

Pink I Think 1995

TRADE OFF, Getting on the Beach

I turned off the main road a few kilometers from Leucate, a coastal village near Perpignan on the southwest shore of France. An inland lake separated the stretch of beach from the mainland. There tourists dug for clams and wind-sailed. The turnoff led to a roundabout and a number of possible exits. One brought you to a barrier that looked like a railroad crossing. A couple of plastic modules functioned as a gate house. A man dressed in paisley shorts and a T-shirt told me I needed a nudist card that cost 150 francs with an additional 30 francs every time I came. Then he suggested that if I drove further on, and turned right past a row of seaside shanties selling mussels and oysters, I could park the car and walk to the beach without paying because the fence didn't go to the water.

The entrance was on the left side of the beach as I faced the sea. Further on stood some shops, a cafe, a bar, and a supermarket. There were a couple of twisted two-story condominiums with tennis courts, and beyond, a collection of camouflaged pup-tents and silver trailers that glistened in the midday sun.

I stripped and peed in the water. I had packed a picnic with raspberry jam. The same basket held a travel book titled *A Highland Tour of Scotland* with a hand written dedication and a poem dated January 3, 1838. It read:

To My Darling Jenny,
Words—lies and shadows, nothing more,
Crowding Life from all sides round!

In you, dead tired, must I pour
Spirits that in me abound?

Forever Karl.

(I collect old books and cameras.)

A man with long white hair flaring from his head like a lion's mane stood next to two children. His twelve year old daughter had the hiccups.

Nearby another couple sat squished together in the hole of an enormous yellow inner tube ornamented with the inflated head of Donald Duck. They wore shirts decorated with the word *Honolulu* and no pants. Her right arm twitched under the torso of her boyfriend. The man with the white hair watched. Thin, pale, the left side of his rib cage protruded prominently. A hernia scar crossed his groin. A stereo headset strewn nearby was partially covered with sand. I could hear raspy crackles and the remnants of a tune. The people, their scars, the sand, fluctuations of water, and the sun's reflections bouncing from the crests formed a single volatile texture.

I met Marcelle at three o'clock the third day. I had been lying on my back for over an hour. I remember glancing over my shoulder and seeing her stretched out on the towel. She was seventeen or so she said. Her wispy light hair swept loosely back from her face. Her chin rested on the back of her clasped hands. This position pushed her shoulders back and accentuated her shoulder blades. The small of her neck swept gently down a few golden hairs at the nape—then up again. Her toes crossed, wiggled now and again, and pointed to the waves. Next to her chin lay a curious object, a rounded stick curved at one end, weathered at the other. The green paint chipped close to the rubber tip.

She opened her eyes. A North African man blinked as he walked by carrying a box of ice cream cones. I bought two,

chipping in bits of change that clinked when I rattled my pants.

“My doctor said that the little red spots on my back were caused by the sun. There had been fifteen, twenty, or so. He removed them with an electronic gun and it took two weeks for the scabs to fall off. This was three years ago.” With this opening remark I asked Marcelle to put some oil on my back as protection against future marks. She slid her hands over the skin pressing flesh to the bone.

I grabbed the tube and propped myself on one elbow and slid a thick milky line along the length of her spine. She squealed.

Two oriental children ran past, exited on the beach. They screamed and teased. The mother lugged beach paraphernalia. An Apache rented a wet suit. She tested the water then splashed about.

The cafe stood on a plateau slightly above the normal slope of beach. I was temporarily handicapped by my erection and held a heavy beach towel in front of my groin which effected a limp. Marcelle got up with the help of a cane and wobbled a bit, but I saw in her no deformity or abnormal swelling. She carried a heavy book, *A Thousand Plateaus*. Her only other encumbrance was a necklace.

The waitress wore a white shirt and skirt with a pen hung on an expandable band around her neck. Brilliant blasts of sunlight ricocheted off the red plastic chairs.

A naked fat man seated himself, flopping a former lizard's skin--now a wallet--on the table. A girl, naked except for socks sat at an adjoining table jotting. She propped her leg on a chair. The tan fat man was tanned only from one angle, above. White rings circled under ripples of flesh. His nose peeled and there was a bald spot in the back of his head like a friar. The wind blew in a northeasterly direction and lifted the

waitress's skirt as she served him white wine. Marcelle walked over and introduced herself. These two events, the skirt and the confrontation with Marcelle shivered him.

