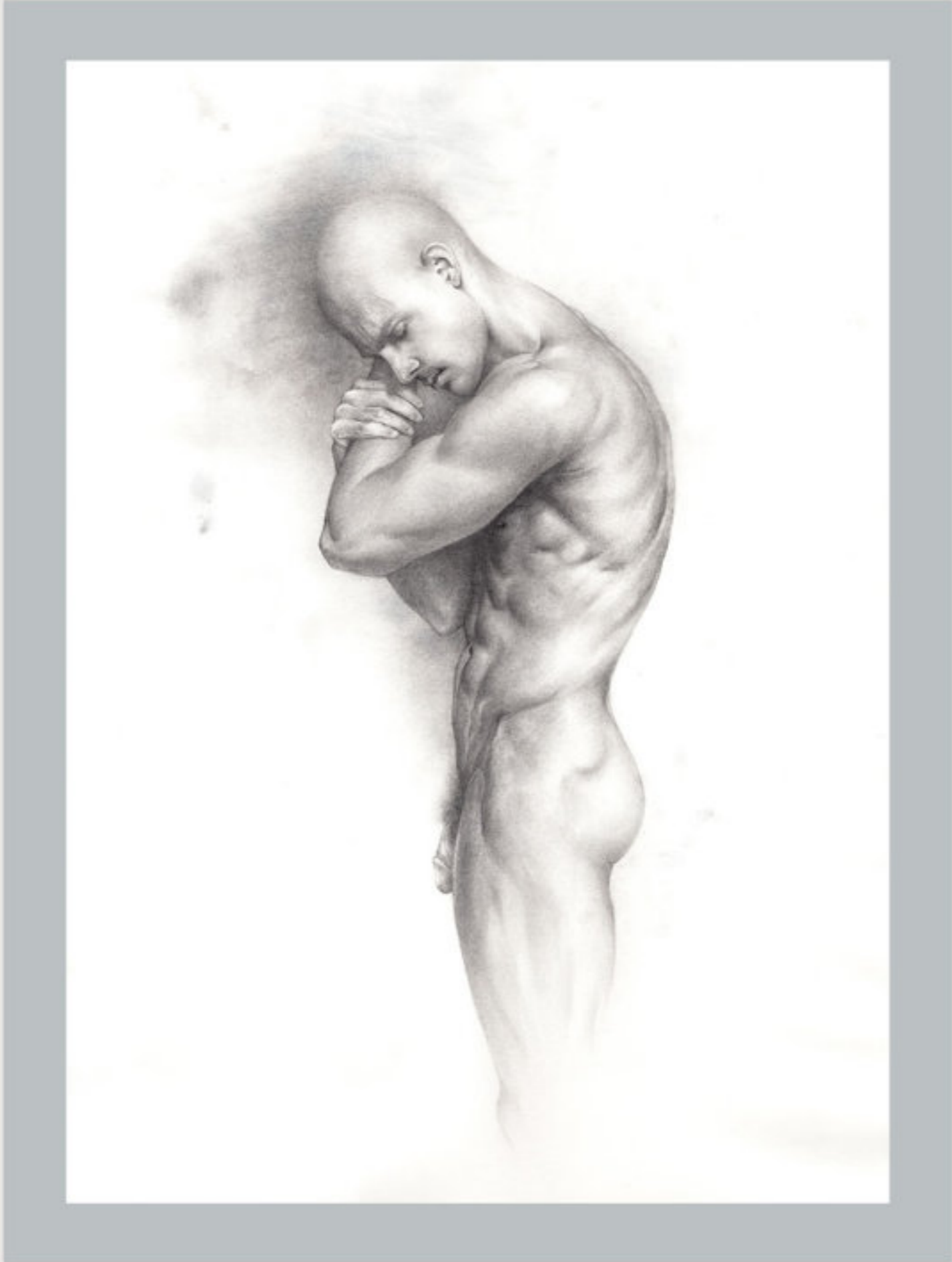
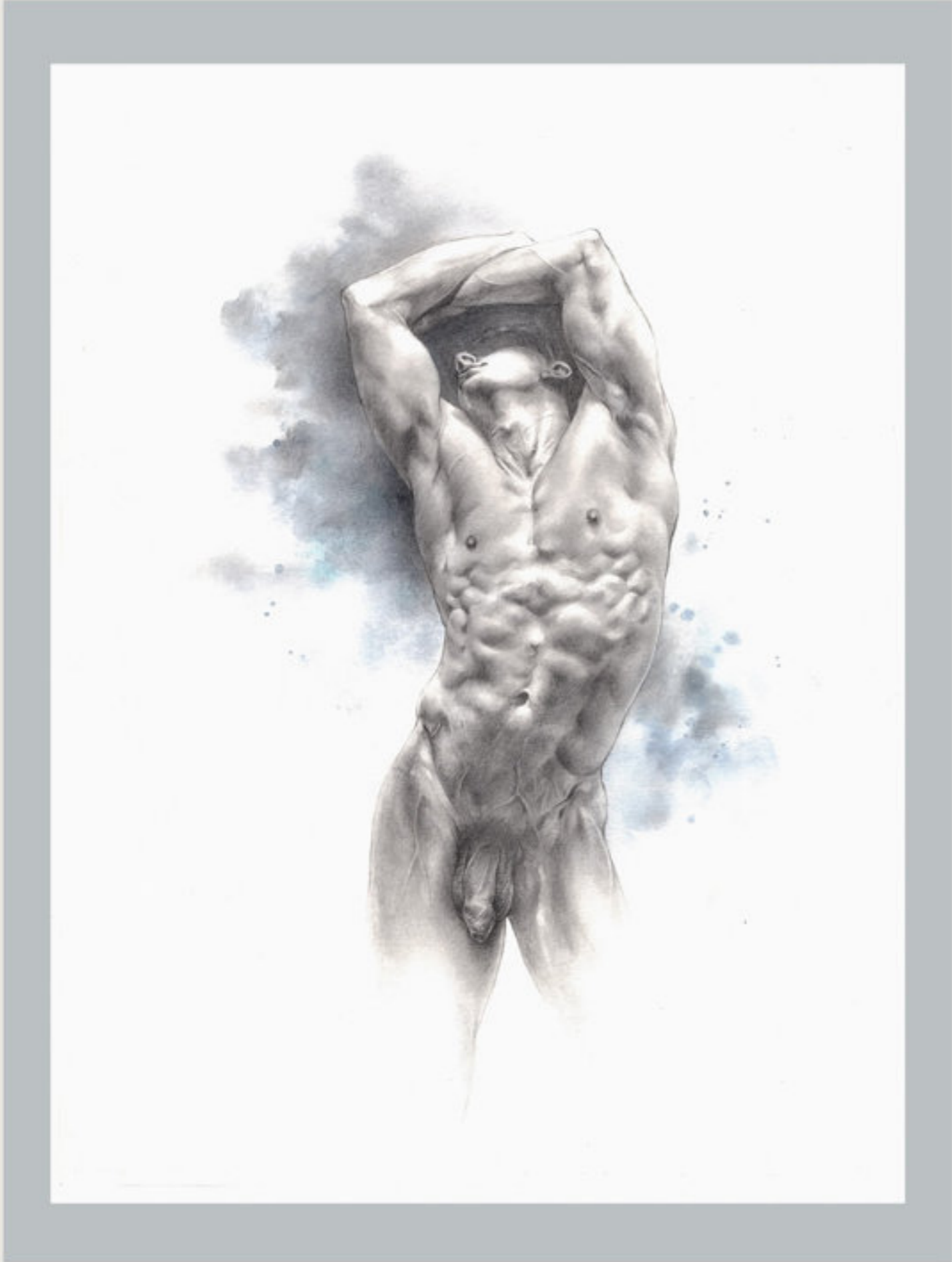




