

# The Firsts

*Katlin Moore*

## **The First Call**

She told me you would call  
sometime later today, she said.

I am folding laundry, it is hot outside,  
it is the Sunday after the fourth of July.

I wander around the backyard, eager to say hello  
the phone rings, +44, the English country code, I answer.  
Hi, you say, it's Danny. As if that voice, that accent could  
come from anyone here. I stutter Hi, and blush.

You tell me about your job, and ask about mine.  
You ask if I like football. No, I say, but I love soccer. You laugh.

I picture your face from the photos she sent,  
your silky voice makes it hard to think.

I imagine the lips in front of that voice directly in my ear.  
Your voice still makes me weak.

## The First Kiss

Yes, but how is the queen qualified to run a country, I asked,  
isn't it kind of silly to assume that birth makes you a good leader?

It's birthright, Kate, you answered, it's British tradition.  
You're American, I wouldn't ask you to understand.

We were standing across from Big Ben, Westminster impressive in the background,  
the wind blew my hair into our faces.

I was euphoric to finally be in London.  
We were carefully avoiding touching one another.

The Thames was slowly slithering under the bridge,  
it was the first day we met.

You stood there in the middle of the crowd,  
your eyes never left my face.

Before you could react, I was kissing you.  
I needed to touch you more than I needed to breathe.

## The First Tears

You said you would call, but I knew you would not.  
I stare at my phone and will it to ring.

I've been waiting, and hating myself for all of your shortcomings  
I get angry, and then I calm and make time difference excuses

I decide to edit photos as I  
wait, pictures never lie, do they?

They can't- they aren't capable, you say,  
but they can, I can make them.

So I change your eye color to a horrible orange.  
There! Now this picture lies as much as you

I touch and retouch until I am no longer me;  
instead I see a girl who can't be bothered to wait.

A girl who isn't thrilled when you do call.  
She, unlike me is happy to let it ring and ring and ring.