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girls

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girls

Heather Drouse

you were twenty-two when
you had your first kiss,
your thin lips pressing sheepishly
against that lovely girl's smile.
she wore strawberry chapstick,
which was funny,
because you had on cherry.
the first kiss was quick,
almost a blur; the two of you
laughed and laughed over how
flustered you were, and then
she dove for you from
across your bed,
and again you drowned in
her soft lips, her gentle embrace.
how confident she was;
it was her first time, too,
and yet she led you by the tongue
as if she had been waiting
for you all her life.
you never want to forget how
mesmerizing and how freeing it was
to be intimate with that lovely
girl, how relieved you were
when the fires of hell didn't
come for your sinful body like
your mother said they would.
instead, in your first kiss, you
finally found peace,
and a sense of warm love in your
heart that could rival even the
hottest of hellfire.

you were twenty-two when
you began to love yourself.