

First Crush

his soft hands—
the smoothest in the class
or so I'd often imagined

his small body—
the subject of ridicule
from the American boys

his awkward legs—
the surge of blood circulating
as I chased him around the gym

his long eyelashes—
loud as his shy silence,
fluttering secrets against his

eyes (hidden behind those lashes looking
always downward at the etched desktop at
the cloudy dirt until one day glancing and
hesitant, upward into mine from across the
classroom until one day wide and pleading,
backward into mine on the playground after
catching his wrist in my grip and standing
tall stared into endless kissing mirrors
mysterious, dark and beautiful as a hurricane
that's yet to be recognized with a name)