I carefully study old master portrait paintings on view in New York City. I meticulously examine these masterpieces, always evaluating how I can best incorporate my observations into my own work. My goal is to inspire those who see my work to look more carefully at the world around them and to discover beauty in daily life and culture.







KOU SHOU

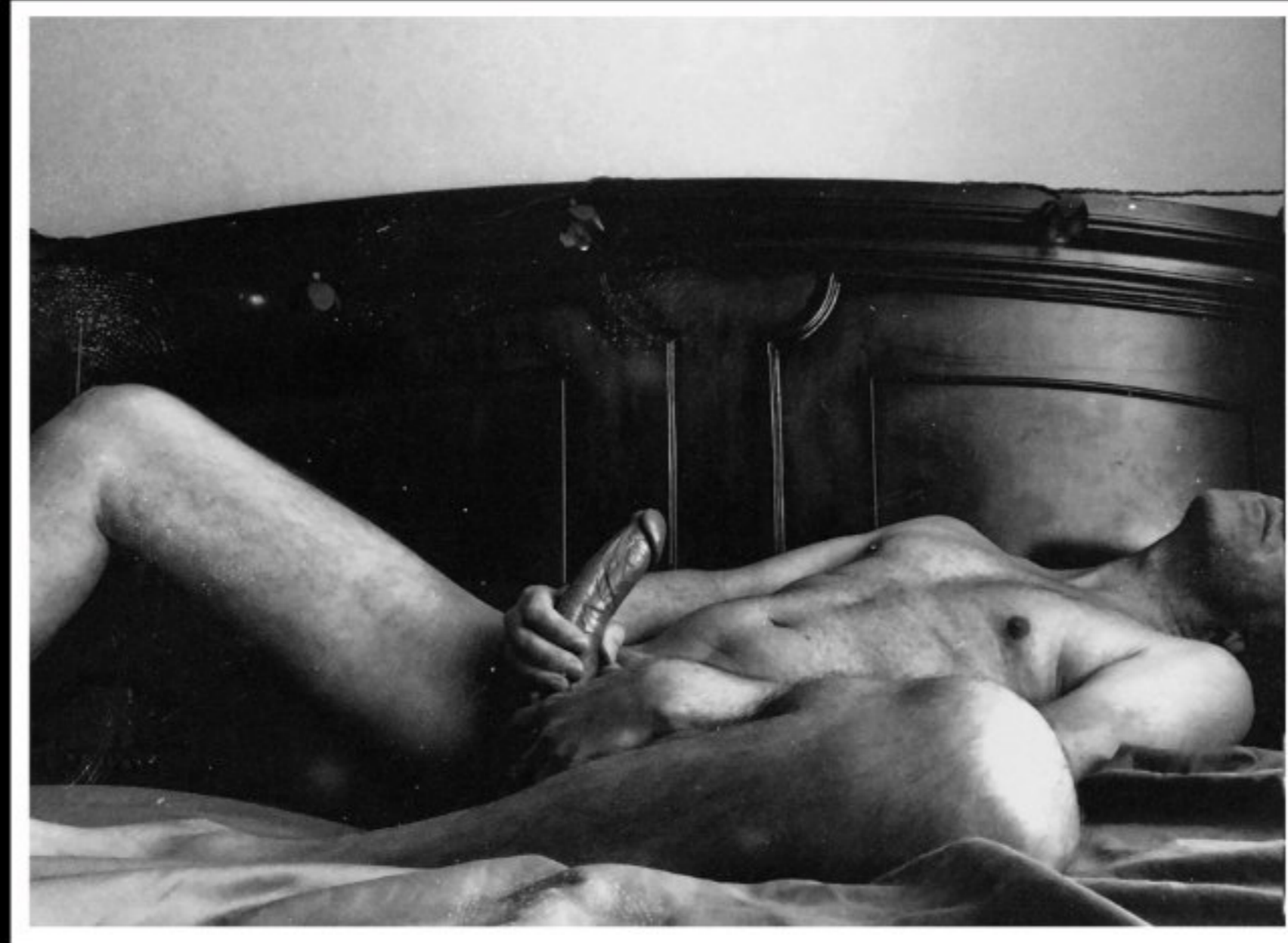
Web: <https://koushouart.wordpress.com>

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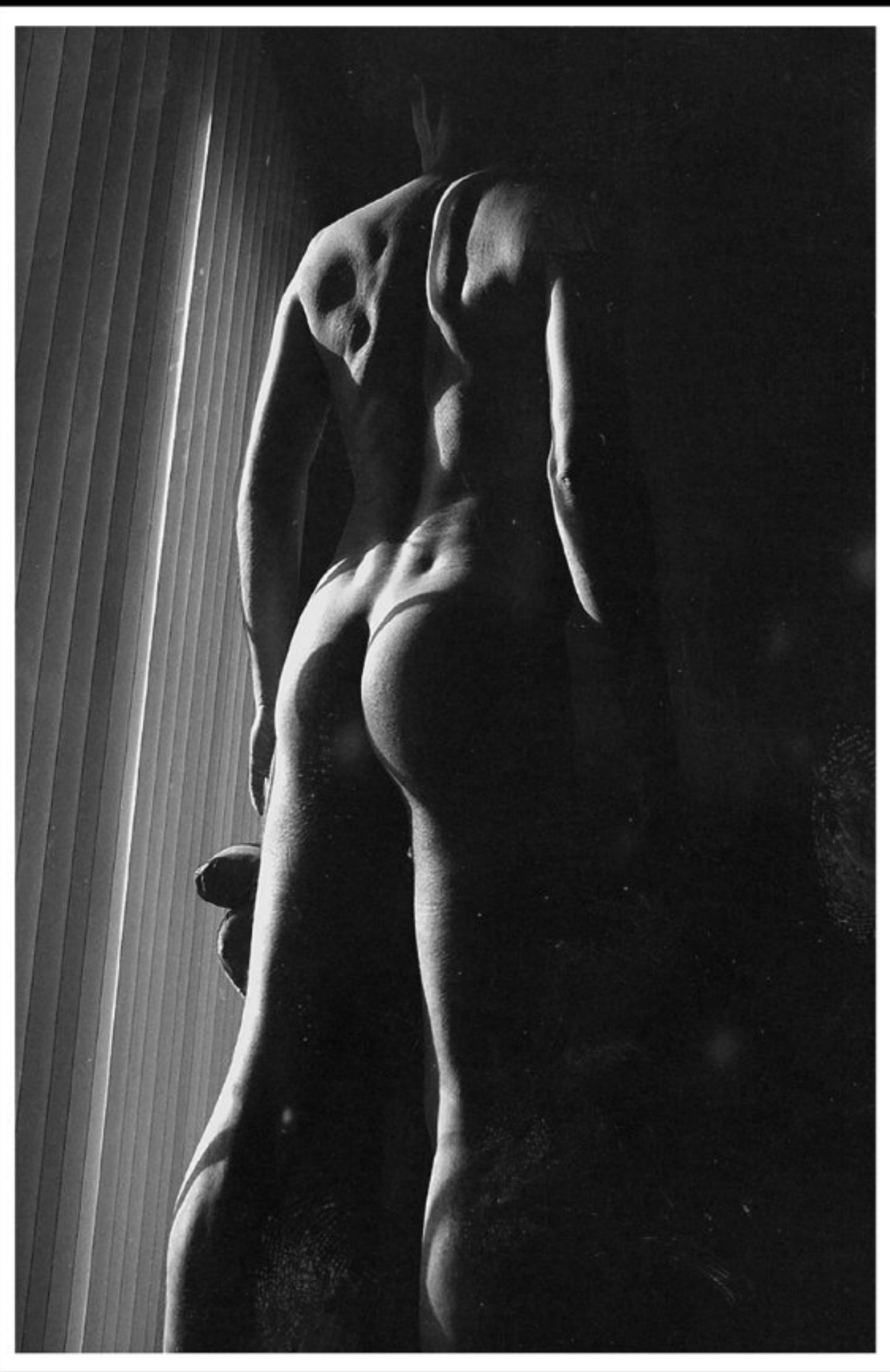
Contact: cfwkou@gmail.com

