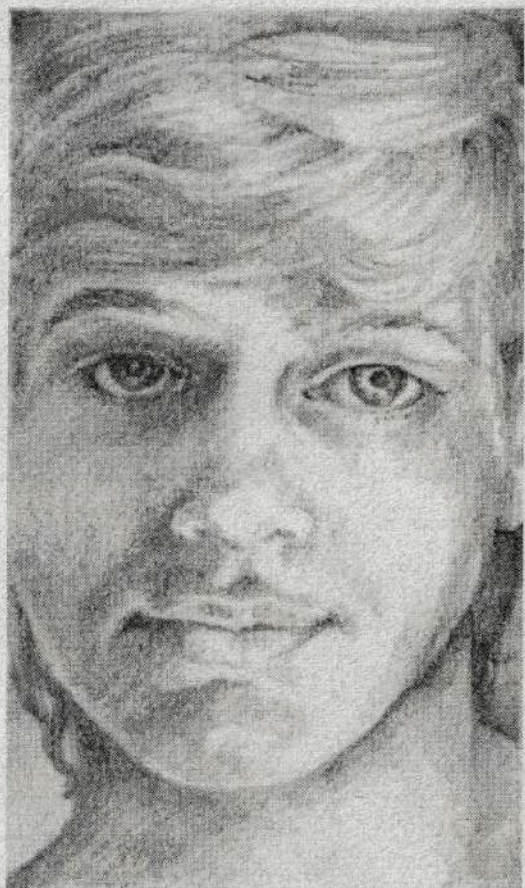


Sea
Visitors

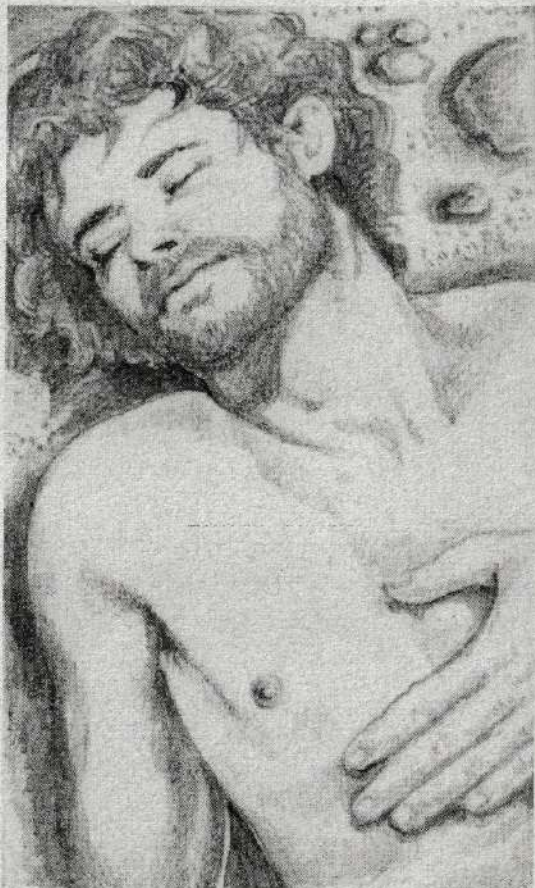


Sea Visitors

Heliophilus

images by J.M.P.

1995



Sea and sun and salty wind,
First day of my holiday.
Tie and shirt and office shoes
Thrown off in London - left behind.
Now ritual vestments take their place
For priestly worship of the sun.

Now I have reached the holy place
Where, year on year for fleeting weeks,
The sun bestows his sacrament.
Kisses my heart, my soul, my limbs
And gives me strength for creeping months.

Here there is a rocky altar,
First found many years ago.
Alone I now return, as every year,
To give myself as eager sacrifice.

I reach the tiny, hidden bay
And recognize the rocky step
Which starts the well-remembered route
That scales the cliff invisibly.

Toes and fingers feel for clefts
As up and up I climb the rock
Till eyes at last confirm that safe
All year my sanctuary remained.
A floor of stone miraculously smooth
And pale between the rough, dark rocks -
I use my hand to brush away
What wind and bird have scattered there,
Then circle my domain with kingly step
And turn to face the god-like sun.

Even through my meagre clothes
I sense the joy for which I've waited
All the months of cramp and cold.
My eager fingers tug and drag
At all that hides me from the heat.
A pile of red and white is formed -
My other life abandoned quite.
A cry of joy erupts from deep
Within my soul and fills the sky.
The sun responds by wrapping gentle
Tongues of warmth around

The tender, long-imprisoned skin.
With chill and warmth and joy it purrs
As round and round I slowly turn.
Then I sit, and stretch my legs, and lie -
Arms, legs spread open, so my form
Takes up the largest share of ground
It ever could and it can catch
The widest arc of solar power.
Now I lie still, while heartbeats
Mould their rhythm to the sea.
My wide spread limbs are sometimes touched,
Goose-pimpled by the wandering breeze,
But blessed heat returns and
Warms again. The heat seems focussed
On the centre of the crux, the point
Most often hid, most willingly laid bare.
The sun, the breeze, the joy of freedom draw
Soft fingers round this part,
And blood stirs greedily.

