We toast, the three of us. You in soda water, our principal and I in schnapps and ale. And so we converse — no, chatter. We are good at that: we just have to put the right record on. And our principal is never too busy for this sort of thing. That's what I like about him. But I have to admit I glance at you secretly to see how you are handling the situation.

You handle it brilliantly — despite the fact that you have been changed by the new atmosphere our principal has brought to my room. It is still cosy in here. In a limited way we can still be ourselves. But at the same time we each have to be constantly on our guard, careful to play our rôles. I as your teacher, you as my pupil. Thus it is, and thus it will remain throughout all the time we move together within the compass of the school.

Anything else is unthinkable.

Yes, our situation is even more absurd than that absurd French play we once amused ourselves reading aloud to one another...

But this obviously is our reality.

At last our principal retires. We are alone. But, no, not for long. All my colleagues feel they have to pay the poor invalid a call. My house swarms with people. Our Home Economics teacher pops in with coffee and fresh school-kitchen-baked cookies.

It can also be exhausting to be waited upon!

But I enjoy it as long as I can. Then Monday comes and I have to stand up. With the help of a cane I totter back and forth between my house and the school buildings. Like a bent old man, I stagger precariously down the slick path, one small step at a time, left hand pressed against my hip.

Gently, gently...

And you all stand there and laugh at me!
A few days later I can straighten my back again and throw my crutches away.
This ironic interlude has lasted long enough.
And that same night I tell you:
"Kim, while I lay there suffering for my sins I worked out a plan. You and I will go to Aarhus Saturday and stay over till Sunday. In the afternoon you can visit your family in Grenå as you've often told me you intended to do. So you'll have your alibi, so to speak. And you can get your principal to pay for the ticket. I'll make all the other arrangements..."

THE ANXIETY...
This damnable anxiety!
Where does it come from? What causes it? It spreads out from the gut. It's born of fear.
Fear of discovery. Fear of exposure. Fear of being forced to reveal the truth about myself.
We're sitting in the train to Aarhus...
Butterflies in my stomach. I grow irritable. My skin itches. I'm naked, raw, exposed. Here, away from the school's cocoon, I sense that the world is against me. Or I'm against the world.
But we should be so happy, I think. Well, we have to be happy! I try to conceal from you my agitation. You are happy, I suppose. I am, too, on and off. And if you're not happy it is up to me to make you so. We sit facing each other beside the window in the smoking section. We smile discreetly, exchange trivial but intimate remarks. We have already reached the stage where we only have to hint to each other what we mean.
I feel a light pressure from your knee under the window table.
"Look," you say, pointing, "That's where I worked the summer before I came to school."
We both lean forward at the same time and bump heads. "Cheese!"

You make a face. I know what you mean. You helped out in a cheese factory. It was a sort of therapy, for you can no longer bear the sight even of cheese spread.

We cross the long bridge to Jutland.

And here we sit on the train lighting each other’s cigarettes, exchanging chocolates and small talk. Without once having spoken about it, we are already rather adept at the mummery which both of us know is necessary to disguise our mutual feelings from the world. We are careful not to give the slightest grounds for suspicion. Our voices and gestures are neutral. Our eyes avoid meeting except when absolutely necessary. Touching is minimal. We probably actually touch less than most other people do.

Even so, I feel myself under scrutiny, feel that somehow we are constantly revealing the nature of a relationship which cannot be exposed to the light of day. The fact that this relationship has as yet not been consummated is of no importance. In my heart I have sinned and on my brow is the mark. And although I ought to be happy I know such happiness is forbidden.

We pull into the Aarhus station. The trip is over. We have gone, literally, as far as we can go. We climb off the train, walk up the stairs and out through its dreary gates.

Now for the test.

ON THE TELEPHONE I told them I was a teacher.

"Hello, I want to reserve two single rooms," I said.

"One for myself and the other for our pupil..."

