

# United By Metal

by Diana Raab

At fifteen, my first boyfriend and I  
took a chance: kissed on a park bench  
under cannabis clouds, and the  
jet exhaust near Kennedy airport.

Five minutes into it, and before  
either of us were ready to commit,  
our metal braces linked us most intimately

as a full moon ascended amidst  
our raging adolescent hormones.  
We giggled and twisted  
into a variety of creative positions,

never seeing that event as a fateful  
omen for spending our lives  
together—rather laughed about who could have found us  
in this hard metal embrace.

On the eve of our seventh-grade dance,  
we walked barefoot in Cunningham Park  
to kiss and hold each other again,  
molded into a contorted position,  
like those braces which linked us.

He then placed his blue Sergeant Pepper /jacket  
onto my shoulders, and silver /ID bracelet  
on my thin wrist.

Once in a while  
when I see a man with a beautiful smile  
seated on a park bench  
or when I peruse social media,  
I wonder where David might be now.

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