taste in the air, a smell, a weight as light as a child's hand. I feel the flush that wasn't there before; a touch as if a brush of fine silk slipped across my flesh; a touch so sharp it was almost not there.

Fifty years ago I drove into a spring night. I was a teenage boy, just sixteen years old. I had dropped my girlfriend, my future wife, off at her front door. We had spent much of the Friday night pulled off the road in a quiet cul-de-sac out on the BX Ranch. The spot was a quiet one a hundred feet off the road near a small creek with willows and poplar trees obscuring the car. There we had stripped off our clothes and made love for hours in the spring night.

I remember our bodies. How young we were! How beautiful that night and all the nights of my sixteenth year. Images stay with me. I remember her body in the dim light and the way I touched her and the way she touched me. It is so strange to think how immortal we were then and how sweet that night was that we spent together. Was I happy? I think so. Such a night as that one in spring was the kind of happiness only young people can know.

It was so long ago. I remember stopping the car at the head of the driveway that led down to my home where my father and mother slept and my brothers and sister slept. I remember sitting there with my hands on the wheel and my foot touching the gas pedal as I played with the engine, the quiet roar of the eight cylinders of my father's hardtop Chevrolet. What did I think? I don't remember thinking. That boy is far away from me, yet I know he was perfectly lost in the quiet sensual pleasure of his flesh.

I stare at the garden through the glass sheet of the back door, my addiction a creature awake on its wet paws. It never sleeps. Quiet and cunning, it watches my every move for a sign of weakness. I look out at the apple tree and think, *If* I could choose to be sick,