

all the way to the coves; the long glide after each stroke, sailing forward like an arrow or a fish, through water as deep as sex would be.

Though it was only two months of the year, I spent more than half of my childhood in the cool embrace of the lake, nearly naked, much of it completely under water, inside the jewel. You notice a strange greenish light in my eyes? From the hold of the water, I think I have never quite recovered.

**Elliot Richman**

### **CAMERADO IN CAIRO**

The young couple still in their California tans announce  
They are going to sleep under the pyramids  
To derive the hidden power of the Pharoahs.  
I, in turn, choose to sleep with you  
And idly chat about Whitman  
Before we make love.