First Kiss

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Published on Lush Stories on 10 Sep 2012

A description of a perfect first kiss

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/first-kiss-2.aspx

My eyes will not give way,

stead fast I look onward past what I see,

your eyes, the gateway to your soul.

Your hands rest in mine, cupped gently,

fingers connecting at my hip.

They take hold firmly; yet, pull away as I tremble in anticipation.

Though a quickened pulse my breathing does not waver,

yet, when you move closer to me, my breath cannot hold its ground.

My hand moves to your waist, taking hold of what I cherish most.

Fingers digging holding firm, keeping you at bay.

Connected I pause, simply to take in the moment.

As you lean in, your chest rests against mine.

I can feel your heart beating stronger and stronger, I wonder to myself, if you can feel mine skipping.

My eyes close as our noses touch,

your warm breath against my lips, and then, magic.

Our lips engage for the first time.

All the excitement turns into excellence as I feel your lips pressed solidly against mine.

Your hot wet skin touching me clouds my mind, sending me into a euphoric state.

I hold you, breathing deeply through my nose, not willing to let my lips leave yours.

When you pull away to breath, my hand feathers into your hair, pulling you back, not willing to let this moment pass.

Just a minute longer. . . Just one more kiss.

Your lips pressed to mine,

this, is our first kiss.