

## *Losing It to David Cassidy*

*Catherine Smith*

That hot evening, all through our clumsy fuck,  
David smiled down from the wall. His ironed hair,  
American teeth. Eyes on me, his best girl.

And his fingers didn't smell of smoke, he didn't  
nudge me onto my back, like you did, grunting  
as he unzipped my jeans, complaining

*you're so bony*, and demanding, *Now you do something –  
hold it like this*. David took my virginity  
in a room scented with white roses, having smoothed

the sheets himself, slotted 'How Can I be Sure?'  
into the tape machine. And when we were done  
he didn't roll off, zip up and slouch downstairs

to watch the end of *Match of the Day* with my brother,  
oh no, not David. He washed me, patted me dry  
with fat blue towels, his eyes brim-full of tears.