The hair on his arms gleams silver, floats against my skin. His eyes are the color of the sea, changing. His mouth tastes of happiness and late, late in life, his shoulders are still broad and his chest still bears the outline of the girdle of muscles that once held him taut. He says that entropy depresses him.

We walk down the beach, our gray heads bent together, the froth of lazy waves bubbling around our toes. Blue water, blue eyes, blue sky. Each holds the hand of the other who is not other, and our body absorbs the low sun.

In a closed system whenever energy is transformed, more and more of it is wasted, lost. There is a natural tendency towards entropy, but we are not closed. We are open to each other: his energy becomes my heat, my heat his energy. We kick up sparkles of sand, defying entropy.

We pause. His thick fingers move from the flush of my neck, down the curve of my back, over the curve of my hip, then we mesh our hands once more. The atoms of our body comingle and move, electric and demanding. Our slippery lips. Our fat curiosity. The pulse of longing joins us still.

Our desire stays pasts fifty, past sixty, past seventy. I cannot testify beyond that. We lust, not just for physicality, but for a chartreuse canopy of spring leaves, for this surf that slips up on the beach and teases before it withdraws back to the sea.

I contemplate the masculinity that makes my tongue swell and maybe he thinks about the arch of a foot or the softness of a breast. Desire is the essence of life. Oh, Lover, gift me that little drop of yourself and we will keep the world turning.

In the end, entropy wins, but not yet.