

Childhood Sweethearts

By Chris Giovacchini

By just being in each others proximity, it started,
Eyes were all we could make, staring, entranced, playing pinballs,
Tagging along with the adults, The Fair, Resorts, Movies, BBQ's,

In these gazes, some secret bond was made, through windows,
Chemical choreography, astrological, ethnic, circumstantial crush,
The Beatles in the back round, mystically made sense.

We wanted to hold hands, but didn't, oblivious, a new
Game dawning, bubble of hormone stew, a ship
On the horizon, follow through for kids, taboo,

In the pool, tan-oil skin made slippery seal contact
In the movie she clutched my arm... A strongman swung the mallet
Whacked the high striker and rang the bell, I froze in her headlight,

During warm night Bar BQ's we entertained ourselves
In the wings, mixed a little wine with Seven-up, spotted toads
In the field with a flashlight, while grown-ups merrily dined

At the carnival, the donkey's played baseball.
I won a little monkey, gave it to her.
She slept with it, adults kidded about it.

Tangible tension, little magnets drawn and repelled, wanting to relax
Into the warm pool, to not hold our breath, kids, we didn't know,
Older brother and sister knew... making out when ever they could.

Easily embarrassed, gently teased, pups created disparaging masks,
We fooled ourselves, making fun, denying the spark, for fear of fire,
Families reshuffled, we were not dealt into the subsequent hands

Friendships we were dependent upon, annulled.
Pals for a season, summer in the country
Blackberries we picked, stained our fingers purple

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Saying Good-bye On The Sofa At Merrill Avenue

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We were home on time, her parents, relieved, had gone to bed leaving the hall light on. I hadn't been driving long. Our love was full of firsts. Patient adventurers, gently we went, with mutual curiosity and allowance, breathlessly, into the uncharted regions of each others hemispheres, each time wandering a little further. That night, the prolonged good-bye had us awkwardly and satisfyingly intertwined and unbuttoned on the sofa, in the soft light from the hallway. Multitasking, we listened simultaneously as we kissed for any sudden stir from the bedroom at the end of the hall. It was calming to faintly hear her Dad's soft snore. Somehow we knew her Mom was just resting her eyes until she heard the final sounds of our goodnight. I remember the delicious marathon, kissing and touching, her perfume, all the while trying so hard to be so quiet. Then, behind closed eyes on my minds dark canvas I saw a dazzling meteor shower as my accidental probing perceived the sudden warm and wet of her, pulsing, afraid to move, wanting to, holding our breath. . . a noise from the end of the hall brought us suddenly back to a safer embrace,. "Yes Mom we won't be too long goodnight!" Cynthia said. "Goodnight. . .", I echoed. We just sat there for a little while longer holding each other, giggling, whispering, our hearts swollen from that new place . . . that later evolved into a period of worry.

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