© KOU SHOU

HOIS REE



THE GRIP



RE
AR
WIN
DOW

SPIRITUAL
ENCOUNTER





WET



SHOWER

BORN IN NORWAY TO A
PHOTOGRAPHER FATHER AND AN
ARTIST MOTHER, LOIS LANE IS A WRITER
AND PHOTOGRAPHER WHO LIVES IN
DETROIT, MICHIGAN AND SPECIALIZES
IN EROTIC PHOTOGRAPHY AND
VINTAGE REPRODUCTIONS. WHEN NOT
CAPTURING THE BEAUTY OF THE MALE
FORM, SHE WORKS IN MEDIA
COMMUNICATIONS. SHE PLANS TO
HOLD AN EXHIBITION OF HER WORK
ONCE THE WORLD RETURNS TO
NORMAL, ASSUMING IT EVER DOES.



ANO
NY
MOUS



TRIPLE

DAWN





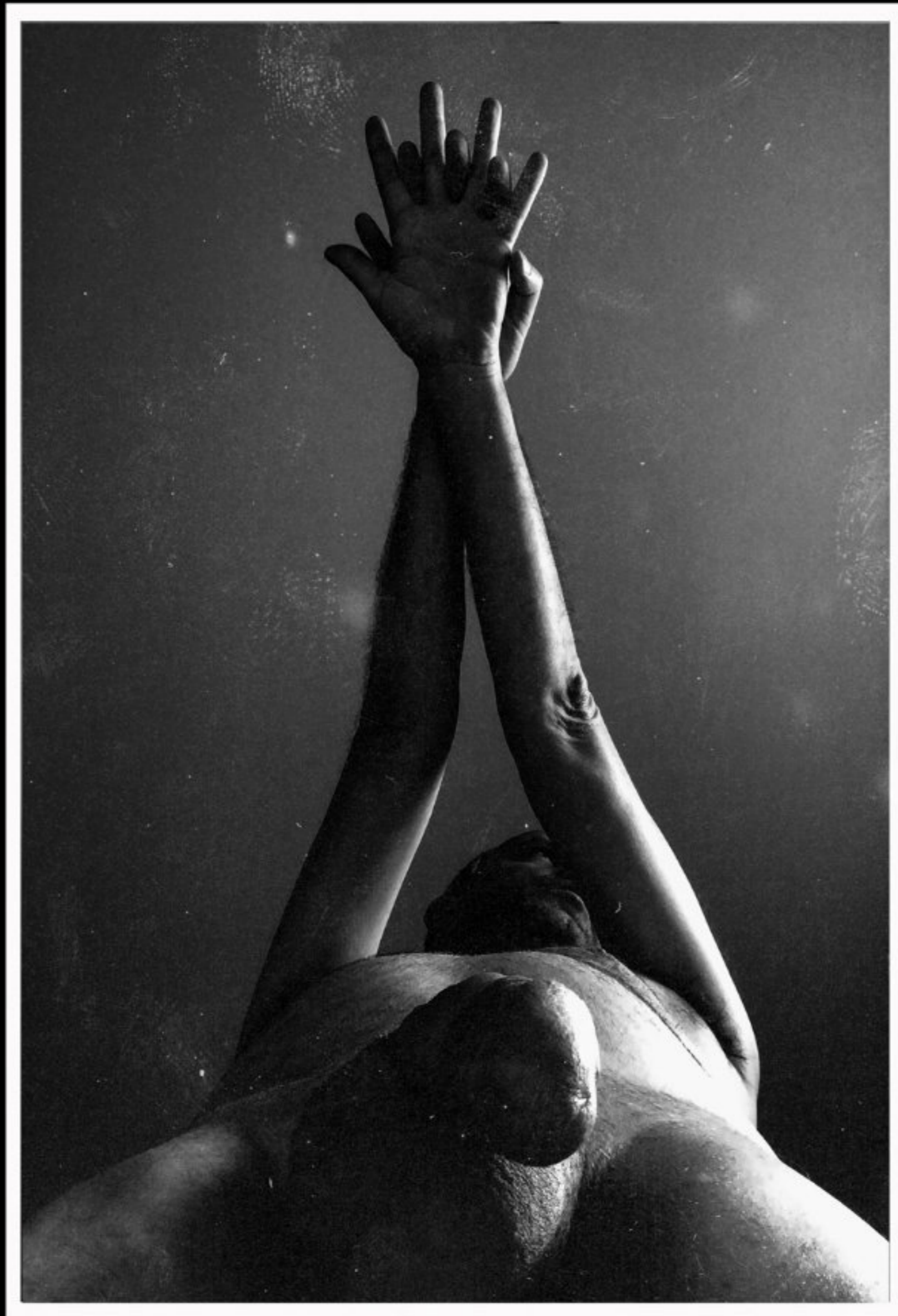
THE INVITATION

VINTAGE





COMMUNION



THE REACH

LOIS

LANE

©LOIS LANE

poetry by

**TREVOR
HALL**

In An Alley

*I see a ladder
Above the fire escape
A drop
drips*

Splat!

