

THE ICING ON THE CAKE

By Mark Cornell

Kasia took his hand and brought him back to bed. It was a balmy blue Sydney May Day. Her smile was as wide as the harbour they'd explored the day before. The couple were six hundred miles from home. They'd left a cold breezy Melbourne town, to settle into this touch of paradise. The Pacific Ocean sighed like some azure chimera outside their motel window. Kasia's pendulous breasts heaved over her racing heart. They'd been on the road for a week and made love every night. Now their love stretched into midday. She lounged back on the bed and tucked a pillow into the base of her spine. Kasia stretched her pelvis up as he entered her. His penis slid deep inside of her, he felt as if he was embraced by a warm sea. She swayed her hips and panted. Michael had never been so deep inside a woman before. He grabbed her heaving backside and kissed the bottom lip of her gaping mouth. She wrapped her legs around the discs of his back. Kasia threw her chin up into the filtered golden light, her body wreathed, she gave a series of cries. She hauled his tree like scent into her lungs. Blush marks splashed over her chest and stomach. Kasia cried as she came. Michael felt the throb between her legs.

Kasia lent on her side, then slowly re-opened her watery green eyes. She grabbed his stubbled chin and kissed her young lover.

'God Kas, I feel like I've lost my virginity again, you are so beautiful,' Michael traced his fingers along her hipbone.

'That tickles,' she laughed, then tugged his erect penis until his sperm splattered over her long fingers.

'God your gorgeous Kas. I love every fibre of your body, particularly your bottom, you've got a magnificent bottom.' Michael stroked her fleshy backside. Kasia chuckled.

Michael meant every word. He adored her snow like Polish skin, the curves and mounds of her Slavic body, (“Stocky,” she called it, “ All the more to explore,” he replied.) Her loved her watery breath, the sea like scent of her womb, her curious sighs, the way her body melted around his touch. She called their first loving, “ the icing on the cake,” and was relieved now they’d finally had intercourse. Her young lover practised *coitus interruptus*, so there seemed no danger of pregnancy. At first, they made love on their side. She’d gasp as Michael parted her legs, then groan as he entered her. They swayed until they could no more^[m1]. One summer weekend Michael’s family went down to the beach. He introduced her to deep love; a trait he’d learnt from his previous lover. Kasia cried out in the darkness. He also introduced her to baby oil, another technique learnt from his ex-lover. With her body smeared in oil she massaged every part of his torso and called him “evil.” One morning he listened to her dream. They learnt more about each other during the day, her young lover made her soup and introduced to music she’d never heard before. At dusk, they watered the family garden, one night they explored the blue lit fern mystery of Sherbrooke Forest. Kasia never knew of the of the forests which encircled the eastern outskirts of their city. Michael was her youthful bearded guide. Kasia said that weekend was like a honeymoon.

Michael rose and went to the window and lit up a cigarette. Kasia lay above the sheets like a goddess. They heard the cleaner shuffle past their door.

‘ Just as well I put up the Do Not Disturb Sign eh ?’ he laughed as he leant on the window sill. Kasia studied his lean body, with his bushy red hair and beard he had the stance of a bushranger. However, he had the mind of a poet. His blue eyes always seemed to be searching for ideas and words, that was one of the things she adored about her lover, he still retained the openness and innocence of a child. This sense of wonder began to rub off on her.

She was used to dwelling on the lonely sadness of life, but his enquiring mind helped her to extract brick by brick, the cloister of her upbringing and let the sun shine in. One night when the poet spoke to her of the moon, she told him a story of how once when she was a little girl she saw moonlight flood into her bedroom. She got out of her bed, took off her nightie to bath in the lunar pool on her floor. The next day she was ashamed, Michael told she shouldn't have been and to enjoy any wonder mother nature was prepared to offer her.

Kasia crawled out of bed to take a shower, she smiled as her lover watched the warm water cascade down her curvaceous pink body. She dried herself and pulled on her white floral panties, he helped her clip up her bra, making sure to kiss her round breasts before she covered them up. Kasia groaned. She pulled on her blue jeans over her wide waist, then slipped on her white shirt. Michael lit another cigarette and studied the golden crescent bay of Coogee to make out Wedding Cake Island, a sliver of an island only seen at low tide. He studied the Road Map, they decided to leave the Coogee Bay Hotel and head for the Blue Mountains. Michael felt a bit down wondering when he'd see Sydney again and knowing they'd both experienced a high point to their love.

It took forever to get out of the suburbs that sprawled for mile after mile past Parramatta. U2 came on the radio, singing *With or Without You*. The poet loved the swirling guitar of The Edge and chanted along to, *And You Give Yourself Away, And You Give Yourself Away*. He pictured her writhing body of midday and placed his hand on her knee. She responded with both her hands and moved his hand slightly towards her thigh. The song reminded him of his pledge to go to Ireland, after the death of his Grandfather. Ireland was only four months away. He and his friend Stephen had booked a one-way ticket to Dublin.

Stephen suddenly appeared one night after five years of them having nothing to do with each other. Michael couldn't stand his friend's partner who spoke about herself in the

third person, Michael was doing his Diploma of Education to become a Secondary School Teacher. The poet was down at the Templestowe Hotel braying with the mob for Lester Ellis to win the world boxing championship. Suddenly a beaming Stephen walked through the door, shouted his mate a beer and joined in with the chanting. Lester won! *You bloody beauty!* They drank a lot of beer and decided to go for a walk through Sherbrooke forest at night, just like they used to in the old days. Below the trunks of the giant trees, and burning lanterns of stars, Michael accepted his friend's proposal to forget about the past.

