

## TWO YOUNG MEN

They'd sat a long time together in silence,  
his dear friend's knee bouncing up and down.

But he didn't mind, his knuckles,  
hidden under thick blankets,  
were white hot.

'You should stay over!...' flew from his mouth—  
innocent remark shadowing sensuous pleasure.

Knee halted  
room suffocated  
and eyes searched bookspeckled shelves.

    'Maybe...'  
    —(his aloof mind loved this game)

They sat a short time together in silence,  
cheeks slowly creeping skywards

and finally gave in to a glance  
and laughter  
and appreciation.