

Poem About a Kiss

by Nancy Moran

what if the most together you will ever be is
when you're knocked off your feet
when you can't get up farther than
your knees
what if sometimes a reason for living
is no more than a kiss
the first one that mattered
it tortures you every time lovers meet in this
exclusive embrace because
she's gone
she's gone.
you'll never stop ruing that she's gone
and you'll never forget that kiss
that made everything finally make sense.