

First Love

By

LMK

It's a subtle string
this first one
teased from a knitted sheath
woven back and forth
at first, black and white
then subtle colours
patterns not yet laid
unlearned games
not yet played
until one decides
to pull the thread
declare the thought
with hopeful dread
the other sighs in relief
and comes from under
a hidden leaf
a subtle touch of fingers
a closeness new to both
neither willing to declare
scrutiny ruins magic
when laid to bare
stolen kisses in the dark
rumpled notes
knowing smiles
hearts so big
they mean to burst
neither knows
how long it lasts
how hard the hurt
when it's time is past