What time elapsed I do not know
For time here has no sway.

Lying there so open, so relaxed,
Perhaps I dozed or dreamed. But then . . .
A youthful, happy laugh rang out
Above the song of sea and gull.
From the shore, before my cliff, it came.
Its timbre described to me a boy
Whose perfect beauty just begins to show
First subtle hints
Of what his manhood would become.
Just as this picture filled my brain,
A second laugh made answer to its friend.
An older voice this time, but one
Where boyish bloom had not yet
Yielded quite to manliness.

In silence and still hidden on my tower,
Still crouching, naked, on my floor,
I peeped through rocky parapet
To view the secret, sandy cove
Where I no longer was alone.
How happy, though, to find me joined
By such a pair of graceful youths!

The younger fair, the older dark,
Keen swimmers they, for all they wore
Were meagre slips of differing blue.

As each rushed in,
They stood before the other
Shaking with their running and their joy.
They laughed and punched
And held each other's gaze
And kicked the sand and squawked like birds.
Then they were quiet . . .
And thought the cove was theirs.
The strong, athletic tension in their limbs
And their locked eyes
Were moist and filmy as each gazed
Upon the other's body, found it beautiful
And circled it with loving arms.
The move was done, the strong embrace,
Before they realized what they did . . .
But then the touch of hand on neck
And arm on waist and thigh on thigh
Enflamed them, as they thought themselves

Sole dwellers in this salty land.

A moment's pause, a stepping back
And then the younger forward bends
And takes in his two hands the tiny strip
Of blue that clothes his lover's loins.
Down, down the sturdy legs he pulls it,
Roughly past the flesh it hid,
Half-standing now, and there
It lies, a crumpled rag, upon the sand
Still binding ankles tight.
Then up the legs the young boy feels
Till, once again, his hands discover,
In the patch of pale, white, hidden skin,
The sturdy, lurching rod
That throbbed and swelled as fire swept through
The body of the older boy.
A gasp of pleasure, silent scream,
As hands, so softly, stroked his skin
And guided tongue to touch and take
The yearning pillar in.
For so much time



The young boy sweetly sheathed
His virile lover's sword
In his soft mouth . . . and guided it
With hands that cupped
The two firm domes that were behind.
As surging pleasure mounted fast
The young boy broke away.
He tore away his tiny slip
Then stood and, smiling, kissed his friend
And took his hand and led him quick
Toward a smooth, warm, curving rock
At which he knelt. His knees and hands
Touched sand at either side
While, curved upon the altar of this rock,
His lovely form he spread
So that the dearest gift of all
That he could give his friend
Was offered there, so soft, so white -
So hidden yet so freely laid.
The older boy, so moved to see
His lover's flower, knelt down to stroke
The smooth white limbs, their downy hair,



And touched the softest flesh between the legs.
With gentle hands he eased apart
The two soft tumps that flanked the well
In which the dearest treasure hides.
Into the hole he flicked his tongue
To kiss, to stretch, relax and ease.
Thus moistened, now the hole received
The lover's sceptre, moistened by
The lips of him whose body quivers now,
And burns, and longs to stop,
Yet yearns to feel for evermore
This strange, delicious pain.
First slow and questioning,
The thrusting now is hard and strong
And both boys pant and sweat.
Suddenly the rhythm breaks
The big boy's mouth flings out a scream
As, deep within his darling, spurts
The pent-up vigour of his love.

He pulls away and gently strokes his friend,
Turns round his face. He sees a smile and grins.

He soothes the boy's beloved, aching limbs
And lays him on the sand to rest
But does not hesitate to stroke and rub
With practised fingers, tongue and mouth
Each surface, crevice, tuck and fold.
The young lad lies there moaning with delight
As, yet again, his knight's warm mouth
Draws ecstasy upon his downy sex.
At length, his body quivers on the sand
And, from his deepest loins, is forced
A stream of youthful pearls.

For seconds long, they lie there prone
Each other's arms encircling.
Then up they leap and, hand in hand,
They reach the sea and splash and shout -
And then towards me, still unseen, they walk
Slowly and perfectly, as if the roaring sea
Played organ for their wedding march.
They looked so beautiful and so complete.
Hot tears pricked my staring eyes
Some for love and some for jealousy.

They quickly found again their slips of blue
And laughing, nudging, left my sight.

I lie back on my rock and find
That, as this drama has been played,
Sometime my body has released
Its own tight store of barren seed.
So, now, I cast away all fears
Of strolling folk and prying eyes
And, naked, walk into the sea -
To feel the water's touch that cooled
Their sweated limbs and mix with theirs,
Unworthy though, my body's seed.



OSP:1995: Catchmays Court, Llandogo,
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