When Marcelle returned I asked her "What's up?" She jiggled a piece of lettuce with her tongue. He was a composer of Las Vegas melodies and had invited us to his apartment after lunch. She twitched her cheek and fussed with dessert-little red fruits floating in cream.

Anticipating the rendezvous, I felt a growing nostalgia. I was mesmerized by Marcelle's necklace which held a pink swaying cameo carved as a portrait of Konstantinov, a bureaucrat in the Russian Revolution. My grandmother had one. And George's mustache was combed like Tzar Nicholas'.

Old pinball machines stood in a hall next to the ladies room.

As nostalgia grew, it encompassed everything, even my titillation. The plastic chairs reminded me of Sunday mornings and outings under elms and brass bands. The nostalgia spread like a low lying mist which comes from the sea. I acquiesced as one does to long spells of inclement weather.

We met up with Georges as he rose. His belly caught the rim of the table. I pictured Marcelle's lanky limbs sticking out from beneath this undulation blob like spindles.

The walk to the condo was dry and spindly. It was dry because it was August, and prickly because the short stubs of recently mowed grass shot up between the stepping stones.

When I arrived in early June, all the vineyards were bright. Now a layer of dust covered them. At times we walked side by side. Then we fell back in single file like follow-the-leader, or a funeral procession. Georges' prick poked out stiffly.

He slid open the condo door. A grand piano stood in the

center of the room, its lid wide open. Instead of the usual trademark embossed above the keys there were several inscribed verbs all in the past tense. Marcelle asked for a “Frog,” a mixture of gin and grenadine. He put on a bossa nova, and pulled up a chair facing us—one of those fold out chairs with vinyl crisscross seats that make your thighs look like a waffle. Marcelle slugged her drink and asked for another flashing an “I-dare-you” glance. Two cubes plopped. She took this opportunity to put her hand around the back of my head. She pulled me closer. Her tongue nipped my lips then stiffened, penetrating me completely. A drip of spit slavered from her mouth and ran down the side of my chin. She pulled out and grinned.

Georges wagged himself. A dog curled a long howl in the distance, then finished with several yaps. Marcelle nibbled my lobe. I shivered staccato jerks. She rubbed my thigh with the underside of her pinkie and bumped the tip of my wang. As it hardened she squeezed, then moved her hand back and forth with the music.

Georges snorted in delight. This was accomplished by pulling air from the room into the nostril rather than depositing air from the throat through the nostril into the room. She glanced at him defiantly, then ripped a couple of grapes and flung them into the air, catching them in her mouth. Then she took an indigo fig and peeled it to expose the fleshy pink and put it inside her cunt. She bounced a grape off Georges’ right testicle and his left nut pushed into the plastic lattice.

He kneeled between her legs. She spread and shifted her ass forward on the gray velvet cushion. Her left arm draped around my neck like a friend.

He opened her labia. We lingered long, suspended and dizzy as he tongued. She sighed and propped her leg over my

knee. He slobbered all over the place, but I thought, What the heck, it's his couch.

He sucked out the fig. This was my second experience with the fruit. The first time I saw a fresh fig was in an abandoned monastery late at night. Bats squeaked as they flew in eccentric patterns. Stumbling on a loose rock I was shaken. I walked from the ruins along a dark path. Soon I became aware of an intoxicating fragrance. A hundred yards away an ominous silhouette stood against the August sky like a mugger. I was frightened, but lured by the smell.

In late afternoon, bats hang limp in the limbs. At night they feed on its figs, appropriating seeds. Thus new trees grow.

She straddled me. She moved slowly at first and surrounded the base of the balls and stroked the tip just far enough so that it wouldn't slip out, pure delight. George picked his nose which was somewhat distracting. She pivoted on my prick 180 degrees and watched him entering himself as he watched us entering ourselves.

For me having an audience was as important as ever. But it was Marcelle who whispered so silently so I could only read her lips:

It is not sufficient to say that intense and moving particles pass through holes; a hole is just as much a particle as what passes through it. Physicists say holes are not the absence of particles, but particles traveling faster than the speed of light. Flying anuses, speeding vaginas, there is no castration.

(from her book)

Then she sunk to the floor. I've never had a wall-to-wall

carpet, only a couple of throw rugs. Marcelle kneeled in front of me and sucked my wog. This exposed her ass to Georges.

Like a cubist I imagined what she looked like from his viewpoint, from hers, and from mine too. I could see the top of her back with its graceful arch. But this image fuzzed with the possibilities of all the other viewpoints I imagined and made me swoon.

