

ELLIPSIS

Kate Byrne

girl meets girl –

no, wait, that's not right.

girl meets boy.

better,
more *innocuous*.

girl meets boy, girl falls in love with boy.
girl and boy get married, picket fence, 2.5 kids.

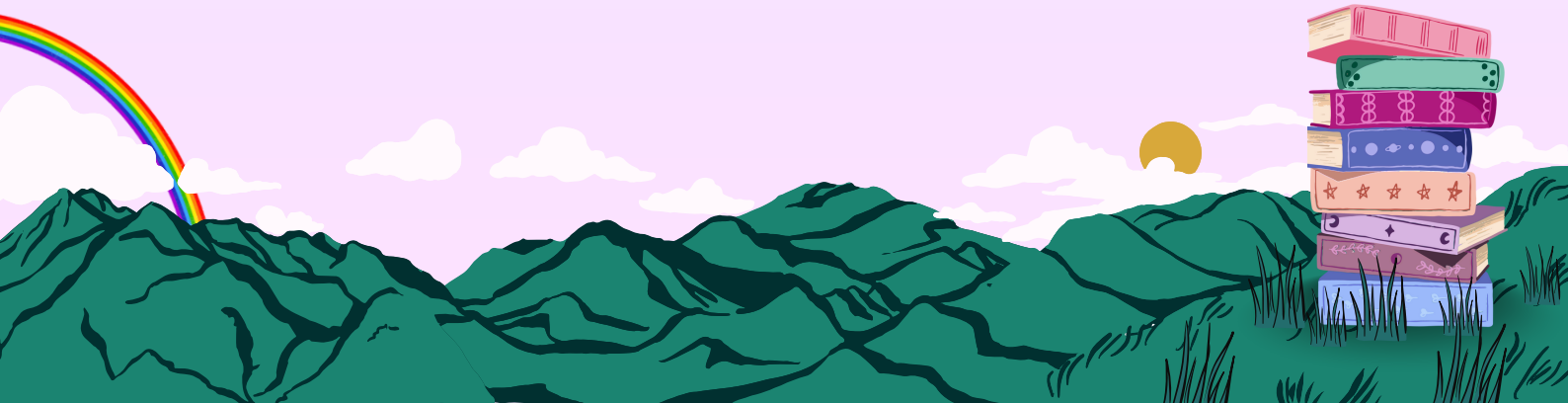
you're still with me,
you've heard this story a thousand times.

so,
let's rewind.

back to high school.
back to girl meets girl.

soft meets softer,
painted nails and blond hair meets
shorts skirts and scuffed sneakers,
fringe over the eyes like armour.

you might not have heard this one.



we were careful.

we kept it quiet.

no making out in the hallways, no matching corsages at the ball
no marriage, no picket fence, no 2.5 kids.

we're keeping it quiet.

there are a thousand stories like this,
but have you heard them?

girl meets girl.

girl falls in love with girl.

girl and girl move to the city, get a one room apartment,
their parents call them flatmates.

girl and boy kiss in the street and nobody gives a damn.
girl and girl don't stand too close in public just in case.

girl and girl love each other in secret but,
one afternoon,
girl holds girl's hand,
in the park,
by the kowhai trees.

one afternoon,
another girl sees them,
hand in nail-polished hand,
not afraid in this one moment.
and she goes home smiling.

