

KISSING IN MADRID

By Orlando Ricardo Menes

Dance floor of Rex, Gran Vía discotheque,
My first deep-tongue kiss, sloppy, succulent
Like mango, long slurps, giggly burps, my neck
Wet with nibbles, as we grope, grind, vent
Libido, strobes pulsing to Barry White's moan,
Our bodies simmering in slow-burn funk,
She an Air Force brat from the base at Torrejón,
Frizzy blonde, light as a mannequin, I the clunk
In platforms, bell-bottoms tight as a corset,
So I cling to her, swaying in that nicotine fog,
No words to spoil such a gift of spit and sweat
Given to a boy she's just met, shy, bookish, a clog
With seduction, and once the song is done,
We split, lurch, mouths dry, lips like laundry wrung.