

I am become a man

with fats around my organs lightly
hair grown on my shoulders
lightly death in all my actions as I build
a log-store shirtless in the autumn.

I hate this gathering and deepening
beneath my pale tabard; boyhood gone
and with it all my girlishness: hands-
on-the-headphones-dance-move/
lasso-move-and-shimmy; now my hips
thrust solemn as lorries gather in a layby
to discuss my remaining options.

I cannot leave the barbecue unsupervised
as I focus on ignoring my body
in the changing-rooms. Not one
of the maximum eight permitted items
fits me nicely. Handsome is for horses,
house plants, hotels, tall and deco
in dreamy pastel shades.

I've never wanted to fight anyone
ever, or be real this way and mean it.
I just want to bellow love unbridled,
an elk beneath an overpass, and retire
my life gently, so that capable hands
need not lift much soil or sadness.