

LOQUATS

Dorian Ghosh

There are loquats at the bus stop
Behind the fence
In someone else's garden.
Your eyes light up,
You look for one
That might hang low,
just outside the fence.
You are on tip-toes
Face awash
With nerves and liquid gold
Worrying,
is it stealing?
But you want the loquat,
A single one.
There is a boyishness about it,
As you climb onto the bench
Onto the metal fixture
And reach for the fruit
Inside the fence.
It takes me back to when I was younger
Watching boys climb over gates,
into houses
to retrieve cricket balls.
I stood outside,
A willing accomplice
Not allowed to take part in the boyishness itself.
But this time,
but this time
you climb down,
ask me if I had had a loquat before



There is glee, unbridled happiness
When you hear, "No."
You peel the skin with your hands
break off the stem it hung from,
an act of love.
You bite into it,
juice dribbling down your hands
as you offer me a bite.
There's something so intimate about sharing a fruit,
the sacred communion of boyhood.
You separate the flesh from the seed,
and offer me more,
this time,
in pieces.
I resist the urge
To lick the juice from your hands,
To take that hand and place it on my bare skin
To lap up the juice that coats your lips
But,
I take those pieces
Savouring the taste of your hand still on them.
Boys.
Boyfriends.

