

In those days of endless erogeny, they felt immortal.  
They made love anywhere and everywhere.  
In the car or the park or the beach  
where the air was stinging bright, slapping their bare skin.  
Their love was exuberant and shameless.

In his feelings he felt her desire as she  
felt his lust. This heady stuff carried them along  
like a car floating down a flooding river. No steering  
or navigation, past houses submerged  
and abandoned. They didn't care,  
impervious to nothing  
but themselves.