

utopia

Tom Brinck

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ordering myself some salmon
and a hard-boiled egg,
the twenty year old
sitting at the stool next to mine
suffers from the perky chill
of perfection
on her goosebumped breasts
as she awaits her breakfast cup
of coffee

utopia brings with it the blessing
of our comfortable nudity
that allows me to stare until
I can make that observation
and share a smile of
mutual understanding
with her

while not even needing to hide
the mixed feeling I have of
intense attraction to her
blushed nipples on white skin,
that and my all too natural sense
that my arm should slide
around her thin-boned waist
in an easy companionship

with a quiet laugh
she gives me a nudge
out of my reverie
and despite the constancy
of weather control
we manage to talk about the weather,
where a large naked man
is always a degree too hot
and a small naked woman
a degree too cold