

## First Kiss

Looking back at my first kiss, I am not sure what I expected. I had never seen my parents, or any other relative, kiss. We were not allowed to watch very much television as children, but by the time I was thirteen, I had been occasionally watching soap operas. This was my whole education of kissing.

I saw him strolling across the school parking lot while I was playing ball with some neighborhood kids. His stringy black shoulder length hair, scruffy wannabe beard, leather jacket, and dirty ripped jeans, all made my heart skip with a sensation that I had not ever before experienced. In that very moment, I passed through a portal from tomboy to budding lovesick girl. Not even the cigarette in his hand was enough to dissuade a young girl's natural hunk radar.

As he strode closer to our group, it became apparent that he knew one or two of the boys. My excitement grew as greetings were exchanged and he was introduced to us as "Charlie", an older brother of one of the boys in our group. There was instant chemistry, though at that time, I only knew that my heart was beating fast and I felt a bit shy and awkward. Regardless, I knew that I wanted to hang out with him more. I tried to make excuses to stand closer to him. I had no other expectations, as I really was very naive.

As the group broke up and each kid went their separate way, I lingered, again finding excuses to stay. And he stayed. He stayed. I was getting a vibe from him, not understanding what it was or what it meant. Finally alone, we made small talk. Giggles. Flirty smiles. At one point, he suggested that we stand in a doorway to get out of the "wind". This was a small area that required a much closer position. By now, I was no longer able to look him in the eye, and began to stare sheepishly at the ground. He reached out, put his arms around mine and drew me in closer. My heart and guts were fluttering messes by this time. I knew it was coming, and did not want it, and yet wanted it. I could smell the leather of his jacket, a faint whiff of laundry detergent, and the cloud of cigarette smoke that surrounded him. He lifted my chin and gently kissed me. Just like that. In that sweet and tender moment, all innocence was lost. I was in love. Someone loved me.

*`Make peace with your broken pieces.`*

*Smudge*