

Can I Kiss You?

by Kendah Senatus

It was New Year's Eve,
and the night was loud with beginnings—
music thumping through the walls,
glitter stuck to our cheeks,
resolutions already breaking.

She asked where the bathroom was.
I said, *I'll show you*,
telling myself it's only because I had to go too—
tipsy giggles,
heels clicking down the hallway like a countdown.

We crammed into the tiny space,
laughing at how small it felt,
how drunk we were,
how the mirror made us look softer,
prettier,
like girls in a movie who don't know they're the main characters.

She said she liked my dress.
I told her I liked her face—
and laughed, too fast,
like maybe I hadn't meant it.
And looked away even quicker,
because I did.

There wasn't a pause I can point to,
just a shift.
Like something in the air leaned closer.
Like silence tugged on our sleeves.

Then—
Can I kiss you?
Just that.
Soft. Brave.
Unfolding like a secret
too heavy to hold alone.
I said yes,
because I wanted to,
because something in me had been waiting
for her to ask.

Her lips met mine
and the world didn't end,
but something started.
Something that didn't need fireworks
to feel like a revelation.
I didn't fall in love that night.
But I fell into a truth
I could no longer unfeel.