So I relaxed and let go of Cubism. Instead I imagined Cezanne with watercolors lying limp beneath Mount St. Victoire the day he died. A farmer brought him home in a wheelbarrow. I fantasized Gaugin's syphilis, Van Gogh's epilepsy, Lautrec's deformity and Schiele's sore throat. Modigliani died of bronchitis and Goya was poisoned by the lead paint in his brushes because he held them in his mouth. On the run, Caravaggio couldn't sleep and Joyce died of a stomach ulcer because of white wine. As far as I know, Louise Bourgeois is still alive.

Georges jerked himself into a frenzy. Marcelle's ass was inspirational. With solemnity and folded hands he slid from the chair and kneeled. His wang poked in automatically. There was beauty in his prayer.

I loved her abandonment, her confidence, and the combinatory possibilities she shared with me.

He pulled out, but she swayed the same way. He waddled to the kitchen and rustled a few mushrooms and a stick of butter. He stirred them in a frying pan, but I wasn't fooled, I had seen *Last Tango*. He returned in triumph, the creamy yellow substance dripping from his fingers. Marcelle didn't care. He smeared it round her ass then advanced one fat knee forward, close enough to touch her with the tip which protruded from his fist like a wrinkled sorrel. He grabbed her haunches and slipped in. She looked up at me with the same

raised eyes as you see in Bernini sculptures. She dropped my schlong from her mouth and gently pulled me down between her and his legs. My face stopped next to hers. I negotiated this by keeping my feet together and sliding my heels on the carpet. I could feel the fat pressing the outside of my thighs. She kissed me again and again with tiny little kisses. I wanted to kiss her back and asked, “May I kiss you?” She replied with a smile. She stiffened her arm to recover my dick with her thumb and forefinger and put it in her tight silky little pussy.

Our lips froze. The only perceptible movement was Georges’ slow bumping.

He spent himself soon, or so I assumed, because he withdrew and fell asleep on the floor. His orgasm was confirmed on our walk to the sea. Trickle of sticky sperm dripped from the dark orifice unto the dusty sun scorched grass.

I came later on the beach. She returned from a dip in the sea, her hair was wet and pulled back. She playfully started flicking my penis. With every flick the thing bounced back. After eight or nine flicks cum came squirting out. It was the second time I had come without having an erection. The first was a moonlit night on a pond in Pennsylvania.

PART TWO

The next day we sat in silence. We walked in silence and we spoke in silence as we sat. We sat in silence in a town where everyone wore clothing, in a restaurant called Cafe des Artists. The waitress brought us glasses that should have clinked when she set them on the table. The sun was silent as usual and hot.

We sat in the shade. We ate silent snails. Shirts, shoes, shorts and collars were dumb. There was the usual shuffle on the sidewalk, but only visually. I gesticulated nonreferential syllables such as cah, fu, pa, shu, ba, da, and ta. I car passed without blowing its horn. We laughed without laughter. A child held its mouth wide showing toothless gums and jerked its arms wildly above its head and clenched its little fists and trembled, quietly. There was no thunder storm. We stared in cross directions, our fingers met on the checkered tablecloth like two sleeping pawns.

A light breeze blew from the sea. A dog yawned beside its dark companion. Under the table Marcelle's bare thigh brushed mine. She wore a baggy shirt and panties. The waitress wore a skirt printed with water lilies in patterns of the 40's.

The decor looked genuine enough. Old murals signed 1923 and chipped in places covered sections of the wall. Naked girls frolicked in the woods with satyrs.

A long table festooned with hors d'oeuvres set directly in front flanked by potted palms and a few large ferns and Birds of Paradise. Flaking mirrors reflected these descriptions.

The atmosphere was gay, gay but quiet. A chair pulled back from one of the tables partially blocked an aisle. A man motioned to the waitress for a check. This distracted her. She tripped but her face registered nothing as she fell. Her right hand balanced a tray stacked with champagne glasses. For a moment I thought she would recover her balance. No chance. In slow motion the first glass toppled followed by the second and third tier as she somersaulted to the floor.

Strangely no one looked up or acknowledged the mishap. Perhaps they were involved in their own silent speech. She picked up the larger pieces and put them in the tray then

returned with a cordless vacuum cleaner which should have made an annoying hum as she swept up all the sparkley fragments.

An old mahogany yacht sailed to the horizon, black puffs puffing from its black stack. A sailboat approached the shore. Snorklers dove, left from a lost invasion.

