In the Woods
Khera Rufino

Ninth grade, summer of the brand-new curves.
The two scoops of mocha ice cream
that strained at the inside of bright white shorts
were ogled by lecher’s eyes,
the world over.

My first gray day back at camp,
last year’s Casanova appeared by my side
and feigned interest in everything that wasn’t
a fresh-picked pair of plums
lying beneath a naive mouth that could
not shut up about a trip to Europe.

His leering lens focused in
while his body lied,
hungrily,
in wait to suggest
“somewhere more private”.
Away from those dusty rule books
and those crusty people
who enforced them.

My first kiss with someone
who wasn’t family was three months earlier,
and our mouths were closed.
With gasoline in my veins,
that entire slick tentacle
crossed the threshold of pursed virgin lips,
and I could only think:
why do people like this?