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Seven Kisses

by Chris Kingham

When I kissed her for the seventh time the heavens opened and lightning crackled across the otherwise gun-metal grey Tuesday afternoon London sky.

Literally.

Dating a witch was a way of life, I quickly found out. Zenira was certainly beautiful. And certainly all consuming. But she was no Sabrina, Hermione or even Samantha Stephens. She didn't have a twinkle in her eye, nor did she wrinkle her nose in an 'adorable' manner. She was intense, passionate and driven.

Zenira did not belong to a covenant. Apparently this was a big deal. Sisterhood she called it. I never took this seriously - that was my first big mistake.

She once told me that love was one of the purest kinds of powers. I was so happy to hear her regard me in this way that I didn't fully take in the real reason she was telling me. You see Disney, the Grimms, and whoever else came before them, were on to the right idea when they harped on about the power of True Love's Kiss. It does have power. Real power.

Our first kiss was largely forgettable. I did actually forget it until I awoke to find a piece of paper in the pocket of my jeans, with the following scrawled across it:

Z - 07763 559938

On piecing together the night with more sober friends I learnt that I kissed a girl. I do not remember this at all, but girls never like me and so I was in love with the description my friends had given me of this mysterious 'Z' almost immediately.

Our second kiss was clumsy and awkward. This should not be a big surprise to me as they were both adjectives that had been used to describe me on countless occasions in the past. She invited me to her home and the whole experience was unsettling. The house was only lit by candles, and she played the piano bare feet - earnestly telling me that she only ever used the black keys as they conveyed more emotion. At the time I thought she was pretentious. Unbearably* so in fact. But she was beautiful. And girls never liked me.

*correction: bearibly so.

Our third kiss was passionate. She bit my lip and drew blood. It hurt. In a good way. I think.

Our fourth kiss was by the beach after the best day of my life. We were alone amongst thousands. Ending that day with anything other than a kiss would have been an affront to natural justice.

Kiss number five. Had her tongue always been pierced?

I had had a terrible day. The world was against me and I didn't want to be alone. She was there for me - I don't recall even asking her to come and see me, but she was there and I was grateful. Her kiss was one of sympathy, passion and compassion. Almost one of love.

The seventh kiss. We were in love. The world had been against me; now it was ending it seemed.