

“In Praise of the Female Form”

An essay by Night Hawk

© 2003 by **Night Hawk**

How I long for the days of my misspent youth. Although not quite socially acceptable, it was understandable that a young man would gaze and ponder with awe and admiration the gentle curves of the female form. Those days when I could stare, unabashedly, at that which fascinated me most.

Now I am relegated to sitting quietly with my mirrored sunglasses, pretending not to notice, while my eyes dart furtively from side to side, enjoying the view of females of every form as they wander through the park. Through my rose-colored glasses, the ugliness of reality that is called life is quickly dispersed by the beauty that surrounds me, and I find that I am transported back through time to the fantasies of my youth, every thought centering on the quest for a view of the un-attainable, when the female form was desired and cherished, simply because it was the female form.

Breasts held high and proud by a swatch or two of satin and lace. The gentle swaying of unfettered breasts, encumbered neither by the restraints of material nor by societies mores.

Nipples, crushing against, straining at the very fabric that shelters them from my gaze, waiting for and hoping for a cool breeze to stiffen them.

A plunging neckline, a V-necked blouse, a view into the valley of ecstasy, where soft delectable breasts meet. The slight rise and fall with every breath.

Full, firm buttocks. I followed the hint of panty line over the contour of rounded cheeks to the junction of thighs, the valley of sighs.

But I am older now. Maturity has taken hold. I learned to avert my gaze. I learned to treat the female as an equal rather than the revered. I learned to control those thoughts of passion, the pure, raw, simple emotion that the female form evoked in me. The trappings of maturity, the guilt and shame, have quelled the arousal.

Now I sit in the park, with my mirrored glasses, behind which my prying eyes are hidden, so that once again I may steal a glance, or a peek, or a gander, and let my thoughts meander to the days of my youth. And I sigh.

~ end ~