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)