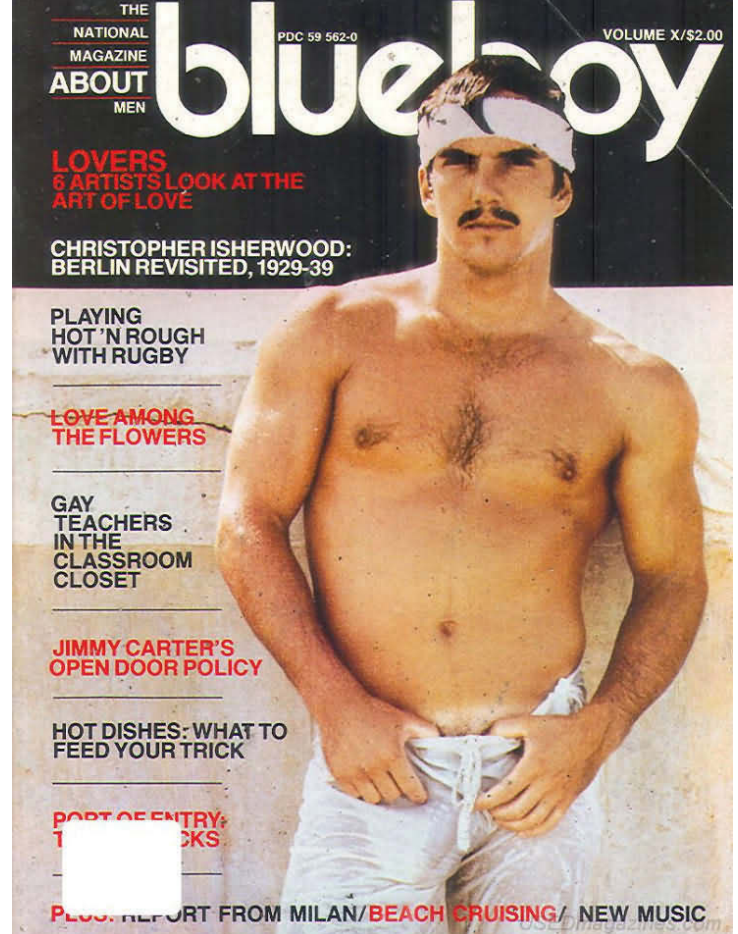




## Death and Desire on Venice Beach

by Jack Fritscher

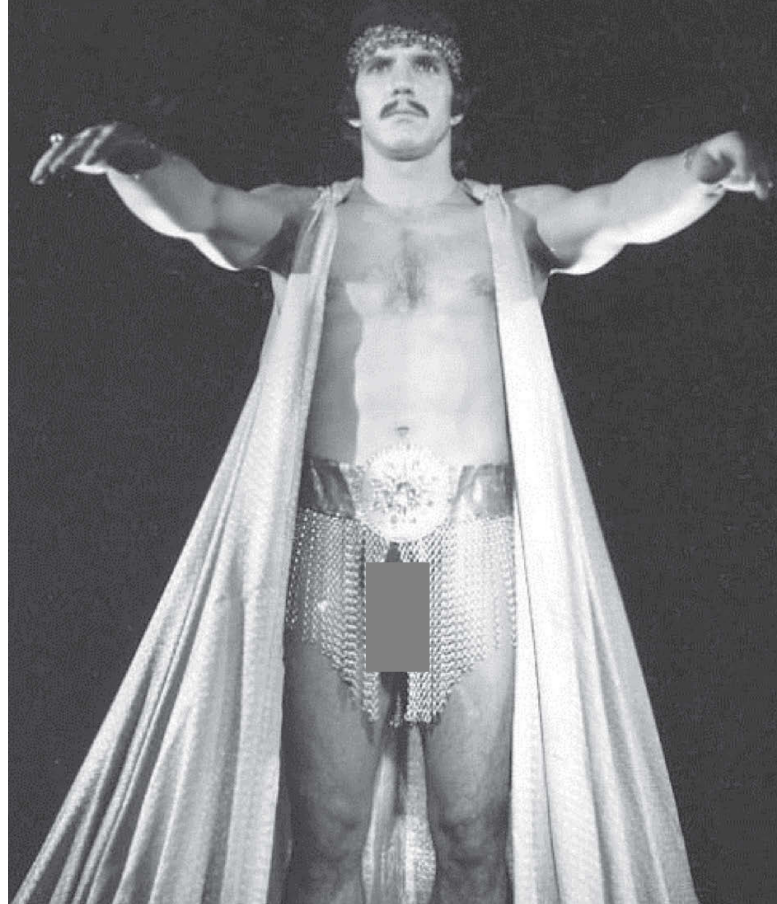
Desire? Ha! At eighty, I remember Desire.  
 Forty years ago, half a lifetime,  
 I was seated on the Venice strand,  
 outside some trendy surfer café,  
 under California sun hot and bright,  
 squinting toward the sea,  
 trying to clear my untransfigured vision  
 which movie-like had blurred about the edges.  
 Resuming reading A. Nin.  
 Touching my sweating glass of cool Perrier.  
 I looked up.  
 He was there.  
 Suddenly.  
 Unexpected.  
 Waiting.  
 Turned sensuously in upon himself.  
 Leaning against the white stucco wall.  
 Tanned, stripped to the waist,  
 white nylon beach trousers clinging wet  
 to his big soft dick and his muscular cyclist thighs,  
 wet from his healthy seasweat,  
 from his plunge in the sea.  
 A white sweatband coiled his dark hair.



