

I first thought about kissing a girl
when I was eight
I wondered if it would be allowed
if the fantasy in my head
needed a reality check
because in reality I had never seen two women
loving each other the way my mom and dad did

I'm grown now
had my fair share of grief
fell in and out of love
was in love with the idea of love
but self-love was falling in between the gap
as I was waiting for the next subway
nostrils drenched in the smell
of pee, garbage and wasted potential

I've often lived underground
couldn't show those true colors
people kept talking about
it felt like they wanted to carry me
to my grave
before I was even born

*Come closer to me
we shouldn't hide
people keep talking
but love is always right
so come closer to me
no need to hide
wrap your fingers around mine
come closer to me*

My hand twitches each time
someone leaves too soon
as if I'm trying to hold on
to the shadow of a life cut short
because of who you loved

But we save up resilience under our skin
like stem cells it keeps our body moving
for as long as they can

Queer history is a blood covered surgery sheet
we save and count bodies at the same time
yet I forgot counting the days
since my skin first touched yours

*Come closer to me
we shouldn't hide
people keep talking*

*but love is always right
so come closer to me
no need to hide
wrap your fingers around mine
come closer to me*

Fuck chit-chat and self-doubt
I want raw queer love
isn't that what people have been counting bodies for

I want to kiss all of your beauty marks
get high under cloudless night skies
talk about the scars which cover our bodies
like fine-line paintings

I want to tear apart our oversized sweaters
hiding our queer bodies
I want to unravel you to the bone
leaving whispers under your layers

I want to love you
as if the world would let me
I want to love you
as if I'm fearless
I want to love you
as if we lived in Utopia

*Come closer to me
we shouldn't hide
people keep talking
but love is always right
so come closer to me
no need to hide
wrap your fingers around mine
come closer to me...*