*He's fucking me
In the ass,
And if people wanted to,
They could see*

*How his penis moves
Inside and out of me
How the muscles in my back form*

The tilt of my head

*Of course,
The only fluid I need
Is from him.*

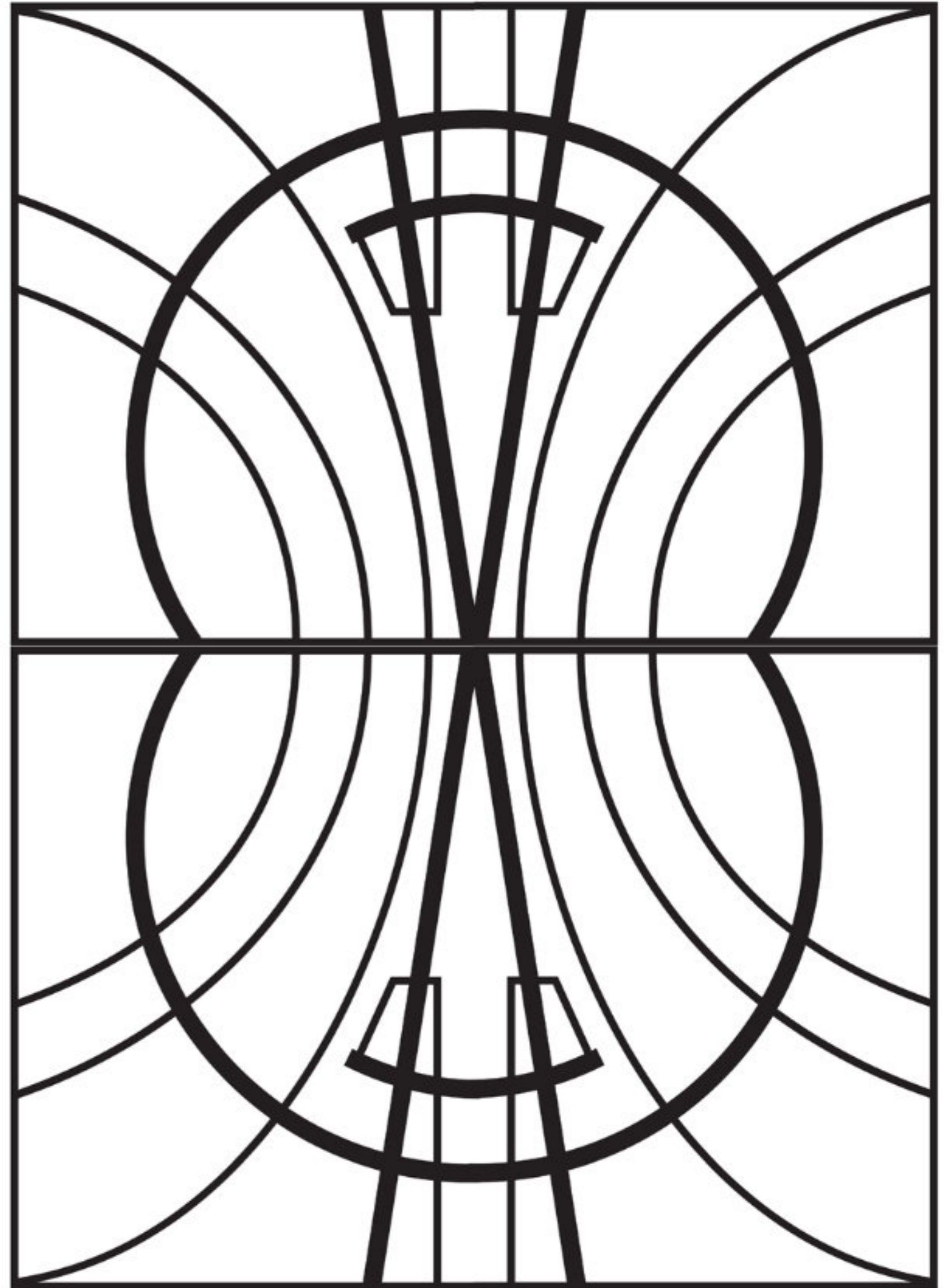
Air

*Who
Knew
Air
Was such an
Aphrodes
-iac?*

*I suck it in
From your mouth*

*I feel it
Fill my stomach*

*Like yours
I watch*



In bed

In bed, thinking about you

*I woke up
Horny,
Wanting you*

*I think of you,
Cock out, - Rolling
Around next to you*

It growing larger

*I always think
It's so hot*

*The picture of you
jerking off
the sound it makes
Of skin going up &
down*

*My bed creaks now
As I pump fastly*

*Wanting to put my
Hands on
You*

*Your skin
Next to mine*

*My body
Touching
yours*

*You adjust and move
So I get deeper in*

Shake

*Holding your legs, like an open flower
Pushing me back
With your hands so I
Hit the spot*

*I love how you
let me in
and want me inside you*

*I feel I can do
Anything with
You;
I'm open*

*I'd even like a blowjob,
Too
Though before
Not from anyone*

No one is you.

