2003

First Gear

Linda Wert
St. John Fisher College

Follow this and additional works at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2003/iss3/4

This document is posted at https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2003/iss3/4 and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.
LINDA WERT

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

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.