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First Kiss

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First Kiss

Sunny day. Hot. Boys chase
girls, game invented during
recess. Girl chased by boy though,
me. Prettiest angel in school,
JoAnn Lang. Blonde hair, green eyes.
Magnet.

If I could've bought such a beautiful girl at
7-11, along with an X-Men comic and a
cherry Slurpee, I definitely
would've.

Slipped on pea gravel. Fell
down.

I enjoyed waiting anxiously for the cherry taste of
Slurpee with pursed lips while bringing the
red straw closer. closer.
closer.

SMACK! Wet, wrinkled "O" sparked skin.
Excitement!

I was conditioned, from that
moment on, like a
Pavlovian dog, to
fall
down
a lot.

By: Curt Clendenin

"We should learn, reflecting on the misfortunes of others, that there is nothing singular in those which befall ourselves,"

- William Melmoth

