Reconstruction

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Reconstruction

By Kelly Bowers

I.
Anxious fumbling.
Lips and hands and nerves and zippers.
Fear and wonder and guilt and pleasure.
Rough carpet scraping
the parts of me that are
uncovered.
Hot breath fogs the windows of a borrowed car.
The strange and exhilarating departure from innocence.
Thrust into the newness of everything,
parts of him opening to me that I fear and crave;
my softest parts are exposed.
A small drive to get coffee, two minutes from home
strong smell of chocolate
and espresso make the car feel warmer.
Wondering if this is what it feels like to be grown up
and hoping it is.
Black and still on the road that we go
but we play loud music and sing
about mosquitoes and libidos, some of the only words that we understand but we
love it and that kind of thing is something else that glues us together.

Kelly Bowers

I attained my undergrad degree in Literature at SSU and am currently pursuing my MA
in Humanities w/ an emphasis in Creative Writing at Dominican. Some things that I love
are: the beach, Tim Burton movies, drug literature, Ireland, the Violent Femmes,
vampires, The Sandman comic books, mythology, Irvine Welsh, erotica, and Poe. I live
with my husband and 3 cats in Rohnert Park.