

Not-A-Girl is still kind of in love with Sort-Of-Girl !

Lola Farquhar

my toes scuff the girls line / not brave enough to stand outside
it / still daring to roll my eyes / throat burns with the words I
can't say / swallows the gilded insults they spew / speaks in
ones and zeroes they will understand /

I was slick with their ideologies before I left the womb / they
told me I was a star, called me a lady / only part of their
reckoning holds a morsel of truth / even if it suggests I'm
fated for an explosive end / lightyears away / and alone /
jealousy swelling with each orbit /

I am emerald with envy, drowning in her / slipping into my
motu's waters / closing my eyes and my ears / swimming
deeper / surfacing on the other side of the world / where
the girls don't shave / the walls preach queer anarcha
feminism / and I dream / sometimes / of you /

harbour bridge casts it's lights into the water / our feet on the
concrete / my fake docs, your second hand boots / and I
realise I'm still in love you / or the idea of you / and I need to
tell you / but my feelings are a burden / you shouldn't have to
carry /

soft lips fill every nook and cranny of my mind / and all the
spaces in between / am I selfish even now / using you as the
source of my inspiration / still singing the song I wrote two
summers ago / back when we were both girls /

you don't treat me the same as the others / does that imply I
mean more to you or less / in the shade of the pohutukawa / I
felt like the most special not-a-girl in the world / awkward words
tumbling from my mouth and all / what a shame it didn't last / I
couldn't hold on to you / you keep running farther away /

in the end we're all just glorified flesh / smaller messes
swimming in a much larger one / specks of stardust in the
grand scheme of things / nothing matters / but at the same
time / everything does / and as I swing on this pendulum /
waiting / wind in my hair / I allow myself to breathe /

Epilogue /

Restaurant in a gentrified neighbourhood at night. A person sits
at the only free table.

"I specifically ordered the gender free meal, what's all this
bullshit?"

They ask as they try to excavate the binary from their mashed
potatoes.

