

more and more loosely in my
after them, smile, and once
at. I did not understand this
with I would lavish more and
ayed earlier with my mind.
always this implacable guilt.
nd of terror shook me.

nt when he was away and I
the eye. If ever anyone dis-
erate to a brisk pace. I only
possible interest in them. I
rousal, and then, like a shot,
en I would be committed to
oted to, and I could not risk

when they came this man I
d brighter than he was when
d the many variant angles to
ways, simultaneously, on the
in our apartment he would
s-legged on our murex pur-
is blunt, flat-tipped, expres-
be lit throughout the room
Bryson or Brenda Russell,
many of these friends. I was
and these people I thought
s type of work than I ever
them all by stepping down
umense and over-populated

some of those walks I made
s, if it was cool, I carried a
asserby, or a woman. I lived
riends, and of them report-
st hours I craved for this. In
op to chat with me. He and
er to grab him where he was
y, full of a secret, exhilarat-

n to see grown men taking a
dings were all covered with
cy was severely restricted by
ach morning a new rash of