*No one has
What you have -
The perfect ass*

*I've never felt
This way before*

*Perfect big
Balls
An amazing cock*

*An amazing body
And a face as handsome*

That I'm so attracted to

Perfect nipples

Perfect climax

*When you look
At me*

With those ...eyes

*Open mouth
Or biting down
On your lower lip*

I'm nearly crushed

*And the cum
Turns me on...
So much*

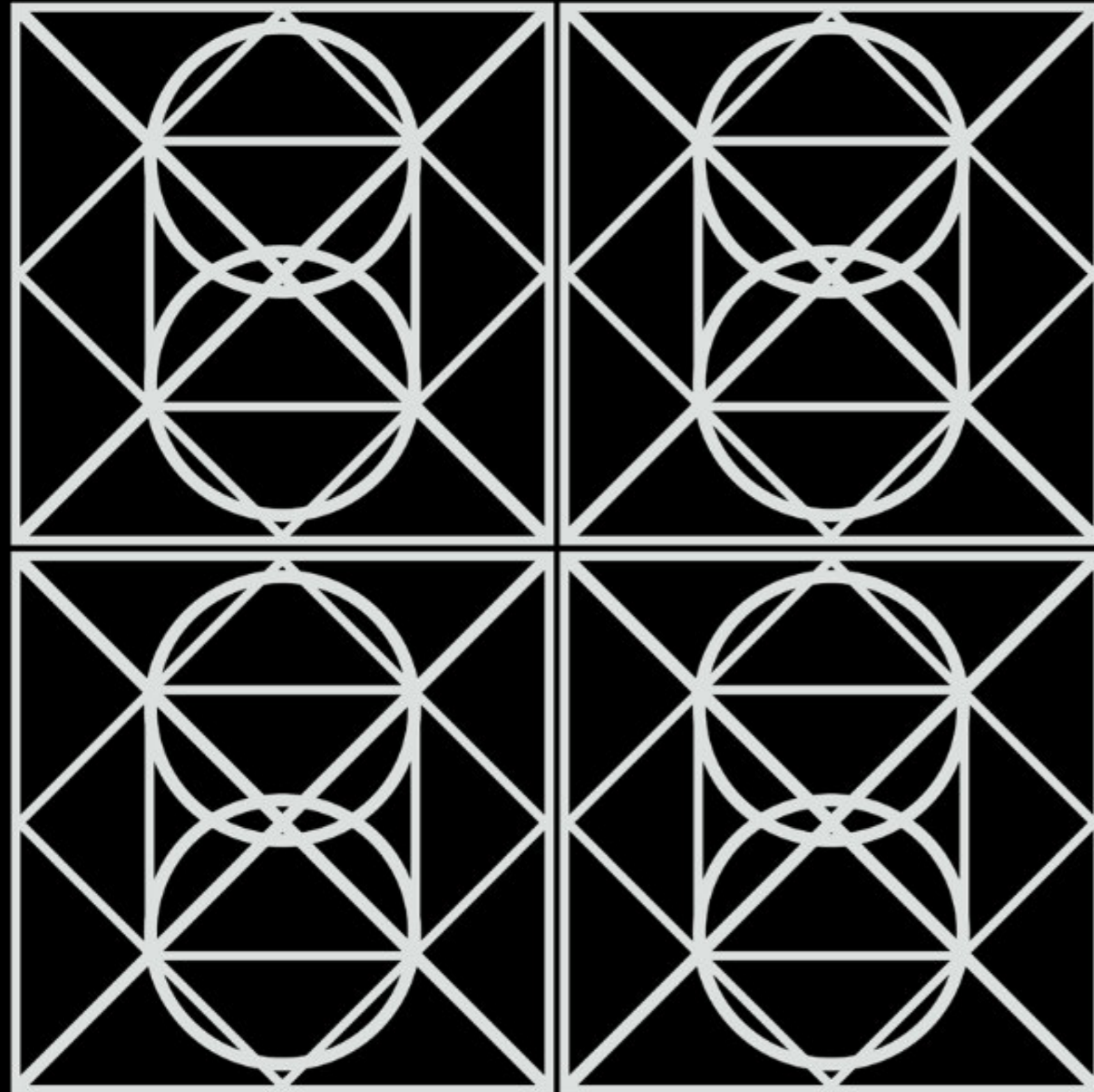
*(I'm close)
It dripping down
And covering*

*How it feels
on my skin*

*How it looks
When it drips...*

*And it tastes...
so good*





Seeing arousal

*Seeing arousal in others
creates arousal in me*

*like smiling,
I feel
a tingling
seeing someone else have it*

*I feel the
tingling*

grow stronger

*seeing a boy put a dildo
in his ass*

*I (click and) open
many tabs*

*(I see them receive pleasure
And I imagine it
As mine)*

*How I admire openness
For asses
To oneself and
Others*

*Seeing them put a dildo
In their ass, use an electric butt plug*

*moving as if an invisible someone was
there*

*I love seeing someone
Be really Into it*

*Especially a Daddy
Sucking cock
I imagine it as mine
And he giving me the
the attention I so need*

*Just seeing someone
Receive pleasure*

*The arousal in their
Eyes and
Mouth
How they touch themselves*

*Open is their mouth
And eyes their hole*

*I see them receive pleasure
And interchange them
For others
Imagining it as [me and him]*

