



# You Remind Me of Marilyn Monroe

*Love  
Journeys  
Loneliness*



STEVEN BERKOFF

HERLA

## Contents



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*You Remind Me of  
Marilyn Monroe*

*No One*

No one in the world feels like you  
No one in the world is like you  
No one in the world holds you as I do  
No one in the world is as tasty as you  
No one in the world holds me as you do  
No one in the world feels just right like you  
No one's ass feels just right like yours  
When I hug it from behind that special  
Soft feel through my thighs and groin  
Standing at the sink I put my arm around  
Your waist and nuzzle in your ear and press  
Myself against the soft part of my dear  
My golden child, my brat and woman wild  
No one in the world talks like you  
No one has that soothing silky brew  
That sound of satin ticking round  
My ears love hungry for only your words  
Cause no one in the world tastes so sweet  
Like you, no one has that gift for words  
Each dipped in honey before you drop them  
In my ears and slither deep inside my mind  
Where no one in the world looks like you  
Child woman, nymph, adult, baby bear. Whatever  
You want to be I will be there. Be a brat  
A beast, a wanton slut, be a nun, priestess  
Or fat pup, be a saint, a whore, a sick old  
Thing, just be mine. You be anything  
Cause no one in the world holds me like you  
Do. No one since the end of time since I  
Came screaming in into this world of mine. No  
One held me like I was precious velvet  
No one has held me like I was a peach to eat  
No one held me like a manly treat  
No one in the world, in the whole vast aching

Seething, heaving, thumping humping world  
 Has squeezed and touched my manhood just like  
 You, like you loved that part of me... no one  
 Made me feel female and surrender like that.  
 No one has felt as sweet as you, no one fits  
 Me as you do... no one seems as a garden, so  
 Clean and pure, so full of sheen, so sweet and  
 Wholesome, I dive into a sea of flesh and warm  
 And hold you tight hold your head in the night,  
 Hold on to you and press my force into your  
 Groin, like it was, as if to join us for eternity...  
 Not just for now. I want to leave my seed in  
 You to grow. I want to see the fruits of our  
 Strong love a baby you or a baby me or just  
 A baby we. So that in loving me I leave  
 My love in you cause no one in the world touched  
 Me like you do when in the car your arm decides  
 To test your wanton man and knowing that no one  
 In the world feels like me my blood flows free  
 Responding to your touch cause no one in the world  
 Claims me that much. Just no one, no one in the  
 World has eyes like yours, no one in the world  
 Has drunk them up as I do and loved you in the  
 Night and in the morn, I love you on waking and  
 You wake so sweet to say your honey pot needs  
 Its treat. Wakes me to say darling hold me tight  
 Wakes me to say I love you, in the night. Wakes  
 Me to say kiss kiss bright man, a body sculptured  
 To fit yours just right. Wakes me to say this love is  
 Ours... wakes me... wakes me to unmake me.  
 I roll over and open my thighs... spread my right  
 Leg over yours feel my knees digging the  
 Bed... my joints and spine curves my arse in the  
 Air. I rise and fall like a wave, like the crash  
 As the wave rises up and lets itself collapse...  
 Cause no one feels quite like you... no one cause

Love penetrates through and eats into the heart  
 Feels comfortable and will not part from that  
 Place... so I rise and fall like a wave like the  
 Wind through the grass sending its ripple through  
 Cause no one in the world has ever felt like you...  
 No one in the world smiles as you do... your smile  
 Eats right inside my heart, your kiss is the  
 Membrane of it... your soft "five second slow one"  
 And you suck it out my breath for every kiss  
 You take I make another ten. Cause no one in  
 The world has your soft lips... no one... is it  
 Possible to be so soft... is it true... is it real.  
 Are your knees the schoolgirl I try to please...  
 My embryo of childhood... soft fissure in your  
 Groin, the lake of womanhood I want to join.  
 No one in the world stands like you when you  
 One hand on your hip, one foot on its ball and  
 One on its heel. Who watches you so much and  
 Wants to feel every move that you make.  
 I take my mental pictures every day.  
 Racing womanhood before the ocean on your skates...  
 Little mercury, fluting Peter Pan whizzing through  
 Space... followed by your wobbly man. So don't,  
 Because no one in the world, so don't, because no one  
 In the world loves like you. Hold on to me and I'll hold on  
 To you. I'll question the sands. I'll look into time...  
 I'll understand your needs and worldly drive.  
 I'll understand it all now from whence it sprung,  
 Understand the aching need just to belong. But no one in  
 The world has made me feel like you... no one in the world  
 Has made a kiss feel like a little trace of heaven... a little  
 Bliss. No one grips my hand like you when at that  
 Moment when the world stands still and I deliver my  
 Seed to you to sweeten and soften your needing womb  
 Cause no one, but no one makes me feel so proud. No  
 One but no one, I'll hurl your name at the clouds... no one

In the world... no one in the bright, big majestic,  
 Pounding, arse-licking, preposterous, amazing  
 World has made me feel like you do. Alive! Alive! A giant  
 Walks, my heart expands. I am happy to be a man, cause  
 No one, just absolutely not one singly itsy-bitsy human  
 Soul has me feel this way cause no one in the world is  
 Like you.

