

Cora Schipa

The First Girl

And suddenly as a song, that high evening sun.
The earth steams, rain resurrecting
from the green all lustful and lush,
flowers open-mouthed,
birds crying for lovers
from rain-sparkled sugar maples.
Right here's the sex of life.

This, and two glasses of cold white wine
siphoned up to the skull,
and being tits-out on the beach at witching hour,
and eating hot pickled okra in refrigerator light.
We thought we were revelatory, you and I,
when we decided, fresh off earthly pleasures,
skin spit-sticky, oh, this *is* the point,
hedonism a new toy we stroked between us,
watched our reflections warp in its shine.
We looked down at our strong young bodies,
moist as if from birth, and drove to the mountains
to conquer something.

We chose an all-uphill climb,
eager to feel our hearts struggle,
and took enough mushrooms for that
shaken-up-soda feeling, cold clean bubbles
welling up and popping.
At the top, after you'd slipped
and fallen and we'd nearly pissed ourselves
laughing, knees smeared with red clay,
palms and ass muck-stained,
we found that thick of moss
clung to lichen-webbed rock
and ran to it like little girls to a swing set,
thinking it was heaven-sent, that soft carpet
laid out just for us. We collapsed,
muscles quivering, and kissed it,
sunk our forearms and noses in its musk,
that smell of rot, roots, reconciliation.