

**A New Adam
begins the Beguine
all over again.**

A Beach Boy Named Desire

Young man. Young, young, young man. Miss DuBois knew, long before we all knew, the ache that stays for the memory of some young man who, for one afternoon one summer, thrilled us with no more than a dropdead vision of himself. I know. I remember. In the back of a drawer, I found a sheet of stationery from the Cabana Sands Motel in Venice Beach dated one summer one year. On it are written words that seem sprung from the vision of the sexy, young beach hustler, whose name was Roger, and whose face and body, all muscles and tousled hair and enormous cock, glistened with the kind of sun-sweat young men sweat only on Southern California beaches.

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Cabana Sands Motel

Desire? I'll remember Desire. I was seated somewhere on the Venice strand, outside some forgotten cafe, with the sun hot and bright, squinting painfully toward the sea, trying to clear my vision which movie-like had become all blurred about the edges, and I wanted to clear my sight to resume my reading. I reached for my sweating glass of cool Perrier, and I looked up.

He was there, Suddenly. Unexpected. Waiting. Turned in upon himself. Leaning back against the white stucco wall. His body tanned, stripped to the waist, wearing those long white nylon beach trousers that clung wet to his big soft dick and his muscular thighs, wet from his healthy sea-sweat, from his plunge in the sea.

A white sweatband coiled his dark hair. His face was turned down toward his white transparent crotch above his cock which stiffened, rose,

grew hard, half under the cover of his tanned right hand teasing the head of his olive-skinned meat. His left hand toyed with the drawstrings at his tight waist to slow the slide of his clinging wet pants down his strong cyclist's thighs.

He was very muscular: arms, shoulders, chest, legs. He had a black goatee which, with the curl of his black hair over his white sweatband, obscured seductively his perfect dark face. I did not know him. But I knew him. I knew that boy, who on the strand was called Roger.

I knew that when he finally looked up, finally, from his crotched hand, across the distance to my eyes, that he would be beautiful, that he would lift my heart, sweet god, right out of me and carry me up into the brightness and light and heat of the sun, and my eyes would burn no more.

Desire is no less than the brightness and heat burning in a young man's body.

He put his strong hand in mine and led me wordlessly to a private place. He peeled off my shirt and my swim trunks. He kissed my wallet and placed it on top of my clothes. He laid me back on the hot sand. His dark goatee lifted over a small grin revealing perfect white teeth. He stripped off his white nylon beach trousers, knowing my hot need, and knelt naked, astraddle my chest, placing my right hand on my dick, leaving my left hand free to rub the salt-air sea-sweat across his nipples darker than his tanned pectorals, free to rub down his tight belly, down into the crisp bush of his young crotch, palming his big sweaty balls, wrapping my hand around the thick shaft of his big cock.

"It's all yours."

That's all he ever said to me.

"It's all yours."

His heat and sweat rained down on me between his legs. He never touched his cock. He never had to. His dick erected itself. He knew to rise up on his knees. He knew to take the back of my head in his hands. He knew to place the head of his thick cock against my lips. He knew how to feed me.

I learned the taste of his body. I opened to the slow entry of his cock parting my lips, passing my teeth, gliding across my tongue, burrowing down my throat. His length was almost too long for me. He reached down his arms and wrapped his strong hands behind my head. He smiled and bounced my head in his hands and tenderly pushed the full length of his hard rod deep back beyond my choke-ring, beginning the careful rocking push that men who are heroically hung know by heart.

He fucked my face that afternoon deeper than any man has ever penetrated. Buried to his cockroot in my mouth, he raised his splendid, young, muscular body up to the sun. Impaled by his dick, with his curly black crotch hair against my nose, I looked up at his body that rose from his dick deep in my mouth like some word I had often spoken, but never till now understood.

Desire.

He made the late afternoon last into twilight, coaxing me with the thrust of his hips into accepting deeper into my mouth and throat the long inches of his hard manhood. Sweat slicked both our bodies. My own cock ached to cum, but I could not as long as this young man, in no hurry to go anywhere, dreamed his own dreams behind his closed eyes as he rocked his cock into my face until my eyes watered, until tears came for the simple inexplicable joy of it all.

At last his rocking motions gathered intensity. My lips circled the expanding thickness of his dick working in and out of my mouth. The sweet taste of his pre-lube cued my throat to relax even deeper. Finally, he leaned down over my face, tight belly flexing, raising his hips and butt, fucking my face full force, driving long and thick and deep, choking me with final Desire, with me wanting more, wanting more even than was possible, wanting to freeze forever out of time the sunburst moment of my cuming with that huge young beach cocksman ramming his dick into my face and my head into the sand.

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Now so much later, with so much death this side of Venice, the world gives little safe access to unbridled Desire, but Desire's memory burns in my heart and mind.

I know, I swear I know, despite the growing rolls of the dead, the world has not heard the end of us.

If and when the last one of us lies dying in some cold fluorescent hospital, I guarantee, I do, I do affirm, the last sound he will hear, echoing from down the long corridor, the sound that will cheer his ears and his valiant heart, will be the first cry of a brand-spanking neonate, a new little baby boy born as were we, gifted innately with our special ways of love, and in him, in that boy child, our kind will find a new Adam and begin the beguine all over again.

