

Butterfly Kisses

by Annecy Baez

We are driving towards New Jersey, my husband and I, to pick up our seventeen-year-old daughter who is visiting her father for the weekend. As we drive there, I am suddenly reminded of how much I used to love my ex-husband, particularly when I was seventeen and he taught me how to give him butterfly kisses.

His eyelashes would come close to mine and blink once or twice and the soft touch of our lashes would be a reminder of his love. Then it would be my turn and I would do the same to him, my lashes flashing across his lashes until we hugged each other laughing hysterically.

Soon these innocent kisses graduated to more elaborate ones: mouth opening slowly, the touching of tongues, and the warmth of our lips. It was so sweet to love him, so safe, I thought it would last a lifetime, but soon, other lips would take my place and other eyes would learn the pleasure of his kisses.