I’m especially proud of that ‘our’. It will put things into proper perspective when I, the teacher, check into the hotel with you. I’ve assumed a task, a pedagogic duty. It isn’t for my pleasure that I have brought this boy along!
The room clerk is my own age. I don’t like him at all. But I know how to behave. I’m well dressed. I talk suburban Copenhagen, a sort of emasculated Danish which, in Aarhus at any rate, places me among the supposedly cultured.

Am I overplaying the part?

“Here is your key, Kim. Now, be very careful with it,” I admonish, the perfect school-master, and slide it heavily down the counter to my young darling who is standing silently by as I register for the two of us.

My admonition is idiotic, as the key is so huge and heavy one either leaves it behind in one’s room or has to parade around with it in his hand. You don’t respond.

“Well, is that everything?” I ask, with an attempt at a man-of-the-world smile.

The clerk nods and gives me a look which in my heightened state I can only interpret as vigilant, if not suspicious. Perhaps it is my imagination, but I feel he can see right through us. I grab my own key, take my briefcase in hand and walk over to the lift without waiting for you. Meanwhile, a telephone rings. The clerk picks up the receiver and begins to talk. You follow after me with your key and your travel bag. Silently we stand beside each other waiting for the lift. The clerk laughs. Even with my back to him I feel this officious representative of society casting his professional and disapproving eyes upon us. When the lift finally arrives I turn around and give him a quick look. Elbow on the counter, phone receiver in his ear, he is just staring out through the window at the dismal square.

With his back to me.

“Didn’t he give us a funny look?” I ask you half way up in the lift.

“Who?”

“The room clerk.”
You shrug and pick up your travel bag as the lift stops at the third floor.

"I didn’t notice anything."

"No? Well, maybe I’m just a bit nervous." You stand there on the thick red carpet in the hotel hall looking about you with eager, inquisitive eyes, without a trace of anxiety.

"What way do we go?" you ask.

"No way," I answer. "Our rooms are right here in front of us, next to each other. Isn’t that nice?"

You don’t answer. You just listen, with your bag in one hand and the hotel key in the other. In your dark blue duffel coat you look like a provincial travelling salesman, but in miniature.

"Let’s see what our rooms are like," I suggest.

You are still listening to the silence of this big building. Then you suddenly become aware of me and give me a broad smile. "If you show me your room I’ll let you see mine," you say. "But remember to knock!"

You put your key in the lock with a very conscious sense that this is your key and your room and it is you who is letting yourself in.

I think about how long it has been since I experienced anything for the first time.

And then I let myself into my own room.

THE HOTEL IS one of the best in town. I didn’t want to do this on the cheap. Maybe I also wanted to impress you. That isn’t hard to do, but the sense of wonder is something you hide behind your charming, boyish way of seeming to take everything for granted.

It isn’t thirty seconds after I have locked myself in my room and put my briefcase down on the desk that there is a loud knock on the door.

"Yes," I call.

A grinning face appears.
“May I see your room?”
“It’s just like yours.”
“Oh, can’t I see it?”
“Only if you have my permission.”
“You are mean!”
“All right, come in,” I sigh in happy surrender. Things are going very well indeed.
You throw yourself on the bed with a thud.
“Yours is better than mine,” you declare, and for a moment you seem shockingly coquettish.
Then you jump up and go to the window.
“It’s raining,” you say, with your back to me.
“It is indeed,” I say, and cannot help continuing:
“*Il pleut sur la ville*
*Comme il pleut dans mon coeur...*

I have come so far from home, and yet I can find no peace...”
You turn around suddenly.
“You don’t mean that, do you?”
“No, I don’t think I do. Not now, at any rate. Come and have a glass of sherry.”
You shake your head.
“Oh, come on,” I insist, and get the package out of my briefcase. I unwrap the bottle and place it on the desk beside the green hotel lamp and the promotional ashtray.
“I hope it’s as good as they told me in the store. Dry as dust, the man said.”
I open the bottle. I’ve travelled enough to know you always keep a cork-screw in your luggage. I inhale the aroma of this precious liquid and pour. There is only one glass in my room.
“Why don’t you get yours?”
You shake your head again.
“Then have some of mine.”
I hand you the glass. You take it, sip and make a face.
“Ugh!”
“Dry, isn’t it?”
Look at you.
“How do you like staying in a hotel?”
You shrug.
“It’s very quiet here.”
“It’s your first time, isn’t it?”
You nod.
“But not your last,” I say.
You start inspecting the conservative, solidly appointed hotel room. No wild luxury here, but heavy, bourgeois comfort. Thick draperies, thick, soft carpeting, mahogany furniture, a massive, soft bed for good heavy sleep, or whatever. The ceiling is high but the room is narrow. The window opens onto the street. Every so often we hear the long hiss of car tyres on wet asphalt.
You check everything out: lamps, faucets, knobs...
“No,” I cry, “not that one, or the chambermaid will come running. Why on earth would I want her when I have you?”

