



poems / First Kiss

With bated breath
we draw nearer,
the space between us
simmering, electric.
Your lips part
invitingly plump, soft,
ready to meet mine.
Heart racing,
I trace your jawline,
tilting your chin up gently
as our mouths connect.
The world falls away—
it's only this:
my lips on yours,
the sweet urgency
of the first touch,
a hint of your cherry chapstick
on my tongue.
I'm immersed completely
in this baptism of lips,
drowning deliciously
in the heady elixir of you.
Each tender caress
imprints deeply,
searing through me,
branding this moment into memory.
When at last we part,
I surface breathless,
changed irrevocably,
curious what the next kiss
will reveal.

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Saturday, 12th August 2023
Golden Grace

Saturday, 12th August 2023
The Broke Romantic

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