

# My First Love - by Jesse Moore Gutierrez

## Part 1

I never thought it was possible to feel this good. Do I deserve it? Am I worthy, of this... this excellent experience? Yeah, I think so. It's all mine. She's all mine. From head to toe- and everything in between- all mine. I don't have to share. I'm not going to share. I've had a girl or two in my time but none like this. No sir! If you could only imagine. If you could only feel the feeling I feel when I'm with her. Well, sorry to say you're not going to, she's for me. And just the same, I'm for her. She told me so.

It's hard to believe that we've been together this long. It seems that every time we see each other, which is everyday, I learn something new about her. After two years... two great years... every time I see her or hear her voice, I find something new, something

unexpected, something real, that reminds me why I love her so much. Yeah, we have our differences. Who doesn't? All I know is that when we do have our little skirmishes I hate it. Every minute. I always ask myself why. Why do we argue? I don't know. We just do. It's healthy though, from what I'm told. Things can't be too perfect. It would be boring if it all was too perfect. Well, this is pretty damn close to perfect. The best thing about our disagreements is the making up part, if you know what I mean. Wink.


I remember the one time we got into a little debate about our past relationships. What started it was when I came to see her a work and she was sitting at a booth with some other dude. It didn't really bother me or anything, I don't get jealous too often. This was when she was workin' down at the Springfield diner, waiting tables. Anyhow, I walked in just to

say hi, a little surprise ya' know, and there she was sittin' with some dude talkin' up a storm. Laughin' and smilin' and exchanging little touchy- feelies. It didn't bother me though, I just figured it was an old friend or something. This was about three months after we met so you'll have to excuse me if I can't remember every detail- it's been a long time. Like I was sayin', I was in a bit of a hurry 'cause I was just stoppin' by on my way to work. Well, she introduced us. Brad. What kinda' name is that? Brad. He was her "high school sweetheart." Who cares. Football team captain too. Who cares. She's mine now- you blew it pal. I don't have any problems with that. I'm mature, ya. know. Well, that night when she came over to my townhouse she tried tellin' me about this and that. About how seeing Brad stirred up some kinda "feelings" or somethin'. Well, that's a bunch of

bull shit if you ask me. She told me. She told me that I was different. That I made her comfortable. Now she tells me that we could still be friends and blah, blah, blah, but she doesn't think that it would be fair to be involved with someone if she still has feelings of some sort for someone else. That ain't right. Is it? No, I didn't think so. She had to be joking. She's mine! All mine! No one else's. She told me so. She says it's not fair to her... what about me? I'm in this too. We're in this together. And I say that there will be no parting of any kind, under no circumstances. No god damn questions asked. At the time she didn't really go for that. She wasn't into me "trying to tell her what to do." Sorry, it doesn't work that way. It's not that simple.


Part 2 will appear  
in the next issue

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