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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.