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First Kiss

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Loud music; dark room; people everywhere. Floor is sticky from beer spilled because of dancing. I am swept into the mass of bodies by nameless arms, which grab me from behind and gently squeeze. The gentle hands end at the sway of my hips. Still nameless, we face each other. Someone else comes up behind me. The three of us continue dancing, quickly, closely, abruptly. The faceless guy behind me goes, leaving me with my nameless stranger once again. We move closely, hard, against each other. Rough hands in my jeans, hungry lips on mine. Maybe it was from the shots a few hours before or maybe it’s just me. Something let him violate my large personal space, my comfort zone. His hands were unkind, but his kiss was gentle. Still, I turned my head away at times. We didn’t dance at his car like he wanted to, but we did remain close on one another within the crowded walls of this place. The wandering hands were from both of us. Mine, however, were a little gentler. I embraced the male gender that night as I never had before. In the morning, all I had to show for my night was an unquenchable thirst, and a bruise between my thighs from our dirty dancing. An unsatisfied feeling: was that really the magic of a first kiss? It was a night that I won’t forget, but it wasn’t magic. Oh well, there’s always next time.

--Jen Enright