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First Kiss

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First Kiss

By Sam Heyman

There was a week
At the beginning of school
When I went to a club with friends,
And a friend of a friend and I—

Kissed.

It was his first, but not mine
He was lucky, though,
Not because I was
The poet laureate of kissing
or even because
I was good at it at all,
But because, unlike mine,
His was one that could lead to love.

It wasn't done drunkenly
against the wall
of some senior's sweaty apartment.

It wasn't stolen nervously,
In an air-conditioned hallway
To the distant hums of a school dance.

It wasn't paid for, or expected,
like a gift from someone
who said *No, I wanted to*. No,

It was in the middle

Of a crowded dance floor
Full of people who'd forgotten
How to dance
The moment they learned
How to kiss
And it was a kiss we both
Wanted to remember.