I WANT TO MAKE LOVE to you right away, or I think I want to. Isn’t that what one does?
I’m afraid. The world presses. Passion surges through my body, the answer to my fasting and yearning through all those hours, no, days and nights, weeks, months, half-years.
“Come,” I say.
You allow yourself to hug me. My nervous hands slip under your light brown corduroy jacket. They clasp your
waist, they seek softness, smoothness, elasticity. You're so slender, so young, so close to the end of your physical development and yet so full of potential. My fingers glide lovingly down over your hips, under the belt, climb up along the back of your shirt and hook themselves firmly over its collar to graze the downy skin at the hollow of the nape of your neck. Then in a stimulating and exciting dive they rush down toward your little round arse, supple and smooth, and in a conqueror's grasp hold it firmly so that your abdomen presses against mine. But your body is not participating. It lets itself be pawed, groped, but it is somehow remote. It's not aroused, in spite of our standing as close together as we could ever get — so close and yet too far away.

Still too far away.

"Oh, Kim," I mumble into your fluted corduroy shoulder that smells like a teddy-bear, "I'm so happy that we finally... finally..."

We stand in the middle of the hotel room and rock back and forth, back and forth, swaying, pitching in the stillness.

"This is so wonderful," I whisper. "I need to hold you. Let me feel you, yes, like this, let me feel you all over. No, no, you mustn't be afraid. You must relax."

I hold you away from me. I catch your eye. You, my young hart, my faun! But your gaze falls and slips away. I draw you toward the bed. You don't resist. We fall onto the solid hotel mattress. Maybe you are right: perhaps my bed is better than yours. So let's try it out!

My hungry hands are still inside your jacket. They creep, glide, search. Our knees bump together and close the rhomboid space between us which our awkward position on the bedspread has formed. I feel clumsy and stupid.

Something is wrong.

"Kim," I whisper in your ear, "are you there?"
You don’t answer but lie with your eyes shut, moist, heavy and warm between my hands.

“Kim,” I whisper again, “would it be better to wait?”
I must be out of my mind. With these words I put the kiss of death on any chance of an afternoon quickie. I know it, and for a few smarting seconds feel disappointment settling in like an upset stomach. But I love you. I won’t force you into something against your will. It is possible I am an incompetent lover, but I cannot project onto you my lust if you have none of your own, or lack the possibility of responding to mine.

“Shall we wait?” I repeat.

You open your eyes and look at me from very far away, a place I have no knowledge of.

“That’s up to you.” Then you suddenly laugh loud and giddily, “Your stubble tickles!”
I pull a hand free and feel my chin.

“I gave myself a good close shave this morning,” I say, annoyed and momentarily offended.

“It still tickles,” you insist.

“All right, all right,” I mumble and take hold of you again. I can’t help it. I cannot let go of you. I cannot get enough of you. I just want to stay lying with you like this all afternoon in my silent hotel room. I want to be able to hold you in my arms and cradle and rock you, cradle and rock you back and forth for ever and ever...

But your body is heavy and far away.

