

The costs of love

Like most games it'd happen at school

Amongst the innocent rhymes and weak words, a serenade of sayings that were harmless

Like the rules of Simon says

These were the rules of love

To our parents we looked up and in turn they passed down the urgency of love

A powerful pact connecting men and women

Or to them Boys and girls

Rule one

I knew I was different

Amiss from the armies

Cut from the crowds of naive lovers

Because I felt

Wrong

But it was ok I just lied like the others

Hiding in plain sight as I used her

To look like my brothers

Two years and I entered year six

From the innocence festered insolence and I found my heart aching

Two parts because of the names
Ten parts because of him
The new boy

He filled the depths of my potent heart's empty passion as he
swayed Through corridors spreading their splintering summers
light behind him The sun raised
A sweet thought I guess
Wrong, none the less

I knew the rules and my part in the game
A gentleman destined to a damsel
Like a candle is
To a flame
He could never be mine
As my friends' say
That's 'gay'

For three years I'd make myself pay for my fault as a faggot
A pervert
A fairy in a world of kings and queens.

I told no one but seemed still to absorb the barrage of names that
were thrown down the halls like spears

I pulled away from the groups that grimaced when I spoke
Developed a passion for pain and a personality formed from
colourful pills.

No doctor could fill in for the friends I feared making

My hatred burned through my gentle frame and broke me twice a day

It devoured my hope and bittered my dreams for years crafted with grit and cold clay...

Like most games it'd end in school

Lost were the hurtful rhymes and wicked words, a crescendo of criticisms that shattered my delicate skin

Like the razor I had used to dig them out

These were the costs of love

I'll never forget my struggle to get here By the pedestal where my prayers were answered

Twenty three and finally free to give myself away

I remember him walking up the aisle trailing petals where he sway

Church bells rung for my school friends to hear as his dreamy eyes shone blue

The real story only begun as my lips blushed

I do