

# The Angle

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## First Gear

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## First Gear

### Cover Page Footnote

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## LINDA WERT

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### FIRST GEAR

My first time behind the wheel  
Engine humming, in rhythm  
with the blood coursing through my veins.

Hands quivering touching for the first time  
exploring the curves, feeling the heat.  
Shift into gear, ready to move  
With an explosion of power the engine roars.

I'm nervous, he's floored  
Momentary stop of breath, life, time.  
We're moving now, my heart's racing.  
I feel powerful, sharing his power.

Speeding up, I'm exhilarated  
I need more, keep it going.  
We end in exhaustion  
No longer innocent.

## JOSHUA TOMASZEWSKI

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### AT OUR BEST

I hear before I see.  
Light, caressing ambience of a cotton trumpet.  
An angel's chorus, the harp of lips and tongue.  
I smell before I see.  
The seductive aromas of fresh baked bread and cooked onion.  
Candle flicker and flower petal carried from open window.  
I feel before I see.  
A blanket womb twisting, contorting.  
Finding, then losing the perfect spot on the pillow.  
Suddenly I see.  
Blurry from the vibrating glow of a rising San Diego sun.  
Haze of white walls and empty spaces.  
Kick off the sheets.  
Eat Breakfast.  
Read the newspaper.  
She feeds the cat and waters the plants.  
We make love.  
Take a small nap (11 minutes).  
CD player opens, swallows.  
Two seconds later, dance with Sir Duke.