“Would you rather we wait?” I whisper again into your finely-shaped ear under the edge of your hair. I breathe on the dark down, I nip you in the earlobe. You don’t answer. You let me hug you. You let me clasp you. But your body answers for you. It answers cautiously. It answers lovingly. Yes, it answers, I would rather we wait, I’m not ready yet.
And I am filled with an all-embracing tenderness for this friendly, warm and sweet-smelling body. I let my anxiety-tainted lust slink back into its dark den and release its hold on me. My hands free themselves from you. They retreat in order to leave you in peace until the moment you yourself feel the urge to reach out toward them. And as I draw back and pull away from that vision of the promise of peace, I feel bubbling up within me a new, cheerful sort of sensuality; perhaps it, too, springs from that obscure source of my passion. No, I won’t say an evil word about lust. Long live lechery! It has its own natural language and rights. But this rather more sensual feeling is perhaps in the end more precious.

Like a release!

“Yes,” I cry, and spring up from the bed, “we’ll wait. Come on, let’s go out and paint the town red!”

You look at me with astonishment from under your tousled hair. Then you laugh and point past me out the window.

“That’s just what it needs!”

AARHUS IN THE RAIN...

Aarhus on a Saturday afternoon in the rain!

We look up and gape with admiration at the town hall tower. We stop for a moment at Boggild’s pig-well in the square under the dripping trees. But we leave the Old Town in peace. “No museums!” you decide.

“Are you hungry?” I ask.

Stupid question. Of course you are hungry. You are always hungry. But why do you have to be hungry now? Oh, I have laid plans. I have carefully thought out the whole project. The programme for this first love-trip of ours was cast in neat stages inside my head. I am author, producer, director and one of the cast. Now, really, isn’t it too early to go off and eat?
Of course not!
To hell with my romantic love programme! This is no
longer poem and dream; this is now, it’s really happening.
Quite apart from the fact that even I cannot live on love
and rain-water alone.
I am ravenous.
So, _en avant_!
At a restaurant near the theatre we are lucky enough to
get a window-table with a rainy prospect of the Bishop’s
Market and the cathedral. A pretty but somewhat melancholy view. Instinctively we sit down across from each
other, not side by side like lovers but like participants in
a debate, two businessmen at lunch. I can look better into
your pretty eyes this way, however, and that’s nice.
“I’ll have steak,” I proclaim, “the best. And you? Do
you like claret?”
“You know I do,” you tell me, offended, looking
annoyed.
“Pardon, pardon me,” I say hastily. “First let’s get a
menu and an aperitif. Sherry again?”
“Yes, but sweet!” you answer, appeased.
I signal the waiter and smile at you, my young and very
conceited fellow conspirator.
“Choose only what you really want the most,” I say.
And you answer, “I’ll choose what you choose.”

AFTER THAT SPLENDID lunch, topped off with coffee
and for me cognac and cigar, for you a double portion of
ice-cream, we stroll once again around the Bishop’s Market
with a couple of side trips to the lighted business streets.
Our hair gets wet, we window-shop, pass the time playing
tourist in Denmark’s mainland capital: two arrogant Copen-
hagenites in the Jutish provinces. The evening’s chief
attraction draws near: we go back to the theatre with the
comic figures in the gable.

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Only once before have you been to a professional play, *The Defeat*, Nordahl Grieg’s great drama about the Paris commune which the whole school saw in Odense last winter. Tonight it will be another modern classic, *The Threepenny Opera*.

The ironic parallel strikes me: it isn’t just Brecht and Weill’s little drama that can be called a modern classic, but my own as well:

The lover offers his beloved the very best!

In my exuberance I have reserved the most elegant and expensive seats, in the so-called private box right above the stage. The view is not the best — we look *down* on the players — but we have the box to ourselves, and that is just the point. How often have I dreamed of being able to reach cautiously for your hand during some performance and, in the red-plush darkness around us, hold it in mine as the theatrical moon beams down upon us...

"*Do you see the moon over Soho?*"

"*I see it, dear. Listen to my heart, my darling.*"

"*I’m listening to your heart, my beloved.*"

"*I’ll follow you to the end of the world.*"

"*And where you are, there will I be, too.*"

Oh, irony, for with my mind I can easily follow the poet’s diabolical dialectic. But in our private box that night the *Verfreindung* disappears, and while the two lovers on the stage sing their acid, teary love duet, I mushily squeeze my little darling’s hand.

