

## NOELLE CORREIA

*Sister Fa*, 2011

Acrylic paint, Fabric and paper collage, 36 x 36 in



courtesy: the artist

## ELIZABETH CRANE

### The Last Person You Will Ever Kiss

**S**o this guy came up to me one night when I was having dinner with my girlfriends—this was the early nineties, the last time I lived here—and said, for real, *I think you should go out with me because I'm cool and I can tell that you're cool and we'd be cool together*. I have no memory anymore of what I said. What could you possibly say to that? Would any sane person look at a person who said that and say, *You know what, cool guy? You are right, let's do this*. All I remember besides this is that he wouldn't go away and that I didn't think he was all that cool (or even cute, which, I won't lie, might have helped his case), though admittedly, I wondered what it was about me that he thought was cool. Not that I ever cared all that much about coolness. I felt fairly clear that I was not then nor had I ever been especially cool, at least by any sort of expected cool standards. Maybe he was confusing cute with cool. I wasn't lacking for confidence insofar as cuteness was concerned, but in any case there he was, not leaving our table very endlessly, saying more stuff about coolness and trying to tell me that his proximity to a minor feather-haired celebrity from the seventies who was over at his table *as we spoke*—he pointed and Feathers gave the chin-up—was only a small factor in his coolness, which, well, I may not have been cool—ask pretty much anyone from my eighth-grade graduating class if I was cool and if they remember me at all, and you're likely to get some detailed information about knockoff sneakers from Fayva and what came to be known as “The Barrette,” which in their minds seemed to serve no purpose because of its placement on the side of my head, but which in fact served the purpose of flattening down the puffier side of my hair, which I knew would have gotten me more abuse than if I didn't wear “The Barrette.” Not to mention the whole thing about not getting kissed until I was nearly eighteen, which everyone knew about because throughout junior high school I was rather proud of that fact, at least with regard to not having my first kiss be some random ninth-grader, which I had to go and more or less announce in a poem I wrote for the school literary magazine, *precious leaves*: