

A Shorter Note on My Coming Out

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NOT EVEN THESE flickering lights
could hide the hunger in her open palms
angling towards mine from a distance,
fingers arrowing into an untouched dark.

‘So you love a man now,’ she says.

Not even mine, as I thrust a bottle of Tequila into them,
as I make her soak up her own life
in a mound of silence.

*Here is a toast to the young horses burning in your tongue.
Here lie our remains, sautéed and spread in the dark as seedlings
scattered in a barren cornfield.*

‘Pray the police don’t catch you making love,’ she says.

But sometimes, all you need in lieu of survival
is a change of names, then to keep
indifference as a disused whiskey glass
at a deserted pub.
You'll soon find the ugliest scar
to be a circumvention
of things whose beginnings and endings are marked with flames.