> And without certificate of our love pact,  
without music from organ and choir,  
you without your wedding dress,  
and no myrtles and flowers in your hair.  
The plate off which one eats his bread,  
what does it matter? Throw it away!  
You only live once in eternity,  
and happiness may be all too brief.*"
“WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK?”

I don’t need to ask. Your enthusiasm infects me, I can’t just act blasé. The critic in me capitulates before your spontaneous joy. I glow with the pleasure of sharing a cultural experience. For the first time we’ve tried doing things together and being ourselves in the big world outside of the school. It seems we’ve both passed the test.

The performance still lives in us. Words, verses lie heavy in our minds as we make our way back through the late nighttime streets. We walk to the same rhythm, almost in step — we’re getting better at that, now. Although a visible, finite space separates our bodies, we walk in implied embrace, like the loving couple we’re in the process of becoming. We walk closely. We walk very near one another. Hardly anyone could see that. In our own reality we’re invisible to the world.

“Let’s go to some nice quiet place. I think we both could both have something to drink.”

What I really want is to take you out on the town, the town I knew back when I travelled around the kingdom preaching peace and friendship between young people in the east and the west, but of course I dare not drag you into a night club. You are, after all, only fifteen, and in the pale light from the street lamps you look like nothing more than a little fellow who needs to go home and sleep. But I’m thirsty — and instinctively I want to stretch the evening out.

We find a little place not far from the hotel, a wine, or rather a beer bar in a deserted side-street — the sort of place which now you can only find in the provinces. Under high wood panelling old men sit and roll dice or play cards. The table-cloth is crumpled, ashtrays unemptied, and the ancient waiter — or maybe it’s the owner — flops about in carpet slippers with a dead cigar butt in the corner of his mouth. A not overly happy spot but suited well
enough to our modest *nachspiel*. Nobody objects when all we order is a couple of beers.

"Cheers," I say, and chat on about Brecht and Busch and Weill and Weigel and God knows who else.

"Cheers," you say, and yawn.

It's going on to midnight, according to the wall clock over our heads. We stay just long enough to finish our beers, in tobacco smoke and the stale reek of ale and schnapps with Angostura.

So we call it a night.

You no longer try to hide your yawns. I'm tired, too. We were up early and almost constantly on the go. Now the time has come — really has, I think. I feel both unqualified and stirred. The porter with the eyes has been succeeded by an older night clerk who hands us our keys without even looking up. We take the lift to the third floor. We put our keys in our respective keyholes, twist them, open the doors at the same time, look at each other.

It's indeed now, or...

"Are you tired?" I ask. Stupid question!

You nod and yawn. Your strong young jaw cracks.

"So am I. And maybe a wee bit tipsy. But I'm so very happy."

"So'm I," you answer, and hesitate a few seconds.

"Thanks for the evening."

"And thank you for the evening," I say. "But, Kim..."

I walk the few steps over to your door and with my forefinger touch you lightly on the cheek.

"Like this," I say, and press my finger into the skin, "I have to touch you..."

You shake your head impatiently. I look into your sleep-soaked blue-grey eyes.

"You know how very fond of you I am — that's not so awful, is it?"

You shake your head again and smile vaguely.
“I’ll ring you up in the morning early,” I say.
“Not too early, okay?”
“No, no, but early enough.” I let my finger glide for a moment down your chin and around by way of the shirt collar towards your warm throat. “Good night, sweet prince!”
I tear myself loose and walk to my door. I open it wide and look back over my shoulder. You’re already in your room. Now you stick your head out through the doorway like a mischievous little pixie. But your smile is not mischievous. It is big and warm and very sleepy, and for the first time you pronounce that word I’ve wanted for so long to hear. From now on you can, and will, use it.
You say:
“Good night and sleep well... Jens!”

