



it starts with a touch of course it does it starts with a touch and it spreads from there  
a man walks up behind a woman his woman he reaches his arms around her torso and up  
below her breasts and hugs her and sways side to side imparting upon her the momentum he  
has had building in him since he saw her from the hallway and had the urge to join with her  
and in their duosity move as one and sway like this and it is so  
the windows are thrown wide to the outside world and there is nothing between them him  
and her and whatever or whomever is out there  
the neighbor lady is sitting by her window crouched over her desk sewing typing computing  
or whatever  
the hot couple are middle age all heat comes in middle age the warmth which comes earlier  
is but a flash in the pan compared to this this heat comes from the years of combination of  
those volatile reagents of proximity trust love and regard  
you dont believe me right now who is he to write such things he doesnt know he gave this up  
and left such regard behind who does he think he is  
he is sitting in an aerie across the courtyard from these stories and he is gripped by them he  
reads into each what he may what he must and he feels loss and he feels absence but he is  
not bowed by this  
I am not bowed by this I am watching this couple across the courtyard they had their  
windows open for most of the evening but closed them about twenty minutes ago as soon as  
they did the windows started to steam up  
josh hartnet and kate beckensdale are stinking it up on screen while the couple across the  
way are steaming up the windows  
the man watches the woman over the stove and lifts his shirt up and dances an odd little  
dance they both laugh she twirls around and together they have a moment  
the woman down the way is still crouching over her table is it work or play  
the woman the wife the lover the object she is stirring a pot or two she is in a private place  
where she feels him from a distance and is in perfect sync with him he approaches and she  
knows she feels it and she reacts before he even enters the room  
he does enter the room and is only barely visible through the now thickening haze over the  
windows they are so steamy they are thick with steam and thick with masked intent the  
windows are the best ally a voracious lover could want  
he approaches her again she knows this and moves to the side just in time to miss his kiss  
he reels and comes in again this time he catches her and lands a kiss which turns into a  
swoon turns into a dip turns into an embrace  
the woman down the way has suddenly stood up and drawn the curtains she is no longer a  
player in this story  
she is back pedaling she hadnt figured on this but she is enrapt by him and his ardor his  
ardor has cloaked her and buried her lust in his own  
she turns nonchalant-like back to the stove and puts the final touch on the risotto the paella

the casserole we dont know and it doesnt really matter she has finished her dish and she is ready to both halt his advance with the triumph of her cookery and to complete her seduction he has no hope he has been caught and he has no chance but to succumb the windows are a complete sheen of translucent steam now but it matters not dinner is served and the kitchen lights are dowsed all is dark now even the shadows are finally cast into shadow