



6-15-2008

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Recommended Citation

Brennan, Matthew (2008) "First Kiss," *Westview*: Vol. 28 : Iss. 1 , Article 7.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol28/iss1/7>

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First Kiss

by Matthew Brennan

We'd hidden from the nuns behind a wooded lot
and let our lips slip into place, lubricious
pulped tongues about to touch: I felt a rush

of pleasure piqued by sin. It felt as though
we'd stolen into our neighbor's cellar
and pried into his stash of cobwebbed boxes—

postcards in French, pin-up girls, parts of guns—
while upstairs lumbering above us, he made
the floorboards sway, like treetops about to fall.

