

A Poem for the Lovely Boys – Part One

Daffodils. In the dead of winter.

All the way from Cornwall.

With a note that read: “Here’s to more book lending/ruining, dancing and near kisses...”

Dot. Dot. Dot.

Those three special spots.

I could lick those pencilled pricks

Clean off the paper they’re written on.

It’s nice paper, too.

Thick and creamy....mmm dreamy.

Dot. Dot. Dot.

The ellipsis on your lips is

Too pristine, too perfect to be true

I think I drew you

In my mind, in my mind’s eye, before I

Ever saw you

In...the....fleshhhhhhh

Shhhivering but not with the cold

Kicks, near kisses, near misses

Set a course for collision, the inevitable incision

And collateral damage.

If only I could manage to be that cold-hearted.

To drive out the devotion to the notion that something had started.

Be objective. Selective.

Pick and mix my emotions,

Motion sickness can be easily avoided by simply standing still.

And assessing the situation in suspended animation.

And I think I can do it.

I just need to breathe.

And breathe deeply.

One.

The sound of water under the bridge. Of Saturday night students on the slipway as we slip away into each other's finger tips.

Thank God for zips....and short skirts.

Two.

You. The night air on your ears, on my toes, on the pressure as it grows.

"There was a point back there where I thought I might pop", you said

Said I, "I think I actually did."

Three.

The smell of daffodils in winter.

Four.

"I'm so far away from wanting this to be more

Than what it is right now."

You said, when we were bodies on the bed.

"This, right here, is perfect."

Dot.

Dot.

Dot.

A Poem for the Lovely Boys – Part Two

How dare you?

How dare you make me feel a fool?

How dare you raise me, praise me on your gold-plate cock-shaped pedestal,

So tall.

Then drop me when you're done.

Like a used condom.

Well, I tell you I'm a bomb

So drop me.

Well....I could be....

How dare you?

How dare you cheat on your girlfriend with me?
Make me worry what my mum would think of me?

How dare you take me by my hand

And stand

In the dark dark night

Out of her sight

But knowing she's there, somewhere,

And touch my hair

And kiss me.

Then drink whiskey

By yourself in a bar

After breaking up with her

Like some love-lorn cowboy.

Then call me again and again

And turn up on my doorstep with daffodils

That same night.

OK, so I might

Have kissed you back.

It takes two. It was me and it was you.

I might have said yes.

When it became clear that something had shifted and the air between us became congested and you suggested that we leave the pub together.

I might have said yes. Instead of, "No thanks. Go home. Sort your shit out, then come back to me and we'll see where we stand."

And

I might

Have fallen for you.

It's true.

I fell for it.

Hook, line and sinker.

Blinkered by the bollocks of, "I'm a hopeless romantic!"

When really what you meant was, "I follow my dick!"

How dare you?

How dare you lead me on your merry little dance

While you crawled to the call of the contents of your pants

Into the bed,

Into the head

Of yet another wonderful woman.

Who, by the way, I hope you've told about me.

Had the decency

To explain, to respect,

That she, like me, like the woman I came after

Is not your puppet and you are not our master

Even though you may not have noticed the strings

That were strung

From the moment that we hung

Our hearts, or at least our private parts,

On the line together.

As lovers, as friends, as people.

How dare you?

How dare you ask to crash at my house in return for a beer when you've been for two weeks beside her?

You say you're "in a pickle", well that tickles me, and you should know by now that I prefer cider.

How dare you?

How dare you?

How *very* dare you?

You dare,

I think,

Not because you don't care.

Because you do.

You are not unkind.

In fact, you're lovely. Everyone says so.

And I meant what I said when I said that you...glow.

So no, you are not unkind.

But your mind

Has been moulded in the image of men for whom passion is power and feeling is freedom

They just never told you how to talk about it.

How to explain your pain to the people who feel the impact of your emotions.

You're a thoroughly modern man.

Who follows his heart.

Who vents his vulnerability through the ventricles of art.

You've read your Grayson Perry (in fact you leant me your book).

You're well versed in the propensity for toxic masculinity

But yet you seem to me to be Prince Charming of Hypocrisy.

I don't know, I don't want to be petty.

Maybe it's actually all this anger that's toxic...

But when you meet a girl who's pretty

Well you stick to us like BOSTIK.

So spare a thought for the others. For the lovers that you leave in your wake, as you toss in the torrent of your enlightened state.

Those phenomenal women,

Who you leave behind.

Those sisters of mine,

Who you just can't resist.

We may be kind,

And we may understand.

But we still have time to play our hand.

And unfortunately for you,

Like the elephant, the matriarch, queen of the savannah,

We may forgive,

But we never forget.

So grow up. Get some manners. And show some respect.

A Poem for the Lovely Boys – Part 3 (Epilogue)

Let's be friends.

Let's be pals.

Let's be buddies.

Let's be chums.

Let's pretend we've never ever thought about each other's bums.

Come on now, let's just be mates.

And pretend we've never seen each other's post-orgasmic states.

Or that we don't know now how the other's tongue tastes.

Or that we haven't warmly wrapped ourselves around each other's waists.

What a waste

Of time it is to talk things through

To understand

That now we've banged

Things might not be the same.

To wonder whether now we've kissed

Being friends might just be shit.