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## Seven Kisses

A timed exercise

by Sheridan Maguire

**My first kiss** touches the lips of Theresa, hopeless matriarch whose tongue doesn't touch mine at all, though she certainly is trying to ram it down my throat.

**My second kiss** is thrown towards Jeremy in the hope that he can catch it on its way before it lands in a pile of no-deal dung. It doesn't mean anything, just a European-style cheek touch.

**My third kiss** is a stolen one. I stole it from Jean-Claude and I gave it to Michel in the hope that he passes it on to someone I *can* love. I know he means well but I just don't want my kiss to land there.

**My fourth kiss** is for the love of God, what are we doing to ourselves that kissing is forsaken to the hot, tedious, sweaty breath of politics – all mouth and tongue but no heart.

**My fifth kiss** I sent in a big box across the Channel where unfortunately it was stopped by customs officials and impounded in Calais for not being French enough.

**My sixth kiss** is a big fat smackeronee which I hold in reserve for that special day when it can celebrate something wonderful and free and another adjective that I haven't found yet.

Ah yes, **the seventh kiss** is a deadly sin and this I keep for myself, for a rainy day, for the time when kisses are blowing across borders.