

First Love

Close your eyes my darling,
that I may kiss their lids,
the softest skin on your body.

Open your mouth and let me
breathe from your lungs,
the warm spirit within you.

Caress me with your thoughts,
and I will feel your touch,
throughout my entire being.

Arch your back my dearest,
as the thought of our love
tenses both of our bodies.

Without wanting to dear,
you let me touch your desire.
But we were too young for *love*.

We paused at that moment.
Another would be our *first love*.
Or perhaps...they never could.

s.a.

Note:

In high school, Carol, the girl in the poem was 15, I was 18. 2 years later, my "First Time Lover" was with Olga who was 18 and we almost had a child, 2 years after that I met Doris Elayne also 18 and we may have had a child, and 4 years after that I married Sandra who was also 18, but didn't want children and a couple of years after that, I met Diane when she was 25 with one child already and we had two more. Our 40th was in 2014. But I will never forget kissing my first love's closed eyelids in the car by the town pond! Man, I haven't been to that pond in over 50 years, I'm putting that on my bucket list right now!