His face turned down  
 toward his white transparent crotch  
 where his cock stiffened, rose,  
 half under cover of his powerful right hand  
 teasing the tip of his olive-skinned meat.  
 His left hand toyed at the drawstrings at his tight waist.  
 He was gymnastically muscular:  
 arms, shoulders, chest, legs.  
 His young black goatee, seductive  
 as the curl of his black hair over his white headband,  
 defined his perfect dark face.  
 Not knowing him,  
 I knew when he finally looked up  
 from his crotched hand  
 across Desire's 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 angel body.  
 He put his strong hand in mine  
 and led me wordlessly to a private place.  
 He peeled off my shirt and my swimsuit.  
 He kissed my wallet  
 and placed it respectfully

on top of my clothes.  
 He laid me back on the hot sand.  
 His dark goatee grinned over perfect white teeth.  
 He stripped off his white nylon trousers,  
 knowing my hot need, and knelt naked,  
 oh, astraddle my chest,  
 placing my right hand on my dick,  
 guiding my left hand to rub the salt-air seasweat  
 across his nipples darker than his tanned pectorals,  
 down his tight belly,  
 down into his crisp crotch,  
 palming his meaty balls,  
 wrapping my hand around his thick shaft.  
 "It's yours." (All he ever said to me.) "It's all yours."  
 His heat and sweat rained down on me.  
 He never touched himself.  
 He was stud.  
 His dick erected itself.  
 He knew to rise up on his knees,  
 to take the back of my head in his hands,  
 to place the head of his thick pud against my lips.  
 He fed me the taste of his soul.  
 I surrendered to the slow inching entry  
 of his cock parting my lips,  
 passing my teeth,  
 gliding across my tongue,  
 burrowing down my throat.  
 Ah, no wonder people run from dick.  
 Almost a challenge too much.  
 He reached down his arms,  
 stroking his coaching fingers through my hair,  
 smiled and bounced my head in his hands,  
 tenderly pushing his full length of hard rod  
 deep back beyond my choke-ring,  
 beginning the careful rocking push  
 that men who are heroically hung  
 know by sensitive heart.  
 He fucked the holiness of my face  
 that afternoon deeper  
 than any angel ever penetrated.  
 Buried to his cockroot in my mouth,  
 he raised his splendid body up to the sun.  
 Impaled, I looked up at his body  
 that rose on the stem of his dick  
 buried deep between my lips  
 like some Incarnate Word  
 I had often spoken,  
 but never till now understood:  
 Desire.



Late afternoon.  
 Twilight.  
 Coaxing. Coaxing. Acceptance.  
 Sweat slicked our bodies.  
 I ached to cum, but would not  
 as long as this young man,  
 in no hurry to leave,  
 dreamed his dreams behind his closed eyes,  
 rocking his cock into my face  
 till my eyes cried for simple inexplicable joy.  
  
 At moonrise,  
 his rocking gained intensity.  
 My lips ringed his thickness.  
 His sweet pre-lube tunneled my throat deeper.  
 He leaned over me to push-up position,  
 abs flexing, raising hips and butt, thrusting,  
 fuck-driving my face full force,  
 long, thick, deep, push-ups,  
 fulfilling me with the sanctifying grace of final Desire,  
 with me rising to transfiguration,  
 wanting to freeze forever out of time  
 the sunburst moment of my infinite cuming  
 with that young man  
 ramming his foaming, seed-bearing dick  
 into my face and my head into the sand,  
 and I knew who I was and why I was.