Again I was overcome with nostalgia for everything past, the broken glass, for Marcelle when she left me to go to the bathroom, for the boat that disappeared over the horizon, even for the palms I couldn't see because I wasn't faced in their direction. The disease soon spread to nostalgia for the times the objects represented through their varied styles—the 20's, the 30's, the 40's the 50's, the whole Twentieth Century in fact. This was a bit frightening especially since it wasn't only the century past, but soon a thousand years. An insidious feeling consumed me, a nostalgia for everything erotic.

I fought it at first, but to deal with it the best thing to try was logic. In the flickering shadows of that Monday afternoon, I attributed eroticism to two factors: style and circumstance. Unless you're perverse, style shouldn't get in the way, otherwise you become involved in that, rather than the excitement of sex and danger which, of course, are primary erotic ingredients. Take for example a dense ring, dense in comparison to the rest of the silk at the top of a stocking. What you might call a line of demarcation like the Berlin wall once was. It give you a thrill to cross it or have it crossed. If you decided to cross the Berlin wall in 1965, would you have noted that the wall was built in the early 60's and conformed to the architectural conventions of the time? What about hair? Beatle bangs or beehive bouffants? Would bell bottoms be part of the tactic?

And for circumstance, I imagined a railway car, the kind

that was in England before the war. You entered each cabin directly from the platform. There was no hallway. It was impossible to move from cabin to cabin. Tickets were collected at the station of destination so there was no need for a conductor. Anything that might have happened between commuting strangers would have been impossible to detect except of course by a possible bicyclist waiting for the train to pass. The thought of lust in 1933 maddened me.

Two buttons on Marcelle's blue striped shirt hung open. She sat on its tails which clung to her thighs. The cotton crumpled, and the sun showed through. A trail of fire ants moved beneath the table following a crack in the floor. Marcelle looked down wide eyed and spread her legs arching her feet so only the toes touched the cement.

My throat itched. It persisted and I hallucinated the fleeting image of a forgotten piano. Foot pedals pumped air through rubber tubes into square holes on a paper roll. This succession of notches flickered past my eyes like a supremacist's daydream. I threw back my head and let go with a mighty sneeze. It was my grandmother's piano. Marcelle said politely, "Bless you. Let's go. Julie is having a party."

I said, "Who's Julie?" She said that Julie was a friend who's parents had gone away for the weekend. She had the house to herself. It would be O.K. if we didn't wreck anything. "Her father is a physics professor. He's seventy, really cute, looks a bit like Beckett."

"Julie's mother keeps a winter garden," she went on, "In January cold rains fall and mists envelop the garden which borders a gray and rusty heath. Two cats, Dora and Bella, stalk the moist grass and look for field mice. The face of the heath by its mere complexion adds a half an hour to evening; it could in like manner retard the dawn, and sadden noon, anticipate the

frowning of storms scarcely generated, and intensify the opacity of a moonless midnight to a cause of shaking and dread.”

I asked Marcelle how she knew this. She said she visited Julie last Christmas just when the winter roses bloomed.

Overwrought by the past, I decided to build a monument to eroticism, to all that had been erotic, to all that was erotic, and to all that would have been erotic.

I would build it like a barrow. Barrows are customarily constructed for purely aesthetic motives by gray and blue birds that live in New Guinea. After a rudimentary four foot structure of sticks is in place, the bird decorates the tee-pee with various colored objects scavenged from the forest floor. It is not a nest. The nest, a rather drab conglomeration is elsewhere.

Though a monument, the barrow I'd build would not be inscribed. It would be as silent as the day.

We drove to a little cove a few minutes from town, an inlet with no sand just flat pebbles and rocks of an ancient volcanic origin. It was lined with empty fishing boats. They were painted green, blue, or blue green, with yellow and red water lines. But the colors were aged and muted now. A few bathers lingered.

A ten year old girl silhouetted in orange stooped and clapped water. Sparrows flitted among stones and picked crumbs scattered by absent swimmers. Leather skinned people played cards beneath an olive tree in the fading light. Everything was dusty, the houses, the pebbles, the boats, and the leaves.

Marcelle, growing impatient, groaned to get on with it. I pondered if the four sticks used for the supporting structure should be identical. This might be difficult. I wanted it to be as genuine as possible. I found two gray sticks, but the third was black, obviously burnt. The fourth had a bit of life, a couple of

leaves clung to its stem. In the end I abandoned hope of authenticity and decorated it with any bit of colorful refuse I could find-bottle caps sandwich papers, silk handkerchiefs and cigarette ends. On the top I knotted a strap which looked like it came from a bikini.

