

QUEER FRIENDS <3

Aroha Witinitara

We have established rituals we follow when we get together
familiar rhythms, grooves worn deep into their paths.

First, we sit down in the dining room.

Second, we unHINGE our skulls and UNSCREW our brains,
wet piggy banks. Tip them upside down and shake.

Braincells clatter against the table. Polygonal tokens with uniform edges

Compress them into a single mass, compress them
until the edges are smooth and round like a big glossy marble.

We are two cats, sat at either end of the table

boofing the object back and forth and having a marvelous time.

You are a tabby cat with warm undertones in your fur and little white socks

I am the fussy tortoiseshell who drools when they're happy.

We bat the thing between us

the outline of each cell shimmering as the light passes through
refracting pretty rainbow splotches across the walls.

It's like our thoughts are travelling along the same

fucked up squiggly line

meeting somewhere 'round the middle

and bouncing off one another like little bumper cars.

We play our games in public too.

On the bus, we yell at each other across the aisle

People whisper about us once we're gone:

Who are those eggs and why are they so happy?

at 5pm? on a Tuesday night?

We are two smart animals who are stupid when we're together.

