

Kissing In a Warm Car

by Gita M. Smith

You parked your father's Nash Rambler down a dark lane but left the engine running and the heater on. December had fallen over the city, all snow and icy glitter. We peeled off coats and scarves, and you let the seats back. Nash was the first to make reclining seats, and never mind all the other claptrap about tilted steering wheel or extra trunk space. With those seats that folded back into a bed, you were the makeout king of Montreal. And I was your queen.

You started with slow, soft, desultory kisses on my neck and ears, wandering every which way, no direction known. Then I did the same to you, inhaling your scent which was one thing at your hairline and another at your collarbone. It was all light touching and heavy breathing. My mouth arrived at the side of yours and paused there, not wanting to give you the full-on, actual kiss just yet. Then we moved by millimeters, so, so slowly until our lips were aligned on top of each other's.

We held it there, and you breathed into me and I took it all in and breathed the same air back into you, and you did it again, us giving each other resuscitation as if we'd drowned and the other was the only source of oxygen left on earth. You gathered me into you -- microscopic particles of my throat and bronchi and lungs -- along with each inhalation. Likewise, I took you in, your multicellular gift, when you exhaled. We breath-fucked this way until the intimacy of it became too much for us and we resorted to more commonplace uses of our mouths and hands.

We were still teenagers after all; exchanging souls was beyond our capability.

