

To My First Crush

by Gary V. Powell

Your mom drove us to the movie, "Bullitt" with Steve McQueen in that hot Shelby Mustang, and on the way home didn't say a word when I thrust my tongue into your mouth, just to see what would happen, and you placed your hand in my lap, probably for the same reason, even though she had to see in the rearview mirror. She drank wine in the kitchen with her new boyfriend while we danced in the living room, and when Bobby Vinton sang "Blue Velvet" I cupped your right breast in one hand and guided you across the room with the other. Then a few weeks later I wouldn't look you in the eye, because Linda K. told Pam Q. she thought I was cute, and I had a boner every night just thinking about that. At the Valentine's Day dance I kissed Linda in the Girls' bathroom, but I came back around after Robert Kennedy got shot, with one hand up your skirt and the other on the gear shift of my '68 Camaro, which we ran into that big oak tree out on Cable Line road one night after a couple of beers. Your mom loved me, and when I told her I was sorry for your injuries (who wore seat belts in those days, right?), she said, "I love you for loving my little girl." And I said, "I love you, too," to which the new new boyfriend replied, "You wouldn't know love if it bit you in the ass."