*I imagine them as me most times,
The receiver
But I always want to give
To him*

Bear

*Like a bear,
I see him as the sunlight
Dances and glistens off his
Hair
And autumn leaves*

*In his hand is
A bulge, big as a
Fish,
Leaning against a
Tree.*

*I take it in my mouth
Like a bear
Gnawing on it
When he puts*

*His claws on my head
The other hand holding
His breast
breath 'coming
Full, as he roars*

*He says, you like that boy?
Take it, boy.
That is exactly what
I want.*

*His body is so big and plushy
Unlike mine
And I imagine if
I put my fingers
On it, it would press in
and move back to form
Like silly putty*

*Yet it is strong and
Full of muscle*

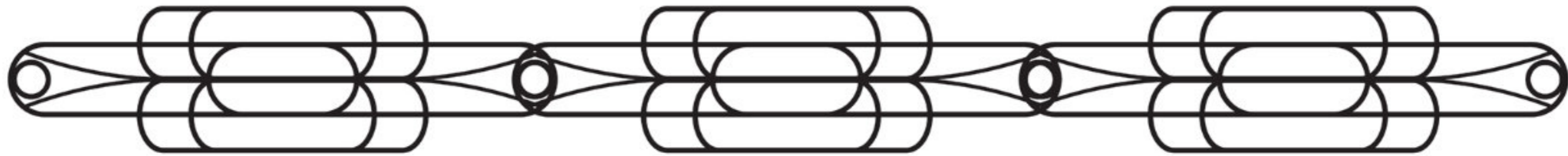
*(He holds me
Tight in
The wilderness)*

*I imagine it breaking and cracking
As I hold and grab on
Too tight*

*He likes to push me around and control me
Making my movements for me
Putting back my shoes*

*Spitting in his hand as lube
Aw fuck
He says*

*The sun sets
I don't know how to handle this part,
When the two of us part,
I feel like a bear, too
The fur on my brows bristled
I want him to leave, but also expect this to be my eternity
Fuuuuuckk yeah, he says
And cums*



Harness (Alt. Version)

You be my harness

*Rough and tight
Fuck me while
You hold my
Sides*

Like a bodice

*The strings tied
And wound around
Your fingers*

*Pulled back
Like my body*

*Gripping my waist
Like a corset
Going in and out*

A truck

*Carrying a huge
Load to me
Walking down the street*

*Coming in/
Bursting through my door*

*I drop to my knees
/ Your pants drop to
Your feet*

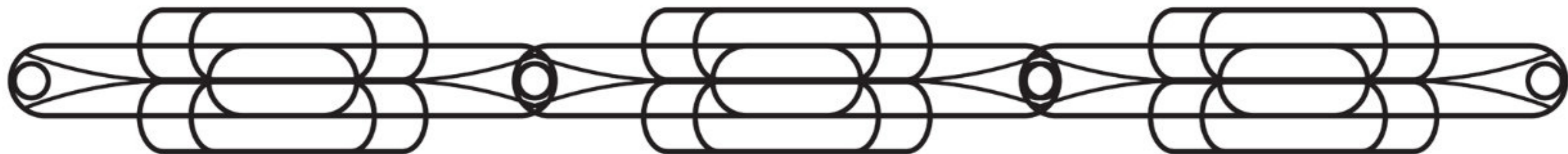
*Plowing me hard on
The bed
Pounding the bed*

*Making my house shake
Take me,
Daddy!*

Take me, (!) Take me!!!

glory hole

*Where I feel this huge monster
Of a thing go down and
Enter into my throat
Where I press my hole to a hole
Like two empties pressing to kiss
One full of cum and the other of lust
Oh how I want this- to not care
To be all wrapped up in one, at a
Gas station
Trying to get some relief,
Fuel up
And the reality comes in,
Just like the screech of that door and we pull away
Not before you
Cum
And it's like
Anyway
I'm here
I'm already here
So I just stay here and
Soak*