Why don’t I go to bed with you tonight?
It certainly has been my intention. It’s what I’ve yearned for and looked forward to. It’s what I’ve carefully planned and prepared.
Has my production failed after all?
Yes and no.
The idea was that we go away from school together, be alone with each other outside the familiar micro environment we move through every day. I just assumed we’d be doing all those things loving couples do nowadays with each other. Yet there’s no hurry. It’s enough to know you’re lying in your bed on the other side of the wall. It’s enough to know I could go in to you if I wished, sit on the side of your bed and bend over you, kiss you on the mouth, on the brow, on the eyelids. I could slip under the covers with you. I know it would be allowed. I know you’d let me do all that.
And yet tonight it’s less important that I touch your body than that you’ve actually called me by my first name.
Your joy over our little feast, your spontaneous enthusiasm about the play, even your sleepiness and persistent yawns, are more precious to me than some hectic forced contact in the dark. It’s you in your entirety I want. You as a whole. I don’t want you in small bits and pieces, or in little spurts of juvenile lechery, or in fleeting contacts and furtive kisses. I want you from the toes of your feet to your wonderful dark hair, to hold you...

My Kim!

I can wait now because I’m certain. I can postpone, because the fulfilment of the yearnings of the last year and a half lies at last within reach. I can draw out the delight of expectation as long as is necessary.

Knowing what looms tomorrow and the realisation of its possibilities, I go to bed alone. Night closes in on me. Into the dark, through the walls which separate me from you, I whisper, “I love you. I love you so much I can wait. I love you so much it’s no longer a matter of my coming to make love to you, now that I know, now that I know, now that I know...”

“Oh, my head, my poor head!”

I awake the next morning with the anvils behind my eyes setting up a terrible clang, because the night before I’d mixed my drinks so wildly: sherry, claret, cognac, ale. By habit I curse, then remember where I am and who lies waiting for me on the other side of the hotel room wall. I spring out of bed and part the curtains on a new day. Rain again. A grey city for the early Sunday risers. Sad. But no matter. I’m full of high spirits despite my former intoxication. I prepare myself carefully. I brush my teeth. I shave. Through the drone of the electric razor I hear again your complaint: “Your stubble tickles!” I go over my face a second time.
There’s still a little sherry left in the bottle. I fill the water glass with it, toast my image in the mirror and toss it down. Now, that does chase away the dust! I become a bit high, but not too high. I open the window and let the cobwebs of last night fly away over the rooftops in the wet morning air. All is quiet on the streets below and in the hotel. It’s only a little past nine a.m. We still have a couple of hours before we must be out of our rooms, but you have to be on the train to Grenå at 11:30. So I must wake you now if we’re going to...

Yes, exactly.

Now the need — I know I can’t go back to school without first having held you. That conviction grows stronger and stronger. I allow myself the feel of succulent, swelling sensuality. Sitting on the bed, excitement takes over. My cock rises, my balls tighten. I snatch the telephone receiver and ask the porter to connect me with your room on the other side of the wall.

Let the beggar have his proof that we haven’t slept together, I think in a fit of hysterical hypocrisy, and am immediately mad at myself. Would it never end? I am just plain wet. A skulking jackal.

Would our first act of love begin with my disowning it?

Through the wall, with my free ear, I can faintly hear the telephone ringing. It rings and rings. What the hell can be keeping you? I imagine how the bell penetrates your sleep — you come awake frightened, not knowing where you are — this is what happens when you go to a hotel with a strange man!

I’ve experienced that myself.

“Hello?” says a sleepy and very meek voice.

“Good morning, Mr. Steffensen.” I greet you in the jolly comradeship of teacher tone I so heartily dislike. “Did I wake you up?”

“Uh, yes,” you answer, drunk with sleep and yawning.
“Good,” I continue merrily. You must find my sprightliness extremely irritating. “We have to rise and shine. The time is...”

I look at my watch and deliberately lie — the privilege of teachers and lovers.

“It’s almost ten, and you must be on the eleven-thirty train, right?”

“Uh, yeah,” you answer, still far away.

“Now listen.” I mobilise all my authority, “Go over and open your door. I’m coming in.”

As soon as I finish speaking I brake the connection so you won’t have a chance to object. It’s essential to keep you from taking a lot of time getting dressed.

