

She's sitting on a swing
dangling her feet,
like autumn's leaves from a tree.

We've been together every night the past month or so.
I'm not sure she knows, but I tell time by the light in her eyes.

The fireflies illuminate the moon bathing her in the night.

The park is silent now
and it's just past ten in the evening.

Math class isn't on my mind now, not even the book report; not in the least.

I'm studying her eyes,
the way her clothes cling to her perfectly,
and the way twilight reflects by the gleam of her hair.

She's glancing at me, and
I can feel my chest tighten up, as her gaze entralls me in a lover's haze.

"There's a first time for everything you know?"

She sings her favorite song on the swing,

it lulls me,

and harkens the coward in me; can't you be more than you were taught?

My hand reached hers and she didn't pull back.

No looks of disgust or derision,

only crickets singing in harmony with my labored breathing.

Eyes closed, close enough to taste the remnants of our last cigarette shared.

My lips finally press against hers

and hands travel all over.

It's different, and wonderful.

Foreign touch, what a rush.

My first kiss, was everything I wished.