Orgy

*We all get
Undressed
And start slowly touching
Each other's pecs*

*The crevices between
Our hips*

*Get caught on a nipple,
On
something else that
Rises*

Slowly,

*They lay me
on the bed*

*Kissing me all
The way*

*they come around
me*

with many hands

*A thousand
on
Me*

*running over
my body*

*Running through
my hair
In and out of
my mouth,
fingers*

*Unending
cock-sucking
And penetration
to my hole*

*I'm spit-roasted
by three men at my mouth
And just one
Down south*

*They want me
all*

*To make me
implode
My insides
Down my throat
And
Deep in my ass.*

*They grab my
waist
and grab my
neck*

*Stroke their shaft
right by my
eyes*

gripping my skin with their fingers

Kissing above my head

*The sweat flows,
everyone's focused
and into it,
present*

*In the
Open arms
Of another
Man*

*Open mouths
Open holes
Open bodies*

*A group of dicks
erect
And happy*

*Ready to
penetrate and
carry a bottom
To bliss
& slut
heaven*

*Tethered- cum-
kissed
Spit-
Roasted*

*Wetted bed sheets
Wrinkled
from feet stepping
on them &
Knees*

*trying to get closer
to my orifices
Hands moving*

*Gang
Surrounded*

Bulge

*I can't
Stop the bulge*

*Passing on the side
Of the road*

*I can't stop
My eyes from trailing*

*Or my mind from
Going there*

*I search online for
Pictures*

*I like how they're
High on the sides*

*Curving speed bump
I want to bounce over*

*I see it on
the subway*

*Your pants
Rise up*

*As you sit
Legs parted*

*As you sit
Legs parted*

*curving down,
You adjust.*

*Touching just a little bit at first
Then grabbing*

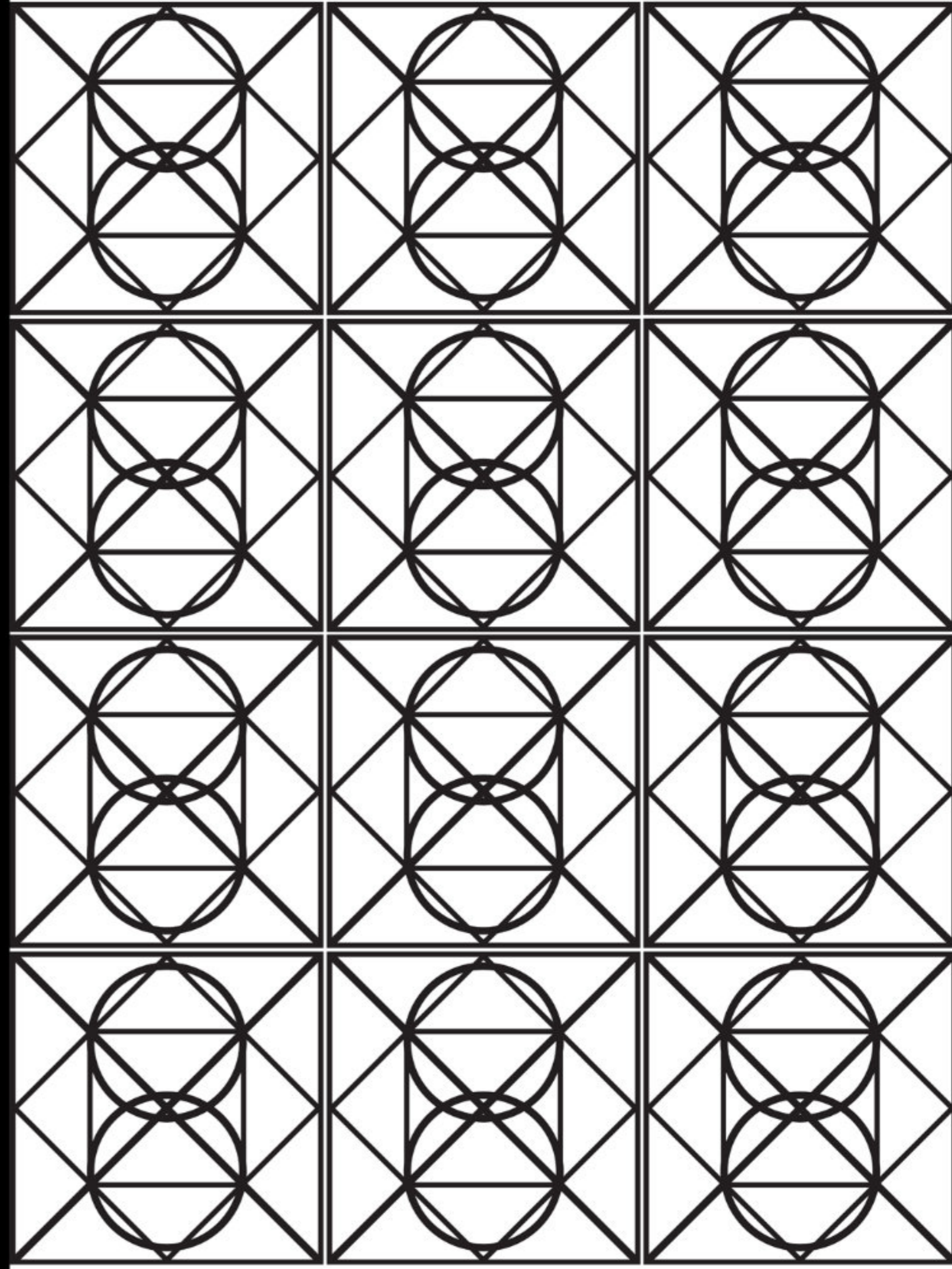
Making yourself pleasure.

*Nothing can stop that
Bulge...*

*No hands
No cloth
No chinos
No jeans*

*Can keep that bulge
Down.*

*No redirected thought
Only release*



TREVOR HALL

© TREVOR HALL

I first started focusing on writing in college when I realized how much keeping a journal meant to me. I recommend writing in a journal to everyone! Writing in one gives a person a safe space to let out their secrets and thoughts, no matter what they are. One can also go back to their writing and fall in love with their own voice. This is what happened with me, and when I began writing about sex, I think I trusted my voice enough to not be bashful.

Sylvia Plath also really helped me on my way to becoming an erotic poet because of how she displays transformation of herself through writing. I think now, perhaps subliminally, my goal has always been to transform from a place of feeling like I don't have much power, to feeling like I do.

Sex is supposed to be pleasurable. Why shouldn't I do whatever feels right in my poems to make them feel pleasurable to me? I often don't like following rules in my poetry, and like just keeping them whatever way feels right, though they may seem a little wild and "off" sometimes.

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