

All The Pleasures Of The World

Coffee break.

The delicatessen downstairs has just made doughnuts. They are still warm, soft as breasts, crispy brown, and taste as rich as steak.

The taste fills my whole head, the whole world is a fresh doughnut taste. The coffee is fresh, pure and clear as a flawless morion. The rich smell of it

drives up my nostrils like a rod. The deli smells like a harem, sweet with the myrrh and musk of cakes and bread.

Dish clatter rattles like oriental percussion, chatter of stenos enjoying a break is like chatter in a latticed seraglio.

In one group at a nearby table, the girl facing me is a new one I haven't seen before,

silky sleek, hair black as a black cat, skin white as its fangs, and lips such a red red I think she must be drinking blood from her cup. She stares at me unabashedly, watching me ogle her long silken legs, meagrely covered

by her tight short skirt. My eyes are crowded to the limits of sight with silk.

When the group moves to leave, she lingers till last, then looking steadily at me swings her legs out slowly. I feel my forearms tremble.

Like the violet after-image bright sunlight leaves on retina, the glimpse of white thighs and cat-fur black between floats in my eyes. I linger over it, over the rich nut taste of cigarette and coffee, over the sexy smell of sweet cakes, the smooth feel of porcelain cup against my fingertips.

My God I feel good!

My God it's a good morning!

— Gustave Keyser

Dallas, Texas