

Contents

Observation

Error! Bookmark not defined.

Getting from there to Here

2

A Following on Story

3

On Watching World-Class Athletes

4

On Gazing on a Renoir Nymph

5

picture of hard work

6

GETTING FROM THERE TO HERE

The lift in the *pas de deux*
felt right and dazzling.
Holding him aloft brought
new embodied learning,
taut strength of muscle.

Unlike the work with a her,
she felt soft, while strong.
Ten years of body shaping,
steps and ranges of moves,
of feeling and intention.

Perfected from tender boy
to master male dancer

A FOLLOWING ON STORY

Aside from all else she had an amazing shape
Became his total focus as she led the way

*Cunningly she knew well what she was doing
Deciding to exaggerate her gait*

Even though he sensed the hopelessness of it all
foregoing doubt he followed in anticipation

*Gleaning an elevated energy emanating from behind
her own erotic drive charged her being*

In his close focus on the form ahead, he sensed
that it Juxtaposed with his own inner turmoil

*Keeping alert to the effect she had on him
loving her power to attract and to hold*

Moving on intensely, his body tensed
notwithstanding attempts to be loose and easy

*Onward she moved her body warm and wet
pursued by him enthralled her and energised*

Quotes from the Sutra clouded his brain
reference to the ancient art of love embroiled him

*She knew she was at a point of no return
the journey headed towards a climax*

Unless a reverse decision would emerge
very close to an impossibility for him

*Without warning she knew and felt
Xanadus's promise of reward*

Yet even though he was lost and hopeless
Zebedee's grip undid him altogether.

ON WATCHING WORLD CLASS-ATHLETES

A large screen projects them into the room -
filling it with unimagined raw energy
felt from viewing those perfect specimens

They exude the radiance of talent - practice -
supervised training - total person immersion
in their art - in complete charge of their gift

Battling each other like Roman gladiators -
we roar them on to commercial death
- taking sides from the centre of our amygdala

Our bias - driven by attraction
to their - age - musculature - physique - attire
we oscillate our wished winner - howl in defeat

The sharp contrast of our aged-wrecked beings
forgotten in the observed fray - so for a while -
we are at one with them in our attractiveness

ON GAZING ON A RENOIR NYMPH

They do say body type attraction
is constant, resonates with early experience.

So, Pierre, who was your first nymph?
What gorgeous curved being caught your eye?

Or were you painting for the times,
the fashion of well-rounded haunches,

broad chests, piquant breasts, ripe cherries,
a steady unashamed gaze from the canvas?

Did you love those delights, or, at least,
make love to them, or were they simply subjects

of your brilliant and controversial artmaking,
that made you famous for the rest of history?

You captured so well sweetness and innocence,
along with the energy and power of the sensual.

You evoke wild possibilities for the viewer
before appreciation censors the primitive.

I gaze and am in lust in an instant. Lasciviousness
and guilt co-mingle in a dangerous cocktail

which energises these old, old bones, revitalises
delusional hope before retiring back

to the niche of total invisibility.

Oh, the ache of it, the sublime ache of it.

picture of hard work

he greets newcomers with a smile
young tall broad shouldered narrow hipped

now behind the bar setting up drinks
sorting ice - tidying

picks up dishes from the counter
that separates us from the kitchen

in between he builds deserts
creatively - attractive to the eye

approaches to take our order
shifts menus and blackboard onto the next table

he moves intently – panther-like eyes
the satisfied customer is his mythical prey

speaks gently to the child
taps the shoulder of the lone diner

seeks assurances that all is well
arrives in time with the card machine

exudes heat - electricity - maintains
an intense pace right through his shift

though he is half the floor staff no one
appears neglected impatient or queued