

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Kiss

by Francesca Duffield

I kiss you for the first time
and it starts to rain:
it's your warm mouth
that makes me shiver

I can't feel the chill anymore
of the thin drops
running down my neck:
I am suspended
in a dark and glowing space,
only your hands silently connect
my body to itself,
a fruit that has ripened overnight
unnoticed,
swift and mysterious

I could stand here
for all time, drenched to the skin
drowning in you

*I kiss you for the first time
and it starts to rain:
you shiver, maybe it's the cold
rivulets streaming through your hair:
you are already lost, ready
to risk it all, I know
the signs only too well*

*You will cling to me
like a miniature monkey,
with your reproachful face
and slender grasping hands*

*Shall I take this cloudburst afternoon
for what it is, satisfied
with a first bite,
and wave goodbye, hands full
of promises I shan't keep,*

*or shall I risk the monkey chatter,
to be sated with the full weight
of the soft ripe fruit*