

Those I Have Kissed

The last person I touched lips with was Gavin McIntyre,
On his handsome face, a soft kiss,
To welcome him home on new year's eve.
His kisses last In my mind forever.

Very different from that first fumbling kiss at sixteen,
With Anshu Aurora, hidden in a corner of the town,
Inexperienced and wet, a new feeling.

For four years before I met Gavin,
I had an imaginary relationship,
With Daniel Chandler, with kisses blown to the air,
My love never reciprocated.
A period devoid of anything real.

Before that my last kiss had been from Robert Bishop,
A peck on my forehead, just before we parted.
Between the first and him, boys came and went,
Some a joy to kiss, others frogs.
They were always expecting one thing, never to last.
Now I have something special, and all the kisses I want.