

[Home](#) » [Poetry](#) » [El Besito](#)



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By [Roger Keays](#), 20 June 2011

she pressed herself against me
our noses touched
our heads turned
our smiles grew then faded as
our bodies softened and

we melted into each other
her lips were sweet
her body nimble
so young
so tender

it was like my first kiss
her smell
her touch brought
memories flooding back
time... had stopped

we were kissing each other
behind the school hall
under the stairs and
in our bedrooms while
our parents were out

we were kissing each other
in the park
at the beach
in the classroom while
our teachers walked by

she held me intimately
she touched me passionately
she kissed me lovingly and
to every thought of mine
she responded perfectly

could she read my mind?

and even so
how would that help?
when she doesn't speak
my tongue?

our lips separated
our foreheads touched
our bodies were close
our legs intertwined as
we leant against the swings

she trembled slightly
as she rested her head
against my chest
and then asked me shyly
for my name

i need no photos
to remember that day
to remember that kiss or
to remember the way
she took my hand

my friend, you are young
and i want you
to *be careful*
because the fun...
has just begun

About Roger Keays



Roger Keays is an artist, an engineer, and a student of life. Since he left Australia in 2009, he has been living as a digital nomad in over 40 different countries around the world. Roger is addicted to surfing. His other interests are music, psychology, languages, and finding good food.