The sun set in the midst of a beautiful sunset. Flickering wave caps reflected shades of venetian red. Soaring gulls and swallows punctuated the sky like gliding commas. I lost my balance, then stooped to the stones and sifted pebbles through my fingers.

Marcelle said, "It's getting late. Let's get back." She wanted to change for the party.

In her room she rummaged. She pulled out a pair of shoes and slung them next to a stack of books on the floor. The heels were as high as the thickness of *Webster's Second International Dictionary* open to a page called Shangri-la.

We dressed and confessed as lovers sometimes do. She said she once stripped naked on a ski slope except for her socks, boots, and skis. I imagined the waxed curves of the skis as they pressed the powdered snow.

I adored her. Earlier, I had searched for her footsteps in the sand. I had looked for wet signals aside the shower and for scuffs on the linoleum floor. I sprinkled baby powder in the bathroom and soaked the earthen path to the door. I hid the mop and sprinkled coffee grounds in the kitchen I looked for signs everywhere, even as we spoke.

She smiled and adjusted her clothing. I changed into a tux, bow tie and cuff links improvised from cellular transistors. Marcelle rolled up one pink stocking then another.

We set off on our journey on bikes equipped with silver generators and attached to lights. They whined as the lights scanned the road to and fro as we zig-zagged up a hill. Large

trees with gapping vertical splits lined the road, and the thick bushes of poison oleander blocked what lingering light was left.

A drop of rain pelted my forehead like a casual insult. Then a sudden wind blew from the north, bringing the dreaded Tramuntana. Branches whipped across the road and gullies flooded. Marcelle quietly suggested we take cover near a railroad crossing.

Leaves tore from trees. Frogs on the road were blown in mid jump. Recovering they hopped aimlessly. We were soaked. Then the storm subsided as quickly as it came.

I found myself minus a button and Marcelle's chiffon was torn. But we arrived on time, and were greeted by a tall thin mustached man in formal garb.

The house was lavishly furnished. In the foyer set a late Louis XIV commode of pine with marquetry of brass, ebony, tortoise shell, mother of pearl, ivory and green stained bone and bouble work in the style of Berain, (valued between 125,000 to 150,000 Ff.). In the hallway adjacent to the living room stood a table of tulip wood with ormolu mountings, (575,000-1,000,000 Ff.), as well as an *escritoire a toilette* of sycamore inlaid with colored woods, (35,000-50,000 Ff.), and a 13th century Italian marriage coffer, (150,000-175,000 Ff.).

The long translucent white curtains (3,300-5,500 Ff.) bowed gently in the breeze.

But there was no place to sit. We heard voices and laughter as our footsteps echoed down the long hall. Through tall leaded windows and panes fraught with imperfections we looked out to a lawn bordered with boxwood hedges, and to the distant gardens.

In the hallway, gilded mirrors hung on two walls reflecting an arrangement of hyacinths, and forget-me-nots. Carved into the top panel of a mirror was an arrangement of

acorns, pine cones and white dead-nettle.

Several mallards nestled on the lawn next to a dark pond with a single swan.

In the main hall people were having such a good time they didn't notice us at first. A primitive piano, black with eight spindly legs supporting its extremely long body set on one side of the room. The lid was closed like a coffin. Above the center of the keyboard engraved in gold were the words, "PLVS FAIT DONCEVR QUE VIOLENCE."

The missing chairs were collected in the center of the room, placed symmetrically despite their disparate styles. They formed an elongated rectangle with the seats facing outward. This room in Eau, a quaint village, reminded me of a room I had seen on holiday in Cambridge the summer before. The leaded windows were the same. So was the arrangement of chairs, except in Cambridge they were all properly facing inward round a long table with persons posed as if in conference.

I tucked in my shirt but Marcelle was having a rough time. Damp chiffon coffered her small breasts, the hem had ripped to the waist exposing the right thigh, the thigh with the stocking. The other leg was marked with slashes from foliage that had whipped against her, tenaculum of raspberry bushes. She asked for a towel and dabbed her hair.

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I had gone to Cambridge to find a room where Wittgenstein had lectured the autumn of 1932. Tucked between Kings College where the boys sing, and Trinity College is a school called "Claire." Wandering there I lost myself in a maze of gardens and ivy. After walking across a marble footbridge I turned down a path and heard laughter with whispered

calculations. A door stood slightly ajar. Inside the room fading light lingered, a late August afternoon. Muted mauve reflections highlighted the dark oak walls. Students sat around the rectangular table. Others stood or leaned against the walls or sat on window sills. Champagne bottles popped and brown corks arched to the ceiling before plunking on the plank floor.