I quickly step into my pants, put on my shirt and shoes, letting my socks and underwear lie where they were. A quick glance in the mirror, a stroke of my twice-shaved chin, then bottle to mouth to drain the last drops of sherry, and I rush out into the hallway. I knock smartly on the door and open it...

There you sit.

A revelation in orange-red pyjamas. The pyjamas must be new: at any rate, I’ve never seen them on my evening rounds at the school. You sit on the edge of the bed with bowed head and look at your long toes — if you’re actually seeing anything at all. Your arms hang loosely down, wrists crossed between your knees. You slowly turn your sleep-lined face under your tousled hair towards me. Your eyes are far away. The night won’t let go of you. Sleep still has your body in its grip: a single push and you would fall back into its arms. But that’s not the embrace I want you to seek!

I lock the door behind me, remembering despite my rising agitation and nervousness to turn the heavy key, then step over the soft carpet to your bed. I kick off my
shoes and strip off my shirt and trousers, then sit by your side — you the morning-dazzled little creature still unaware of what’s as going on around you. I lift my right arm and rest it cautiously on your shoulder and feel its warmth under the thin pyjama-top.

“Kim?” I say.

And no more.

For between your loose, down-hanging arms and the crossed wrists by your knees, my eyes focus upon something I’ve fantasised often enough but almost despaired of ever seeing. Out of the open fly, between the mother-of-pearl buttons in the slightly over-large orange-red pyjama-bottoms, rises a fully adult, slightly curved penis which, like your other limbs — hands, fingers, feet, toes — seems almost too big in comparison with your still-growing boy-body. In my amorous, lust-dazzled eyes it possesses a beauty unattained in even my most lecherous fantasies. I know that I would have loved you no matter how you were hung, but why not admit my gratitude and joy that life every now and then can manifest its surplus in so gorgeous, swelling and lovely a manner?

My heart fills with happiness, my eyes with tears. I must embrace your sleep-heavy body. I have to conquer your body, love it, own it, possess it...

Then I calm down. I become inwardly mild, remember who and where I am and who you are. Not just a body. Not just a sexual organ, a cute and curved prick, but Kim, and for me the other, the only, the Kim. I grasp your shoulders and turn you cautiously toward me. I set my mouth to your cheek. I breathe against your head. I searchingly nibble at your pretty ear lobes. I inhale the scent of your hair. I press with infinite affection a kiss on your throat. I open two buttons of your pyjama-top and bury my nose in your still-hairless armpit. With the tip of my tongue I lick a drop of your salty sweat. And I take
your face in my hands and raise it up against mine so that with my lips I can caress your soft nose, your faintly quivering eyelids, your prominent cheekbones, your lightly cleft chin. At last, very gently and very cautiously — alas, also all too awkwardly, incompetently — I slide my mouth to yours in a temporarily unsuccessful attempt at separating your lips.

At that moment you open your fallow-deer’s eyes and look at me. If, indeed, you see anything, I can’t tell and don’t care. I’m too excited. I have no time for reflection, for caution, for calm enjoyment. Now I simply cannot wait any longer. Lust overwhelms me. Lechery rushes through me in dark rolling waves. Rising, rising. You obediently follow my movements. You let my hands do what they please. In one swift motion I bring you back onto the bed, put your feet on top of the quilt and half lie upon you while my over-zealous fingers open all the remaining buttons on your pyjama-top and strip it off, then the net undershirt which is too small for you now and too short below the navel: my fingernails catch in its meshes. Now, now I have to rush. All that’s left is this monstrosity of an orange-red two-legged piece of pyjama which conceals the ultimate secrets of a body which, until this final moment, has remained almost unknown to me. At last the bottoms are pulled off and lie crumpled at the foot of the bed.

You are naked.

And I cannot hold myself back. I throw myself down on you, cover you completely and feel against my skin that harmonious contradiction of the hard with the soft, the soft with the hard, that miraculous paradox of the bodies of boys and young men.

I lie still. You don’t stir at all beneath me. Perhaps you aren’t yet really awake. Perhaps you think you’re still dreaming. It’s just at this moment that I should take my