

Apollo Eighteen

Beads of perspiration glisten on the nape of his neck,
Like morning dew on a red rose in bloom.
The youth lies naked on his front still dozing,
And I admire again his peach-like, callipygian buttocks,
Breathtakingly beautiful as the morning light bathes the boy's body.

The previous evening, a bashful boy with a bicycle
Slowly circles the park as the sun sets.
The dusk turns the place of parents and picnics
Into a forest of furtive and febrile fantasies.
A fallen branch breaks; there's a rustle in the bushes.
A patriarchal pack proliferates through the park.

The boy sits down upon a garden bench, nervously fidgeting.
His gaze darts to and fro.
I stand nearby, casually leaning on a tree.
He catches my look and he quickly turns away.
A few moments later his eyes again turn and meet mine.
I tilt my head to one side and raise an eyebrow.
I smile, he chuckles, the connection is complete.

Now morning, I stand and view a young man
Exhausted by a night of furious passion.
I gently kiss his neck, and I lick the beads of salty sweat.
I run my hand over one buttock, and he stirs.
He lifts himself up on one elbow and his piercing eyes meet mine.
"Is Daddy pleased with his new boy?"