I was informed by a pocked-faced scholar that the students round the table represented bidding groups.

The auction benefited charities. The proceeds would go to the various special interests each group represented: for the blind, for the deaf and for the dumb. The students in the room distinguished themselves through chants. With these their representatives at the table would know how far to take the bidding.

They chanted in a monotone drone like medieval tunes.

(ff)

The chant for the bidding group for the blind was comprised of notes of the twelve tone scale interspersed with errant prepositions: “with so fa me re me fa in la ti la so fa la ti do re do ti do re on fa do fa me re” and so on.

For those whose bids would be donated to the deaf the chant was the etymology of the conjunctive “and” and followed: “end anda enda ant entwe anti unti inti and enn” and so on.

The chant which represented the group charitable to those who could not speak was “da” whispered repeatedly.

(f)

The chairs at Claire all matched.

(fp)

At Eau there was only enough chairs for half the people less one. The other half, plus one, stood and waited for the music to begin. The butler who had greeted us lowered the central chandelier. He struck a match and lit each candle. Then he raised the chandelier again.

As the evening sky faded to purple, the music began with little ovation, a sprinkling of applause. (Bach's Fugue number 3 in C sharp.) Of course, only one row of the seated audience faced the instrument. The two longer rows on each side of the rectangle looked out at a perpendicular angle and the other oddly faced away.

(fp)

I had walked into the auction late. Already the fourth lot had come up wildly attractive, a girl. A wide red necktie with white polka dots hung loosely between ample breasts. She wore a pleated schoolgirl's skirt and knee socks. The skirt and tie swirled up as she turned.

The Charity for the deaf put in the highest bid.

The fifth lot smiled coyly, a boy. This new entry produced jeers and cheers and chanting as the bidding began in earnest.

(f)

In Eau the music played and the seated audience remained seated. The standing audience moved counter-clockwise in a procession which was funeral.

(ff)

Lot five's pants and jacket were dark blue. They lay on the floor. A faded tattoo of a hyacinth exposed on his shoulder seemed incongruous to Cambridge, although in spring,

hyacinths grow in proliferation on the banks of the Cam.

(fp)

As the standing Eauian audience circled, the chandelier dropped again and the butler returned. Like an acolyte he smothered each candle. When he snuffed the last, the music stopped. The fragrance of moist fingers sweetened the night air and mingled with the scent of dead-nettle.

(p)

Bidding at Claire reached astonishing heights. A girl from the charity for the blind gingerly opened his trousers. After oral sex she took intricate measurements from both the length and circumference of the cock which lay inexplicably to the left. She shouted the dimensions to the crowd. It was just as I imagined spring break to be like, but his was Cambridge, not Daytona and the end of the summer not April. The bidding closed and in the silence which followed lips whispered a verse from a poem I have since forgotten.

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In Eau, Prelude number IV in C sharp minor obscured successive zipper clicks and subsequent gently jerks made casual rhythmic reference to the music which played again, but softer.

(ppp)

The last lot was tall, frail with light brown freckles sprinkled over the naked back and shoulders. A redhead. A yellow ribbon hung across the shoulder, the kind you wear in Miss America pageants or slung on Pietas, read:

Oh, Death was never an enemy of ours!
We laughed at him, we leagued with him,
 old chum.
No soldier's paid to kick against his powers.
We laughed, knowing that better men would come.

The area underneath the sash was lighter than the exposed skin, probably because the sash had been worn out in the sun. The pink sex poked through golden Botticelli pubic curls. It was a little over an inch and a half long, penis or clitoris, I couldn't say. Shadows hid whatever lay beneath.

Final yellow rays of sun shattered through the leaded glass into spectrums on the floor.

"We live in an old chaos of the sun," I thought, then I looked for Marcelle.

The boys and girls trotted off to the Cam.

First now they had it on the river on the punt. If anyone fell in, who cares. Then from river to rooms where everything was a bit more serious, waiting in line like a loo.

If one had been outside in the garden, comfortable in the late August air, one could have heard faint creakings of bed accompanied by the flutter of sparrow wings in ivy, and twitters of the same sparrow in the early morning as the bed continued creaking—long shadows across the lawn—mingling with dissonant clinks of a vagrant harpsichord.

Barcelona, Barcelona.

