

The undeniable desire for physical contact among boys of a certain age

They can't keep their hands off each other, irresistible, the hard, narrow barbs of their hips, the feet long, having already outgrown the body in a fit of physical genius. New muscles are forming like buds every night in the seams of their flesh 'til they wake to a flower that still lacks a certain metronome for the glory of its bloom. These boys scoff at the idea of desire, punish those who succumb to its hum, but the thin beams of their fingers fall in searchlights on flanks and sweat-filigreed brows, they brush lips to an ear and out tumbles breath they know they can't hold. Every nimbus of laughter encircles an incomplete touch, a hand on a knee, a tongue in the air, the divining rod wending one from the other.

