



FAJAR ZAKHRI

I Like A Boy

and in the back of his mind,
it is me that he likes
just not quite like that.
No entangled lips or hands.
No 'til death do us part'.
I met a boy. I like him.
He likes me too, just not like that.
Then we grow apart.

I like a boy.
His brown skin so soft.
If black is the color
of one's true love hair,
I guess that makes him my true love.
My one true love, who waits
and leaves other boys,
in their cloudy skin and ocean eyes,
fall by the wayside.
For he comes home to me
and stays at my side.

I like a boy.
His inky, quagmire-like eyes.
A cesspool of sorrow.
A joyful sight.
Doesn't share my vision.
Has dwelt a little too long
In the dark. The only color
he's used to.
I like boys and
it is always too blue
to my liking, somehow.
I doubt if the shade
can ever be customized.
Make it bright, sometime?

I like a boy.
And it's alright
until I say it out loud.
Becomes too real,
concurrently not enough.



Might as well duck-tape this mouth,
sell lies by the dime,
make fuck all in return.
Might as well turn red and burn.
This desire is not so taciturn.
I like a boy and wish I didn't.

Not because it's wrong,
rather because it's so right
that it will be a mistake to make
it more than what it has become.
He likes boys too,
but it's safer to be with girls,
to look for his own
safety in a world
full of mad, mad people
in mad, mad love
with ignorance and righteousness.

'We'll sacrifice this love for their betterment.
Even though ours is the best.
And I might love you less
Than you love me.
I can't love you like that, I'm sorry.'

I like a boy.
I am so woke.
Still in the dead of night,
I sleep alone.
I can't sleep at night
unless I play a sad song,
write an even sadder poem.

I've come to forget
all that young love's joy.
Made to grow old
before my time.
I like a boy,
and it's perfectly fine.
Long as I keep the love tucked.
Long as I keep it quiet.



I'll Never Be Your Girlfriend

What does it say about society
that it would rather see
two men killing each other
or loving undercover
than being open, out, and free?

What does it say about me
that I would rather be
something out of the ordinary
despite my physical disposition?

What does it say about you,
despite promising claims,
your progression falls short
of your phallic grace?

What does it say about us
that we truly get each other
yet still can't be together?
All feelings, no assertion.
We make good actors
without the recognition.

And again and again and again:
People of the opposite sex
point fingers and file complaints.

And again and again and again:
People say opposites attract
when likeness cuts above the rest.

And so it goes:
I'll never be your girlfriend.
And you'll never dare to question
the unwritten law of this land.
But what's new?

I'll be on your nose then in your face.
Then all kinds of sweet and sour.
A perversion. A disgrace.
Then I'll get on all fours—
for you.