

On Voyeurism

I.

The men are standing in rows
with hunched over shoulders
at the newspaper stand.

The silence is broken only by softly turning pages.
Even the breathing is quiet - restrained panting.

My presence is a gong and the men
shuffle their feet
angry at the staining virtue
marring the perfect smut.

II.

His eyes, set like extended jewels,
flick idly back and forth
behind the glasses
and widen slightly
as the angora sweater hits the floor.
His moist tongue snakelike
over dry lips.

Through the safe glass
she feels his gaze
and although repulsed,
she likes it.

Laughing, she raises the shade
and dances a striptease
for hungry eyes.

He touches himself as the silhouette
in the window writhes and twists;
high breasts and sweating thighs
flashing in the half light.

Feeling his touch, she handles her breasts
and moves slowly down,
hands feasting on parted flesh.
The smell of musk prevades.