*She*

Take me home oh God take me home oh God where  
 amidst the dandelions the ochre pots where avocado  
 pips rest in the nascent stage a little water  
 just a drop to rest their bums in, their flesh the last  
 night's salad in the cool of evening's love, where she...  
 oh Christ have mercy on those that need  
 where she, did you once see a face coming to you  
 from outer space where she, Jesus, with hands  
 outstretched she would greet thee after work.  
 You're coming down the street. She at the door  
 She turns and hands and arms outstretched she  
 Welcomes you, where you and she, don't think about it  
 He the hard, the separated yolk the parted shattered  
 egg of love that lies never to be remade,  
 He the ache of the hard "H" that needs the  
 "SH" of she to make the softer part of the human face.  
 He, hard, bone, alone, cold as a silent telephone,  
 Needing the softness of the "SH" of she where once in  
 the cool of evening's love you'd eat the fruits of earth  
 together in the soft and fragrant night her soft she in the  
 room carving out s's and warm round curves as she  
 would make the salad and in the cool round soft curved  
 evening air that she shaped out with her moving curves,  
 the cat would purr and together we were a pair  
 together, we just were, don't think about it  
 Take me home, oh God where amidst the smell of hair  
 and special ointments women need somehow to clean  
 the torrid city air their frail and tinsel rags that seem as  
 thin as moth-soft wings hang in the wardrobe with her  
 blood's air and warmth of woman smell.  
 That special odour like the earth or bread or  
 greengages or seashells. Or just the smell of her, the she,  
 odour of birth and aching she, odour unlike the male  
 hard ache that's more a pain when separate from the  
 soothing balm that changes pain to ecstasy and curving  
 bodies in the lair where lion and lioness mate, pair of

sleeping bodies he a chair an's' for her to nestle in  
 He, a crest or crooked mass of flesh that she pours  
 All her flesh around and moulds her parts in his.  
 Her bum all soft and round in groin.  
 Her arm round shoulders in the nest of his bony  
 hairy chest her hair tickling his nose like cobwebs in  
 the air her thighs soften his marble knees.  
 Two in one he gives his he to she and she to he  
 The hard to soft the pain to ecstasy.  
 Don't think about it now oh God  
 Days squandered in the doubts and fears to enter  
 perfumed gardens, exchange the empty hard lined  
 walls, dead room with TV deadly cathode rays  
 exchange for she-filled days  
 Don't think of how it was don't carry her smile a mile  
 high in the centre of your eye her teeth and lips lit up  
 The sky, don't think about it grab a cigarette  
 don't listen for her laugh in the bitterness of empty  
 nights, a musical cadenza that smote the silence  
 flute of life-joy in the female throat  
 the female sound the high and rising stark animal joy.  
 Don't think about her touch no, not that not so much  
 that's the worst thing grab a cigarette and numb that  
 sting, her fingers around yours, her fleshy rings  
 her small soft hands, don't think about that don't,  
 holding yours as you, walking together don't, please  
 don't think, and resting in the lazy grass her head on  
 your lap no God, no don't, the way a woman rests her  
 head so trustingly in her man's groin don't think about it  
 now! And making plans you never made as she chews  
 upon a blade, you, sheltering your eyes from the sun's  
 hard blaze. Are you crazy, don't think, don't kid yourself  
 with thoughts that stink, her crimped cotton dress alive  
 with printed flowers. Don't kill yourself with thoughts that  
 kill and you had the moment, had the world, had her.  
 Time stopped still and waited... but then you... what did  
 you do? No, no, no don't, you hesitated.

*What a Waste*

So I pace around put on the tea smoke a fag, have a  
 pee, go to the café eat my toast, pay the bill and face the  
 most horrible grey and turgid sky. It pains to look it in  
 the eye so keep my down-trod face away from horror  
 shows that pass all day for life in this town's damp decay.  
 Winter eats my heart away, hours are rats of empty days.  
 They chew the lonely minutes away, each hour that is not  
 filled with joy or love is spilled upon the floor of pain,  
 The rug grows thicker every day, each day that is not  
 filled with love becomes a rat feeding on the dung that  
 one useless unfilled day becomes, the dreams come  
 then to haunt the nights, the days lay broken dead unripe.  
 Beside the bed which used to be a ship we two  
 would sail into the dark streams of our fantasy  
 And play and so, what is it now? An unmarked grave I  
 climb all stinking into my pit my unmade coffin smelling  
 foul of fags. Unexercised no fresh mouth needed for no  
 mate to kiss and maybe copulate or just caress.  
 What for, why live an old decaying bore?  
 Who sleeps alone behind a door, the night then takes  
 its toll like box and cox, the night-shift working now  
 and hurls more rocks into my brain? And forehead  
 sweats, it's her again, a re-run of the dreams that give  
 me such awful shitty pain. The night recedes just as the  
 day fades in and light brings on another pain another  
 day oh God another day of shit tormented emptiness,  
 Another phrase in the long sentence for some  
 crime, what did I do God be my judge? What did I do  
 this time? Don't let the day come yet.  
 Don't let the aching light show age and wrinkles in  
 my bed. Don't let the light show some lonely piece  
 of man in bed. Don't waste your light on this foul lump  
 of flesh. Don't expose to heaven's eye a single lonely  
 man who cried. What did I do oh God?