Every Friday night after work would see them get together with Guilia at her house in Kilsyth to smoke dope. Her house sat in the foothills of the Dandenong's. It was darker and mistier than his family house in Bulleen. Guilia grew her own marijuana and asked the young men over during harvest time. Michael didn't invite Kasia as he knew she wouldn't join in. The three had a ball. The night usually began with them around the kitchen table rolling joints. Music was always around them. Stephen introduced his friends to the atmospheric Irish band, Clannad. They all shared a deep love of Mike Oldfield and Brian Eno. After a few joints the music would flood into their bodies until they became as one with the song. Sometimes they dimmed the lights, collapse in Guilia's loungeroom and left the universe. All the tension of the week was washed away. Other times the three would go for a walk through Sherbrooke forest at night to undergo a spiritual rebirth. One night a stoned Stephen and Michael encountered a full moon rising by the banks of the Yarra, they lay down on an embankment and whispered to each other it was like staring into the face of God. They went to the occasional party, where Stephen would find a bean bag, and would no longer talk, but laugh at every silly thing his friends said and did. They gave him the nickname Robbie the Robot because when he was stoned he bore an uncanny resemblance to the robot from Forbidden Planet. Guilia and Michael would dance to Talking Heads. How he loved to dance.

Guilia would sway her arms like a belly dancer. One night they danced together down the street unaware that the record had stopped playing. Another night, Michael lost control of his legs when the Heads came on, Stephen escorted him out of the party, and out of ear range of the music his legs stopped dancing but started up again when he came back into the house. Guilia flicked her dark hair back and laughed as she got up with him to dance. How he wished Kasia would do the same thing.

Once Stephen's partner knew he was back with his friends, she divorced him. She got the house he got the car. Stephen left his dreary bank teller job and began work as a barman. When his mate threw teaching in and decided to take any old job to save up and go to Ireland, Stephen decided to join him.

Once more the sky opened. Kasia and Michael beheld a giant ridge, slumbering blue in the afternoon light. They entered a forest of man ferns and white alpine gum trees. The car drove up into the silver haze, Michael took a deep breath as the fragrance of eucalyptus flooded into their cabin. Kasia wrapped her orange shawl around her neck and shoulders. A vast canyon of grey green forest stretched before them. The silver haze transformed into mauve cloud. They followed a zig zagging trail along the ridge of a mountain. Michael switched the radio off after the music from Sydney gradually turned into static. They parked at the top of the mountain. The poet lit up a cigarette, leant against a dead gum and stared down a grey cliff face. The three sisters peered above the Blue Mountains. Michael saw an ancient face staring down at him from the left rock, a pyramid rock in the middle and a sentinel like timeless face on the right. Currawongs rang out from the canopies of a nearby shoulder of forest. The poet smiled, their song took him straight back to when he was a teenager, fishing with his Grandfather up in the Snowy Mountains. Michael swallowed hard to keep his grief at bay.

They stayed in a small town outside of Katoomba. A pea soup mist enveloped their motel. Kasia laid on her back with her eyes closed and smiling, relishing her nakedness. Michael entered her then pulled out when he was close to coming, she gasped, her body flushed with desire. The heat from the electric wall heater bathed their tingling flesh. Michael pierced her and linked his elbows to the back her thighs. Her legs dangled over his thrusting back, he heard the smack of their flesh and Kasia's deepening sighs. She pulled him down for a circling kiss then started to groan. Michael adored her cries and thrusting harder. Her soft body enveloped his sweating pelvis. He licked her swaying breasts, bit the inside of her thigh, then told her he'd love to come inside of her. Kasia pleaded that it was too dangerous. He pulled out, then stroked her open lips, her womb lapped in joy then she slowly came. Michael kissed her up and down her neck until she started to shiver. He placed a woolly blanket over the both. She stroked his brow, until he said he had to go outside for a cigarette. She said he'd go outside, even if he didn't smoke. Michael wrapped another blanket around his body, then sat on a bench just outside their door. Fog swirled around him like a dewy phantom. The poet sucked the tobacco deep into his lungs, the racing of his blood made him dizzy. Michael sniffed her ozone fragrance on his fingers and smiled. His flesh was bathed by the moist breeze rushing up from the untouched fern gullies nearby. The young man composed words in his head.

The poet saw the tall grey buildings of his home town dominating the flat landscape and sighed. He suggested that they spend one more night together. They both had to work the next day, but 'who cares?' he argued, 'let's throw a sickie.' Kasia wouldn't agree, so he didn't push it. He wondered if she'd ever had one? 'The sickie is a great Australian tradition,' he once laughed out to her, 'which must be maintained. 'How else do you think I find the time to write?' Then Kasia's younger sister, Nadia, moved into her home. Deep down

Michael couldn't stand her. When it looked like Michael and Kasia were going to become an item, Nadia accused Michael of asking her to have sex with him. One of the oldest and dirtiest tricks in the world.

'You seriously don't believe that do you?' He asked Kasia after he confronted Nadia. His lover gave him no reply. It lingered in his heart like a festering sore. They couldn't make love in her house anymore. So, they did it in his car. One night as they were cuddling in the front seat, she undid his zip and sucked him off. He then, slipped his fingers up her dress into her panties and stroked her until she came. But it wasn't the same as sharing a bed together, and waking dream like in the middle of her ripe breasts or stroking her dark hair after a nightmare. Ireland was only a couple of months away now.

Bio

Mark is of Irish ancestry. As a child he grew up listening to stories; either in the form of tall tales told by his extended family or the lyrics of his favorite songs on the radio. He started writing poetry when he was seventeen. He has traveled to Ireland twice and during one of these visits was married to Kimberly in a Registry Office in Dublin. Mark has been writing Short Stories and Novels for a number of years. He took family leave for three years to look after his son Thomas. He now works as a Conciliator with Consumer Affairs.