

Lust at Lunch

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a cafe at lunch where lust is in the air

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They sit there--hungry eyes looking at the hips and thighs of shop girls walking to their tables. The room spins for the hot touch of fingers on flesh. The artificial smiles flicker like stars burnt out light years ago, and the gestures, sly and clever, mannered after movie stars, are meant to bring the hungry ones together for a nibble. And if some two should meet tonight--cold in the hot arms of each other, will they think about the ice age that has come?