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Kisses on Demand

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KISSES ON DEMAND

Heather Meade

Kisses on Demand*? A new HBO service? Ah, not even HBO can sell this feeling. It's spine-tingling and will keep you on the edge of your cheap pleather sofa, but it's untamable; no video camera can catch the spark it emits and no audio recorder can pull in the sizzle it makes. It's the kind of love that travels from the base of your spine to the nape of your neck in a movement so slow and sensual that it's painful. Waiting for it to end is like trying not to shake your presents before you open them—it makes you twitch with anticipation. This feeling makes its ascent, stopping every few millimeters to catch its ragged breath, because it's exhausting work getting anyone over the age of six excited about anything these days. Once love finally reaches the nape of your neck, it explodes and begins a million other journeys to a million thoughts you swore you'd never think. But there those thoughts are, being held tenderly and close to your heart. The fiery pinpricks leave burn marks everywhere. No surface is left unmarred. A thin sheet of smoky ash settles on the carpet of your mind, making everything rose-colored, because that's the color of love, my dear ones. A thin coat of rose-colored love blankets you, envelops you, and then you are happy for the first time in your life; you just don't realize that it's the first time because you've had glimpses of this moment since childhood. You've been waiting for this very occurrence your whole life, and now it's happening, and you get a sense of déjà vu because of course parts of this have happened before. You had that tingle at the base of your spine when you got your first kiss. The first time you held hands, you got a feeling of exhilaration, but it was only half of what you're feeling now.

*Kisses on Demand is available at all participating locations, void where prohibited.